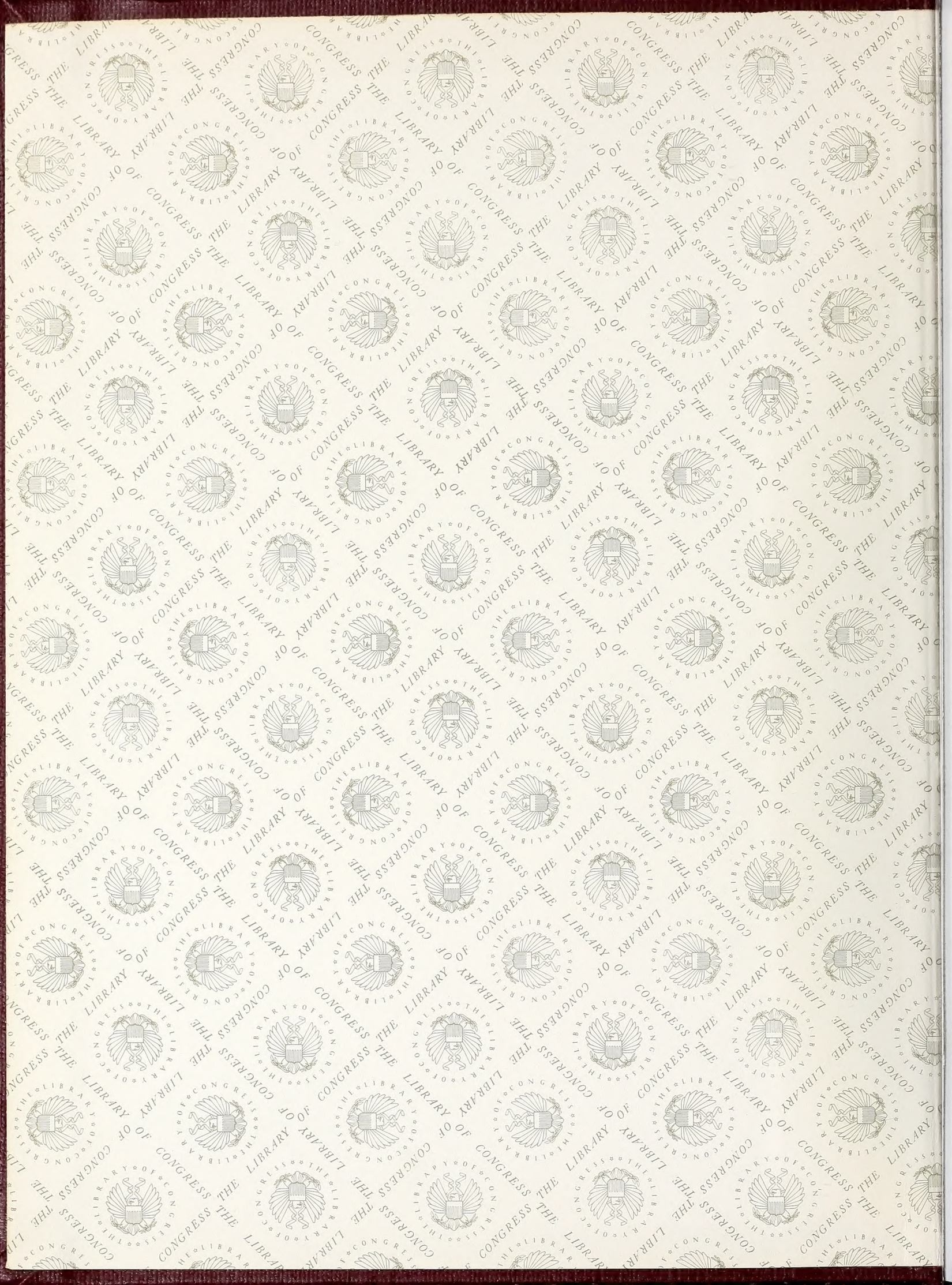

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Scanned from the collections of
The Library of Congress



Packard Campus
for Audio Visual Conservation
www.loc.gov/avconservation

Motion Picture and Television Reading Room
www.loc.gov/rr/mopic

Recorded Sound Reference Center
www.loc.gov/rr/record

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Modern Screen

NUARY
C

A DELL MAGAZINE
DELL
A DELL MAGAZINE

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



JOAN LESLIE

LON McCALLISTER'S LIFE STORY

DEC -9 1944

No fol-de-rol a girl can wear



Has such allure as shining hair!

No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Does your hair look dull, slightly mousy?

Maybe it's just because you're washing it with soap or soap shampoos . . . letting soap film hide the glorious natural lustre and color brilliance. Change to Drene with Hair Conditioner. Drene never leaves any dulling film. That's why it reveals up to 33% more lustre than any soap shampoo!

Does your hair-do require constant fiddling?

Men don't like this business of running a comb through your hair in public! Fix your hair so it stays put! And remember Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair wonderfully easy to manage, right after shampooing! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to arrange!

Ssssssshhhhh! But have you dandruff?

Too many girls have! And what a pity. For unsightly dandruff can be easily controlled if you shampoo regularly with Drene. Drene with Hair Conditioner removes every trace of embarrassing flaky dandruff the very first time you use it!





NEWEST ACCESSORY TRICK is this ribbon "choker" tied fetchingly in front. Wonderful to dress up the new, low-necked evening sweaters! Newest hair-do trick is this braided arrangement with the ends of the front hair turned over the braids, on top, to form a smooth, shining puff! Extra lustre and smoothness due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner.

Drene Shampoo with *Hair Conditioner*

Product of Procter & Gamble

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

MAKE A DATE WITH *Glamour*

Tonight . . . don't put it off . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Use Drene with Hair Conditioner! Get the combination of beauty benefits that only this wonderful improved shampoo can give! ✓ *Extra lustre* . . . up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoos! ✓ *Manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! ✓ *Complete removal* of flaky dandruff! Ask for Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner.

Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

PN1995
.M334

A radiant smile holds a world of charm!



Help keep your smile bright and sparkling. Start now with Ipana and Massage!

REACH FOR A STAR, plain girl. You can find happiness, fun—without being beautiful.

Take a look at other girls who stir up excitement. Proof, most of them, that good times don't go just to the prettiest. Proof that you can be singled out *by your smile.*

So smile, plain girl, smile. Not a mere shadow of a smile, but one of radiant charm—the kind men can't resist. Remember, though, a smile like that needs sound teeth—sparkling teeth that depend so much on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a warning

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist.* He may say your gums have become sensitive—deprived of exercise by soft, creamy foods. And like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation speeds up within the gum tissues—helping gums to healthier firmness.

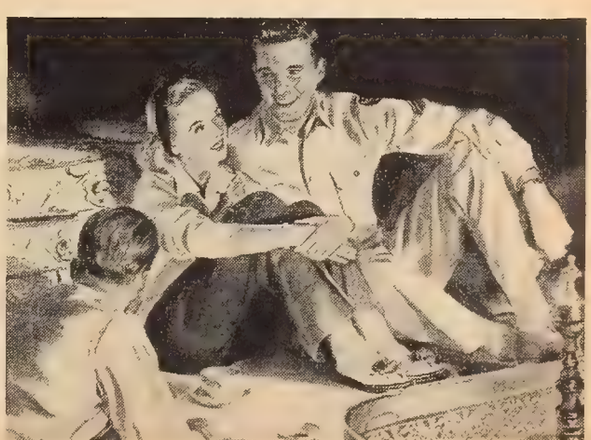
For brighter teeth, firmer gums, a smile that really sparkles, start today with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE



Eyes Light Up at the sight of the girl with a bright, shining smile. Let Ipana Tooth Paste and massage help you keep *your* smile sparkling and attractive!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We're full of the milk of human kindness at this writing.

★ ★ ★ ★

We're gay, carefree. You can borrow money from us if you want to.

★ ★ ★ ★

In short, we're in good humor, and all because we've seen the most alluring musical motion picture since our movie-going began . . . M-G-M's "Meet Me In St. Louis".

★ ★ ★ ★

Whoops! Back you go to the old World's Fair in St. Louis as the guests of the Smith family, of which our favorite members are played by Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien.

★ ★ ★ ★

What gay, nostalgic, wonderful entertainment this is, enriched in every scene by rainbow Technicolor!

★ ★ ★ ★



Judy Garland seems to have been born for the part of Esther, a high school girl just awakening to love—for the boy next door. Esther is young, innocent, vivacious, and golden-voiced.

★ ★ ★ ★

You will have to decide for yourself whether you prefer Judy's provocative presentation of a young girl in love or Judy's singing. Perhaps you'll find, as we did, both talents perfectly fused in "Over The Banister", "The Boy Next Door", or that bell-ringing success, "The Trolley Song". And these are only three of eight songs!

★ ★ ★ ★



Judy (that is, Esther) has a sister—an impish, devilish, utterly lovable kid named "Tootie". In this part, Margaret O'Brien will become everyone's sweetheart—if she isn't everyone's sweetheart already.

★ ★ ★ ★

Tom Drake, one of M-G-M's latest finds, plays the boy next door and heads a splendidly-chosen supporting cast including Mary Astor, Marjorie Main, Lucille Bremer, Joan Carroll, Henry H. Daniels, Jr., Leon Ames, and Harry Davenport.

★ ★ ★ ★

The script was written by Irving Brecher and Fred F. Finklehoffe. Arthur Freed, who gave us "Girl Crazy", produced, and Vincente Minnelli directed. They all have cause for pride.

★ ★ ★ ★



Mark our words: M-G-M's "Meet Me In St. Louis" will strike you as about the best tuneful repast ever displayed for your delight!

—Leo

modern screen

STORIES

***A CHRISTMAS SHE'LL NEVER FORGET** 22
On Christmas, you weren't meant to be away from Mom, cold and hungry and whimpering inside. That was one June Allyson Christmas, though, and that's why she's working to make up on this one (color spread)

***JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME** 26
To a flock of medium-rares, breakfasts in bed, plaid shirts—and everybody's appreciation for a GI job well done. It's Payne, we mean (color spread)

NOBODY'S SWEETHEART 30
While there's a war on, Van Johnson is sticking close to his stag apartment—and keeping an eye peeled for a likely missus

OH, KAYE! 32
For a split second, Danny Kaye stops looking like a gremlin, glances at his wife and murmurs, "Sylvia's the head on my shoulders—can't think of a better head I'd rather be attached to."

DREAM WALKING 34
For a while there, Diana Lynn thought her "star bright, star light" routine was losing its kick. But when you're 18 and swarming with dimples, how can you lose?

YOUR FAVORITE STARS OF 1944 by Louella Parsons 36
You picked 'em out, voted 'em in and boosted 'em up—here are the 10 top stars on your MODERN SCREEN POPULARITY POLL

LON McCALLISTER, Life Story, Part 1 38
Raised in Hollywood, utterly unknown, with no more pull than a broken-down jeep, he was to become one of your top stars

"IF HE WERE SINGLE . . .!" by Hedda Hopper 44
Walt Pidgeon's crazy—about dogs and opera singers and big feet and sh-sh—his wife!

JOURNEY AMONG WARRIORS 48
It was a tour Garfield will never forget . . . flying a starry path across the Atlantic, playing to front-line Yanks and staunch Jugoslavs, ducking bombs in Naples

***COLOR PAGES**

June Allyson *in M-G-M's "Music For Millions"* 22
John Payne *in 20th-Fox's "The Dolly Sisters"* 26
Margaret O'Brien *in M-G-M's "Meet Me In St. Louis"* 50
Mary Anderson *in 20th-Fox's "Colonel Effingham's Raid"* 54

FEATURES

Editorial Page 21

BEAUTY

Perfume Weaves a Magic Spell 52

FASHION

***Modern Screen's Fashion Guide (color spread)** 46

DEPTS.

Movie Reviews 6
Co-Ed 18
Good News by Louella Parsons 56
Super Coupon 62
What's Cookin', America?—The Ronald Reagans 72

COVER: Joan Leslie in Warners' "Rhapsody in Blue" and "Hollywood Canteen." Kodachrome by Albin.



ALBERT P. DELACORTE, *Executive Editor*
HENRY P. MALMGREEN, *Editor*
SYLVIA WALLACE, *Hollywood Editor*
KAY HARDY, *Hollywood Promotion Manager*
OTTO STORCH, *Art Director*
BILL WEINBERGER, *Art Editor*
GUS GALE, *Photographer*

Editorial Assistants: Charis Zeigler, Annette Bellinger, Mickey Ghidalia
Service Dept.: Ann Ward. Information Desk: Beverly Linet

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on form 3578 and copies returned under Label Form 3579 to 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York

Vol. 30 No. 2, January, 1945. Copyright, 1944, the Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 149 Madison Ave., New York. Published monthly. Printed in U. S. A. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Single copy price, 15c in U. S. and Canada. U. S. subscription price, $1.50 a year. Canadian subscription, $1.80 a year. Foreign subscription $2.70 a year. Entered as second class matter Sept. 18, 1930, at the post office, Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional second class entries at Seattle, Wash., San Francisco, Calif., Dallas, Texas, and New Orleans, La. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Names of characters used in semi-fictional matter are fictitious. If the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trademark No. 301773.



GAY WITH SONGS! STARS! AND TECHNICOLOR!

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS

STARRING *Judy* GARLAND WITH *margaret* O'BRIEN

MARY ASTOR · LUCILLE BREMER · TOM DRAKE · MARJORIE MAIN

Screen Play by Irving Brecher and Fred F. Finklehoffe, Based on the Book by Sally Benson, Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI, Produced by ARTHUR FREED, A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

"I Said Goodbye to 25 Pounds in 8 Short Weeks!"

says Mrs. Ruby Thorne, "—and NO starvation diet, either!"



"Your Course did wonders for me—things pictures won't show. *It's like magic!"*

●

No wonder Mrs. Thorne is thrilled. From a too-heavy 40 to a slenderized size 16 with 4 inches off her waist and 4 off her hips—wouldn't YOU *be thrilled?*

Josephine Lowman's FIGURE-MOLDING COURSE

Can Correct YOUR *Figure Faults*

You *can* lose the pounds you're away from a trim, beautiful figure . . . and the inches, too! All in 8 short weeks and in the *privacy of your home.* The cost? Low, amazingly so. Write today for *free* booklet.

Yes, NOW you can have the personal help and advice of famed Josephine Lowman, a national authority on health and figure control. Over 100,000 women consult her each year. Mail Coupon today.



Josephine Lowman's
Figure-Molding Course
Dept. M-1, 715 Locust, Des Moines, Iowa

Yes, send me your free illustrated booklet about your figure molding course.
Miss
Mrs.
Street
City Zone State

MOVIE REVIEWS

By Virginia Wilson

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT

■ I'd be willing to bet that the year's most famous love scene will be the one in "To Have and Have Not" between Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. Bogart's tough, casual-but-romantic love-making has always been tops, and the sultry blonde Lauren is a perfect foil for him. That girl is really dynamite. Sexy one minute, almost child-like the next, and always with that tremendous charm. The picture has all the fascination of "Casablanca," and its theme song, "How Little We Know," will probably rival "As Time Goes By." Hoagy Carmichael wrote it, and he sings it himself with Lauren. You'll love him as the odd, plaintive piano player in the hotel in Fort de France.

Fort de France, on the island of Martinique, isn't a very safe place in 1940. The Vichy group is in charge, but there are Free French forces at work, too. Henry Morgan (Humphrey Bogart) takes fishing parties out in his boat and tries to mind his own business and keep out of politics. He succeeds, until Marie (Lauren Bacall) comes along. Marie is tall and blonde and so thin that Morgan calls her "Slim." We'll call her that, too. "Slim" is broke, and when she gets pushed around by the Vichy police, Morgan decides to get her out of Martinique. To obtain the money for her plane fare to the States, he takes on a job for the Free French—and thereby gets himself into plenty of trouble.

The job is to smuggle a couple of De Gaullists (*Continued on page* 8)



From the moment strange, fascinating "Slim" (Lauren Bacall) comes to the island of Martinique, she brings trouble to Henry Morgan (Humphrey Bogart) and pal (Walter Brennan). They become implicated in an attempt to help her escape the Vichy police by plane to the U. S.

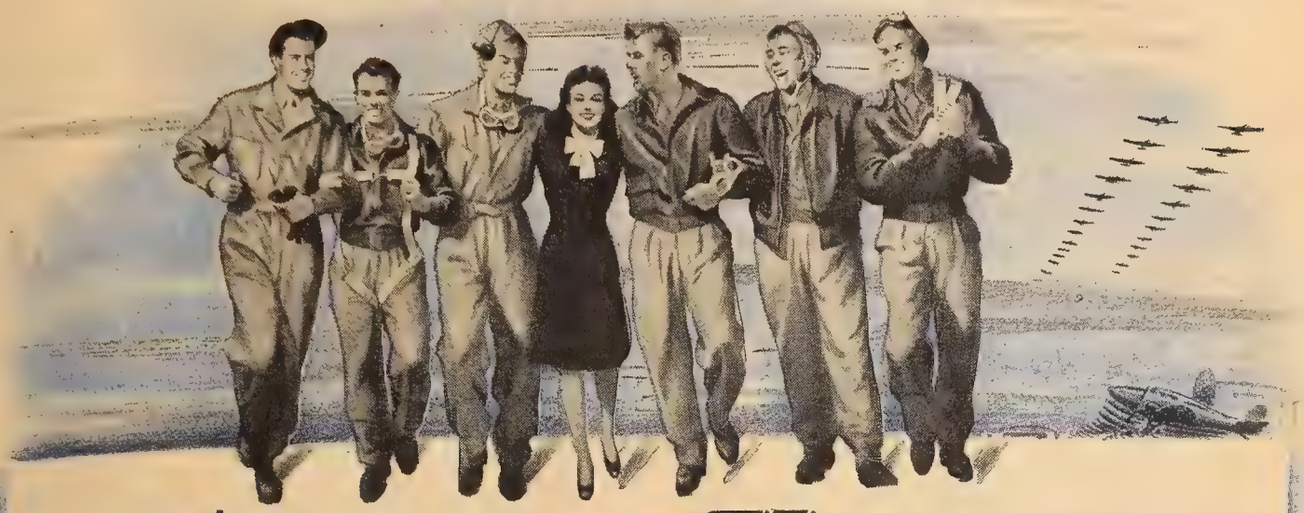
Here they come...

out of the

"Wild Blue Yonder"

...flying straight

into your heart!



MOSS HART'S *Winged Victory*

PRESENTED BY 20TH CENTURY-FOX IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES

It's the story of guys
like Alan, Pinky and Irving...
of girls like Dorothy, Helen,
Ruth...of things like gallantry,
guts and glory! Filmed
from the Army Air Forces'
own smashing Broadway
and Hollywood stage hit!



with
Pvt. LON McCALLISTER · JEANNE CRAIN · Sgt. EDMOND O'BRIEN · JANE BALL · Sgt. MARK DANIELS · JO-CARROLL DENNISON · Cpl. DON TAYLOR · JUDY HOLLIDAY
Col. LEE J. COBB · T/Sgt. PETER LIND HAYES · Col. ALAN BAXTER · Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK · Directed by GEORGE CUKOR · Stage and Screen Play by Moss Hart



MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

into Fort de France. It would have been all right if the patrol boat hadn't come along. As it is, there's some shooting, and while Morgan gets away with it, the eyes of the police are upon him. Furthermore, "Slim" hasn't taken the plane home. She cashed in the ticket and is waiting at the hotel when Morgan gets back. "Did you *want* me to go?" she asks. She and Cricket, the piano player, are writing a song together. She sings it the night the police captain and his men come for Morgan. The night Morgan really goes into action in the old Bogart manner. In addition to everything else, "To Have and Have Not" can boast one of the best supporting performances of all time. Walter Brennan, as old Eddie, Morgan's rum-soaked pal, is something. Excuse me while I go back to see it again.—*War.*

P. S.

The water front of Fort de France, capital of Martinique, was duplicated on the Warner Brothers back lot as a major setting for this production, as much of the action takes place at sea. . . . The thirty-foot cabin cruiser is almost an identical duplicate of Bogart's own boat, the Sluggy. It was chartered and brought to the studio to cruise the tank sets with Bogey at the wheel. . . . Hoagy "Stardust" Carmichael makes his debut as a screen actor. He plays a piano in the Fort de France café and introduces his own new composition "How Little We Know." Mercer did the lyrics, and Hoagy and Lauren Bacall sing.

FRENCHMAN'S CREEK

In swashbuckling elegance, this story of handsome pirate and lovely lady wends its leisurely, romantic course. Technicolor gives the scenes on the coast of Cornwall a spectacular beauty, and red hair does the same for Joan Fontaine. Arturo De Cordova is properly dashing as the pirate.

This Dona St. Columb, beautiful as she is, cannot be commended on the score either of virtue or prudence. She breaks her marriage vows, is a traitor to her country and murders a man. Yet there is a gay, reckless courage and gallantry about her that makes it easy to forget all this.

Her husband, Harry (Ralph Forbes), is a fat gambler, too stupid to see that his friend, Rockingham (Basil Rathbone), is determined to seduce Dona. To escape from them both for a while, Dona takes her children to their country place in Cornwall. She finds the house practically closed up, the regular servants gone, and in their place one William (Cecil Kellaway), a sly, disconcerting old fellow who seems to know far too much about her. The first night, Dona discovers tobacco and a book of French essays in the stand by her bed. She sees William hasten off to answer a low whistle from the dark wood nearby. So when, the next day, she hears that a French pirate is terrorizing the coast and is thought to hide in that neighborhood, she puts two and two together and gets five. It turns out to be the right answer, and the pirate turns out to be the right man for Dona. Their romance is passionate, tempestuous and dangerous beyond belief. Dona accompanies her lover on a pirate raid and gets back just in time to avoid discovery by Harry and Rockingham, who arrive from London.

Rockingham takes one look at Dona's glowing eyes and knows that another man has succeeded where he has failed. He in his turn adds two and two and gets five.

"Frenchman's Creek" is Joan Fontaine's picture throughout.—*Par.*

P. S.

Nearly six months in the making, this Technicolor film nicked the company exchequer for a sum of $3,600,000. . . . One of the reasons for this tremendous figure was the long location trip necessary. Only available stretch of California seacoast resembling the coast of Cornwall was found in Mendocino County, 600 miles north of Hollywood. An inlet of the sea called Little River was chosen, and the location troupe of 250 persons set up headquarters on the site of the abandoned lumber town of Albion. . . . A second unit, working under the direction of Hal Walker, remained another four weeks shooting background material.

THE BRIGHTON STRANGLER

Do actors really live the parts they play on the stage? Here is the story of one who lived it all too well. Reginald Parker (John Loder) is a charming, popular actor who has achieved a terrific success in a play written by his fiancée. The play is called "The Strangler." It has been running for a year in blacked-out London to packed houses, but now Parker insists that he'll play it no longer. "I'm tired of strangling people," he says. "I've been doing it too long." The play's last performance is given on New Year's Eve. Afterward, at midnight, the theater is hit by a bomb. No one knows what happened to Parker, and when his fiancée hears nothing from him, he is presumed dead.

Actually, he was only hit on the head and stunned. When he comes to, he has forgotten that he is Reginald Parker. He remembers only the character of Edward Grey, the "strangler" in the play. He knows that Grey went to Brighton and strangled the Lord Mayor and the Chief of Detectives. So, obeying a terrible inner compulsion, Parker entrains for Brighton.

He talks with apparent normality to a pretty WAAF who happens to sit beside him. Her name is April Manby (June Duprez), and she's going home to visit her mother and father. She finds this handsome stranger pleasant and considerate and introduces him to her family when they arrive. He tells them his name is Edward Grey and that he is "on business."

A weird, grisly business it is. For Parker's subconscious mind tells him he must strangle the Lord Mayor and the Chief of Detectives. He has the silk cord he used in the play in his pocket, and he fingers it from time to time with a mad, unholy eagerness. He makes his plans carefully, and everything goes according to schedule. The Lord Mayor is an old man. Too old to fight off this terrible stranger who wishes him to die.

The next murder is equally easy. Chief Inspector Allison is walking alone on a dark street when the silk cord tightens around his throat. But now the strangler is haunted by fear. Does April Manby suspect him? If she does, she too must die.

John Loder gives a brilliant performance as the mad strangler. Rose Hobart, Michael St. Angel and Miles Mander are among the cast.—*RKO.*

P. S.

This picture was adapted to the screen by Arnold Phillips and Max Nosseck from an original story they had planned for publication as a novel. . . . The well-known European director, Max Nosseck, brings to its production the continental

(Continued on page 10)


IT'S A HONEY OF A FUNNY-- about love and money!
ANN SHERIDAN
ALEXIS Smith
JACK Carson
JANE Wyman
IRENE Manning
CHARLES Ruggles
EVE Arden
2 years on the stage- 2000 Laughs on the Screen!
A SCREENFUL OF SCREAMFUL FUN FROM WARNERS!
THE DOUGHGIRLS
FROM THE HILARIOUS B'WAY. SENSATION!
with JOHN RIDGELY • JOHN ALEXANDER • CRAIG STEVENS • BARBARA BROWN • ALAN MOWBRAY
Directed by JAMES V. KERN
Screen Play by James V. Kern and Sam Hellman • Additional Dialogue by Wilkie Mahoney
From the Stage Play by Joseph A. Fields • Produced by Max Gordon
JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer
Produced by MARK HELLINGER





IS YOUR HAIR "KITTEN-SOFT"? KEEP IT IN PLACE with . . .

HAIRTAINERS*



the original hairtamers!*

For regardless of hair-texture or hair-style, well-dressed heads prefer Grip-Tuth HAIRTAINERS* exclusive spring-tooth action — prefer the different, secure way it actually grips and holds even the most difficult hair. At beauty salons and notion counters everywhere. Card of one extra-length (or two small) 25c.

Dept. D1

DIADEM, INC., LEOMINSTER, MASS.
*Trademarks Registered

touch which distinguishes many of the better screen mystery thrillers. . . . Before coming to Hollywood, Nosseck directed films in Central Europe and England and enjoys the distinction of having at one time directed Buster Keaton in a French film for which the famous frozen-faced comedian was forced to learn French.

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS

It is 1903, and a pretty high school girl is sitting on the front porch humming "Meet Me In St. Louis, Louis." The rest of St. Louis is singing the same song, for it won't be long now before the World's Fair opens there. But Esther Smith (Judy Garland) happens to be humming it extra loud, as out of the corner of her eye she glimpses the boy next door. He's a very handsome boy who has just moved in there, and so far he has shown no signs of knowing Esther is alive.

"What's he doing now?" she says under her breath to her sister, Rose (Lucille Bremer). "Lighting his pipe," Rose tells her. Esther sighs ecstatically. "I love a man that smokes a pipe." Rose isn't much interested. She's worried about how she can get the rest of the family out of the dining room by the time her long distance phone call comes through from New York, at six-thirty. Her Yale beau, Warren (Robert Sully), has said he would call her then. Maybe he's going to propose at last! She can't *bear* it if she has to talk to him in front of Mother (Mary Astor) and Dad (Leon Ames) and her little sisters. The little Smith girls, Tootie (Margaret O'Brien) and Agnes (Joan Carroll), are usually considered "adorable children," but Rose knows how devastating their comments can be.

Rose gets her call, but it's not a proposal. Warren asks her how she is and reports on the weather in New York and inquires about the weather in St. Louis. Then the time's up! Very discouraging! Esther is discouraged, too. John (Tom Drake), the boy next door, continues to ignore her. In fact it takes her all that summer to get him to the point where he calls her Esther instead of Miss Smith. Then one day they go out with a crowd to look over the site of the Fair which will open soon, and somehow they get separated from the rest. Esther makes with the eyelashes, and—at long last—love blooms.

Mr. Smith picks this awkward time to decide to move the family to New York. Just when everything is exciting, with Warren coming to St. Louis, and Tootie almost getting arrested, and Esther going around with stardust in her eyes. Do they go? Well, I'll leave you to find out.

Given Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien, supported by a fine cast, any picture would be good. This one has the additional advantages of an amusing story, and Technicolor.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Gang on the set learned about Judy's famous Thursday, maids-night-out fried chicken dinners. Flocked over to share the fun of helping toss salad and open the Pepsis. It's a free for all, make-it-yourself dinner where everyone, especially the cook, has fun. . . . Margaret O'Brien, becoming famous for her recitation of the Gettysburg Address, is asked to recite at most every party she attends. Went to Mama with a weighty new problem (they arise daily). She wanted to know why she never did an encore when everyone else on the program did encores. "There's no encore to the Gettysburg Address, dear," explained her mother. "Then," decided the young actress, "let's write one!"

(Continued on page 12)

AUTOGRAPHS!

Yours, yours, all yours—and all for a quarter each! Twenty-five cents nets you Turner or Gable or Bey or Miranda or Sinatra—one dollar gets you all *five!* Yup, we've got an extra, five-for-the-price-of-four-special, a cut rate cut-down which gives you a bonus of one signature free for every four you buy. And snazzy they are, too, NAA emblem cards personally autographed by any star you choose from the list below, with the money going to Mrs. Virginia Zanuck's NAVAL AID AUXILIARY Fund which provides free medical care, canteens, lodgings and other necessities to sailors and their families. So—come 'n' give it. . . . . .

June Allyson
Don Ameche
Mary Anderson
Dana Andrews
Jean Arthur

Lynn Bari
Lionel Barrymore
Anne Baxter
William Bendix
Joan Bennett
Ingrid Bergman
Turhan Bey
Janet Blair
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
Charles Boyer
Eddie Bracken
Barbara Britton
Jim Brown

Eddie Cantor
Claudette Colbert
Ronald Colman
Gary Cooper
Joseph Cotten
James Craig
Jeanne Crain
Dick Crane
Laird Cregar
Bing Crosby
Xavier Cugat

Helmut Dantine
Linda Darnell
Bette Davis
Laraine Day
Gloria De Haven
Olivia de Havilland
Tommy Dix
Brian Donlevy
Tom Drake
Jimmy Durante

William Eythe

Jinx Falkenburg
Alice Faye
Errol Flynn

John Garfield
Judy Garland
Peggy Ann Garner
Greer Garson
Paulette Goddard
Betty Grable
Farley Granger
Cary Grant
Bonita Granville
Kathryn Grayson
Sidney Greenstreet

Alan Hale
Dare Harris
Signe Hasso
June Haver
Dick Haymes
Susan Hayward
Rita Hayworth
Paul Henreid
Katharine Hepburn
John Hodiak
Bob Hope
Marsha Hunt
Walter Huston
Betty Hutton
Bob Hutton

Richard Jaeckel
Harry James
Gloria Jean
Van Johnson
Jennifer Jones
Brenda Joyce

Danny Kaye
Gene Kelly
Kay Kyser

Alan Ladd
Hedy Lamarr
Dorothy Lamour
Carole Landis
Priscilla Lane
Joan Leslie
John Loder
Myrna Loy
Ida Lupino
Diana Lynn

Roddy McDowall
Lon McCallister
Dorothy McGuire
Irene Manning
Trudy Marshall
Marilyn Maxwell
Ray Milland
Carmen Miranda
Thomas Mitchell
Maria Montez
George Montgomery
Constance Moore
Dennis Morgan
George Murphy

Lloyd Nolan

Jack Oakie
Merle Oberon
Margaret O'Brien
Virginia O'Brien
Donald O'Connor
Maureen O'Hara
Dennis O'Keefe
Michael O'Shea

John Payne
Gregory Peck
Susan Peters
Walter Pidgeon
William Powell
Tyrone Power

Frances Rafferty
George Raft
Ella Raines
Martha Raye
Ronald Reagan
Donna Reed
Ginger Rogers
Roy Rogers
Rosalind Russell
Ann Rutherford
Eddie Ryan
Peggy Ryan

Randolph Scott
Ann Sheridan
Dinah Shore
Phil Silvers
Ginny Simms
Frank Sinatra
Red Skelton
Alexis Smith
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck

Shirley Temple
Gene Tierney
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Sonny Tufts
Lana Turner

Robert Walker
John Wayne
Cornel Wilde
Esther Williams
Jane Withers
Monty Woolley
Teresa Wright
Jane Wyman

Loretta Young
Robert Young

Enclosed please find 25c in ☐ stamps, ☐ paper-wrapped coin, for an NAA card autographed by

.....

.....

.....

I understand I am to enclose 25c for each additional autograph I request but that only $1.00 will now pay for 5 autographs.

My name is .....

I live at.....

City .....

State .....

NAA EDITOR, MODERN SCREEN
9136 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.



Soft, endearing hands.
They're part of every love story...
part of your love story, too.

So be sure your hands stay romantic...
even though you're busier than ever before.
It's easy with Trushay to help you.

Before your everyday tasks, smooth on
this rich, fragrant, "beforehand" lotion.
It's the new idea in hand care.

Trushay guards your hands, even in
hot, soapy water... helps KEEP them
smooth and thrilling! Try it today.

TRUSHAY

The
"Beforehand"
Lotion



PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS

WIVES! ENJOY
'extra' advantage of this higher type
INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE





Greaseless Suppository Gives Hours of Continuous Medication

Here is a frank, important message about intimate physical facts which may mean so much to a married woman's happiness.

Today well-informed women no longer use weak, home-made mixtures. No longer do they resort to overstrong harmful poisons because science has given you a *higher type* of antiseptic cleanliness — and so much *easier* and *convenient* — called ZONITORS!

So Powerful Yet So Harmless
Positively No Burn

Zonitors are a greaseless, stainless, snow white vaginal suppository — so *powerfully antiseptic* and germicidal. Zonitors give *hours* of *continuous* medication — yet are safe to most delicate tissues. Positively *non-burning, non-irritating, non-poisonous!*

Zonitors actually *destroy* offending odor and *instantly* kill every germ they touch. Of course it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE OF THIS! No other germicide kills germs any *faster* or *more thoroughly*. Zonitors kill every *reachable* germ and keep them from multiplying. Follow easy directions.

Zonitors



(Each sealed in separate glass vial)

FREE: Mail this coupon for FREE booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept 9130-B. 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

I'LL BE SEEING YOU

The most important thing about "I'll Be Seeing You" is probably not the fact that it has a scene where Shirley Temple gets a little bit tight. But when I think of the days of "Little Miss Marker"—tsk! tsk! time certainly marches on! Shirley's role is only incidental to the main love story, that of Ginger Rogers and Joseph Cotten. It's a love story in which boy is kept from getting girl by two inescapable facts. A—Boy is a psychoneurotic case on leave from an Army hospital. B—Girl is on Christmas vacation from prison.

If that "vacation from prison" business sounds a little odd, just remember that prisons aren't like they used to be, and wardens are learning psychology. Mary (Ginger Rogers) is a well behaved prisoner who has served four years of her seven-year term. The warden thinks she should begin to adjust herself to the outside world again. Mary is guilty of manslaughter, in the eyes of the law, although it's difficult to see how she could have avoided doing what she did. She was working in an office, and her boss invited her to a party. When she got there, she found she was all the "party" there was. The boss was drunk and on the make, and in the ensuing struggle he fell out of the window. If it had been a first floor window, no one would ever have known anything about the incident. But it was the fourteenth, and Mary was, in the eyes of the law, the cause of his death.

Zach (Joseph Cotten) is a psychoneurotic case because he has been a good soldier. Too good. He did his job and killed a lot of Japs, and finally his system couldn't take it any longer. He cracked up.

He and Mary meet on a train. They both have ten days, but Zach doesn't know where Mary is from or that she has to go back. He only knows she gives him such a feeling of calm support that he wants to stay near her. So he gets off with her at the small town where she's going to visit her aunt and uncle, the Marshalls.

The Marshalls have a daughter, Barbara (Shirley Temple). At seventeen, you're inclined to dramatize things, and Barbara regards Mary as definitely an outcast from society. One day she talks too much, and the delicate, beautiful love affair which has begun between Zach and Mary is shattered. Still, it might be possible to pick up the pieces, if two people cared enough.—*U.A.*

P. S.

A brand new motion picture institution is launched with the release of this picture. It's Vanguard Films, Inc., which is offering "I'll Be Seeing You." . . . Ginger Rogers has the fashion tables turned on her. Had to step down from her sartorial platform and let Shirley Temple climb up to be glamorized. Ginger, as a prisoner on Christmas furlough, couldn't have much of a wardrobe variety. . . . Speaking of Christmas furloughs for convicts—Vanguard, seeking information on such a plan from parole boards, discovered it's being widely discussed, pro and con, in all of the forty-eight states. . . . Specialists at Hoff General Hospital at Santa Barbara were called in as technical advisers on scenes dealing with Joe Cotten as a returned soldier, victim of psychoneurosis.

TOMORROW THE WORLD

Can a boy reared under the Nazi regime ever be a decent citizen by American standards? That problem is presented with fascinating realism in this picture made from the Broadway play. The remarkable performance of young Skippy Homeier is responsible for much of its appeal. He is aided by such expert craftsmen as Fredric March, Betty Field and Agnes Moorehead. Joan Carroll is effective as the small girl who tries to teach the Nazi boy sportsmanship.

She has very tough going indeed in her attempt. Emil Bruckner has lived his twelve years in Nazi Germany. He has nothing but contempt for the softness and stupidity of these American relatives who take him into their home. He regards his uncle Michael (Fredric March) with curiosity and his cousin Pat (Joan Carroll) with condescension. She is a girl, and girls are not important in the Nazi world.

Emil is shocked to find that his uncle is engaged to a Jewess. Leone (Betty Field) is an attractive, intelligent school teacher, but Emil can't understand how Michael can marry a member of an outcast race. He decides to break up this attachment immediately.

It is odd how slow the members of the household are to realize the sinister character of their visitor. Perhaps it is because in America boys of twelve are occupied with baseball or making toy airplanes, not spy work and doctrinization. Only Frieda, the German cook, sees the danger. Emil ingratiates himself with his aunt Jessie, and she soon is on his side against Leone. He even persuades his uncle, who only sees him on his best behavior, that he is becoming Americanized. So Michael is shocked and angry at Leone's increasing antagonism toward the boy.

(*Continued on page* 14)

INFORMATION DESK
(Questions of the Month)
By Beverly Linet

Hello:

Gosh, Christmas already! It doesn't seem possible that so much time has elapsed since I gazed longingly at the beach ads and sort of wondered why my office didn't sprout an adjoining swimming pool. But time has flown, and a lot has happened since then.

I've seen scads of new pre-release pix and premieres, and have discovered some terrific new up-and-comers. Have patted Trigger, taken cowgirl tintypes with Janie Withers, rubbed shoulders with Joseph Cotten at an opening night, and run plunk into Orson Welles in my rush to get to the movies. I was even present when that villainous character threw those eggs when our Frankie was appearing on the Paramount stage.

So, isn't there something you want to know? If yes, just drop a line with that stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York.

Luv,

Bev.

Ethel Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.: WHY IS IT WHEN I REQUEST PIX FROM THE STUDIOS AND STARS, I NEVER RECEIVE THEM? . . . Due to the severe paper shortage, all the studios are unable to distribute free photos, with the exception of M-G-M, which sends out 3 x 4's. However, if you wish photos from any studio, include 25c with your request for size 8 x 10, and 10c for 5 x 7's.

Florence Shack, L. I.: MAY I HAVE LON McCALLISTER'S ARMY ADDRESS? . . . It's agin' studio rules to spout service and home addresses, but since Lon is not at any camp now (he's touring in "Winged Victory"), you can best reach him at Box 2990, Hollywood, California.

COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

Irene DUNNE · Charles BOYER



Together Again

THE YEAR'S MOST EXCITING ROMANTIC COMEDY!

WITH

Charles COBURN



Screen Play by Virginia Van Upp and F. Hugh Herbert

Produced by VIRGINIA VAN UPP · Directed by CHARLES VIDOR

A Radiant Smile!



Use this

SUPER VALUE BRUSH

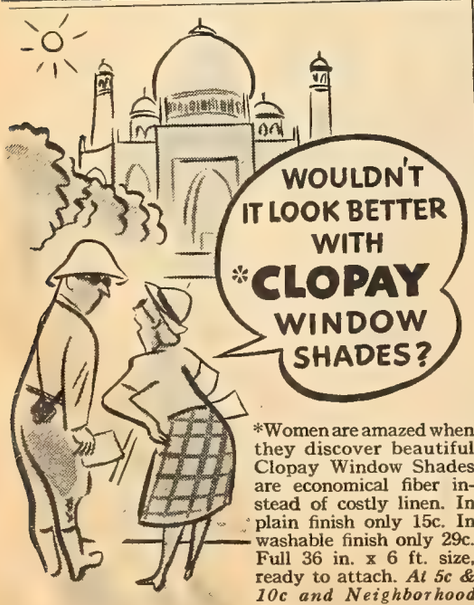
by the makers of Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft Toothbrush

DR. WEST'S Quality

CORRECT SHAPE

NYLON Bristles





*Women are amazed when they discover beautiful Clopay Window Shades are economical fiber instead of costly linen. In plain finish only 15c. In washable finish only 29c. Full 36 in. x 6 ft. size, ready to attach. *At 5c & 10c and Neighborhood Stores everywhere.*

Pat is non-committal. She does everything possible to make Emil feel at home, but she can see that all their efforts are getting nowhere. Emil is still a Nazi. It is through Pat, eventually, that the situation comes to a climax. It is through her, too, that it is resolved.—*U. A.*

P. S.

In bringing this story to the screen, Producer Lester Cowan believes he is also bringing movie audiences the meanest, nastiest juvenile menace in history. It is twelve-year-old Skippy Homeier, who created the role on Broadway, and reaches heights in villainy that would embarrass a Karloff, a Lorre or a Lugosi. . . . Fredric March had seen the play in New York and knew that Skippy was likely to steal the picture, but eagerly accepted Cowan's offer because of the importance of the story. . . . Miss Betty Field, almost for the first time in pictures, played a straight role. . . . Through all the assault, battery and mayhem in the picture, Skippy and Rudy Wissler were the only casualties. They came down with poison oak as a result of falling into the stuff during filming of their battle on the final day of the shooting schedule.

THE THIN MAN GOES HOME

Crime statistics should take a rapid drop, now that the Thin Man is back on the job. William Powell as Nick Charles is still the most fascinating detective on record, and Myrna Loy is still the most charming detective's wife. Asta once more leers happily at lamp posts.

Nick and Nora are transposed from their usual gilded haunts of sin to a new locale. It's the sleepy town of Sycamore Springs, where Nick grew up. He hasn't been back for a long time. His father Dr. Charles (Harry Davenport) doesn't approve of detectives, particularly the Scotch-drinking variety. When Nick is asked to take a case involving subversive activities in his home town, he protests wildly. "I'd die of thirst!" But he goes at last, still protesting, and Nora goes, too.

Nick's mother (Lucille Watson) is delighted to see them. And when Dr. Charles finds that Nick has switched from Scotch to sweet cider, he greets them with enthusiasm. Not so enthusiastic are some other characters around town. "Crazy Mary," for instance, a witch-like fugitive from a strait-jacket, conks Nick over the head with a coffee pot at the first opportunity. The president of the bank regards Nick's detecting with a coldness that might stem from a guilty conscience.

Something peculiar is certainly under way in the town. Nick's arrival acts as a catalytic agent, and within a few days, there are two murders. Then there is the matter of the painting which Nora bought as a birthday present for Nick, and which appears and disappears in the most outrageous fashion. Nick is not entranced with the painting, but he objects to having his possessions swiped at regular intervals.

Nora, of course, knows who did the murders. She even confides his name to Nick. Unfortunately, her candidate for the electric chair is a New York police detective in disguise. But he makes a nice suspect to keep her out of mischief, while Nick does the real sleuthing. Until you've seen Nora "tailing" her suspect, you haven't lived! It's all very merry, as well as mystifying, and you'll find Gloria De Haven, Helen Vinson, Donald Meek and Anne Revere among those under suspicion.—*M-G-M.*

FREE OFFER!

Here they are—come and get 'em! We're holding 500 Dell mags for you early birds, and they're FREE! All you have to do to rate a FREE MAG this month is fill out the following Questionnaire, but quick, 'cause our supply won't last long. Shoot your coupon off to us not later than December 20th, and we won't waste any time in sending you a FREE COPY of Screen Romances or Screen Album or another wonderful Dell book.

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our January issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

A Xmas She'll Never Forget (June Allyson) ☐
Johnny Comes Marching Home (John Payne) ☐
Lon McCallister, Life Story, Part I ☐
Dream Walking (Diana Lynn) ☐
Nobody's Sweetheart (Van Johnson) ☐
Journey Among Warriors (John Garfield) ☐
Oh, Kaye! (Danny Kaye) ☐
Your Favorite Stars of 1944 by Louella Parsons ☐
"If He Were Single . . .!" (Walter Pidgeon) by Hedda Hopper ☐
Good News by Louella Parsons ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST? .....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference .....

.....

.....

My name is .....

My address is .....**City**.....**Zone**...**State**.....

I am .....**years old.**

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

P. S.

A painting of Bill Powell, copied and photographed onto canvas by an Italian artist, was discovered on the walls of a Venetian castle by Sgt. J. C. Lewis (Diana's brother) in Italy. Sgt. Lewis mailed the picture home in a shell case. Bill gave it to his mother as a birthday gift. . . . During production Mrs. Asta (wife of the famous movie star) gave birth to quintuplets. Present for the proud father came to the set. It was a box with five tiny fire-plugs, and the card said, "From one doggoned good family to another. Lassie." . . . Donald and Mrs. Meek left for Mexico after Don's scenes were completed. It's their first vacation for ten years. Both have been studying Spanish for several months. . . . Myrna learned to jitterbug from her maid, Theresa Penn, who is a national champion. Theresa supplied the jive records, and the two spent hours together cutting rugs.

AND NOW TOMORROW

When Alan Ladd plays a doctor, he leaves out the bedside manner. He uses a hypodermic needle as if it were a machine gun. In "And Now Tomorrow" his Dr. Merek Vance is as hard and cynical as any gangster he ever played, yet underneath the hardness are the qualities which a good doctor needs most—courage and understanding.

He needs understanding especially for the case of Emily Blair. Emily, played by Loretta Young, is the aristocratic and beautiful owner of the Blairstown mills. She has never come into contact with poverty or illness—until she has an attack of meningitis which leaves her stone deaf. Emily is engaged to Jeff Stoddard (Barry Sullivan), but she has too much pride to let the marriage go through, now that she has lost her hearing. She tries to give Jeff back his ring, but he makes her keep it and tells her she'll soon be cured.

His optimism is not justified. For two years Emily travels from one specialist to another, only to learn that there is no cure for deafness caused by meningitis. At last she comes back to Blairstown, and her family doctor (Cecil Kellaway) persuades her to let his young assistant, Dr. Vance, try some new serum treatments.

Vance and Emily are antagonistic from the beginning, yet they feel a subconscious attraction. Vance is the son of a mill worker and has hated the Blair family since his poverty-stricken childhood. Emily resents this attitude and also his cavalier rudeness to her, as a patient. Yet when she knows him better, she admires him both as a doctor and as a man.

Jeff, meanwhile, has involved himself in a secret romance with Emily's sophisticated sister, Janice (Susan Hayward). You can't blame him too much—Emily has been away a long time, and she never did love him in Janice's wild, reckless fashion. But he doesn't want to hurt Emily, and in spite of Janice's pleas, is prepared to marry her if she still wants him.

She thinks she does want him. She even plans the wedding and rehearses it. Then two things happen in quick succession which change her whole life.—*Par.*

P. S.

Paramount's picturization of the Rachel Field best seller brings Alan Ladd back before the cameras following ten months' service in the United States Air Corps. . . . Cecil Kellaway bicycled between the sets of "And Now Tomorrow" and "Practically Yours." N. Y. was also paging him for "Out of This World," but other commitments prevented him from accepting.

In wartime as in peace

A special process keeps KLEENEX luxuriously soft - dependably strong!





In your own interest, remember—there is *only one Kleenex** and no other tissue can give you the exclusive Kleenex advantages!

Because *only Kleenex* has the patented process which gives Kleenex its special softness . . . preserves the full strength you've come to depend on. And no other tissue gives you the one and only Serv-a-Tissue Box that *saves* as it serves up *just one* double tissue at a time.

That's why it's to your interest not to confuse Kleenex Tissues with any other brand. No other tissue is "just like Kleenex".

In these days of shortages

—we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: *consistent with government regulations,* we'll keep your Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!

There is only one KLEENEX*

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Great Way

to relieve stuffiness, invite

Sleep

if your nose gets "stopped-up"

Tonight!



It's wonderful how a few drops of Va-tro-nol bring relief when transient congestion fills up your nose and spoils sleep. You can actually feel this specialized medication go to work right where trouble is to bring you grand new breathing comfort. It opens up clogged nasal passages—reduces swelling—relieves crusty dryness—and invites restful sleep! Va-tro-nol also works fine to relieve sniffly, sneezy distress of head colds. Try it! Follow directions in folder.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

YOU can be admired, too!...



It's so easy to have soft, lustrous "Glover-ized" hair that gives you the radiance of the Stars! Famous since 1876, now you can have ALL THREE Glover's preparations—use them separately or together! Ask at any Drug Store—or mail coupon today!

TRIAL SIZE includes: GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE—recommended, with massage, for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair... **GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo**—leaves hair soft, lustrous, manageable! **GLOVER'S Imperial Hair Dress**—Non-alcoholic and Antiseptic! A delightful "oil treatment" for easy "finger tip" application at home. Each in hermetically-sealed bottle and special carton with complete instructions and FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."



Apply, with massage, for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR.

★ GLOVER'S ★

Glover's, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 851, New York 1, N. Y.

Send "Complete Trial Application" in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative booklet, as advertised in plain wrapper by return mail. I enclose 25c.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

☐ Sent FREE to members of the Armed Forces on receipt of 10c for packing and postage.

FAREWELL, MY LOVELY

Not since "The Glass Key" has there been as tough, fast-moving and absorbing a thriller as "Farewell, My Lovely." The characters in it aren't nice people, and they'll probably give you nightmares, but they'll also give you an exciting two hours. Marlowe, the private detective, is a new kind of role for Dick Powell, and he handles it well. Marlowe is no Sunday School type, but he has his good qualities. One of them is that he never lets a client down. Even after the client has been murdered.

As you can imagine, this doesn't endear him to the murderer. In fact, from that first moment when a huge hulk of a man called "Moose" Malloy comes into Marlowe's office, no insurance company would give you a dime on the detective's life. On the face of it, what "Moose" (Mike Mazurki) wants is simple. He wants Velma. When he went to jail six years ago, Velma, a beautiful redhead, said she'd be waiting for him when he came out. Now he's out, and where's Velma? That's what he wants Marlowe to discover.

Marlowe gets another case the same night, but an odd coincidence. Or is it a coincidence? A man named Marriott asks him to go along while he buys back some jade stolen by crooks. The trip doesn't turn out so well. Marlowe is slugged, and while he's unconscious, someone murders Marriott.

Tracing his late customer's activities leads Marlowe into some peculiar situations. He meets old Mr. Grayle and his voluptuous young wife (Claire Trevor). He also meets Grayle's daughter, Ann. Anne Shirley makes her the only nice, normal person in the whole picture, so it's no wonder he falls in love with her. But he still has to find out who killed Marriott, so he plays along with Mrs. Grayle—who plays rough. Through her, he is led to a psychiatrist, is beaten up thoroughly and finally meets "Moose" Malloy again. Marlowe makes some fancy deductions, and the shooting starts. When it's all over, you'll need hot milk and aspirin to soothe your shattered nerves.—*RKO.*

P. S.

This is based on Raymond Chandler's book, which is one of the most widely read of modern detective novels. . . . Locale is Los Angeles and environs, and movie-goers will see shots of the notorious "skid row," glamorous Hollywood, swanky Beverly Hills and beautiful Malibu Beach. . . . The giant heavyweight wrestler, Mike Mazurki, while still active in the grunt-and-groan profession, has been scoring well as an actor. He won the part of Moose Malloy against three "name" competitors, via a screen test taken the day after he returned from a wrestling tour.

TOGETHER AGAIN

As light as a powder puff, and as mad as the flower hat upon which the plot hinges, this is a perfect vehicle for Irene Dunne. Playing opposite her is suave Charles Boyer and not-so-suave-but-very-helpful Charles Coburn. Mona Freeman, Charles Dingle and Adele Jergens complete the roll call.

If Anne Crandall (Irene Dunne) hadn't bought that hat, she would still be the mayor of Brookhaven, Vermont. She would still be devoting her time to carrying on in her late husband's footsteps and spoiling her step-daughter, Diana. Anne's husband had been the mayor and central character of the town, and when he died, Anne took over. "But Jonathan wouldn't approve of the way you're wasting your life," her father-in-law (Charles Coburn) tells her. "He'd want you to have fun."

Anne has gotten out of the habit of having fun. When the statue of her husband in the village square loses its head in a windstorm, Anne is asked to go to New York and get a sculptor to do another statue. But she is shocked by her father-in-law's advice "to get a crazy hat and have a good time for yourself."

However, she does succumb to a crazy hat, and the rest seems to follow. The hat, consisting of a single rose, is devastatingly becoming. So much so that the sculptor Corday (Charles Boyer) mistakes her for a model. He takes her out to dinner, and there Anne runs into trouble. She spills wine on her dress, and while she's changing it in the powder room, the night club is raided. The police think Anne is the strip tease artist, and she's tossed into jail.

She leaves New York the next day, but the damage has been done. The hat has caused Corday to fall in love with her. He follows her to Vermont where Anne's

YOUR FAVORITE STARS OF 1944

On page 36, you'll see our spread on "Your Favorite Stars of 1944." And in a way, this is a sort of p.s., because we'd now like to extend those first ten to include the first *forty-five* on the M. S. popularity poll.

1. Frank Sinatra
2. Alan Ladd
3. Pvt. Lon McCallister
4. Van Johnson
5. Betty Grable
6. Capt. Ronald Reagan
7. Lana Turner
8. Gene Kelly
9. Shirley Temple
10. John Payne
11. Bing Crosby
12. Lieut. Jean Pierre Aumont
13. Pvt. Donald O'Connor
14. Alice Faye
15. Dennis Morgan
16. Lieut. Tyrone Power
17. Sonny Tufts
18. Merchant Seaman Dick Jaeckel
19. Rita Hayworth
20. Greer Garson
21. S 2/c Farley Granger
22. (Tied) Judy Garland
23. (Tied) Helmut Dantine
24. Dana Andrews
25. Bob Walker
26. Paulette Goddard
27. Roy Rogers
28. Gloria De Haven*
29. Sonja Henie
30. Betty Hutton
31. June Allyson*
32. Errol Flynn
33. Cary Grant
34. James Craig*
35. Joseph Cotten
36. Sgt. Glenn Ford
37. George Montgomery
38. Gloria Jean
39. Bill Eythe*
40. Clark Gable
41. Dick Haymes*
42. Turhan Bey*
43. Deanna Durbin
44. Danny Kaye
45. Peggy Ryan

** Low rating due to fact that star has only recently appeared in a movie which caught public fancy. For example, June Allyson, on the poll for only about three months, has skyrocketed from place 31 to place 3 on the monthly MODERN SREEN poll since "Two Girls And A Sailor" was released.*

stepdaughter gets a yen for the sculptor. The rest is catch-as-catch-can until the statue of Jonathan once more loses its head, and Anne loses her heart.—*Col.*

P. S.

Irene Dunne has learned to jitterbug! Claims she had the best teacher in the world—her own daughter, Mary Frances Griffin. . . . Requests from overseas servicemen often ask for records. Since it's impossible to send regular discs through the mails because of the breakage, Irene has been recording songs on cardboard discs which are just large enough for a verse and a chorus. . . . Irene has also turned composer and written a song for the WAVES titled "Long May They WAVE." She's the first Hollywood star to make U. S. servicewomen her personal concern. When she learned that they are not admitted to many of the canteens in the Celluloid City, she started inviting them to her home for a weekly tea when she is between pictures.

THE FUGITIVE

Gloria Jean has to cope with the difficult role of a blind girl with supernatural powers, in this new picture. She is more convincing than you might expect. The title role is played by Alan Curtis—a fugitive from the police throughout the picture. Frank Craven, Frank Fenton, Grace McDonald and Minna Gombell give him moral or immoral support, depending on which side of the law they're on.

Cliff Banks (Alan Curtis) is a fugitive because he has been innocently involved in a bank robbery. The origin of the involvement dates back a few years to San Francisco. Cliff comes into a night club there, a fresh, cocky kid who thinks he knows all the answers. He falls for the singer, Phyllis (Vivian Austen), who introduces him to a bad hat named Sam Baker. Through Sam, Cliff gets mixed up in a safe cracking job, and after that the cops catch him and pop him into San Quentin for three years. When he comes out, he's determined to go straight. He goes to work in a factory and is leading an upright, if monotonous, existence when whom should he meet on the road to town one day but good old Sam! He gives him a lift to town. He isn't even suspicious when Sam asks him to wait in front of the bank while he cashes a check. It isn't until he hears shots that Cliff realizes he has once more been tricked into taking part in a robbery. The police are hot on his trail, and he's once more a fugitive.

Cliff stops in his flight at the ranch of Clem Broderick and his daughter, Jane (Gloria Jean). Jane is blind, but nature has endowed her with senses the rest of us do not possess. Cliff is impressed by her lovely innocence. That night he dreams that he kills Clem and pursues Jane madly across the ranch. He wakes up shuddering and decides to leave before he succumbs to the temptation to make the dream come true. Does he go? Or does Jane's sweetness reform him? This department will be glad to hold the stakes if anyone would care to bet.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Gloria rehearsed for her scene, which co-stars a swarm of bees, garbed in netting and a long, tight-fitting robe. In actual shooting she had to brave the swarm with bare arms and legs. Strangely, she didn't suffer one sting. . . . Frank Craven celebrated his sixtieth year in the theater by stating he intends to die with his stage make-up on. He's one of America's outstanding collectors of theatrical keepsakes, and on his birthday he was presented with the stage door of the Boston Museum Theater—famous in the 1800's.



By Jean Kinkead



Co-ed

Tongue-tied at strategic moments? Or worse, a nonsensical babbler? You needn't be any more!

■ Making with the right words comes awfully hard to some of us. Oh, we speak the language all right; it's not that. It's coping with difficult situations—like accepting a compliment or dishing one out; like brushing off a persistent beau without crushing same; like disagreeing with someone violently but with dignity. How can you possibly be smooth when you keep finding yourself speechless at crucial moments, or worse still, uttering all the wrong noises? That's right, joe, you can't, but take heart. Here are some bright, right words for you to study and remember.

"Gee You're Beautiful!" Maybe he won't say it in so many words. More likely it'll come out, "Whee, lookit you!" Anyway, sugar, it's a compliment, and it's your cue to be pleased. If you get flustered and fluttery, saying, "My hair never looked worse," or "What? In this old bag?" you'll embarrass him to death, and he'll wind up thinking you don't look so hot at that. Next time he says something sweet, beam at him and say, "There you go stealing my line. I was just thinking how wonderful you look," or "I don't believe it, but I love it," or just plain, "Gosh, thank you, Bill."

The guys like a kind word too now and then, so don't forget to say approving things about new jackets, new overcoats, even a new hair-cut, if you can, in conscience. Don't lay it on; just let it go at, "Mmm, mad for the new coat," or—unfeminine, but okay nonetheless—give them the old double whistle.

I Disagree: It starts off just plain chit-chat with you and Jane and Dot, but somehow (*Continued on page* 68)



Change Your Nails into Brilliant Jewels

WITH THIS NEWLY LUSTROUS, TRUE LACQUER MAKE-UP

CHEN YU long lasting nail lacquer . . . newly lustrous and each shade newly rich, newly elegant . . . dresses your nails in the brilliance of precious jewels. *Oh so flattering to your hands!* Very possibly, very probably it's time for you to try a new shade. So we offer to send you trial bottles of any two *and* a free trial size bottle of CHEN YU lacquerol base coat (it's that extra coat of added beauty and longer wear).

*Note especially "Pink Sapphire", "Oriental Sapphire", "Black Sapphire", and remember *any* CHEN YU shade just hates to chip!

Pink Sapphire*
Oriental Sapphire*
Black Sapphire*
Black Cherry
Royal Plum
Mandarin Red
Canton Red
Burma Red
Coolie
Opium Dream
Brown Coral
Dragon's Blood
China Doll
Blue Moss
Weeping Willow
Flowering Plum
Opium Poppy
Temple Fire

CHEN YU
made in U. S. A.
LONG LASTING NAIL LACQUER



SEND COUPON FOR TWO SHADES

Important: This special coupon offer FILLED FROM CHICAGO OFFICE ONLY

ASSOCIATED DISTRIBUTORS, INC.
30 W. Hubbard Street, Dept. M.M. Chicago 10, Ill.

Send me two sample size flacons of CHEN YU Nail Lacquer and a FREE bottle of Lacquerol base. I enclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of packing, mailing and Government Tax. (For an additional twenty-five cents I will receive two trial size CHEN YU lipsticks in harmonizing shades to the lacquer colors I selected.)

Lacquer shades here:_____ _____

Mark X if you desire harmonizing lipsticks ☐

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

COPYRIGHT 1944 ASSOCIATED DISTRIBUTORS, INC., DISTRIBUTORS, CHICAGO. NEW YORK OFFICE—FRENCH BLDG.,.ROCKEFELLER CENTER. IN SOUTH AMERICA, ADDRESS CHEN YU, SANTA FE 802, BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA



More doctors advise Ivory

than all other brands put together!



That's why I use it...

That's why SHE uses it...



WE have that Ivory Look...

Here's how you can have softer, smoother skin, too

There's a way for you to have a smoother, softer complexion--starting today! A way to have that glowing Ivory Look yourself. An easy way--too. Just listen to baby's beauty hint, and change from careless skin care to regular, gentle cleansings with that pure, mild cake of Ivory.

Ivory Soap contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate tender skin. More doctors advise Ivory than all other brands put together! Do you need a better reason to try it--now? 99 44/100% *pure*

TO EVERY CIVILIAN: Soap waste is war waste—for soap is a necessity, and made of strategic materials as well. So make your Ivory last!



Merry Christmas from Frank Sinatra

■ Yesterday, Al Delacorte called me on the phone, "Frank," he said, "I know you're a busy guy. But would you like to . . . I mean would you be willing to speak a little piece about Christmas on our readers' page? You see . . ."

I cut in. "Sure I see. And if I'm busy, so what? I love Christmas. I love your readers. And, if you must know, I love MODERN SCREEN!"

So here I am—a *writer!* I ought to call this the "Revenge of Frank Sinatra." All this year (not to mention last year), everyone has been too nice to me. Everything has come my way. I've been dying for this chance to get back and tell how I feel about *you* . . . at Christmas.

I'm a pushover for Christmas. I go for the tall, sweet-smelling trees, the tinsel balls, the puddings and eggnog —even Crosby's "Silent Night." But above all, I cherish the thought that Christmas is the day dedicated to friendship.

These days, when hatred is still fighting crazily for its dictatorship, it is good to know that the sacred legend of Christmas is alive in the hearts of Americans: Peace on earth. Good will toward men.

My one regret this Christmas will be that I cannot go to each loyal friend and say, "You've been wonderful. Merry Christmas. And God bless you!"

Frank Sinatra

P.S. If I were to get a Christmas card from you (addressed to MODERN SCREEN), I'd not only be tickled silly. I'd be deeply touched.

a xmas she'll never forget

June Allyson *can't* forget it—rain and tears and aching for Mom and running away.

■ June trudged along in the rain, and her small suitcase flopped against her leg.

Three days before Christmas. Fine Christmas it was going to be. She'd probably get pneumonia and die, and *then* she'd be sorry. On second thought, she'd as lief not die just yet. But she'd certainly hover on the brink for a good long time, and the doctor'd say, "She's sinking rapidly," and for one awful minute they'd *think* she was dead, then her lids would flutter, and she'd smile this angelic smile, faint but forgiving—

People turned to look at her. Rain pouring down and no umbrella. Could they *tell* she was running away? After all, twelve wasn't so young—she just happened to be small for her age. Besides, you couldn't call it really running away—not when you were going to New York to find your mother.

There was the station now. If only she had the money for a ticket, how easy it would be. Hop on the train, change to the subway, get off at 138th and wait in the flat till Mother got home from work. Mothers understand. She always understood. Maybe she'd let June stay till after Christmas.

Well, she didn't have the money, not even a penny of it, so she'd just have to walk. Her eyes turned from the station to the rainswept road ahead, and back. It wouldn't hurt to go in and rest for a while—give the rain a chance to let up maybe.



June and Gloria ("The Comb") live in almost identical apts. across the street from each other, yet never double date. Puppy, whose trainer didn't know its name or sex, is a gift for Margaret O'Brien.



Separated early from her mother, June had a lonely childhood. She'd like this coming Xmas to be brightest yet to make up for last year's when, sick and tired, she was p.a.-ing at N. Y.'s Capitol Theater.

By Ida Zeitlin



June shares her love of dogs with Bette Davis, still has a soft spot in her heart for her mutt "Winsocki" who one day went out looking for her—and never returned!



Denying those 4 baths per day are for weight-whittling purposes, June washes her hair daily but is careless about her clothes, drops 'em all over the apt. and neglects mending and pressing angle.



Al Delacorte had a finger in the sizzling John Payne-Glo De Haven romance. Seems Sue Ladd arranged to have John pick her up for Ye Ed's party and bingo! they've been dating 3, 4 times a week!

continued

a xmas she'll never forget

She sat down at the end of a bench near the radiator, took off her hat and shook out some of the water, adjusted her braced back to the back of the seat. If not for the brace, she wouldn't get tired so quick. Three years now she'd been wearing it—three years since she'd been caught under that falling tree in front of Granny's little house. And the doctor said she'd have to wear it two more years at least. Well, anyhow they'd stopped shaving her head where the wound had been. Her hair was getting almost long enough to stick a bow in—if she had a bow—

My, it was nice and warm here. The radiator was even making her drowsy. She leaned her head back, and pictures began forming . . .

Last Christmas at Granny's. Something twisted inside her, the way it always did when she thought of Granny. But last Christmas she'd still been happy. Come to think of it, she'd never been sad in Granny's little house. Not even through those long months in bed after the accident. Granny'd always been there to make her feel good, and Mother stayed with them a lot. It didn't cost as much as coming out to Long Island. All she had to do was ride to the end of the subway line for a nickel, then take the streetcar.

Last Christmas she'd come in laughing out of the cold and put her packages under the tree. June's present was the loveliest white silk blouse. This Christmas—

June's eyes filled. She knew she'd been bad, but it hadn't seemed so dreadful when she did it—

All she wanted was to keep her father's picture for a while, so she could look at it again. She'd never seen a picture of her father. She'd always kind of hated to ask Mother, because it might hurt her. But it wouldn't hurt Auntie, who wasn't even related to her father—

So she'd begged till Auntie finally showed her the picture. Just for a second, without giving her a chance to see what he really looked like. It wasn't enough for June. So after the others were asleep, she tiptoed out and took it from the dresser drawer and slipped it under her pillow, thinking she'd take a real good look in the morning and then put it back.

Generally, she woke up early but this morning she didn't. She was just kind of half waking up when Auntie came in.

"June, did you take your father's picture?"

"No," she said sleepily, (*Continued on page 85*)



Holiday parties always include marshmallow roast. She has no patience with games, would rather chat. Home from date, she beelines for housekeeper Bess' room, and they sit in dark and gab like kids.



June sleeps all year in flannel pyjams. In summer uses twin bed near window; in winter, moves to one near door. Toy horse, "Tomby," came from ex-fiancé named Tommy, stands near bureau.



Goes to great lengths to have her holiday table festive, then eats next to nothing at party. Declines creamed foods and desserts; favors meats, eggs, coffee.



MODERN SCREEN's Sylvia Wallace helped June pick out hat for holiday whirl. She tends toward dark clothes, has to force herself to wear bright colors.



While Christmas shopping, June couldn't resist buying teddy bear for crony's baby. A reckless shopper, she'd grab everything in sight if Bess didn't rein her in. She won't return anything because she's afraid to offend salesclerk!





Terrifically clothes-conscious, he goes to a very expensive tailor till his conscience steers him to a cheaper one where he's never satisfied. Before moths banqueted on wardrobe in storage, he hung on to every suit for years, mostly for sentimental attachment. First post-Army role will be lead in "The Dolly Sisters."



Johnny once held job on strength of his piano-playing, does all his composing at keyboard. First song he peddled, "In My Heart," brought $25, sold "all of 50 copies" and then dropped into oblivion.



Solitaire's too frustrating to be fun for honest John. Prefers bowling, composing, writing, talking. But he was often too tuckered out in Army for anything but cards.



On Johnny's last leave before discharge from Army, he shopped for Julie's Christmas presents and wrapped 'em because he didn't know *where* he'd be come Dec.

By Fredda Dudley

Johnny comes marching home

But Mr. Payne, Army Air Forces retired, in his red and blue shirt and houndstooth slacks, couldn't forget to salute the colonel!



Once a professional wrestler, Johnny has magnificent 6' 2", 185-lb. physique, which he keeps in shape by daily swim and 2-hour workout in Terry Hunt's gym 4 times a week.

■ When John Payne was ordered to the Monterey Separation Center in Northern California, as one of a group of 5000 pilots, he knew that the job he and they had been doing for the Army was completed and that they were to be placed on inactive status. John had been a little too old to be trained for combat flying, but he had done a good job in the training program—all that is asked of anyone—and now that he was to be graduated from reveille, he was as eager as every other demobilized man will be.

On his way to Monterey, he stopped at the storage company—where his wardrobe was fighting it out with the moths—and discovered that he was the owner of one pair of houndstooth checked slacks, one somewhat weary navy blue suit, and one salt and pepper tweed suit. Everything else had been devoured.

With a few choice comments on the patriotism of American moths entrusted with a serviceman's property, John packed his remaining clothes and reported for separation from the armed forces.

That task accomplished, he proceeded first to a peaceful resort town (*Continued on following page*)

Johnny comes marching home

Simple pleasures of home—eating kumquats off the tree! An ardent sunworshipper since he came west, he works hard at getting tan, strips to waist every time Sol peeps out!



nearby (Carmel-By-The-Sea) and rented a hotel room, then went shopping, to wit: One red and blue plaid wool shirt, one orange and yellow plaid shirt, one red silk cowboy neckerchief, one Paisley ascot scarf. On the double he returned to his room, shed his khakis and accoutered himself in his houndstooth checked slacks, his red and blue plaid wool shirt, and his red silk neckerchief—knotted at the side of his throat—and surveyed himself in the mirror. Very sharp citizen.

Emerging upon the streets, he set out in search of reading matter. The sale of dark glasses in Carmel rose 127% in an hour. As John stalked along he met a full colonel, and habit being stronger than his awareness of his civvies, he saluted smartly.

The colonel returned the salute, then smiled. "How long have you been out, son?" he wanted to know.

"Five hours, sir," said John sheepishly.

He bought a copy of Fantastic Stories and a tall bottle of—say—Pepsi Cola, and returned to his room. Pulling off his shoes, he plumped up two pillows, turned on the reading lamp beside the bed, and subsided into the feathers with the magazine in one hand and the beverage in the other. A deep mattress, a sense of aloneness unknown in barracks, no lights-out order pending, no reveille. Ah, wilderness were Paradise enow.

The following day John varied his routine by wearing the salt and pepper trousers, the orange plaid shirt and the Paisley ascot. He was having a thick, rare steak at the Russian Inn at noon when two girls from Hollywood (one of them being Kay Hardy of MODERN SCREEN) strolled past his booth, recognized him—despite a suntan darker than



Johnny got royal welcome from everyone he ever knew, including policeman on corner beat. In his 25 mos. service, he trained in Tex., Utah, Col., was transferred to Ferry Command just before discharge.



It was great to be back in make-up room at Fox and sniff the beautiful smell of greasepaint again! Johnny started shaving at 10 . . . until Mom caught him at it!

a G.I. shoeshine, and a mustache that made Colonna look like a stripling—and joined John.

That afternoon the three of them hailed a taxi to take the world-famed Seventeen Mile Drive around the Monterey peninsula. The cab driver was wearing khaki, so John asked him how come. The cabby explained that he was on 3-day pass, and he drove a cab to unravel the transportation snarl and to make a little extra dough. "I just got out of the Army," John said, to explain his interest.

The cabby looked back over his shoulder and nearly drove over a cliff. "Whatcha do with your old khakis?"

When John said they were lying around the hotel room, the cabby made a deal to acquire the outfit. John took his name and address and made it a point to deliver the outfit personally. Good deal by a thoughtful guy.

They reached the celebrated Del Monte Lodge at dinner time. "Food," drooled John. "Steaks, broccoli with Hollandaise sauce. Potatoes au gratin. Oh, my shattered nerves, such food." He ended by having a steak and a dessert concocted of bananas, two kinds of ice cream, chopped nuts, assorted syrups and a dash of whipped cream.

During his stay in Carmel, John had been trying desperately to get train reservations to Hollywood, but it began to look hopeless. So Saturday morning he arrived at the apartment of his friends and verbally thumbed a ride south. They set out at noon and drove along the magnificent coast highway, singing as they sped.

The trio stopped at a small town to buy gasoline and the girl manning the gas pump stared admiringly at John as he crossed the street to buy fruit and sandwiches. "Mmmm. Good looking, isn't he? Might be a movie star."

One of the girls, always good for a gag, asked, "Don't you think he looks a lot like John Payne?"

The petrol polly shook her head in a judicial negative. "More like Ray Milland," she said. Only when John was tagged by a group of loitering school kids, and agreed to give his autograph to the gang, did she admit an error of identification.

John's first problem upon arriving in Hollywood was to find a place to live. He was to be a hotel guest for the single week now allowed travelers, but at the expiration of that period he had to have a house so that Julie, his handsome 4-year-old daughter, could join him.

John's notions about a house were extremely flexible; there were only two positive requirements, a fireplace and a convenient spot for his Capehart phonograph recorder.

John's method of securing housing, was direct and ingenious. He started out in an attractive district, on foot, and cased the homes. When he found one that appealed to him, he marched up, rang the doorbell and said to the astonished householder, "I admire your home very much. Is it, by chance, for sale?"

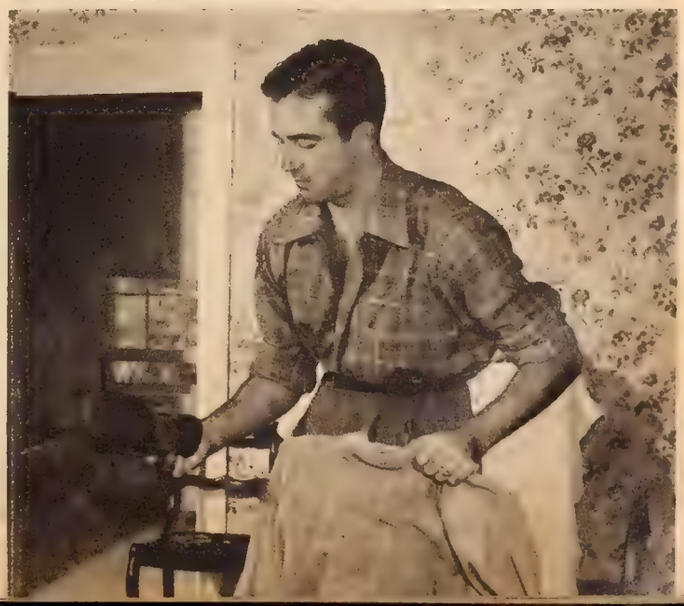
After three days of this, he actually located an elderly couple in Brentwood who were planning to place their home on the market the following week. Happy ending: John bought the house and moved in the following family: Julie, her nurse, a cook, one dog and one cat.

His home established, John left town on a vacation to be followed by a Bond tour. Upon his return, 20th Century-Fox will have a script ready for him. Also awaiting his return will be a G.I.'s dream of romance, Gloria de Haven, with whom John has enjoyed most of his recent dates.



Reading in bed was pleasure long untasted. Great book-lover, he rereads favorite over and over. Among 50 on shelf by bed are "Book of Pirates" and Plato. Doesn't start novels at night; he'd never snooze!

In '39, he spent $5000 on clothes, had reputation as one of H'wood's best-dressed. Lives in sweaters, slacks around house. Anticipating post-war property boom, he invested in 15 acres.



Who're we kiddin'?

Because while 50,000 gals are neither too young nor too old to swoon over Van Johnson - he's still on the hunt for an ever-lovin' Mrs. J.



Just back from a rest at Arrowhead, Van grabs a dance with Janie Wyman. He still chuckles over time he swept into club—fell flat on his face! Whereupon 4 gals rushed to pick him up, dust him off!

nobody's sweetheart

by Nancy Winslow Squire

■ One day last March a girl named Betty, who works for M-G-M, found on her desk a box brimming over with flowers. The card said: "Thanks again. Van Johnson."

Betty was enchanted, but puzzled. Why the flowers, and what was Van thanking her for? Suddenly her eyes flew to the calendar. March 30th! Of course! It all came flooding back—

A year ago today—working late at the studio—leaving around 8—reaching Venice Boulevard just in time to hear the horrible sound of crashing cars—fighting back the sick sense of shock—racing across the street—helping Keenan Wynn pull Van out of the overturned car—phoning for help—sitting beside Van till it came, and the awful drip of blood from his head—Van lying there, trying to smile, speaking only once—"I can't stand that sound—" wadding up her scarf, putting it where it would deaden the sound—

Betty brushed the scene from her mind. Van was all right now. Nothing left but fading scars and the plate in his head. She smiled at the flowers. How like him to remember the day this way—

Something's left beside the scars and the plate in Van's head. Something that makes him feel he can't live a full-time life (*Continued on page 60*)





After guesting on CBS Burns and Allen show, Van Brown Derby'ed with them and their daughter, Sandra, who is "engaged" to Van along with 6-year-old Linda Leroy, the director's child.



M-G-M's recent birthday gift was the late John Barrymore's portable dressing room where Van takes time out from "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" to personally autograph those NAA cards. (See p. 10 for details.)



Van's part in the "Dr. Gillespie" series is being terrifically built up with the next one to feature Gloria De Haven in "a junior Bette Davis" role. (Kibitzing with "Good News" Parsons.)

Oh, Kaye! ★

All Danny needs is a twist of the heart

to shift from a kid with a shoe-box bank to

a pixie with a double-talk jabber.

■Two kids grew in Brooklyn—on the selfsame street—and never met. Sylvia's father was a dentist. Danny minded his office for a dollar and a quarter a week, but never ran into his daughter. They attended the same high school. Sylvia went in for music and dramatics. Danny was wrapped up in baseball and lived for the day he could start pre-medical work. He didn't so much as join a debating club.

Years later he walked into a New York loft building to rehearse for a show. The lyric-writer, a dark-haired girl, sat at the piano. They were introduced. "Sylvia Fine—Danny Kaye—"

"And if I hadn't met her," he says, "I wouldn't be where I am today."

Where he is today, is in a class by himself. Try to bracket or compare him with anyone else, and you're lost. The most original talent since Chaplin, somebody called him. Over four years ago, he became the rage of New York. Thanks to Samuel Goldwyn, he now belongs to the millions.



On a recent weekend trip to Chi's "Chez Paris," the Kayes sold $1,252,000 worth of bonds, then searched "Cradle" for youngster to adopt. Writer-wife Sylvia is sure new number's tops—if at first Dan hates it!



An opera and ballet fiend, Danny can reel off fluent Chinese and Japanese he picked up while touring the Orient. (Discovering Virginia Mayo in "The Wonder Man.")

He remains a little leery of the movies. They couldn't drag him to the preview of "Up in Arms." "I'd sit there and die inside," he said, "or I'd jump up on the screen and try to change it."

Toughest thing about movies is having no audience. An audience is the match that sets him alight. On first nights he sits in his dressing room, quaking and sweating. The minute he's onstage, something happens between him and the people out there that sets him free, gives him buoyancy and power and the same kind of mastery over his medium that a musician has over his violin—

Making movies, you have to imagine your audience. Same as at rehearsals. Danny's no good in rehearsal. "Let's Face It," his first starring show, featured a fairy-tale number in baby talk. They opened in Boston. Danny walked out for the dress rehearsal, to an empty stage and an empty theater—

"Once upon a time," (*Continued on page 79*)



Just recovering from leg fracture, Dan was prostrated from earmuff, overcoat scenes during heat wave! (With Gene Kelly at Truman rally.)

The first comedian to play 5 straight weeks at N. Y. Paramount, Danny signed his 5-year contract after only 5 mos. on B'way and now draws $100,000 per pic; $16,500 per air show. (Right, at "Ice Follies.")



By Jeanne Karr



Still padded with baby fat, all sweets turn to hips. Worse, eating's her joy. Mom severely raps her knuckles at slightest veering toward goodies. Mrs. L. gave up music teaching to be daughter's bus. mgr., chauffeur, housekeeper, personal maid and pvt. teacher!



Evenings at home, Diana retires to her suite on second floor. Bathes right after dinner, turns on bedside radio full blast, does nails or hair, reads in bed. House is Colonial inside and out, patterned after Southern mansions she fell in love with on trip 4 years ago.

dream walking

Diana Lynn's lilting along in a dreamy

18-year-old world of roller coasters, dates and ice-cream binges!

■ Mother said, "You've always got your piano to go back to."

Dolly burst into tears. "I don't *want* my piano to go back to. I want to act."

It was silly to cry. But now she'd started, she couldn't seem to turn it off. Guess she'd been waiting to cry for a year and a half. Might as well get it over with.

She understood how Mother felt. Music would always be Mother's first love. Once it had been Dolly's, too, but now she loved acting more. So you've-got-your-piano-to-go-back-to was like waving a red flag under her nose. Which certainly needed blowing at the moment—

She looked up. A watery smile came through. "I'm all right now."

"Look, Dolly," said Dad. "You're 15. Your mother and I both think you're old enough to make decisions. If acting's what you want, that's fine with us."

"It's what I want all right, if they'll ever let me do it."

"Well, they haven't fired you yet."

That's what she couldn't figure out. They wouldn't release her, and they wouldn't put her to work. Ever since "There's Magic in Music," she'd been hanging around the Paramount lot, doing absolutely nothing. Except cry on Bill Russell's shoulder. Bill was the dramatic coach, and an angel. "Wait, honey," he'd say. "Don't get discouraged." But how could you *not* get discouraged? Every once in a while she'd gather herself together and go see Mr. Meiklejohn, head of the studio talent department. (*Continued on page 83*)

By Karin Pieck



Graduated from studio high school last June, D. wants college education but not at expense of hard-won career that took 4 years to build. While working on "Out of This World," she'll spend eves book-larnin' and piano-practising.



Cooking fascinates her; she can't understand how mixture of egg, flour, etc., comes up cake! Dates often between pics; Sat. only during production; different guy each night. If she overstays Mom's curfew, she must call and explain.



1st place: Frank Sinatra—"Listening to that boy sing is like getting kissed." (From sneak preview card of "Higher And Higher." 1944.)



2nd place: Alan Ladd—"...Edward G. Robinson—with dimples . . ." (From sneak preview card of "This Gun For Hire." 1942.)



5th place: Betty Grable—"Just saw a dream walking." (From sneak preview card of "A Yank In The RAF." 1940.)



6th place: Capt. Ronald Reagan—"He'd be so nice to come home to . . ." (From sneak preview of "Kings Row." 1941.)



8th place: Gene Kelly—"Kelly talks with his feet, and manages to say plenty." (From sneak preview card of "For Me and My Gal." 1942.)



9th place: Shirley Temple—"She's always had the face of an angel—but what's this new look in her eye?" (From sneak preview card of "Kathleen." 1941.)



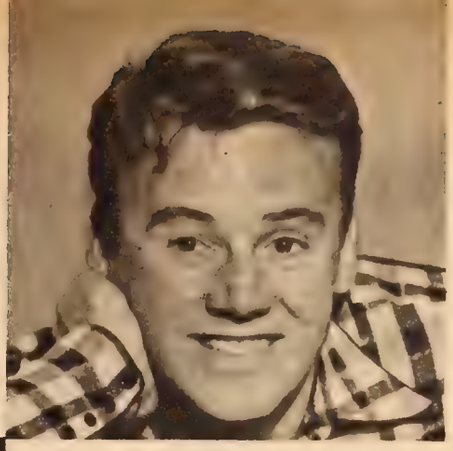
10th place: John Payne—"Superman's kid brother." (From sneak preview card of "Garden of The Moon." 1938.)

YOUR

You canny Modern Screen readers spotted lots of these stars before they even started to twinkle. Louella Parsons here tilts her hat to you.



3rd place: Pvt. Lon McCallister—"He reminds me of an Ivory Soap ad grown up." (From sneak preview card of "Stage Door Canteen." 1943.)



4th place: Van Johnson—"Yessir, he's my baby!" (From sneak preview card of "Dr. Gillespie's New Assistant." 1942.)



7th place: Lana Turner—"How do you spell a long, low whistle?" (From sneak preview card of "They Won't Forget." 1937.)

by Louella Parsons

FAVORITE STARS OF 1944

■ One more New Year for this writer. She's had many of them writing for the motion picture public. I have a number of people on my list to whom I want to hand a few posies this New Year 1945. High on my list is MODERN SCREEN because it is doing something special for the Hollywood I love.

It is giving many movie-goers of our country a chance to express themselves through the Modern Screen Poll. The first time I heard about this Modern Screen Poll was soon after the release of "Stage Door Canteen." I mentioned young Lon McCallister and used a few of my best superlatives in complimenting the young man. Sol Lesser, to whom I was talking, grinned sort of sheepishly and said MODERN SCREEN was right, so I asked him what he meant.

Well, it seems the Lesser organization put their money on another player in the picture and sent out scads of publicity, thinking "Stage Door Canteen" would make this player a star overnight. MODERN SCREEN wouldn't use the publicity. Sat tight and waited to see what their poll would tell them. The poll skipped that certain person and cheered for Lon McCallister.

All this made me curious. What was this poll, and how did it work? I discovered that it works through all of you who read the magazine. That you vote for your first three favorites. That number one scores three points, number two scores two, number three scores one. Whoever scores the highest is top man for the month, and so on down the line.

In other words, you spot the coming stars. And let me congratulate you. So far you've never missed. I'm not talking about people like Jennifer Jones. That's too obvious. As "Bernadette," a blind man couldn't have missed her. What amazes me is the way you point straight as an arrow at youngsters who first appeared in relatively small parts—(*Continued on page 91*)

By Kirtley Baskette



During babyhood Lon was watched over by Great Dane, "Blue Lady," and that's been his favorite breed ever since. Early treat was riding around yard on dog's back.



Baby pics are bane of Lon's existence. When his mom and grandma aired them to M. S.'s ed for this story, he pounced on them, refused to reveal sillier ones.

LON McCALLISTER

There was plenty of everything a boy could dream for—

a candy factory, a Great Dane. And then, suddenly, there was nothing.

■ The cool late afternoon breeze swept off the Pacific and sent the white Malibu sands swirling to pepper about the brown shoulders of the good-looking young guy stretched out on the blanket. Lon McCallister reached for his faded sweater, tugged it over his head and stood up. He folded the gay umbrella, shook out the striped beach towel, dusted the pillow and slipped it under his arm. For a moment he gazed thoughtfully down the curving, wave-washed point that pierces the ocean like a white finger pointing back to Hollywood. Then he brushed back his wind-mussed hair and flashed the shy, boyish smile that has made him famous.

"Sometimes," said Lon, "Sometimes, I can't believe it."

"I said someday I'd have a house at Malibu, and here I am. I said one day I'd be a movie star and, well, there's (*Continued on page 41*)



One of first bit parts was with Walter Brennan in "Joe and Ethel Turp." Since joining Army he's shed 9 lbs. and has to have trousers nipped in at waist. Of current crop of books, he prefers "A Tree Grows in B'klyn" and "Razor's Edge."



LON McCALLISTER

continued



He shares hovel with 3 guys in Tent Row at Santa Monica Gets up at 6:30, takes G.I. bus to studio, starts work at 8. Free every P.M., he drives to Malibu for dinner with his mom.



Lon's Pontiac suffered 3 blowouts in week, so MODERN SCREEN'S ed, Sylvia Wallace, and photog Gus Gale pick Jeanne up, meet Lon at camp, drive to his Malibu home.



Day off "Winged Victory" set and Army chores, Lon beats crony to phone and invites Jeanne Crain to spend day on beach. Friend rags him but fails to rattle poised Pvt. McC.



Salt water and sun bake them, give Jeanne a slight burn. Lon calls her T.B. or S.F. for reasons he won't divulge. They met in Zanuck's office, chummed on trips to Santa Maria for sulky-driving lessons for "Home."



Upon arrival, first move is diving into bathing suits and getting out on beach. Between dips, they play leapfrog, sing all verses of "One Keg of Beer for the 4 of Us."



Great Dane Mac is locked in Lon's room because Jeanne's scared. She'd been to Lon's house once before when he hosted "Home in Indiana" crew and invited her to act as hostess.



They never talk politics; he thinks women are idiotic about subject. Top compliment is that she always looks the way he envisioned her first time he phoned for date.

'Home in Indiana.' I said I'd fix things so my mother and grandmother could quit work, and they're right inside the house. I said I'd keep my old friends, and I still have them. I said I'd live a larger life than just acting; and I'm in the Army Air Corps. I said all those things to my grandmother one day after a Hollywood Boulevard movie. And they've all come true. It doesn't make sense, does it?"

Lon grinned apologetically and gave that defiant, self-conscious toss to his head he always does when he's embarrassed. As if to say, "All right, go ahead and laugh if you want to—but that's the truth!"

I didn't laugh. You don't laugh at a boy who makes his gallant dreams come true. Besides, I was thinking that maybe the joke was on me. It was morning when I came down to the beach, and the California sun was low in the East, but not quite so low as my opinion of the drama to be found in the life of a twenty-one-year-old star. How can you write the life story of a kid who's just begun to live? How in the world can enough happen to a boy before he turns voting age to make the story worth telling?



When gust of sand blows in Jeanne's face, Lon whisks it off. He offers use of pvt. beach to Sylvia and Gus, who'll take him up on it next Sun.



On trip to corner drug, Lon shows Jeanne his top comic in "Yank," is pleased to find her hep. Before going in Army he gave her a St. Christopher; got pipe from her, which he smokes only when she's with him.

LON McCALLISTER

continued

It was dusk now, and the day—Private Lon McCallister's one-day furlough after finishing his Army Air Corps job in "Winged Victory"—had streaked past like a P-38. I drove home down the Coast Highway beside the Malibu hills that had turned purple in the sifting mist, dimming the very real 1944 homes and villas on the mountain sides into imaginary castle and fairy towers. Magic mountains, and beyond them lay a magic city—Hollywood. A fabled town, a Bagdad-on-the-Arroyo, where Aladdin's Lamp and the Flying Carpet and tales as strange as Scheherazade's came true every day. Cinderellas, Prince Charmings, magic wands. Rags to riches, dreams come true, glamour, glitter, gold.

Oh, yeah? Who was I kidding?

Hollywood is a factory town that makes movies, grinds them out like sausages. It's the hardest working, dullest joint in the world, jam-packed with ordinary, harassed Joe and Jane Jerks. It's cut and dried, now—you have to have a name or know people to get ahead. All that Magic Hollywood stuff is as out of date as a director's megaphone. Maybe so, in the good old days when these Malibu beach villas, which the sun's slanting rays still spotted as I passed, were fun spots for fabulous silent stars—Bebe Daniels, the Talmadge girls, Fatty Arbuckle, Tom Mix and Charlie Ray—(what columnist had called Lon McCallister another Charlie Ray?) And yet—

In one of those very houses on that fabled Malibu strand I had just left a boy (*Continued on page 70*)



After filling up on grandma's lemon pies, kids can't down whole milk-shake, share one. He never brings orchids, thinks they're overrated. Buys her camellias and rosebuds which she usually tucks in her hair.



Back at house they sing and dance to his half-dozen recordings of pet tune, "Easy to Love." He'll be in Chicago with troupe this Xmas, his first away from home. Jeanne'll write once weekly.



Good-night kiss is friendly, but nothing more. While they're no great romance, they're No. 1 on each other's date list. If he gets invitation to bring "a friend," he takes her and vice versa.



Pidge fought for romantic roles till he proved self in first of 4 Garson co-starrers. Now he's set, will do famed priest of Dannemora prison in "Church Of Good Thief"! (With Author Hopper.)



At one time, Walt would warble "The Rosary" at parties, ruin the gay mood. Now he sings only in bath or while preparing a garlic-olive oiled steak. (With Mrs. P.)

Is there a Pidgeon-fancier in the house? Don't rush, girls!

■ I've known Walter Pidgeon for years—never mind how many—and only once have I wanted to slug him.

That was when Frances Marion and I took him up to the Hearst ranch. Our train got shunted off on a siding, and we didn't arrive till 4:30 A.M. The scene was out of the Arabian Nights—mist-drowned hills and valleys and, floating high over the mists, this lighted castle like a wedding-cake, with nothing to hold it up.

In my childish fashion, I started raving. "We've got to wait and watch the sunrise melt the mists away—"

"Not me," said Frances. "I'm going to bed."

"Likewise," said Walter.

I didn't mind Frances so much, she'd seen it before. Walter hadn't. "Where's your soul, where's your sense of poetry?" I stormed.

"Sleeping," says he, and darned if the big lug didn't march off and leave me to rhapsodize alone.

That was in the old days, before he and Ruth were married. When he first came out, he didn't know many people. East was East and West was West, and my house was a place where the twain frequently met. If New Yorkers didn't know anyone (*Continued on page 87*)



Canadian-born Walt thanks Fred Astaire for first break, thinks Sinatra is "one swell kid." A new citizen, he cast first vote this year. (With L. B. Mayer at "SYWA" preem.)

"if he were single...!"

By Hedda Hopper



Modern Screen's Fashion Guide

By Marjorie Bailey

■ It's June in January. June Allyson, in case you didn't get it first off. 'N she didn't just breeze in with a snappy "Happy New Year" and let it go at that. She's got *ideas*, that gal!

What's it got to do with you? Come out of the dumps, and you'll see. Sure, I know what you're up against. Everything you own looks strictly pain-in-the-neck. It's too late for more Winter duds, too early for Spring. But this doesn't mean you're to stand there just marking time 'til the robins come.

Now's the season, says June, to pin your-



Think what this beret and halter could do for *your* outfit! Hand crocheted accessories by Greta Plattry.



It's a peplum that adds zip to a basic black, make-it-yourself dress, Simplicity Pattern 1053.

all on the old faithful black dress. That one in the closet—remember? Or you can whip up a new "old faithful" from a Simplicity pattern. With curve-smoothing lines, new bateau (boat-shaped) neckline, tiny cap sleeves. Plus a matching jacket for presto-chango into a dinner suit.

But hurry up, will you? Because the fireworks are starting. Hand-crocheted accessories. That hot-pink business that June's got on her head is called a "coif" (cwaf, mind you, not *coyf*). The gloves pick up the sparkle with a fake jewel placed, ring-fashion, in the (*Continued on page 90*)



June Allyson, bright star of "Music For Millions," sparkles in gay, be-jeweled coif and gloves by Greta Plattry.



It's a smart, long-sleeved jacket that transforms your dress into a costume suit.



It's a datemaker, dressed up with a giant flower tucked into a velvet band at your waist.



Way before Pearl Harbor, John, along with Bolger, Laurel and Hardy, Chico Marx and others, went USO touring in the Caribbean. The War Dept. nixed publicity, didn't want it known men were stationed there.



All of Johnny's scenes in "H'wood Canteen" had to be redone—seems the real self shown is so unlike his reel self, he had to *portray* Garfield, the actor, so people would recognize him!

■ David Garfield was a year old on July 25th.

"He can't be," said John. "He was only born the other day."

Roberta glanced at the clock. "A year ago. Almost to the minute. Remember? Winchell was screaming about Mussolini, while I screamed about David."

He remembered all right, but it just didn't seem possible. This had been the swiftest year of a not uneventful life. Garfield's the kind of guy things happen to. Eager, sensitive, burningly interested in the world and all its doings, he lives twice as intensely as the average man. But the things that had happened this year were stranger, more significant, more exciting than usual—

First, his son had been born on a very fine day. The day Mussolini was kicked out of Rome. The news had just started coming in over the radio, and Roberta couldn't bear to leave it, but the baby wouldn't wait. He was very impatient. At the hospital, John hadn't even hit his pacing stride before the smiling nurse came out and said, "It's a boy."



1½-hour show for Tito's Partisans took twice that long—interpreter had to get in *his* licks. John added their gift of Nazi gun to souvenir arsenal given him by G.I.'s. (With Handyman Luther and Cook Ida May.)

by Cynthia Miller

"Little East Side boy", he kept thinking, "going to meet the President." That's what the Garfields are fighting for — a brave, new world for everybody.

journey among warriors

They let him see Roberta for a minute.

"What's his name?" she asked drowsily.

"David."

"That's nice."

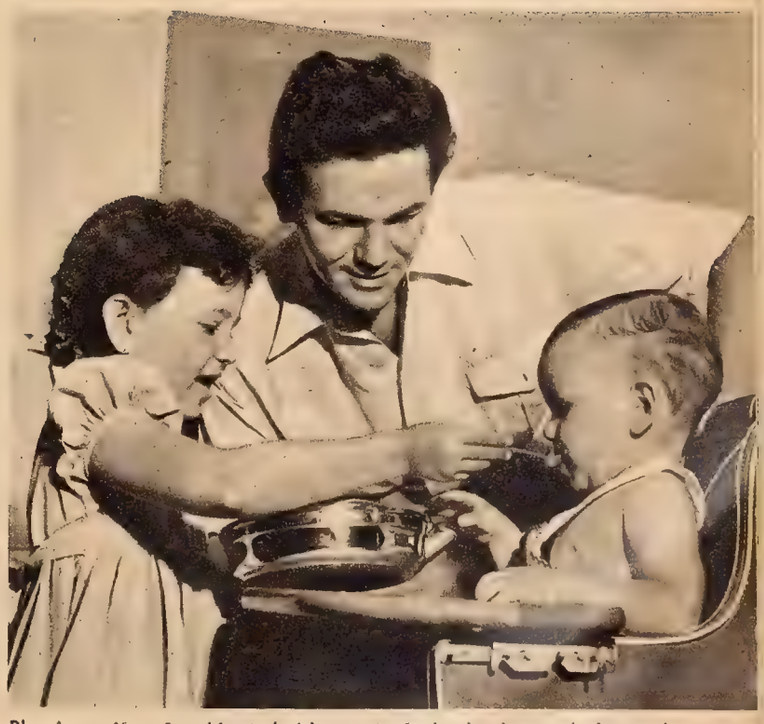
In the Garfield family, it's Daddy who picks the kids' names. Robbie hadn't known Katherine would be Katherine till after she was born. Her theory is: "The mother *has* the children. The father just stands outside. So the least you can do is let him pick the name. That makes him more part of it. Besides," she adds with an impish grin, "if you've got enough faith in a guy to marry him, you ought to trust him enough to let him name your child."

Before dozing off, she murmured, "Go celebrate—"

"What'll I do?"

"Go see a leg show."

So he collected some male cronies and took them to Earl Carroll's and ordered champagne for the girls and didn't say why till the glasses were lifted. Then: "To my son," said John, and got much drunker on the words than (*Continued on page 91*)



Phoning wife of a Lieut. he'd met in Italy, he learned she and infant were homeless. In 2 days, he and Red Cross had them set up in own apt.! Baby David Patton was named for famed General.


margaret o'brien


IN HER ELEGANT WORLD...
A LADY OF ICE...
IN HIS WORLD OF ADVENTURE...
A WOMAN OF FIRE!
Bored and beautiful · weary of the dull world she knew · she found happiness in the arms of the bold brigand who swept her away on the wings of the wind for 24 reckless hours... From the exciting novel by DAPHNE ("Rebecca") DU MAURIER...
PARAMOUNT presents
Joan Fontaine
Arturo de Cordova
in
"FRENCHMAN'S CREEK"
IN TECHNICOLOR
with
BASIL RATHBONE • NIGEL BRUCE
CECIL KELLAWAY • RALPH FORBES
B. G. DeSYLVA, Executive Producer
Screen Play by Talbot Jennings • From the Novel by Daphne du Maurier
A Mitchell Leisen
PRODUCTION
Directed by Mitchell Leisen


Mary Anderson



a Stewart, whose husband is in the South Pacific, poses in a room that would delight any color-hungry man. "Cotillion" is the Bates pattern used. It also comes in dark blue, rose, green, or tan.

Home—as He Hopes It Will Look



Ever think how dreary it would be to live in a monotone environment? That's just what our fighting men have been doing. Small wonder they're eager to feast their khaki-weary eyes on bright colors! The stimulating, heart-warming colors that Bates has chosen for these matching bedspreads and draperies. Use them to transform your home into a gayer, more charming spot before the return of your husband or son. You'll find Bates' spreads inexpensive and practical, too . . . wrinkleproof and easy to launder. If you can't get them at your favorite store the first time you try . . . try again. We're supplying them as fast as wartime limitations permit.

BATES FABRICS INC. • 80 WORTH STREET • NEW YORK CITY 13



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Sinatra designed and built intricate home-recording machine with built-in record player and radio with loud speakers throughout house. With vocalist Eileen Barton.

YOUR GOOD NEWS GOSSIPER RIFFLES THE PAGES OF SOME OLD COLUMNS TO TELL OF CHRISTMASES LONG PAST.

■ *Merry Christmas*—to each and every one of you!

This is the day and the season to put behind us all the heartaches and unhappiness of the past, if even only for a little while, and to cling hard to the belief and hope of the beautiful thought, "Peace on Earth—Good Will Toward Men."

Christmas days have a way of changing with the changes in our hearts. This year, in Hollywood, it is the same as in any other little town in the country. There are hearts that are saddened by separation from dear ones. There are movie homes where a son, or a brother or a husband has been lost. But just as elsewhere—there are smiles of courage on faces in Hollywood for the Yuletide.

Christmas trees may not be so big or bright. Packages may not have such gaudy wrappings. But there are fires in the hearth—and good cheer for old and new friends—and wonderful, splendid memories.

I love to go over my scrapbooks around Christmas time.

The memories they revive are as warm as though I were living through them again. Some of them bring a sentimental tear to my eyes. Others make me smile. I think you might be amused to look back with me over some Christmases I recorded that read like something out of Arabian Nights.

It was back in the days when Hollywood was gay, extravagant and brilliant. Come along and share a chuckle with me over this Christmas day column I wrote (very nonchalantly, too):

"Carole Lombard's gift from her new beau, Bob Riskin, was huge diamond and ruby clips *and* a silver fox cape. (Just simple little *remembrances!*)

"Francis Lederer gave Mary Anita Loos a Persian lamb coat, a bracelet and a jade pin with matching earrings.

"Pat O'Brien handed Eloise a gorgeous new emerald ring.

"Clark Gable treated himself to a Duesenberg car.

"Darryl Zanuck surprised Virginia with a new Packard car, and just so she wouldn't feel *slighted,* a fifty-carat star sapphire.

"Claudette Colbert's favorite gift is the new baguette diamond wedding ring put on her finger by her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman.

"Dick Powell sent Mary Brian a lovely sable jacket.

"Joan Crawford's Christmas was made cheerful by Franchot Tone's gift—a new star sapphire necklace and bracelet.

"George Raft took Virginia Peine's little daughter to see Santa Claus and hasn't been the same since. (Who? George—or Santa?)

"Nick Stuart is caroling to Alice Faye (*Cont'd on following page*)



Van Johnson and Kay Williams have it bad. He's gifte her with lush compact. He's making radio debut as m.c. Command Performance, Armed Forces Radio Service sho



When Harry's away on tour, Betty Grable gets blue and disinterested on Fox lot. She hopes to go along next time. Above, with GOOD NEWSer Louella Parsons.



Despite suitor Pete Lawford's return to town, Lana Turner's continuing with Turhan Bey. She's redecorating only part of her new Bel Air home; waiting till war's end to do rest. Just 21, she cast first vote this fall.



Soon as John Payne (above with Jimmy Durante and Gloria DeHaven) is settled in his Brentwood home, has water and lights under control he'll head for Carmel for rest. Claims he's dog-tired after Army life



Her studio's helpless if Anne Baxter decides to marry John Hodiak. Her contract provided she wouldn't wed until age of 21, which she reached last spring. Above, at Ice Follies with "Hi" and June Havoc.

When rumor started that all was not well with the Reagans, Ronnie got to base of it, found culprit and warned him that, uniform or not, he'd throttle him if he didn't retract statements.





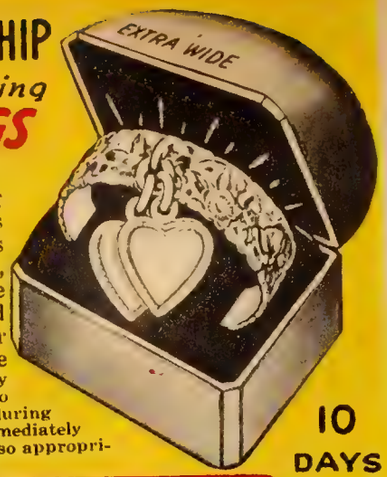
Bob Walker and Judy Garland at Clover Club. His two brothers in service, one in S. Pacific, others in Italy, haven't seen him in 6 years, except in "Pvt. Hargrove" and "Bataan."

"Christmas Holiday," first Deanna Durbin pic in which she didn't sing, outgrossed anything she's done! She's courted by war photog. Bob Landry; at Ice Follies sat next to J. Garfield.





TRUE-LOVE and FRIENDSHIP RING And Matching EARRINGS



Sterling Silver

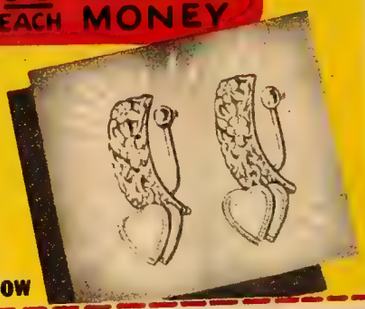
What makes both the ring and the matching earrings so unusual and attractive is the twin, Sterling Silver, pendant hearts that dangle daintily like sentimental and charming settings. Either the ring or earrings can be worn separately but together they are truly captivating. Everyone who sees this altogether *new* and alluring *ring and matching earrings* immediately wants a set. No other gift is quite so appropriate among friends or lovers now that so many good friends, pals and sweethearts are far away from each other. The precious Sterling Silver ring is extra wide. Both the ring and earrings are beautifully embossed with the very newest "Forget-Me-Not" design with two pendant hearts suitable for engraving initials of loved ones.

10 DAYS TRIAL

$1.95 EACH SEND NO MONEY

NEW Pendant Heart Design

The supply of these *Sterling Silver "True-Love-and-Friendship" rings* and *earrings* is limited. Mail the coupon today giving your name, address and ring size. Your package sent immediately and you pay postman only $1.95 each plus a few cents mailing costs and 20% Federal Tax for either the ring or earrings, on arrival. *SEND NO MONEY* with order. *Wear 10 days* on money back guarantee.





Hollywood Photo Folder GIVEN Send The Coupon Now

If you order BOTH the **Ring AND Earrings** and send your order PROMPTLY. Beautiful, genuine leather photo folder. Comes with pictures of two popular Movie Stars.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO.
Dept. 73-EP, Jefferson, Iowa

For Your Ring Size Use handy ring measure below. Put a string around your finger, cut when both ends meet and mark off the size on this scale.

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 73-EP, Jefferson, Iowa

I want to take advantage of your special bargain offer. Please send me the following:

☐ Extra wide band Sterling Silver "Forget-Me-Not" Ring. ☐ Matching Sterling Silver Pendant Heart Earrings.

I understand I can return my order within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State..... Ring Size.....

this Christmas Eve—and I understand he dropped a pearl framed miniature in her Christmas stocking. (I had forgotten Nick and Alice were ever that way.)

"Zeppo Marx's gift to Mrs. Zeppo was a check for $2500!"

Whoops! Wasn't it all just TOO wonderful!

* * *

And then, there was this zany item:

"Ted Healy (who was the Errol Flynn of his day) furnished the highlight of the Christmas festivities of 1935 by being accused of setting fire to his best girl's clothes. Said Ted, 'I'm too old to play with matches!'

"He was generally kidded and took it all good naturedly, adding, 'Besides, I don't want to go to jail because I hear they have to eat pork chops—and I don't like pork chops.'"

* * *

I greeted the Christmas that Santa Anita race track opened in the following fashion:

"Christmas has always been a home day in Hollywood with one exception—today—when Santa Anita opens. Stars celebrated with their children bright and early and then took themselves out to the beautiful new track.

"I hear that Bing Crosby has gone into the horse breeding business (and I just heard it is a *rumor!*). 'Tis said that he owns twelve yearlings which are now going through their schooling period. (Poor Bing and his nags. This was the beginning of all the Crosby horse gags that practically made Bob Hope famous!)

"Connie Bennett is another racing enthusiast. She has entered her horse 'Rattlebrain' and is looking for another bangtail. Fred Astaire is likewise in the market for a racer."

* * *

Turning to a 1936 book, I found:

"Jean Harlow is celebrating the 1936 New Year by discarding her platinum locks in favor of her own light brown tresses. This decision was made simultaneously with the signing of a new seven year contract with M-G-M." Poor little Jean—she didn't live to complete that long contract.

"Paulette Goddard is with the Chaplin children at Palm Springs. How the boys adore their step-mother! I believe Charlie and Paulette are happier now than ever before.

"The New Year hasn't caused Katie Hepburn to turn over a new page. She's up to her same old elusive tricks. Out of the blue she disappeared—and when she cropped up in Kansas City, a reporter dubbed her 'A cross between Sarah Bernhardt and Huckleberry Finn!'" (still goes.)

* * *

The brand new babies and two and three year old debutantes are the center of interest this year in Hollywood.

Lana Turner's Christmas present to year-and-a-half Cheryl Christine will be a combination dollhouse-playhouse. It is being built in the back yard and is big enough for Cheryl to play in until she is a big girl.

"Of course she's too young now to really appreciate it," Lana said, "But it will have three tiny little rooms and we'll furnish it with little miniature furnishings which will be presented to her on her birthdays and Christmas. We already have a tiny little Coo-Coo clock and a set of dishes with all kinds of birds for decoration." If you ask me, Lana is more excited than Cheryl.

A lonely but proud mother in Hollywood this Christmas is Dick Jaeckel's mom.

This is the first Christmas Millicent, as her friends call her, has been without her boy who is now with the Merchant Marine. He's only 17—which is awfully young to be at sea.

But it's what the kid wanted. He wanted his training the hard way, and while she is lonely, Millicent is as proud as punch of the letters she receives telling of his experiences and how wonderful it is to be completely on his own doing a man's job in the world.

Although Dick didn't have to join up for another year, he left a starring job at Fox that would have earned him $2500 a week at the end of his seven year contract.

I miss him, too. He used to spend many of his Christmases at my house, and it seems only yesterday that I was buying him what he asked for—a toy gun.

* * *

When Elsa Maxwell left for New York, the party situation in Hollywood slowed up considerably. Elsa has the faculty for making every event an occasion of big celebration, and no one else seems to have the energy to get together the stars for dress-up parties.

Lady Elsie Mendl, another party giver, went to New York to spend Thanksgiving, and her house, which is always the mecca for visiting celebrities, was no longer a popular gathering place.

Just before Elsie went to New York, I attended a party at her house for a bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. George Guinle. His papa is one of Brazil's richest men. Mary Pickford made an excellent speech stressing the importance of the Good Neighbor policy.

Signe Hasso was there, looking so smart. She has come up suddenly in Hollywood and is due to be one of our top ranking stars. She had her little boy with her over Thanksgiving, and they dined together with one of Signe's admirers.

Joan Fontaine came in for a brief moment after dinner. She was lovely in a filmy black dress with touches of pink. Now that she's back at work she is happy again.

I wish I could say the same for her sister, Olivia De Havilland, who seems sad and depressed. Her romance with Major John Huston is over and her career is still in a tangle with her Warner lawsuit.

* * *

Betty Grable has a sentimental idea for Christmas for Victoria Elizabeth James, Queen of the Harry James household. She has planted a small cedar tree exactly the same age as Miss James. This year it will be decorated with tiny lights—and then as the tree grows—and Miss Vicky gets bigger, it will be decorated each year just for her.

* * *

THINGS-I-CAN'T-GET-USED-TO:
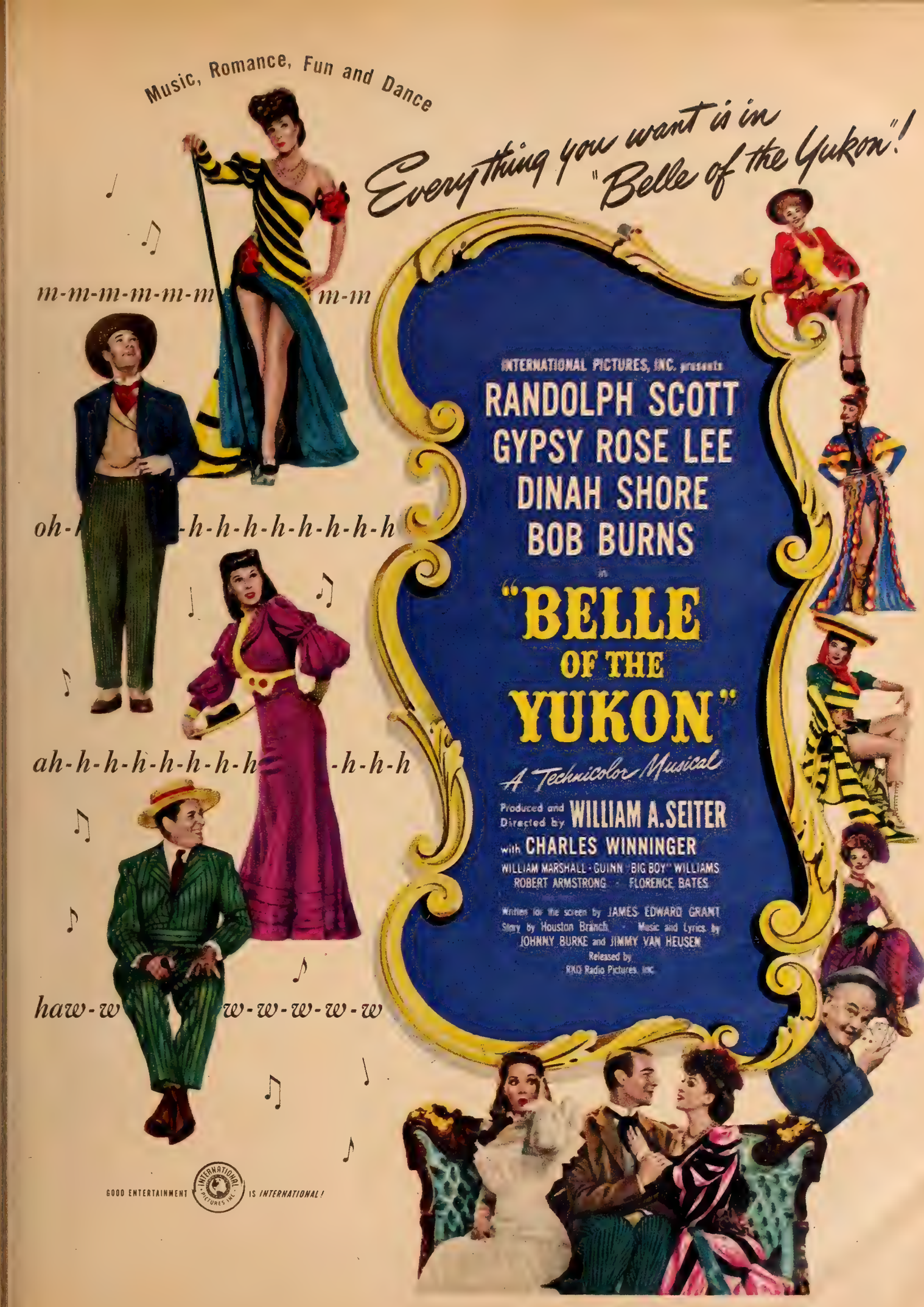
Turhan Bey smoking a pipe when he dances.

Greer Garson's new short hair cut for "Valley of Decision."

Judy Garland in the matronly hats she wears.

Lupe Velez with any other beau but Arturo de Cordova.

(Continued on page 66)


Music, Romance, Fun and Dance
Everything you want is in "Belle of the Yukon"!
m-m-m-m-m-m
m-m
oh-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h
ah-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h
haw-w
w-w-w-w-w-w
INTERNATIONAL PICTURES, INC. presents
RANDOLPH SCOTT
GYPSY ROSE LEE
DINAH SHORE
BOB BURNS
in
"BELLE OF THE YUKON"
A Technicolor Musical
Produced and Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER
with CHARLES WINNINGER
WILLIAM MARSHALL · GUINN "BIG BOY" WILLIAMS
ROBERT ARMSTRONG · FLORENCE BATES
Written for the screen by JAMES EDWARD GRANT
Story by Houston Branch · Music and Lyrics by
JOHNNY BURKE and JIMMY VAN HEUSEN
Released by
RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.
GOOD ENTERTAINMENT
INTERNATIONAL PICTURES INC.
IS INTERNATIONAL!

NOBODY'S SWEETHEART

(Continued from page 31)

till the war's over. But for his accident, he'd have been in the fight. He hates being out of it. His dad sends him the home town papers with their casualty lists—kids Van knew at school, killed and missing in action. His mouth goes hard. He's no crazier than the next guy to be a dead hero, but every instinct pulls him toward the side of those kids.

g.i. civilian . . .

He knows it's no use. They won't let him fight. So he takes his own way of keeping faith with the millions who do. Lives as simply as possible—works as hard as he can so as to pay the maximum income tax—won't haunt night clubs—spends his leisure time with the Keenan Wynns, his adopted family. Once he spoke to Jean-Pierre Aumont of the way he felt. "I have no right to a normal existence. Not till everyone's home, living normally again—"

"I know. I feel the same way—"

"But you have no reason. You fought in France. You're going back in—"

"As much reason as you, Van," Jean-Pierre replied gently. "Each of us does what he can."

So Van lives quietly. Though it's been a year and a half since the accident, he still needs plenty of rest. The only way he can get it is by turning in early, because he's been working without a letup—"Two Girls and a Sailor," two "Dr. Gillespies," six months on "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," "Thrill of a Romance," "Weekend at the Waldorf." With a schedule like that, you don't have much energy left for the social business. Even at the studio, he lunches alone. Hates the noise and confusion of the commissary. Has a tray in his dressing room, goes over his dialogue, takes a few minutes' snooze. Not that he's anti-social. He's husbanding his strength, that's all. When the war's over, he'll quit working so hard because there'll be room in the world for fun again.

The only new thing in his life's a house. And he didn't plan that, it kind of sneaked up on him.

Hugh Marlowe phoned the Wynns one Sunday when Van was there. Hugh was leaving for a play in Chicago, and he had this little Chevvy that Keenan thought of taking over. So Van went up with them to look at the Chevvy—

You drive up a steep hill—think you're never going to reach the top—then you hit it just as the car is coughing its soul out—and first thing you see is the ocean spread out, and this Cape Cod cottage with a green lawn and flowerbeds and a dog chasing round—like a home in the East.

"Who's renting it?" Van asked.

"Friend of mine and his wife. They're moving in tomorrow—"

"Wish I could have it—" he said, the way you say things, and never give it another thought.

Next morning Hugh called him at the studio. "Still want the house, Van?"

"Oh. Why, what's the matter with it?"

"Nothing. Guy that was taking it got called back East for a show. I asked the owners to give you first crack at it. But you'll have to make up your mind by eleven tomorrow. Ninety million other peole want it, too—"

Van spent the noon hour calling everyone he knew. Should he take it or shouldn't he? "Be nice, wouldn't it? I always wanted a garden to fuss over—"

"What's the inside like?"

"How should I know?"

"Didn't you see it?"

"Sure, but who pays attention? Like a home, I guess. Chairs, tables, long cord on the telephone—"

The consensus of opinion was that he'd better snap it up, so he did. Professional movers came for his Capehart, kind friends did the rest. Everyone took a carload—books, records, clothes, photographs, unanswered letters and a ton of old movie magazines. He'd marked the magazines: "COLLECTORS' ITEMS, NOT JUNK. HANDLE WITH CARE." Some day Van expects to read them all.

Essie was there to receive the stuff. Essie's the jewel who's put up with him for two years. He got her through an ad, when he lived in Coldwater Canyon. She was supposed to show up for an interview at 10. Came 11, and no Essie. At 11:30 the phone rang. "Mr. Johnson? I'm down at the Beverly Hills Fire Department—"

"Who's on fire?"

"*I* am, Mr. Johnson. I been drivin' up and down that canyon for hours, and there's no such house at the number you gave me—"

Van looked wildly around. "There *must* be. I'm in it—"

"Well, you better get out of it then and stand where I can see you—"

"Okay, Essie. I'll be wearing red hair and freckles and a checked cowboy shirt—"

That was all the interview they needed. Minor items like salary and duties were taken in stride.

It took a while for the new house to register. That first night he drove clear to the old apartment, and started up the stairs before he remembered that Vannie didn't live there any more. He felt funny. His hand fondled the banister—good old apartment—they'd been through a lot together—what did he want to be rattling around in a house for?

Reluctantly, he got back into the car. By now it was dark. Might as well have dinner in Westwood. He saw the Red Cross Blood Bank, with its banner waving. Before the accident, Van had donated blood regularly. That had helped save his life, the doctor said. If his body hadn't grown used to losing blood in a small way, it might not have survived the greater loss. Since the accident, he hadn't been allowed to give blood. "Not for a year," the doctor had said, on discharging him.

home is where the heart is . . .

Van made some rapid calculations. Golly, it *was* a year. Just about. He went in and gave them a pint of blood. When he came out, he didn't feel nearly so lost. And when he got to the house, somebody'd done something for *him*. The two lovely ladies who owned it had turned all the lights on. To welcome him home.

He walked all over the place, getting acquainted—picked the bedroom with the most wind blowing through, located his Capehart, built a roaring fire, found the phone with the long cord, flopped into a chair and called all his friends. "Hello," he said, "I've got a house—" Later, Evie and Keenan appeared, and they opened a bottle of champagne for good luck.

It's only on Sundays that he really gets chummy with the place. And even then, it's the garden more than the house. He wakes up around nine, and remembers he can stay in bed. That's all he asks—the simple pleasure of knowing he doesn't *have* to get up. So he gets up and into a pair of shorts. If you want to know why he really bought the house, it's so he could put on shorts and no top and trail his big bare feet through the grass.

He starts the coffee and ambles to the bottom of the hill for the morning papers—drinks his coffee on the front steps, with news flashes from the portable radio and the fog rolling away to show him the view.

Essie's given up trying to make him eat a decent breakfast. He'd starve before he'd fix anything for himself. She used to buy bread. She'd stick two slices in the toaster. "All you have to do is push that jigger down in the morning—"

"Who, me?"

Sometimes he'll do her a favor, and eat one of the cookies she leaves in the cookie jar. But mostly it's just black coffee. If he's empty, he takes a second. That's the Swede in him. He's never really hungry till night time. That's a throwback to the New York days when he couldn't afford more than one solid meal a day.

His gardener's a thoroughly understanding fellow. Leaves the grass a little long on Sundays. Van gets the old lawn mower out, mows forth and then back—turns over the flowerbeds and waters the driveway—wipes the honest sweat from his brow, sweeps up the walks and steps, cleans off the wheelbarrow and outside furniture, looks at the view and has another cup of coffee. Then he washes the car. By now he's beginning to feel pretty pleased with himself, and decides that the good boy deserves a rest. So he drags out this dead old mattress, flops and goes over Monday's script. That takes an hour or so. Then his stomach speaks up. Funny thing—stomach knows it's Sunday—never gets hungry till night time except on Sunday. "Go wash yourself," says his stomach, "and let's get out of here—"

First a tub, then a shower. He bathes like a porpoise. Slops soap on the walls and water all over the floor. Doesn't leave the soap in the water any more though. Not since the war started. And he cleans up afterwards. That's his early training. Dad's three thousand miles away, but Van can still hear him, "Clean it up, son."

He hates to shave. Never shaves on Sundays. To any objections, he's got the perfect alibi. "I'm on a picture." If peo-

(Continued on page 64)

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was at the Ambassador East Hotel in Chicago. The Hollywood Victory Caravan was there, and as a terrific movie fan and autograph collector, I was right on hand.

With me I had some friends, a beautiful picture of Betty Hutton which I wanted her to sign, two autograph books and various other articles. All of a sudden, out popped Betty from an elevator and bang! Down went the books, down went the picture—and down went me. But in a minute I was up and at her heels, "May I have your autograph, Miss Hutton?"

"I'm sorry, honey," she answered, "but we're not allowed to sign unless you buy a Bond?"

"Well, then, can I have your lip print in my book?"

"That's the same thing, but I can put it on YOU."

And over she came, around me went her arms and Bang! Down went the books, down went the picture, but UP stayed me!

Bob Hertzberg,
Chicago, Illinois



MAKE Mar-o-Oil *your* "first choice" shampoo for the same reasons it is rated "tops" by so many fastidious stage and screen beauties. First, because it cleanses the hair and scalp so completely and quickly. Second, because it brings out the true, romantic highlights in your hair and leaves it so refreshingly clean and easy to arrange. Third, because Mar-o-Oil contains no harsh caustics, alkali, or alcohol. It is made of pure, gentle-acting, beneficial oils. It was the *first*, and the *Original* Oil Shampoo and for two decades has remained the world's largest selling Oil Shampoo.

Get a bottle of Mar-o-Oil at your favorite beauty counter (drug, department, or ten-cent store) today or ask your hairdresser for a professional Mar-o-Oil shampoo. The very first time you use it you'll see for yourself why it is such a universal favorite.

Try It Today!



Mar-o-Oil

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING OIL SHAMPOO



CHECK THE BOXES OPPOSITE THE CHARTS YOU'D LIKE ★ NEW CHARTS ARE STARRED

FOR FANS

SUPER ★ STAR INFORMATION CHART (10c) Our new, revised 32-page booklet. Latest pics, births, marriages, heights, weights, number of kids, love life of 500 stars. Where to write to them. New stars, stars in the Service and a complete section on Western stars. Send 10c and a LARGE, self-addressed stamped (3c) envelope ..... ☐

MUSIC MAKERS, THEIR LIVES, BANDS AND RECORDS (5c) New and exciting data on bands, bandleaders, vocalists—everyone from James to Sinatra. 20-page booklet, pictures of each music maker, lists of their best records. A solid must for all you hep cats. Send 5c, as well as a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ..... ☐

HOW TO JOIN A FAN CLUB Have yourself a time! Join one or more of the 60 fan clubs we've listed and get snaps of your favorite stars, club journals, chance for pen pals—even meet the stars themselves! Read about the new MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Association. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed stamped (3c) envelope ..... ☐

INFORMATION DESK Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See box on page 12 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

FOR ROMANCE

PLEASE BEHAVE! Just off the press chart with tips on how to be poised, well liked. Etiquette for dating, engagements, weddings, letter writing—the works. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope..... ☐

CO-ED PERSONAL ADVICE Want to know how you can get that cute guy in Algebra class to ask for a date? Or when it's cagey to pull a "hard to get"? Write to our expert, Jean Kinkead, c/o MODERN SCREEN, tell her all, and she'll personally write you a letter answering all those important, impossible problems of the heart. THIS IS NOT A CHART. See box on page 68 for details..... ☐

BE A BETTER DANCER!—*by Arthur Murray* Complete, easy-to-follow directions on how to fox-trot, waltz—all the turns and tricks that'll help you follow your partner. Also dance floor etiquette, what to wear and how to be popular with the stag line. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope..... ☐

FOR GLAMOUR

FASHIONS FOR TALL GIRLS—*by Marjorie Bailey* Whether you're lanky-tall or chubby-tall, here are lines and styles to camouflage your height. What's tops for *you* in coats, suits, dresses. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ..... ☐

FASHIONS FOR SHORT GIRLS—*by Marjorie Bailey* Fashion tricks to make *you* the willowy girl of your dreams. What to choose in dresses, coats, suits, hats to make you inches taller. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ..... ☐

FASHIONS FOR STOUT AND THIN GIRLS—*by Marjorie Bailey* How to appear thinner or more curvaceous. Lines and styles that slenderize hips, waist, bust, legs and those to cover up that bony look. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope..... ☐

FASHIONS FOR TEENS—FALL AND WINTER Hot tips for gals from 12 to 18. What to wear, when to wear it, how to match up your outfits. Dope to make your wardrobe look like an All-Adrian job. How to dress for your guy whether he's a Pfc. or a juke-box king. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ..... ☐

GLAMOUR FOR THE TEENS This is 'specially for gals from 12 to 18. How to really glamour yourself up. Skin care, make-up, hairdo's for your particular beauty problem. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ..... ☐

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL For over 18's—a beauty routine, skin and nail care, make-up styled to your needs. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope..... ☐

HOW TO HAVE LOVELY HAIR Encyclopedia on hair care. Hair-do's styled for you, setting instructions. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope..... ☐

HOW TO LOSE WEIGHT 12-page chart giving you all the safe ways to lose weight. 2 easy-to-follow scientific diets. Exercises for reducing every part of body, plus scoring chart. Free, send LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ..... ☐

CRYSTAL BALL DEPT.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS (10c) Send in a sample of your handwriting or your G.I.'s in ink (about 25 words), and Shirley Spencer will analyze it for you and tell you how he *really* feels. Send 10c for each analysis and enclose a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope. ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE TO MISS SHIRLEY SPENCER, c/o MODERN SCREEN, but only for Handwriting Analysis ..... ☐

YOUR INDIVIDUALLY COMPILED HOROSCOPE (10c) Fill in your birthdate: Year.....
Month..... Date..... Time.....
Name .....
Street..... City..... Zone..... State....
Send 10c. No self-addressed envelope required. ☐

ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Are you in the know?



Do you think her dancing position—
- ☐ Is smooth and relaxed
- ☐ Helps a tall girl look shorter
- ☐ Looks affected

Let your dancing be light but not fantastic. Strangle-holds are tiring. Any exaggerated pose *looks affected.* So stand naturally, comfortably . . . for comfort is the first step toward dancing skill. That's why, on trying days, most prom-trotting girls choose cushion-soft Kotex sanitary napkins. They know there's all the difference in the world between Kotex and pads that just "feel" soft at first touch . . . because Kotex *stays soft while wearing.*



Would you entertain a mixed crowd with—
- ☐ Your snapshot album
- ☐ A radio concert
- ☐ A Valentine party

Hope you'd choose the Valentine party! To find partners, have your gang match halves of broken hearts. Make blindfolded couples hunt for candy mottos (a prize for the most). Cover your dartboard with a king-size heart, let everyone sling for top score. You can be a *carefree* hostess even on problem days, with the help of Kotex—for Kotex has patented ends—*pressed flat*, so they don't cause outlines. Not like thick, stubby pads, Kotex keeps your secret.



Between sets, do you preserve your wave—
- ☐ By combing only
- ☐ By brushing and combing
- ☐ By using a net

You can brush your wave and keep it, too. Best hair care calls for *brushing and combing* in direction hairdo will follow. Then wave can be gently coaxed into place. Fastidious grooming promotes your confidence. So does Kotex—the only napkin made to suit your *own* special needs. *Only* Kotex comes in 3 sizes, for different women, different days. Choose Regular Kotex in the blue box, Junior Kotex in the green box or Super Kotex in the brown box.



What medal is he wearing?
- ☐ Sharpshooter
- ☐ Purple Heart
- ☐ Congressional Medal

Every medal has a meaning you should know! Maybe he's been wounded in action, or awarded the highest military honor. Or, he may be a crack marksman—as the *sharpshooter* medal above tells you. Being *sure* saves embarrassment. And it saves needless dismay on "certain days" to be sure of extra protection—with Kotex—the napkin with the 4-ply safety center that keeps moisture away from the edges, assuring safety *plus.*

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from page 60)



SONG POEMS WANTED
TO BE SET TO MUSIC
Free Examination. Send Your Poems to
J. CHAS. McNEIL
A. B. MASTER OF MUSIC
510-R So. Alexandria Los Angeles 5, Calif.



Here's a precious 14K gold plated on STERLING SILVER engagement ring that cupid himself would endorse. Three beautiful, sparkling diamonds (simulated) in modern, attractive set-back design. You'll be proud to wear this darling ring; your friends will think it a genuine diamond set. AMAZING VALUE, at only $2.57. SEND NO MONEY with order, only your name, ring size or string marked for size. Pay C.O.D. on arrival plus 20% U.S. Tax. *There's no risk.* You wear the ring for 7 days; then return for full refund if not ENTIRELY SATISFIED. Supply limited at this astonishingly low price; so rush order today.
LaVERE CO., Box 1121, University Place, Des Moines (11), Iowa

ple assume that the picture calls for a beard, that's their tough luck, he never said so.

He's a wandering dresser, keeps his clothes in both bedrooms and goes leaping from back to front. Finally emerges in gabardine suit, white shirt, knitted tie, wool socks, moccasins and cowboy belt. Same old bags he's owned for two years. Hasn't needed new clothes for pictures, so why buy any? All his roles have been in uniform, except for one scene in "Mme. Curie," and Walter Pidgeon loaned him the suit for that.

He waves good-by to the house and wishes for the umpteenth time he could have a dog.

outside's out of bounds . . .

Maybe he'll drop in at Steve Brody's for lunch and a swim. Steve's got a fabulous colored guy—dishes up a buffet like Solomon in all his glory—fried chicken, salads, deviled eggs, hot biscuits, lemon meringue pie. Eventually, of course, he'll come to roost at the Wynns. If it's late, little Neddy fixes him with a baleful eye—

"Thought you were going to take me to the outside things—"

In the center of town there's a little amusement park with a creaky carousel and a couple of brokendown rides. To Neddy, they spell glamour. He calls them the outside things.

"No gas," Van explains.

"How did you get here? Walk?"

"Here's close by. The outside things are far away—"

"And long ago," quips Neddy. "Okay, tell me a story."

Which settles that. In what's left of the afternoon, Van helps Keenan dig round the garden. Or they polish up the motorcycles that M-G-M won't let them ride. After supper, it's gin rummy or records or just chewing the breeze. Van leaves early, takes his script to bed with him, eats an apple, smokes a cigarette, catches the late news flashes and turns out the light. He's asleep by 11.

Weekdays he's at the studio. Dines at Lucey's or Chasen's or the Tropics. The other night he had dinner with June Havoc, an old friend just back in town. Dinner's no good unless it's topped off with lemon meringue pie.

If it's early, he'll take in a movie. Loves to get into a studio projection room and run old pictures—sits entranced through a number like "The Women." Feels like a novice sitting at the feet of masters.

And so home and to bed.

Doesn't sound very exciting, but it suits Van. It's all he wants, till the Nazis and Japs are finished. After that—

Well, he'd like a new car and four good tires and a tankful of gas, so he can roll cross-country to see his dad. Dad's really the one who stays put. The farthest he'll stir from Newport is up to Providence for a baseball game. The mere mention of Hollywood scares him stiff. When Van lay smashed up, half-conscious in the hospital, voices came through—"Don't you think we'd better send for his father?"

He managed to move his head. Someone bent down. "Don't—send—for Dad. He'd be frightened—lost. I'd—worry—"

Even now Van worries about him. He's always lived so much to himself. Now people have found out he's the father of a movie star. Kids fall all over him. Somehow he doesn't seem to mind the kids—answers their questions, drags out scrapbooks and the old family album. In fact, Van sometimes wonders what the devil he's worried about—looks as if Dad might be enjoying the whole business. Because when he sent home a set of his first color photos, Dad wrote that they were being displayed in the local A&P and the bank. "How did they know you had 'em?" Van inquired. No answer to that one. And then—he takes most of his meals at the same little restaurant. On Van's last birthday, came a card signed by five names—"From the girls who feed your father."

Father and son have drawn closer since Van's been away. Rather, they've grown less shy—at a distance—of showing their love for each other. Once a month Van phones his father—

Dad says, "I saw your new picture—"

"Has it hit town already?"

"I went up to Providence for it—"

"Golly, I rate! Same as a baseball game—"

He wants every detail of the new house—how many rooms? How close to the neighbors? Always asks when Van's coming home. "Your room's just the same—movie stars all over the walls and ceiling."

Dad always calls a halt to the conversation. "You've talked long enough—"

"Worried about the bill?"

"*Some*one's got to worry—"

Van's convinced he lives on an eighth of his monthly check. Probably sticks the rest in the bank for the boy. Figures the boy's doing all right at the moment, but how can you tell about this movie business? So Van gets back at him by sending stuff—oranges from the Farmer's Market, Martha Smith candies, sweaters, material for suits—

"Did you have that suit made up?"

"Yes, but I'm saving it till you come home."

That's the first thing he wants to do after the war.

He'd also like to get married, and have a lot of kids—a happy mixture of boys and girls—the more, the merrier. Thinks he'd make a good father, except he might have a tendency to spoil 'em—especially the girls. His favorite picture is of Mr. and Mrs. Van Johnson plus kids plus dogs in a homey house with a green, green lawn. When he's married, he won't go anywhere; they'll have everyone at *their* place.

By himself, he's no good at entertaining. Takes the responsibility too hard. When Keenan Wynn got back from overseas, Van gave him a welcome home party. All he remembers is leaping around, shoving plates and glasses at people, under the illusion that an empty hand reflected on his hospitality and disgraced his name as a host. Marriage'll simplify the whole thing. "All right, honey," he'll say. "I'll be charming, and I'll pay the bills. The rest is on your shoulders—"

Honey's still an unknown quantity. Van hopes she'll show up—with other good things—when the war's over.

C'MON, SHELL OUT, RAKE IN!

We're running a swap shop here—one story gets you five bucks. Some odds, eh?

What kind of a story, you ask? Well, it doesn't really matter, as long as it deals with your encounter with a Hollywood personality and is a STORY—y'know, one of those things with a beginning, a middle and an end? It can be funny ha-ha or funny peculiar, it can be glad or sad, it can be long or short—in other words, it can be 'most anything as long as it'll interest the rest of the M.S. gang and deals with a movie star. So c'mon, shell it out to: I SAW IT HAPPEN Editor, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., and rake in your five dollars.*

COURAGE, SISTER . . .

"Scotch" Tape will fix it . . . soon!





GREAT DAY! "Scotch" Cellulose Tape is on the way *home* again, just like old times. Already there's a limited supply for business and industrial use.

Window shades to mend . . . snapshots to mount . . . torn pages to repair (and sheet music, too, f'rinstance) . . . remember all those tricky little jobs that are so tough to do *without* "Scotch" Tape?

Well, soon again you'll be doing 'em the *easy* way . . . because before long, "Scotch" Brand Cellulose Tape will be back from war duty and all set to help you at home. Fact is, some "Scotch" Tape's already going to work in offices and stores.

So courage, ma'am, things'll be a shade brighter soon, when you can again "Stick with 'Scotch' Tape."





FOR ↑ QUALITY . . .
look for the "SCOTCH" Brand . . . it identifies the adhesive tapes made only by Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Company.

SCOTCH *Cellulose* **TAPE**
BRAND

One of the more than 100 varieties of pressure-sensitive adhesive tapes made in U.S.A. under the trademark "SCOTCH" by MINNESOTA MINING & MFG. CO., SAINT PAUL 6, MINN.

©1944 M. M. & M. CO.



MATCHED BRIDAL PAIR
WEDDING AND ENGAGEMENT
RINGS SEND NO MONEY



Just to get acquainted we will send you smart, precious, Sterling Silver engagement ring or wedding ring. Romance design engagement ring set with flashing, imitation diamond solitaire in sentimental, orange blossom mounting. Wedding ring is deeply embossed, rich, Sterling Silver in exquisite Honeymoon design. Either ring only $1.50 or both for $2.79 and 20% Federal Tax. SEND NO MONEY with order, just name and ring size. Pay on arrival then wear ring 10 days on money-back guarantee. Rush order now!

$1.50 EACH 2 FOR $2.79

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 673-BN, Jefferson, Iowa

TUFFENAIL*

Scientific, proven aid for Brittle, Splitting or Thin Nails. Acts to tuffen nails and help cuticle. Quickly applied, non-staining, does not affect polish.



25c and 50c AT TOILET GOODS COUNTERS THROUGHOUT AMERICA

Vogue Products, 1151 Seward St., Hollywood 38, Calif.

Money Back If Blackheads Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, muddiness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, fairer, smoother looking skin. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug toiletry counters. 30 million jars already used. Ask for Imperial size.

CLIP AND MAIL THIS

GOLDEN PEACOCK CO., INC.
Dept. MM-15, PARIS, TENN.
Please send me a free sample of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme. I want to try it.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 58)

The beaux who crash Lana Turner's table and ask her for dances when she is out with another guy—and she accepts.

The violent pink color of Lucille Ball's hair.

The moody, unhappy expression on Helmut Dantine's face even at the most gala social events.

The fact that Wally Beery is one of the best dressed and groomed men in Hollywood—off the screen.

Gloria de Haven eating three husky meals a day and still never putting on a pound.

Paulette Goddard's "little girl" voice combined with her truly sophisticated personality.

* * *

Desi Arnaz (Lucille Ball's ex) has been seeing cute little Marianne O'Brien, but the torch he still carries for Lucille lights up every little table where Desi dines even when he is with another charmer.

* * *

A song was written for Betty Hutton titled, "I'm the Bobby Sox Sinatra Doesn't Send—" and she wouldn't sing it. Betty says she likes Sinatra, and he sends her.

* * *

I'm in the dog house with Bette Davis.

I'm afraid I was responsible for the Atlanta newspapers finding Bette living in a small house down there with her sister and her maid. I had printed that she was meeting Corporal Louis Riley, her new heart, somewhere in the East, and since the Corp was stationed close by Atlanta—well, Bette's incognito visit was no longer a secret.

The one and only Davis is plenty annoyed at me for interrupting her peaceful vacation, and hot wires were sent to Warners' Studio asking how—and where—I got the tip.

But poor Joe Cotten really got the bad end of the deal. He was in Atlanta appearing with "Since You Went Away" and would have grabbed off plenty of space if the excitement of finding Bette on hand hadn't overshadowed his visit.

* * *

Dennis Morgan was attending an art exhibit and was very much taken with one of the lovely pictures.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Morgan—it is a delightful subject" enthused the dealer, "and a bargain, Mr. Morgan. Only $5,000."

"Listen," grinned Dennis, "My name is *Dennis* Morgan. Not *J.P.*"

* * *

Van Johnson and Kay Williams are the cutest couple in town—and the blondest. Van's hair is almost as light as Kay's, and they look wonderful dancing cheek-to-cheek.

Their favorite number at their favorite spot Ciro's is—oddly enough, "I'll Walk Alone." No, I don't think it is because Kay is carrying a torch for Clark Gable, either—or Van for June Allyson.

The Gable-Williams romance is finis—to be sure. But they were never more than good playfellows, and it became embarrassing when it was insisted that they would marry.

I think Clark felt the only way to solve the tangle was to make a clean break.

* * *

Is Robert Walker's face red!

The other day he went over to Jennifer Jones' house to see his two kids, Bobby and Michael.

"Daddy," said Michael, "are you an actor?"

"Yes," said Bob.

"Are you a good actor?" persisted the boy.

"Why—er—" Bob stalled.

"I guess you aren't very good," said Michael, "or you would have one of *these* things"—and with that he brought out the Oscar Jennifer won for "The Song of Bernadette."

The argument was permanently closed.

* * *

Betty Grable is calling the hair-do she created for herself in "Diamond Horseshoe" by the unflattering title of "Flat-top."

Another fashion tip from Grable: She's wearing her nails very long but completely minus polish.

* * *

Who said that all actors hate their agents?

Dick Haymes, the swoon-maker, and Helen Forrest have the same agent, Bill Burton, to whom they are deeply devoted.

Recently they took out a joint life insurance policy for $100,000 which Bill will collect if either of them should die.

* * *

Oh, what an actress is Tallulah Bankhead! Had the time of my life spending a couple of hours on her set, "Night For Scandal," formerly "The Czarino."

She looked like a million wearing a regal upswept hair-do and a voluminous green velvet gown that weighed twenty-five pounds.

"Louella!" she called in her rich, throaty voice when she caught sight of me, "Wait a minute, darling. I want to show you something funny." She came over with a small photograph in her hand. "Don't tell Veronica Lake—but *look!*"

It was a photograph of Tallulah taken when she was eighteen wearing a peekaboo bang with one eye completely hidden!

"*Now* tell me who started that damned thing!" she laughed.

* * *

Vignette on Gloria De Haven: She hates carrots . . . men who hum when they are dancing . . . girls who call each other "honey" . . . big hats . . . fried apples . . . getting up early in the morning . . . escorts who argue with waiters . . . chartreuse . . . affected accents . . . New York charmers who turn up their noses at Hollywood beaux . . . She loves cinnamon . . . Crosby records . . . Perky little hats with veils . . . red sports clothes . . . men with low pitched voices . . . peach ice cream cones . . . blue night gowns . . . rubies . . . violets . . . Sunday mornings . . . cheese . . . men who use nicely scented shaving lotion.

* * *

That's all for this month. See you next month. But I don't want to close without thanking all of you who have written me such interesting letters. Please keep on writing, for I get valuable tips from you about your favorites and what you want to read.

"Please wait, Mr. Jennings, I'm crying again!"

I thought I had all *that* out of my system, but I guess these darn gray velvet drapes Mr. Jennings uses set me off again.

You're with me everywhere I go, Joe, darling...we scattered so many memories around in our few short weeks together. You climb the old mill stairs with me when we picnic on Strawberry Hill. You tease poor Miss Burrows at the post office so unmercifully about reading the mail she blushes at the very sight of you. You share my sodas at the corner drug store, my laughter at the movies, my dreams at night. And here where we had our wedding picture taken, I can almost feel your hand in mine.

Oh, Joe, Joe—you've loved me, cared for me, spoiled me outrageously. Certainly I said (when you asked me) that I'd never had a fur coat, but I've never had the sun, moon and stars either! And when your sister brought IT over on Christmas Day with your dear letter . . . all I could think was a lifetime isn't long enough . . . to be with someone like you!

* * *

"I'M READY NOW, Mr. Jennings. Please make it your best picture—it's for my husband overseas. The Hollander Mink-Blended Muskrat is a gift from him . . . and I want him to see . . . how very much I love it!"



. . . next to WAR BONDS, the best loved gift . . . FURS

HOLLANDER BLENDED MUSKRAT

HOLLANDER *Furs* KEEP THEIR BEAUTY LONGER

★ *YOUR FAVORITE FUR RETAILER HAS THEM*

4 beauty extras:
See what they do for your lips



DON JUAN Million Dollar
Lipstick stays on!

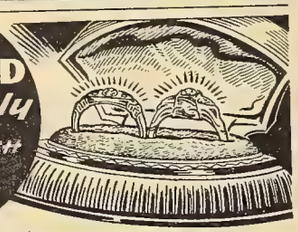
1. DON JUAN STAYS ON when you eat, drink, kiss, if used as directed. No greasy, smeary effect.
2. LIPS STAY LOVELY without frequent retouching. Try today.
3. NOT DRYING OR SMEARY. Imparts appealing "glamour" look. Creamy smooth — easily applied.
4. STYLE SHADES. Try Blackberry or Raspberry shade. "Smart" say beauty editors. Seven other shades.

Don Juan MILLION DOLLAR Lipstick STAYS ON!

De luxe size $1. Refills 60c. Junior size 25c. Tax extra. Matching powder, rouge and cake make-up. Trial sizes at 10c stores. In Canada, too.

LIPS LOOK LOVELY

Adorable DIAMOND RINGS only $5.57 EACH $9.57 PAIR



These beautiful matched bridal rings quickly turn courtship into the "real thing." Genuine DIAMOND solitaire with dazzling cut stone. Darling, embossed wedding ring, rich with sparkling chip diamonds. Both 10K *solid gold*. Astonishing value. Either ring $5.57 — both for $9.57, plus 20% U.S. Tax. (You save $1.57 by buying both). Examine at our risk. SEND NO MONEY with order; just your name, ring size or string marked with ring size. Pay C.O.D. on arrival and give rings 7 day trial, on MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. Supply limited at these low prices; rush order today.

LaVERE CO., Box 1121, University Place, Des Moines (11), Iowa

WEAREVER

Refill Leads



5¢ at all stationery counters

DAVID KAHN Inc., North Bergen, N.J.

IMPROVE MECHANICAL PENCILS

(Continued from page 18)

or other it always winds up a free-for-all with everybody's feelings hurt. How to avoid it? Well, either stay off dangerous subjects like Roosevelt or Sinatra, or add to your vocabulary such shock-absorbing phrases as, "I think you have a swell point there, but—" or "That's very true, but—." Don't be bull-headed about the person in question. Admit his faults, thus taking half the wind out of your dissenting friend's sails, but say you'll string along anyway.

"Then How About a Month From Next Tuesday?" How to dispose of the persistent swain, the one who will not take no for an answer. You've tried pleading other dates, sick headaches and visiting cousins, and he still doesn't get the picture. The boy will just have to be told very gently but firmly that you're a girl who likes mobs of men, and that you can't possibly give him a date more often than every two or three months. Say you don't blame him if that makes him mad, but it's just the way it is and you're sorry. Say further that you don't make the dates weeks in advance, it's just first come first served.

S'posing a boy you're out of your head about asks you for a date on a night you're already spoken for, how to say "no," without terminating the whole thing? By your expression let him see you're heartsick that you can't make it, and say something like, "Darn it, not this Saturday, Bill, but I'll be hanging on the phone till you ask me again." Bold? Well, frankly, yes, but faint heart never won slick guy, y'know.

co-ed mailbox . . .

I am quite nice-looking, have attractive clothes, am popular with the girls—but draw a complete blank swain-wise. Why do you suppose the guys don't like me, and is there any hope for me at all? M. R., Denver, Colorado.

With slightly different wording, and various postmarks, this problem has shown up at least a hundred times in this month's mail. And isn't it a stinker? We asked the boys what it is that perfectly darling, smoothly dressed gals lack so heartbreakingly often? It's a subtle combination, they told us, of warmth and casualness. An easy friendliness. A grin or a wink or a whispered "hi" when you eke into class five minutes late. Warmth and casualness. As small a business as that. How do you get it when you're just plain frantic at the sight of a boy? This way, kids. It sounds impossible, but try it for a week and see for yourself. Imagine that you are a very popular girl. Imagine it so hard that you get a feeling of security and self-confidence right down to your very soul. Clutching that feeling tight, whip off to school or work and act accordingly. The feeling of terror, of desperation will be gone, and you'll find yourself able to grin at familiar male faces on the bus, actually able to say "Hi, Joe," in a perfectly natural voice. Don't you see, it's only the fear that boys can't stand you that makes you act so differently with them than you do in the warm friendly circle of gals or family. Once you overcome that nonsensical, but ever-so-real terror, we promise you that within a month you'll be date-bait.

Johnny and I are very much in love, but recently another girl has come into the picture. She's new at his school, and I'm at a bit of a disadvantage for I go to another school. What can I do to keep him from liking her more and me less? A. R., Birmingham, Alabama.

You don't give us too much evidence, but we imagine that he's been dating this gal and that is why you're alarmed. Well, don't get Maggie-and-Jiggsish and start heckling him about her. Ask him no questions, and—if it kills you—show no signs of jealousy. Above all, do not belittle her in any way within his earshot. A new girl is always kind of fascinating to the boys, and your boy will come out of it without a scratch. Only if the thing goes on and on should you make an issue of it, and at that time *do* be serene and unfeline. Offer him his freedom. We feel sure he won't take it, but if he does, you'll at least have your pride. And say, if he does choose *her*, you're well rid of the old fickle-puss.

I am a teen-age girl who is simply crazy about Frank Sinatra. I live with my grandmother who seems to think Frankie is awful. I lose my temper a dozen times a day with her and am anxious to know how I can make her feel differently about him. Kathryn M., Menasha, Wisconsin.

If it's his voice your grandmother can't bear, we're afraid nothing you can say will change her mind. It's just one of those things, like olives or bridge. You like it or you don't. However, if it's Frankie as a person she doesn't like, we guess she doesn't know him very well. Get her to read our life story that ran in the September and October issues, and bet you'll have a new fan on your hands.

My sister was a regular devil and consequently got into all sorts of trouble when she got out of school. Now my parents have the idea that I have to be protected from the evils of the world. I'm 17 years old and have never been allowed on a date in my life. They won't even let me go with the boys I've grown up with. My mother insists that she trusts me, and certainly she has had no reason to doubt me, so why must I suffer because of my sister's mistakes? Gwynne, North Dakota.

We certainly see your point, chum, and we can see your parents', too, although we think their tactics are off the beam. They probably feel that your sister got into trouble because she wasn't watched carefully enough. This business of policing you is sort of overcompensation. We think the only solution is a really deep discussion of the situation with your mother. Ask her if she thinks it would be fair for the state to punish an entire family for the wrongdoings of one of its members, and let her see that that's the very theory she's going on. If you are self-supporting or expect to be soon, you can make her realize that whether or not you live at home is really a matter of choice, and if things continue the way they are that you will have no alternative but to move elsewhere so that you can conduct your life normally and happily. Try not to get excited during the talk, but be at your most clear-headed and logical. Agree to compromise at first on home dates or double dates, until you've established your "credit," so to speak; then proceed gradually and belatedly to the average dating schedule of a 17-year-old.

* * *

We're the original problem-gal, you know, so if you've trouble with a guy, a career, a baby, write and tell us about it. We'll answer by mail if you like, but be sure to put your name and address on the actual letter, not just on the envelope. They have a way of getting separated. Stop getting gray hair over your own fiendish dilemma, and write us about it this very second. Here's who and where we are: Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

Do You Want Longer Hair?



MAKE THIS EASY 7-DAY TEST...

FULLY GUARANTEED



LONGER HAIR Dresses Better ***In Latest Styles***

★ ★ ★ THEN TRY THIS PROVEN EASY SYSTEM ON YOUR HAIR

... *Helps Prevent Brittle Ends From Breaking Off!*

HERE IS THRILLING NEW HOPE for millions who want their dry, lusterless, unruly, brittle and breaking off hair more lovely ... longer. The Juelene SYSTEM has helped men and women all over the nation to find new happiness and confidence in more beautiful, healthy appearing hair. Yes, hair may get longer—the scalp and hair condition being otherwise normal—if the breaking-off process of dry, brittle ends can be retarded. That's why Juelene is such a natural way to help your hair gain its normal beauty. This wonderful SYSTEM helps relieve hair dryness that is caused by lack of natural oils. It helps soften harsh, brittle ends, thus giving your hair a chance to get longer once the breaking-off and the splitting ends have been curbed. If your hair is dry, rough and hard to keep neat, try the easy Juelene SYSTEM for just 7 days. See if Juelene's tendency to soften harsh, difficult-to-manage hair can help yours to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—in just one short week! You may win compliments from both men and women who admire and envy your hair in its new lovely beauty.

Marvelous Help

FOR DRY, BRITTLE HAIR

Dry hair is not only hard to manage but a continual source of embarrassment. Why be ashamed of unlovely hair when it may be so easy to make it beautiful, sparkling with new healthy looks, lovely luster. A women's hair is one of the first things noticed by men — sleek, shining, glamorously long hair is always alluring. And men, too, attract admiring attention when their hair lies smooth, thick and neat. **Try Juelene.** See how much more beautiful your hair may be in such a short time, after the dry hair condition has been relieved. Actually make your hair your "crowning glory"! This introductory offer gives you an opportune chance to prove to yourself that you, too, may have sparkling ... longer hair! Be convinced!—Send for your Juelene NOW.



TEST JUELENE FOR 7 DAYS

Thrilling Results or MONEY BACK IN FULL!

That's all we ask you to do. Just make the convincing Juelene test for 7 days and see for yourself if your brittle, splitting hair can be softened, made more sparkling and lovely. Your mirror will tell you the thrilling results and so will your friends! If you aren't absolutely amazed with the glistening sheen,... if you aren't delighted with the ease in which you can manage your hair, we will refund every cent of your money. What could be fairer? This proves to you how excellent we think the results will be! So don't wait. Mail the coupon right now. And like thousands of others you may find new beauty, be rightfully proud of your hair. You run no risk because you have absolute guarantee of delightful results or your money back. Send for it now!



★ ★ ★ MAIL 7-DAY TRIAL COUPON NOW!

If you do want longer hair, mail the coupon today. Then test Juelene and notice the remarkable difference in the appearance of your hair — lustrous and well-dressed. See how nicely it lies in place, how easily it combs. With our positive guarantee you can't lose, and have everything in your favor to gain. So make this effort now. Send the Introductory Coupon immediately!

JUEL CO., 1930 Irving Park Road, Dept. C-603, Chicago 13, Ill.

Make This 7-Day Test ... SEND NO MONEY!

JUST MAIL THE CONVENIENT INTRODUCTORY COUPON! Upon arrival of Juelene pay Postman $1.00 plus postage. Or if you prefer, send a remittance with your order—we will pay the postage. Then test Juelene. Notice how much more silky and soft your hair may be in just seven short days. So take advantage of this INTRODUCTORY, GET-ACQUAINTED-OFFER today — NOW, and know at last the happiness of possessing really lovelier hair.

INTRODUCTORY COUPON...

JUEL COMPANY, Dept. C-603
1930 Irving Park Road, Chicago 13, Ill.

Yes, I want easy-to-manage, longer hair. I will try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my mirror doesn't show satisfactory results, I will ask for my money back.

☐ I am enclosing $1.00
☐ Send C.O.D. plus postage

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

☞ Our Customers Participate in Free Gifts



Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

How PAZO Ointment Works

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

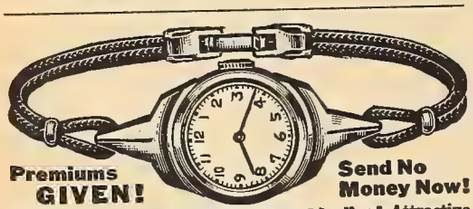
Special Pile Pipe for Easy Application

PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment!

Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

The Grove Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.



Premiums GIVEN! **Send No Money Now!**

Send name and address! **Girls! Boys! Ladies!** Attractive Wrist Watches, rings, dishes, jewelry; other personal and household premiums or **CASH COMMISSION** easily yours! **SIMPLY** give colorful pictures with **White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE** for chaps and mild burns sold to friends at 25c a box (with popular picture) and remit amounts stated for premium wanted, as explained in catalog sent with order, postage paid by us. 49th year. Write for trial order of salve on trust to start. **Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 10-46, Tyrone, Pa.**

PICTURE RING $1.



Made from Any Photo or Picture! SEND NO MONEY!

Exquisite Onyx-like Picture Ring—made from any photo. **Send No Money!** Mail photo with paper strip for ring size. Pay postman only $1.00 plus postage. Hand tinted 25c extra. Photo returned with ring. Money back guarantee. Send photo and ring size now. **PORTRAIT RING CO., Dept. D-25 CINCINNATI, O.**

Regular High Gloss
MOVIE STARS PHOTOS
at the amazingly low price of
12 FOR $1.00

Real, authentic Hollywood photos of your favorite stars. Latest poses. Most complete assortment. Order TODAY!



FREE! Catalog of over 200 photos Gloria DeHaven Now In "Step Lively"

fascinating miniature photos with each order.

ALSO STUNNING PIN-UP PHOTOS—12 for $1.00

GLAMOR-TONE PHOTO SERVICE

117 West 48th St., Dept. EN-1, New York 19, N.Y.

LON McCALLISTER

(Continued from page 43)

who hadn't lived in a house since his baby days. Raised in this modern factory town, Hollywood, utterly unknown, with no more pull than a busted-down jeep, no money, no name and often not enough food.

But still a kid who never dimmed his natural sunshine, never let disillusioned cynics of the studio extra ranks touch his high hopes or blight his faith. A kid who still doesn't drink or smoke or swear or chase around.

That is the modern movietown miracle of Lon McCallister, more miraculous because what has made him an idol of millions is the fresh, honest, unspoiled, American youth nature of his personality. The rare charm which made a great author like James Hilton call him "the most charming boy discovered in Hollywood in many seasons," and which made the great Katharine Cornell write after "Stage Door Canteen," "when I saw our picture I though of sending you a telegram . . . I was so touched and impressed by your performance. Time and time again you made me cry . . . I felt very lucky my scene was with you, for you were the one who gave it reality."

Spring came late to Southern California in 1923. Rain washed the streets, and the morning ocean mists were still cold when Madaline McCallister entered the Angelus Hospital to have her first and what was to be her only child. On the evening of the seventeenth when her baby was born, it should have been daylight, but electric lights still blazed in the maternity ward rooms. A white clad nurse glanced briefly at the chart marked, "Mrs. H. A. McCallister" and waited for her patient to wake up. When her eyes fluttered open at last, the nurse smiled cheerily.

"A fine baby boy," she said.

"How is he?"

"Don't you worry about that boy," chuckled the nurse. "He'll do all right. I've never seen a baby get started so quick. Why, he's already opened his eyes—they're blue—opened them up bright and wide, just a minute ago. Stared right up into the electric lights and kicked his coverlet off! And, Mrs. McCallister, you know what? The little rascal looked at me, and I'll swear he laughed!"

Madaline McCallister smiled. "That's just your imagination."

"No—that's exactly what he did. By the way, you aren't the only one who's had a baby. Mrs. Hoot Gibson is right down the hall."

"The movie star's wife?"

velvety future . . .

The nurse nodded. "Now we'll fix you up nice and comfortable, and then we'll let you see your new boss."

Madaline McCallister settled back on her pillow and smiled. A baby boy, healthy, the nurse said, and happy. Already she made plans. He'd be Herbert Alonzo McCallister, Junior, named after his father, only they'd probably call him "H. A." around the house as most Midwestern families did when there were Juniors and Seniors with the same first name. He'd grow up to be something important, a doctor or a minister, maybe. He'd have the best of every care, the finest schooling, the biggest chance a baby ever had, that was certain. Madaline McCallister said a little prayer thanking Heaven she had plenty of means to raise little H. A. with every advantage. It never remotely occurred to her that the wealth which now made her feel so warmly secure could ever vanish.

Because the Scotch-Irish McCallisters and the English descended Hockings, her side of the family, were people of property —always had been. Around Carmi, Illinois, R. B. Hocking, Lon's grandfather, had his finger in a lot of profitable business pies, jewelry stores, theaters, farm lands and city property. When Lon's parents married and moved down to Little Rock, Arkansas, they sold out their Illinois holdings and acquired new ones there. Always they prospered, it seemed, and after 1918 when Lon's dad came back from Army duty in the first World War and decided to settle in California, it was no Arkie-Okie migration. The McCallisters settled in style.

boom town . . .

They chose the town of Inglewood, Lon's mother and father and her parents, Grandfather and Grandmother Hocking. They owned the biggest house in town, so roomy that today it has been made over into a sanatorium. Herbert Alonzo McCallister, Sr., and his father-in-law went into partnership in the real estate business, ran smack into a California boom, and in hardly any time owned half the town and had a mortgage on the other half. On paper Lon's father and grandfather soon were millionaires. No wonder Madaline McCallister felt content and secure about her new son's future.

It seemed to Lon in his toddling days that his papa must own everything nice there was in the world. There was the bowling alley in the Hocking Building, named after his grandfather, of course. When Lon was barely able to walk, his grandfather would let him tumble the tiny duckpins with his hands or help him push a bowling ball into the "blocks," as he called the pins, and send them toppling. And there was the even greater wonder, the fantastic child's dream come true, of his father's candy factory down in industrial Los Angeles. There his father would take him among the rich, tantalizing smells of chocolate, taffy and butterscotch and a million kinds of creams and nougats. He'd hold him up, screaming with delight, and let him dip his tiny fingers into the vat of cooling chocolate and smear his face happily with the nectar and ambrosias of moppethood.

Particularly Lon liked the big Packard roadster with the rumble seat and its wonderful smell of leather upholstery. The McCallisters and the Hockings liked to travel. They had the highway adventure spirit of a generation that had discovered wheels and distant horizons. Lon was bundled in blankets and put with Grandmother Hocking in the rumble seat where he insisted on riding. He liked to sit back there and have his grandmother sing old-time songs. Then he'd try them himself.

None of his family wanted to have him out of sight a minute. He went tagging along, as soon as his stubby legs could carry him, with his mother and grandmother when they shopped in Los Angeles. Their greatest dread on these excursions was that somehow, despite extreme vigilance, Lon would get lost. For this reason as soon as Lon could talk, he was trained to spout his name, address and telephone number right back at anyone who even said, "Hello" to him. Kindly ladies, attracted by his rosy cheeks and bright blue eyes, would stop to pat his yellow curls and coo, "Hello there, little man." To their surprise Lon would recite rapidly, "Herbert Alonzo McCallister, corner of Hillcrest and Locust, Inglewood 5433!"

He was a friendly little guy from the

start. He seldom cried. He never got mad. On the block of the big Inglewood house he played serenely with his first chum, Billy, the kid who owned a tricycle and coveted Lon's wagon, while Lon envied his tricycle. They got together right away, hitched the trike onto the wagon, and everybody had fun. Lon learned right away the benefits of friendship, something that has since become almost a religion with him. Lon had a mess of distant cousins in California, too. Some of them he was crazy about. One or two were the kind of kids who make trouble.

kiddie crises . . .

But in all his kiddie crises, Lon was open, aboveboard and naively honest as he is today. Once a troublous cousin and Lon were playing around Grandmother Hocking's fishpool. The cousin stepped on a slippery spot, and down he went with a splash. He set up a loud wail and out ran the family, terrified.

"He pushed me," cried the cousin. "H.A. pushed me when I wasn't lookin'. He's mean to me. Wah-wah-wah!"

That astounded Lon. He had never been unjustly accused before. All he could think of was to tell the truth. "I didn't push him," he said, and then frankly, "but I didn't pull him out either."

Lon's first real chance to stray away from the shady side of the house and the apron strings of his adoring family came when the family moved from Inglewood to Los Angeles, selling the big mansion and building two white stucco, California-Spanish homes on Crenshaw Boulevard, down the hill from Hollywood. One for Lon's parents, one for his grandparents. For Lon, only five years old, it meant an exciting plunge into a new world, one where he would be getting around, meeting new kids. The prospect thrilled him, even then. He has always been wide-eyed about life. His mother bought him a new suit to celebrate the move into the big city. It had exciting, glamorous long pants and a real miniature man's fedora hat, and he carried a tiny cane. Now Lon thinks he must have looked like a midget in a circus, but then he thought it was hot stuff. Lon's mother was proud of his handsome looks. Perhaps it was pure and simple pride that her boy was the cutest ever born which made her enter him in an annual baby show, sponsored by the Los Angeles Daily Express at Long Beach. Certainly then she could have no designs on movies or the theater. She was far too careful with little Lon to expose him to any kind of a kiddie show business, and certainly money was no bait; they already had plenty.

Just the same, Herbert Alonzo McCallister was announced in the kiddie parade, and he walked, stiff and proud, down the promenade on the pike at Long Beach, resplendent in a blue drummer boy's suit his mother had patiently sewed, and tapping a toy drum. In his first professional appearance, Lon McCallister's eyes shone with delight, and the judges took notice. He didn't win—there were too many doll baby taffy curled cuties. But he took a prize. Five dollars. He clutched it proudly in his fist all the way back home, and his mother put it in his bank. He would like to have that bill today as a souvenir, but Lon's bank and its contents were put to practical uses before very long.

Now in the new neighborhood a new event confronted him—school. It would be private school, of course. Nothing was too good for the little H.A. then. A suitable school for children was found, near the Crenshaw Boulevard homes. Miss Lindbergh's Children's school. Lon was almost six then. It was his first venture away

(*Continued on page 74*)

MARIA MONTEZ, STARRING IN
"QUEEN OF THE NILE"
A UNIVERSAL PICTURE
IN TECHNICOLOR



Maria Montez
Romance comes A-running to her Hands

YOU: *If I could only have such alluring-soft hands!*

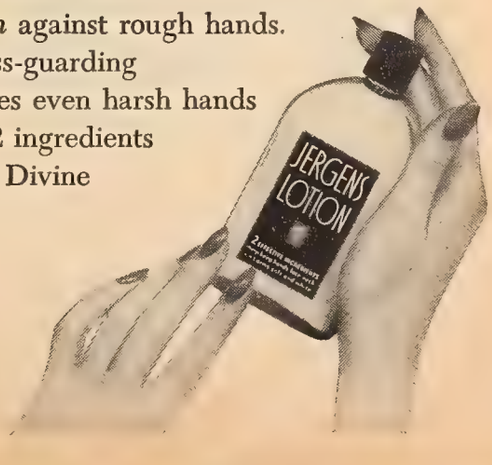
MARIA MONTEZ: And why not—if you'll use Jergens Lotion.

YOU: *Really, now—do you use Jergens, Miss Montez?*

MARIA MONTEZ: Of course! I always use Jergens.

Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1.

Here's why: For sure *protection* against rough hands. Jergens Lotion furnishes softness-guarding moisture for your skin. Persuades even harsh hands to dream-girl smoothness with 2 ingredients many doctors use for skin care. Divine to use! No stickiness. So—



FOR THE SOFTEST, ADORABLE HANDS USE
JERGENS LOTION

Nellie Reagan fixes up Corned Beef Hash "just the way Ronnie likes it" . . . claims her sons have "average" American tastes in food.



For the Lucky Seventh in our Regional Series, Ronald Reagan's mother joins Jane in proving that folks eat well in THE MIDDLE WEST

What's Cookin', America?

■ What dishes do "typical" Middle Westerners prefer? Knowing that Ronald Reagan comes from Illinois, we asked Jane Wyman what her husband likes to eat. Got a rather general but definitely revealing reply, "Good, hearty food—and plenty of it!" Plus a couple of examples.

Asked Ronnie's mother and received some specific and pleasingly varied recipes. Sum it up and you'll find that this particular Middle Westerner likes plain, filling fare with little or no frills. And since this goes double with most men—regardless of what part of the country they come from—all of you will be happy to know more about these Reagan recipes so that you can serve them to your own particular man.

It was great fun learning about Ronnie's food tastes from the three charming women in his life—his mother, his wife and his daughter, Maureen, who insisted on having her say, too, about her daddy's preferences. However, when this young lady came up with "Cookies! Peanut Butter Cookies . . . yummy!" and we noted the accompanying gleam in her eye, we had our suspicions as to the source of this suggestion. However, since a simply super recipe for these particular cookies was made available to us, who were we to question anyone as adorable as the Reagans' cute and cuddlesome four year old!



When home on furlough, there's no sweeter sound to Ronnie, avers Jane, than the dinner bell . . . especially when little Maureen rings it!



Winner of varsity letters in college, Ronnie has athlete's liking for hearty food . . . such as egg-topped hash served with corn and cole slaw.

By Nancy Wood

Actually, most of our information and Middle West-style recipes came from Mrs. Reagan, Senior, who still lives in the little house she shared with Ronnie's father who died some while back. Ronnie and his brother Neil often drop in on her there. Ronnie invariably comes over and lets Mom cook for him when La Wyman is on a bond tour or in New York for personal appearances—as she was recently, in connection with the showing of "Doughgirls." (Which picture, incidentally, has nothing to do with bread making. You have our word for it, in case you haven't already seen it!) You'll be seeing Jane soon again, by the way, in Warners' big new musical "Hollywood Canteen." And won't that be a show—with *sixty* big name players in it!

But to return to Mrs. Reagan. A pleasure, we assure you, for Maureen's "Nana" is a warm, friendly person; besides being a darned good cook!

Obviously her sons get their liking for typical American dishes from enjoying the fine meals she has always loved to prepare for them. "Ronnie," proclaims his proud parent, "has always preferred simple stuff, simply cooked. Has fruit, cereal and coffee for breakfast, little more than a sandwich for lunch, but demands a big dinner."

It seems he loves steaks, mock chicken legs (a family favorite of which more later) and corned beef hash. (There's corned beef hash *and* corned beef hash, as any man could tell you—and as any man will, for they set themselves up as connoisseurs on the subject. Bet they can't find a better version than Mrs. Reagan's.)

Then, too, Ronnie—like many another Middle Westerner—takes great interest in the soil, gives part of every furlough to his Victory Garden and thinks there's nothing finer than his own home-grown vegetables. Especially favors sour cream slaw and corn on the cob.

To this list Jane added corn *off* the cob, in the form of corn fritters. (Being from Missouri, Jane says you'll "have to show her" that fritters come any finer than these!)

Then, of course, there are desserts. Specifically there's Cocoa Cake, a big favorite with both the Reagan boys—especially when eaten as a late-at-night snack, accompanied by a big glass of milk. Fact is, Ronnie and Neil always were and still are inveterate refrigerator raiders. Used to rout Mom out of bed when they'd get in late and have her join them in the kitchen where they'd eat their own version of a Dagwood sandwich, followed by generous slices of Mom's famous cake.

And now how about recipes for all these Corn Belt favorites which come to you with the Reagans' hearty endorsement? They include the following: Corned Beef Hash, Mock Chicken Legs, Crispy Corn Fritters, Sour Cream Slaw, those "yummy" Peanut Butter Cookies that Maureen mentioned and Mom's Cocoa Cake. Six specialties, with directions for making a Dagwood Sandwich thrown in, for a "Lucky Seven" in the line of recipes. Trying them out will prove to be a fine way to start the New Year; and they're yours for the asking, as always. Be sure to enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope when you send for your FREE Reagan-Wyman leaflet.

THE MODERN HOSTESS, Dept. R. R.
MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE
149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

"Royal Crown Cola beats the rest; The reason's simple, it tastes best!" says LORETTA YOUNG

See Loretta Young *in*
AND NOW TOMORROW
A Paramount picture



"Here's how I found the world's best 'quick-up,'" says Loretta. "In the famous cola taste-test, I tried leading colas in paper cups and picked the best-tasting one. Yes, it was Royal Crown Cola!" Now Loretta always relaxes with a frosty bottle of R C, her favorite for a lift and a grand fresh start every season of the year.

ROYAL CROWN COLA
BEST BY TASTE-TEST

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS TODAY! ★

EXCESS FAT

can be REDUCED! *EASILY... QUICKLY...*



Don't give up attention just because you are too fat to be attractive! Reduce the beneficial Vita-Slym way and have the slender, vital figure . . . the pep and energy, that men admire!

LOSE 20 lbs. in 4 WEEKS!

Most over-fat people who follow the entire Vita-Slym plan conscientiously lose 20 pounds or more in 4 weeks. YOU may do the same, or return the empty box and we will refund your money! No need to over-exercise, starve yourself or take habit-forming cathartics. **Eat as much food as usual,** but less calories, and supplement this food with Vita-Slyms. They not only contain Vitamins A, B_1, B_2, C and G, Niacin, Amide, Iron, Calcium, Phosphorus and Dextrose to give you energy and pep while reducing, but also help to take away abnormal hunger due to low blood sugar.

4 WEEKS' MENUS FREE!

With every box of 150 tablets and 60 capsules, we give a chart of 4 weeks' suggested menus . . . a time-saving help in planning your meals. Try the Vita-Slym plan for 4 weeks. If you have not lost 20 pounds or reduced to your satisfaction . . . if you do not feel better and peppier, return the box for your refund. Order C.O.D. and pay postman $2.98 plus postage or send money and save postage. Act TODAY!

VITA-SLYM CO., Dept. M-2, P. O. Box 159
Times Square Station, N. Y. C.

MONEY BACK AGREEMENT

Vita-Slym Co., Dept. M-2, Box 159
Times Square Station, N. Y. C.

Send me 1 month's supply of Vita-Slyms (150 tablets & 60 capsules). If not delighted with results, you will refund my money.

☐ I will pay postman $2.98 plus postage.

☐ I enclose $2.98. Send postage prepaid.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

No Canadian Orders — Please print plainly

Be a Designer of *Smart Fashions*



EARN GOOD INCOME. LEARN AT HOME!

Prepare now for thrilling career. **Profitable field.** Originate your own clothes. Many openings with style salons and manufacturers. Or start your own smart shop. **Practical personalized** home study **training** under guidance of skilled Designers and Stylists. Send for free booklet **"A Career in Dress Designing"** and requirements.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DRESS DESIGN
1315 S. Michigan Avenue - Dept. 2361 - Chicago, U. S. A.

LUCKY in NUMBERS — *Lucky in Love*

Stop worrying and wondering. Get the facts according to numbers. Send me your complete birth date, Get your new personalized forecast on **Love, Business, Finances, Travel, Pleasure, Health, Home, Responsibility,** friends and associates. I send you your *PERSONAL NUMBERS* forecast taken from your full birth date. Formerly a $5.00 service. All for only 25c. Rush birth date, a 8c stamp and 25c in coin. FREE—Mail your order promptly and get a dictionary of 300 **Common Dreams.** Satisfaction guaranteed.

APPLIED NUMBERS, Dept. 81
3833 Applegate, Cincinnati 11, Ohio



MOVIE STARS

Write for a PORTRAIT or PINUP of your favorite MOVIE STAR

Beautiful—Real Photographs

All the latest Stars and Poses

FREE list decorated with MOVIE STARS mailed with each photo.



Send name of your favorite with 15c to cover expense and mailing.

Hollywood Screen Exchange
Box 1151—Dept. C
Hollywood 28, California, U. S. A.

(*Continued from page 71*)

from the guarded supervision of home. He took to it at once, in spite of the spinach which popped up at lunch, the spinach he hated and the gagging rhubarb pie, supposed to be so good for growing kids. Another bore was the daily afternoon nap.

But Lon remembers Miss Lindbergh as a patient, kindly lady who took good care of him and taught him his elementary lessons with thoroughness and kindness. Years later, when he saw Martha Scott as the schoolmistress in "Cheers for Miss Bishop," Lon was right back in the double seat where he learned his ABC's along with his first lady love, a little French girl with shiny blue-black hair. Her natural-born French coquetry and her intriguing way of saying her words made six-year-old Lon fall, as today his affectionate nature still falls for every girl he works with on the screen. Jeanne helped him with the baffling French words. They held hands under the desk top and at recesses raced around the school yard on their tricycles. Jeanne is the only pupil at Miss Lindbergh's Lon remembers clearly today. She was his first girl.

But he didn't have much to say about it. Pneumonia seized Lon when he was barely in knee pants. He had never been a strong kid, physically. Lon was his mother's boy. He inherited a fragile build from her, and it was only through strenuous gymnastics in his grammar and high school days later on that he developed the small, compact and muscular body he owns today. He came home one day from school with a fever that soared that night. For days it was a question whether they'd save him, but he passed the crisis. Then for gray weeks he lay in bed, too weak to move. The doctor feared his lungs might succumb to t.b. There was only one thing to do, Lon's mother reasoned—take him to Arizona where the ozone charged air would banish that danger.

tiny tramp . . .

They went to Phoenix and found a place to stay right out on the desert at the foot of Camelback Mountain. When they carried Lon there, he couldn't walk. In a few weeks he could trudge a mile or two with his dog, "Bunny," and play like he was hunting Indians. Then one day Lon was missing. Missing with him was "Patsy" of course, a blanket off his bed, his bow-and-arrow, an umbrella, a grocery basket and cookies off the shelf. It wasn't hard to guess what had happened. Lon had set off on a hunting expedition. Frantically the McCallisters scoured the desert—but no Lon. Just before nightfall a truck roared up to the camp. A burly driver swung Lon down from the seat.

"Found him on the highway," he laughed. "Kit Carson here wanted me to take him to the mountains, but I reckoned home was a better idea!"

Lon told his story frankly. He'd set out into the desert for wildcats or some other interesting big game. But after a while he ran into a fenced range crowded with cattle, and a big bull had lumbered up bellowing angrily. That was bigger game than Lon bargained for. He scurried back toward the highway, and the truckdriver knew a runaway kid when he saw one.

Lon's naturally adventurous spirit had got him in trouble before, but even the dismal consequences of his first runaway had not cured his spunky habit of hunting distant horizons. His first Christmas in the new Los Angeles house had been badly crimped by that escapade, too.

trailing south . . .

Lon had made chums with two little Japanese kids, Esau and Tetzel, sons of the corner vegetable market man. Quickly they confided the wonderful news about Christmas in the Crenshaw neighborhood. A chain of gasoline service stations had corralled Santa Claus himself in person, and Saint Nick was handing out marvelous colored baloons. It was late afternoon when this bulletin was flashed to the incredulous Lon. He was so fascinated that his mother's ultimatum not to leave the front yard went glimmering. "Come on," said Esau, "let's go see Santa Claus."

No kid could resist a challenge like that. Lon tore off immediately. But the station attendant in their block grinned. "You kids are too late," he said. "Santy Claus just left here. Filled his reindeers up with gas and went off sixty miles an hour. No, he didn't leave no balloons here. Where is he? Why, I imagine up the street towards Wilshire at Number 20 station."

Off Lon and his two Jap pals chased. Santa wasn't at Number 20. Nor at Number 22. They kept up the hunt breathlessly. Pretty soon they were lost. That was a black day for everybody concerned. At home the McCallisters were wild with fear. There had been kidnapping scares; kids were run over every day on the fast traffic of Los Angeles boulevards. The whole neighborhood joined the search. The police rolled up with wailing sirens. Lon's dad raced his Packard up and down all the neighborhood streets. Darkness fell and still no trace. Madaline McCallister's nerves snapped, and she cried hysterically. As for Lon, he was way across town by then, still hunting Santa.

Around nine o'clock at night a policeman found the three seekers of childhood's grail. They were dirty, tired and panting, but still gamely in the chase. He raced them back home to Lon's hysterical folks. Lon's dad took him into the house, into his tearful, distracted mother.

"This is your mother's birthday and now see what you have done! You've ruined her happiness, made her cry."

Lon himself broke into tears. That touched him. He couldn't bear to hurt anyone, especially the person he loved best in the world. He couldn't give any excuses for his crime, except to stammer out the reason: He was hunting Santa Claus.

His father took him into the back room, and unknown to his prostrated mother, gave him a good tanning. When that was over, he said, "And now I suppose you might as well know. You've been chasing

I SAW IT HAPPEN

We'd seen three stage shows the day before, and we were sitting through our second the next day. The show was "Tars And Spars" featuring Victor Mature. My girl friend and I had gotten the autograph of nearly everyone in the cast except Vic's, and frankly, we were a little annoyed at his sitting in the boxes during the first part of the stage show and mugging. So when he stuck his head out from behind the curtains, we made a face at him, repeating the gesture as well during his performance that evening.

It wasn't very nice of us, I admit, but Vic got back at us. We were sitting in the first row, and Vic looked down at us and declared, "There are my two cousins—Im-mature and Pre-mature!"

Even though we were embarrassed, we were Mature fans from then on.

By the way, we got his autograph after that show.

Dorothy Stewart,
West Allis, Wisconsin

something that wasn't there. Just a man dolled up in a red suit. There's no such thing as Santa Claus."

Lon's tears dried, and he stopped his sobs. He was paralyzed by the awful thing his father said. No Santa Claus! It was the end of the world. He forgot the smart of the spanking in the greater misery of this shattering news.

Lon's ready palship with the Japanese market kids was typical of his warm nature and democratic outlook on life. Although he was a little rich boy, he was never, thanks to his sensible Midwestern folks and his own character, ever tainted with a touch of snobbery. Even today race distinctions and prejudices make him crawl inside. His own character, too, made him naturally eager to know and like everything and everybody. As a kid he was always getting bitten by dogs, because he'd walk right up to all of them, strange or familiar, and put his arms around them. He was riding in the open Packard one summer day with his mother when a bee flew in and settled on the seat. Happily Lon reached out, grabbed it and pressed it to his face, thrilled with the buzzing wings. Of course, the bee blitzed him pronto, right on the end of the nose. It seemed Lon would never learn.

That was one of the reasons he begged to go to public school after he came back from the Arizona health trip. Lon wanted to be like the rest of the kids. He sensed that private schooling set him apart from the rest, and instinctively he didn't like it. He got his way, and it was a lucky thing. Events were to enter Lon's young life that would demand all his talent for making his way in the mob of underprivileged humanity. The rich boy was to lose his riches and become poor, about as poor as they come, and almost overnight.

house of cards . . .

The whole nation shared in the first tragedy—the Great Depression. The crash that came out of the blue in 1929 caught H. A. McCallister and his father-in-law, R. B. Hocking, with real estate holdings and business interests scattered all over Southern California. Some of the bigger properties were held on a shoe-string, and to save them, the assets had to be cashed in. As the Depression yawned and values plummeted, the fortune they had built tumbled like a stack of cards. Meanwhile Lon's mother and father had come to a parting of the ways.

It would be hard to say which disaster had the most effect on Lon's young life. His father had been away a lot on business; Lon had never been half so close to him as to his mother. He had always liked his dad, as he does today (they see each other frequently), and he remembers him as kindly and indulgent.

The split in Lon's family came before the crash that swept them from wealth to poverty. Lon's grandmother had bought an apartment house in Los Angeles. Lon and his mother moved in there, and for a short time life went on as if nothing had happened. Then one day Lon saw the tight lips and anxious frowns on the grown-ups' faces. That night when he lay awake in his room, he heard the murmur of the family conference. He caught snatches of conversation, "No place to raise the money . . . bank's calling the loans . . . panic . . . everyone's in the same boat . . . guess this is the end . . . they want us to leave. . . ." He wondered briefly what it was all about, but pretty soon he was asleep. Next morning his mother told him. "We're going to move."

"But," said Lon, "I like Granny's apartment house."

"I know," smiled his mother sadly, "but it isn't Granny's house any more."

—this One Complete Cream is all you need!

Tireless war worker—busy film maker—is dazzling Dorothy Lamour, like many other Hollywood stars. Lucky for their loveliness, they've discovered that Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream does *everything* for skin beauty . . . takes just *seconds!*



Dorothy Lamour

soon to be seen in "ROAD TO UTOPIA," a Paramount Picture

See this satiny cream help *your* skin look film-star lovely as it gives *complete* care: *Cleanses. Softens, smooths. Holds powder. Helps erase tiny dry-skin lines.* And *Stericin,* exclusive ingredient, works constantly right in the jar to purify the cream, *helping protect against blemish-causing germs.*

Tonight and every night take the Beauty Night Cap of the Stars: First, cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream—then, use as a night cream for extra softening. Use for daytime clean-ups, too. Jars 10¢ to $1.25, plus tax.



Woodbury COMPLETE BEAUTY CREAM

FORMERLY CALLED COLD CREAM. CLEANSES AS THOROUGHLY—*DOES SO MUCH MORE BESIDES*

New PERFUME COSTUME-ENSEMBLE
Necklace-Bracelet and Earrings



Intriguing and charming as perfumed, miniature rosebuds

Your choice of six lovely colors.

About 1/2 Actual Size

Which color do you want? Rose Red, Tulip Pink, Fern Green, Forget-Me-Not-Blue, Daffodil Yellow or Orchid

Each rosebud-like bead matches in beauty of color and exotic perfume that attracts lovers and mystifies friends.

$1.00 EACH All 3 for $2.79

SEND NO MONEY

Write today, giving us your name, address, article and color wanted. Your package mailed immediately and you pay postman only $1.00 each or all 3 articles are only $2.79 plus a few cents mailing cost and 20% Federal Tax, on arrival. WEAR TEN DAYS on our money-back guarantee. Supplies limited.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO.
Dept. 27-NL
Jefferson, Iowa



GIVEN

Purse size case, exotic, solid Perfume given if you order all 3 (Necklace, Bracelet and Earrings.

IMPROVE Your FIGURE



Only 50c

Would you like to have a FIRM, FULL AND LOVELY bosom? Are you self-conscious of a flat, pendulous, sagging bust line? Thousands of women have corrected their bust contours. Why can't you? Learn how you, too, may have a lovely figure. For only 50c we will send you a copy of "THE SECRET OF IMPROVING YOUR FIGURE." It contains information, instructions and simply illustrated, easy to follow exercises. It also contains information and suggestions for those who wish to lose or put on weight. Calory and weight table and other helpful information. Act today, send only 50c in coin or stamps to—CEAGEE CO., 72 5th Ave., Dept. 24-A, N. Y. C. 11

CORNS

also Callouses; Ingrown Nails relieved. Quick, easy. Just rub on. Jars, 30¢, 50¢. At your druggist. *Money refunded if not satisfied.* Moss Co., Rochester, N. Y.

removed by MOSCO



Lana Turner M.G.M. Star

Fascinating, Lifelike MOVIE STARS PHOTOS

Thrill to the very latest shots of your Hollywood favorites. Each specially posed. Full 8x10. High gloss gives an amazing, sparkling, lifelike appearance . . . only 25c each, 5 for $1.00.

FREE! Catalog of over 200 shots, *including Pin-Up Parade*, sent free with every order of 50c or more. (To avoid delay, state 2nd choice.)

ALSO STUNNING PIN-UP PHOTOS—5 for $1.00

ALPHA PHOTO SERVICE
1235 Sixth Avenue, Dept. B-1
New York 19, N. Y.

boy's world . . .

At first poverty didn't mean much more in Lon's life than the family separation had. When kids are young, they accept changes as new adventures. There's no room in an active child's life for pride or social distinctions. Lon went on to grade school as if nothing had happened. But he felt the cloud of anxiety which settled over his family and hovered there. He saw the tight, pinched look around his mother's eyes, and he saw his grandfather sit staring vacantly out the window. Sometimes he even caught whispers, "I'm afraid R.B. won't be able to stand this at his age." A few times he caught ominous hints that were supposed to be kept from his ears. His grandfather had been muttering something about "ending it all." The shock of losing the security they'd never questioned even stole the bustling cheeriness of Grandmother Hocking for a time. Madaline McCallister's fragile body grew thinner, and the bright girlish smile that Lon adored was absent. But the family despair was like a brief sickness that passed. Today, when Lon looks back he says, "I'm pretty proud of my family." They did what Americans have always done when the going got tough. They got busy.

As a girl, Madaline Hocking had been handy with a needle, and her mother had taught her what she knew. They'd set up a dressmaking establishment. Lon's mother designed the dresses and Grandma Hocking sewed them. Their prices were cheap; they had to be. But nobody knew them, few customers came in. In a few weeks they knew they'd have to try something else, something, too, that Grandfather Hocking could have a hand in. He was getting restless and gloomy.

They turned to the only other domestic skill they had, cooking. Back in Illinois, as she is today, Grandma Hocking had been famous for her cakes and pies. They found a café they could rent down in the industrial section of Los Angeles. All of them went to work, even Lon on Saturdays and Sundays, washing dishes and hustling out trays. The customers were mostly truck drivers and laborers, and to cater to them, the lunch room had to open early and close late. Every morning the house was empty, except for Lon, at five o'clock. His breakfast, cooked, but cold, was on the stove. When he got up, Lon warmed and ate it and went off to school. He had lunch at school, and he fixed his own dinner at night. He didn't see his family again until they got home, exhausted, at 9 o'clock that evening. And Lon was just eight years old.

But already he was a cheerful, self-sufficient little guy. He had no playmates in the new neighborhood, but he had a new pup, Patsy. He could have fun by himself. He glued together kites and flew them until they snagged on telephone wires. His electric train, Lon's most prized possession, had survived the financial wreck. He sat it up in the house. He had some books, too, kids books—"The Wizard of Oz," "Black Beauty," Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses." He could lie on the floor for hours lost in these and other books he could bring home from school. But most of the time he just sat out on the front steps of the flat, watching people go by, playing with Patsy and day-dreaming. He could always find plenty to dream about, as Lon still can today.

such little pleasures . . .

The worst part of the day was supper alone. Especially since the cupboard was so often bare. Beef bouillon cubes were cheap and nourishing. Lon supped bouillon until today he can't look at the stuff without gagging. The high spot was when his folks trudged in tired from the long day, and his mother and grandmother prepared late supper for themselves, which Lon usually managed to share. He knew he should have been in bed and so did his folks, but it was the only time they could be together.

But the café venture was a flop. The profits weren't enough to pay the rent. One night Lon learned he was to move again. His mother had lost the lunchroom. She had taken a job as a waitress at the Mesa Cafe in Huntington Park. There was part of a house there she had rented on the promise of her first pay check. "Things will be all right," she smiled bravely. "With a salary we'll know what to count on."

Before he reached Junior High he was to switch around to ten or twelve different schools. In every one he had to establish himself with the kids and teachers both, a tough job for a youngster. But his natural friendliness and eager personality saw Lon through. He hadn't been in the Huntington Park grade school a week before he organized a club. They met to go to the picture show every Saturday morning. There was a special rate for kids on Saturdays. Lon's mother could usually spare a dime or two for the movies. So Lon found a new setting for his world of dreams—the high adventures made in Hollywood. From that moment on he was a movie fan. He still is.

from bad to worse . . .

But soon even the dimes for Lon's Saturday club movies couldn't be spared. There wasn't half enough to make ends meet, and finally Lon's mother was laid off. People laughed at her and at Grandmaw and Grandpaw Hocking when they hunted jobs. Jobs? Know any other funny stories? They came down to the end of their rope. The landlord came around. "I'm sorry," he said, "to have to do this to nice folks like you. But I've got to pay my taxes. Guess I'll have to ask you to leave."

There was no place to go. Something had to happen, and of course it did. A friend of Grandmaw Hocking's in the days when she was an apartment owner heard of a vacancy at the Alcazar Apartments, in Los Angeles. The manager had left; they needed a couple, manager and houseman.

Grandmother and Grandfather Hocking hastily got on their best clothes. But when they started to leave, they remembered an item. The carfare. They looked in their pockets and pocketbook. They were bare

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When Walter Pidgeon was here in Washington for the President's Birthday Ball, I called him at his hotel with the intention of getting an interview with him for my school paper.

When I was finally put through to his room, a man sounding suspiciously like Mr. Pidgeon answered, and after hearing the purpose of my call told me, "Mr. Pidgeon is taking a shower."

I told him he sounded very much like Mr. Pidgeon, whereupon he said he was complimented and called out to the "bathing" Mr. P., "She says I sound like you."

After a moment of "conversation," he reported that Mr. Pidgeon said he was insulted but that he would talk to me anyhow.

Lo and behold, the receiver was picked up, and the same voice continued with, "How are you, my dear—this is Walter Pidgeon—what can I do for you?"

Golly, what a grand guy he is—and what a sensayuma!

June B. Klein,
Washington, D. C.

as bones. There wasn't enough money in the house to get them to the job. Finally Madaline remembered, "I've got a dollar put away in my Bible," she said. "I've been saving it for Lon's birthday present." Out it came, and the journey was financed. Grandpaw and Grandmaw came through. They got the job—also an advance in salary to stock up the manager's cupboard with groceries and to bring carfare to Lon and his mother. Lon McCallister moved again.

On the busy blocks near the Alcazar he started a magazine route and earned his first money. The Alcazar was on Alvarado Street, center of what used to be the swanky district when Hollywood was young. Ramon Novarro's old house stood nearby, and sometimes in the afternoons Lon would sneak over the fence and wander around the grounds. There was a neighborhood movie house, too, on Alvarado, right across the street, and soon dimes again for Saturday morning shows.

He went to Union Avenue Grade School, and it kept him busy. He was a good student. He liked history and English and geography and languages. He hated math. On the playground Lon found he was good on the double bars, the swings and rings. He was too light for rough games like football, but he was fast. In the Sixth Grade he won sprints and made the school relay team. Later on in Junior and Senior High School he was to make the gym team and win his letter at basketball. Lon was a leader, too—into everything that had to do with school activities. He was in all the school shows, and as usual, he tumbled for the first girl he played with. Her name was Patricia, with black Irish hair. Later on in Junior High, Lon's girl, Dorothea, was to be a brunette, too. The influence of his first girl, little French Jeanne, clung to him. For a long time young Lon was one gentleman who never preferred blondes.

The move to Hollywood took place when Lon was about thirteen. Grandfather Hocking found a steady job at last as night watchman at Universal Studios. That was too far a ride from Alvarado Street. Grandmother found another apartment house to run now, on Yucca Street in Hollywood right off the Boulevard and smack behind Warner Brothers' Hollywood Theater. The first night Lon moved into this strange new world, he saw crowds hurrying to the theater, shiny cars jamming the street, searchlights combing the sky. Entranced, he wandered down to the corner of Wilcox and the Boulevard. "What's going on?" Lon asked the newsboy.

"Pre-meer," said the newsboy, shortly.

"What's that?"

"What's a 'premeer'?" Lon found himself shattered with incredulous scorn. "Say, kid, you don't know nothin', do you?"

screen stories . . .

It was true. Lon didn't know much of anything about the ways of Hollywood. But he soon found out. Living a block from the Boulevard a kid would have to be deaf, dumb and blind not to learn fast. And going to LeConte Junior High, as Lon soon did, was almost a pre-induction course in Hollywood studio life. All the kids there, it seemed, were veteran extras, stand-ins, even stars. Bonita Granville went to school at LeConte, and Jane Withers' stand-in was in Lon's class.

Everywhere he turned he ran into glamorous show business. Walking down the Boulevard, a treat he still loves, he saw famous faces. At his favorite Boulevard movie house, the Iris, where he redoubled his fervor as a fan, he used to spell out his name "B-u-d M-c-C-a-l-l-i-s-t-e-r" (for now he was "Bud;" long since the school kids had razzed him

"O Rarely Soft,* the touches of her hands, As drowsy zephyrs in enchanted lands"

—"Love Lyrics," James Whitcomb Riley



* Are your hands "O Rarely Soft," or Really Rough as a January Nor'easter?



Don't let Winter make your hands look OLD

"DROWSY zephyrs," did you say, Sir Poet? Wake up!—Mr. Riley—this is January. And a brutally workaday world. Don't you think there should be a footnote to your lovely lyric to lovely hands? Something like . . . "If *you* want 'em, use Pacquins—quick!"

Because work and weather chap, roughen, redden, ruin a woman's hands . . . often make them look older than her actual years. And Pacquins Hand Cream says "pooh" to work and weather—hands keep smooth, white, youthful-looking. Snowy-white, non-greasy. As delightful to use as the results are to see. Get Pacquins *now!*



Pacquins Hand Cream

Originally formulated for doctors and nurses, whose hands take the abuse of 30 to 40 washings and scrubbings a day.

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

PROTECT YOUR POLISH WITH SEAL-COTE



Avoid the ugliness of chipped polish—make your manicures last and last with SEAL-COTE Liquid Nail Protector. You don't have much time these days for manicures—yet well-groomed hands are important to morale. "SEAL-COTE your nails today and every day."

SEAL-COTE

25¢ at Cosmetic Counters



FOAMY MEDICATION...

Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Soap is a *special* soap containing the same costly medication as 104 year proved Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Ointment. Whip up the rich cleansing, *FOAMY MEDICATION* with finger tips, washcloth or brush and allow to remain on 3 minutes. Amazingly quick results come to many skins, afflicted with pimples, blackheads, itching of eczema, and rashes externally caused that need the scientific hygiene action of Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Soap. For your youth-clear, soft loveliness, give your skin this luxurious 3 minute foamy medication-treatment. At toiletry counters everywhere 25¢ or from E. T. Browne Drug Company, 127 Water St., New York 5, N. Y.

FREE ENLARGEMENT Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge one snapshot print or negative, photo or picture to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose this ad. Information on hand tinting in natural colors sent immediately. Your original returned with your free enlargement. Send it today.
GEPPERT STUDIOS, Dept. 163, Des Moines 2, Iowa

LEARN NURSING AT HOME



High School not necessary. No age limit. Send for FREE "Nursing Facts" and sample lesson pages. Earn while learning. Act now!
Post Graduate Hospital School of Nursing
125 N. Wacker Drive Chicago 6, Illinois

LADIES OR GENTS



This Horseshoe Ring, hand made, hand engraved, inlaid with simulated pearl is a KNOCK-OUT! Choice of Ladies' or Gents'. Shoe and shank of everlasting Monel Metal is

GUARANTEED 20 YEARS

Supply is limited... rush your order! SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman only $3.85 plus excise tax and postage. Return for refund in five days if not delighted. *Can be sent to Service Men overseas without their request.*

American Jewelry Co., Dept. 91-HL, Wheeling, W. Va.

shamefully about the "H.A." and made rowdy cracks about it) up in imaginary lights, as almost every kid in Hollywood has at one time or another.

on the outside . . .

Grandpaw Hocking, on special nights, would slip Lon in with him at Universal to make the rounds, explaining what he had learned about the mysterious movie plant. Sometimes there would be night companies shooting on the blazing stages, and Lon could stand silent in the dark shadows, open mouthed, and watch. On Friday nights, when he could sleep late the next morning, Lon would stay all night.

Even his mother, who now had a receptionist job in the office of a Hollywood dentist, would come home with stories of movie-famous patients.

The Hollywood fever struck all of Lon's family. His mother found she was just the same size as petite Janet Gaynor, and she learned that Janet was looking for a stand-in. For a while she talked about getting the job. Grandpaw Hocking was snatched from his watchman's post a time or two to walk before a camera at Universal. Even Grandmaw Hocking was told by people who ought to know that she was a wonderful "grandmother type" for the movies. Later on, too, she was.

There wasn't much glamour behind all of this. The object was money. The Hockings and McCallisters were still living from hand to mouth. Lon, young as he was, felt guilty that he wasn't helping out on the family budget. It hurt him to see his grandparents and his frail mother working while all he did was go to school. He was old for his years. The tales of easy studio money the kids at school told inflamed his desire to earn his own way. But nothing seemed to happen. After all, kids weren't any too anxious to cut a newcomer in on the studio know-how. It might take money away from them.

At last Lon's eagerness for activity won him his chance. Mere school work wasn't enough for his energies. He joined a boy's singing organization called the Maxwell Choristers. Lon had a clear young tenor voice. One Friday night the director had a surprise for the group.

"Everybody show up tomorrow afternoon," he said. "M-G-M is looking for choir boys to sing in their big Shakespearean movie, 'Romeo and Juliet.' We're going to try out."

The whole kid's choir tumbled out of the bus the next morning at M-G-M's big gates. Lon was in the front row, excited and eager. For the first time in his life he was entering a studio by the front door to be an actor himself. He had visions of the bright, blazing sets he had seen nights with his Universal watchman Grandfather. Stars would be smiling a welcome. He knew his dream movie queen, Norma Shearer, was the star of "Romeo and Juliet." Probably she would walk up to him, smiling dazzlingly and say, "This is just the young man we've been looking for!" He marched inside in a daze.

by the skin of his teeth . . .

But instead of that rosy picture, Lon found himself directed to a big, barnlike stage, dark and dusty, with carpenters pounding in the wings and rough workmen brushing past. No lovely Norma Shearer was anywhere about! A man in slacks and a sport shirt stood on a chair and looked over the group. "Can't use half that many," he stated and Lon's heart sunk. "Line them up," he ordered.

Lon lined up with the rest. An assistant director walked down the line, and as Director George Cukor scanned the faces of the group and nodded, he had them step out of line. The last one stepped out before they came to Lon. "That's enough," said Cukor. "Okay, kids," barked the assistant. "You can go now."

Lon turned slowly toward the door with his heart down to his heels. Halfway to the heavy sound-stage door somebody yelled, "Wait a minute! Wait a minute! We're one shy. Line up again."

Lon lined up with the rest. But now he was disillusioned. They would never pick him. This time Cukor himself walked down the line. He didn't walk far. The minute he saw Lon he said unmistakably. "Didn't I choose you before?"

"No," said Lon.

"I meant to," said the director. "You're a perfect choir boy. All right, that's all. Everybody show up for wardrobe fitting Monday morning!"

Lon McCallister rode home with a whirling brain. He was actually to work in a studio like all the rest of the kids! He was to begin as a choir boy and maintain through all his scores of extra jobs that spiritual freshness which set him apart from the other extras and earned him the nickname of "The Angel Extra." What George Cukor had noticed in that brief choir-casting other directors, stars and finally the great American public were to discover and like well enough to make Lon McCallister the brightest young star in all Hollywood.

But thoughts like that were completely absent from Lon's spinning brain that day as the bus jolted him back home to the small apartment back of the Boulevard, where about this time his mother would be coming home from work, tired but courageous. Where the harassing apartment house duties of his cheerful grandmother, which never ended, would be going on. Where Grandfather Hocking would be rousing himself from his day's rest and packing his snack for the all-night rounds at the studio.

What thrilled fourteen-year-old Lon was the triumphant thought that now he, too, was a family breadwinner. Now he had a man-sized job with a man-sized check to contribute to the pot. He felt suddenly grown up and strong. He recognized then his first goal, which he never abandoned until he realized it. "I'll be earning enough soon," he told himself, "so that Granny and Mom can stop work." Ambition was to come later. What loomed large about the wonder of Hollywood to Lon McCallister then was the money, and what it could mean to the people he loved best in the world.

"Five days at ten dollars a day!" he exulted. "Five times ten is fifty. Fifty dollars! Golly!"

Part II of Lon McCallister's life story will appear in the February issue of MODERN SCREEN.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One of Hollywood's best known juvenile leads made a personal appearance in our city to help boost War Bond sales, just before being shipped overseas. As it happened, one of the last pictures he'd made before entering the service was being shown at the local theater, which only served to increase his tremendous popularity. He was being besieged by eager fans when one girl, especially noted for her gushing manner, cooed to the star, "Oh, have you seen yourself at the State?"

The actor didn't even look up. "No. As a matter of fact, I have a very weak stomach"—and went right on signing, "Lieut. Tom Brown!"

David Ragan,
Jackson, Tennessee

OH, KAYE!

(*Continued from page* 33)

he lisped, and suddenly saw himself—a grown man, standing there like a big dope, talking baby talk. He blushed his way through the number.

After the rehearsal, Vinton Freedley came up. "I'm a little worried about that fairy tale thing."

"Don't worry," said Danny. "I've been through this before. If it's bad opening night, I'll cut it faster than anyone else."

Opening night. The murmur from beyond the curtain. The hush that's like no other hush in the world as the lights dim and the curtain rises. Danny stepped out, and his eyes met that sea of faces, and the spark ignited—

"Onth upon a time," he lisped, and the audience went woff! He forgot about himself and his inhibitions, about being grown-up and looking like a dope. He was inside and outside his skin at the same time, doing things he'd never dreamed of in rehearsal, feeling almost as if they were doing themselves. All that existed was the live current running between him and the audience, electrifying both. The number Freedley was worried about stopped the show.

Lots of movie actors hate being watched. It makes them self-conscious. It makes Danny self-conscious *not* to be watched. Before a big production number, they start herding people in from all over the lot to spark Danny up.

Both his parents were gay people. At five, Danny was singing the Russian folksongs they loved. What tickled them most, though, was the way he'd spot people's oddities—a characteristic gesture, a quirk of expression—and reproduce them to the life. It tickled the kids at school, too. But all that was just a minor sideline with Danny. As he grew into his teens, two passions obsessed him. If he wasn't playing baseball or yelling from the bleachers of Ebbets Field, "C'mon you bums!" he'd be tagging along with an older friend, already in medical school. He'd never consider being anything but a doctor. To Danny, a smashed finger spelled romance. "Wait a minute," he'd beg. "Let *me* fix it."

That dream was shattered by an experience which his father shared with others around that time. He lost most of his money, which meant no college. For a while Danny was lost, too. Cut off from the clear road ahead, with its shining goal, he could find no other. His father, a wise man, kept his hands off. Even when Danny ran away.

It was a pretty casual flight. "Hey," said a friend, "wanna hitch-hike to Florida?"

"Gee, that might be fun!"

In addition to their thumbs, Danny was equipped with a voice, the other guy with a uke. They bartered entertainment for mileage. Pop was upset at first and had them traced to Baltimore. But when the cop said, "They're okay—I'd let 'em go ahead if I were you," Pop took his advice.

Neither did he bother the boy during the dim days that followed when Danny's life was bounded by movies, sleeping and brooding. For want of other occupation, he developed complexes, turned sour on the gang. With his songs and mimicry, he'd always been the life of the party. There the guys would sit, laughing their fool heads off, and next to each guy sat his girl. Danny had no girl. He concluded that they loved him not for himself alone, but for free entertainment. So he forsook society for the movie palaces—patronized four of five shows, got home at one and slept the morning through.

Pop's friends were disturbed. "He's a big boy. It's time he went to work. Why

Glamorous

Joan Blondell

Famous Hollywood Screen Star says:



"You bet I use Arrid! I wouldn't be without its wonderful protection for a moment. Some people may think it isn't nice to talk about underarm perspiration, but it's a whole lot worse to neglect perspiration and have it spoil a dress you treasure. So I unhesitatingly shout the praises of Arrid deodorant cream."

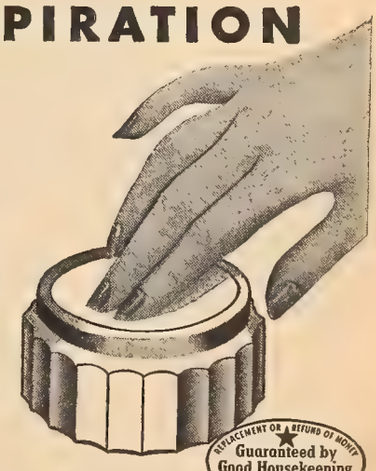
Joan Blondell

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT

which Safely helps

STOP *under-arm* **PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.



REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

39¢ a jar (Plus Tax)

Also 59¢ jars

At any store which sells toilet goods

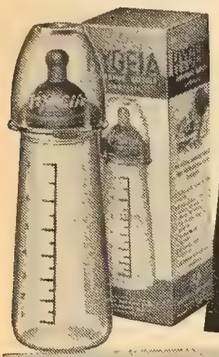
ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

having a BABY?



Start right with Hygeia Nursing Bottles. Easy to clean—wide mouth and rounded interior corners have no crevices where germs can hide. Red measuring scale aids in correct filling. Wide base prevents tipping. Tapered shape helps baby get last drop of formula. Famous breast-shaped nipple with patented air-vent permits steady flow, prevents "windsucking." Cap keeps nipples and formula germ-free for storing or out-of-home feeding.



NEW COMPLETE PACKAGE
Ask your druggist for Hygeia's new package containing Bottle, Nipple, and Cap. No extra cost.

Hygeia
NURSING BOTTLES
NIPPLES WITH CAPS
Sold complete as illustrated or parts separately!

CONSULT YOUR DOCTOR REGULARLY

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8 x 10 Inches
on DOUBLE-WEIGHT PAPER
Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture.
Original returned with your enlargement.

57¢
3 for $1.25



SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo, negative or snapshot (any size) and receive your enlargement, guaranteed fadeless, on beautiful **double-weight portrait quality paper.** Pay postman 57c plus postage—or send 59c with order and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. **Send your photos today.**

STANDARD ART STUDIOS
100 East Ohio Street Dept. 1335A Chicago (11), Ill.

Beautiful Simulated
BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN AWAY



Smart, new, dainty, Sterling Silver Ring set with sparkling simulated **Birthstone** correct for your birth date — **GIVEN** for selling only 5 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each. Send name and address today for order. We trust you. Premium supplies are limited. Don't delay.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-246, Jefferson, Iowa

POEMS WANTED
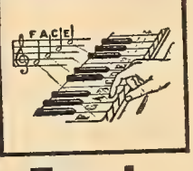
For Musical Setting

Mother, Home, Love, Sacred, Patriotic, Comic or any subject. DON'T DELAY—Send us your Original Poem at once—for immediate examination and **FREE** RHYMING DICTIONARY.

RICHARD BROTHERS 49 **WOODS BUILDING CHICAGO, ILL.**



Easy as A-B-C



It's Really Fun!

LEARN MUSIC WITHOUT A TEACHER THIS EASY WAY

Learning music this amazing home-study way is easy as A-B-C! You learn to play by playing . . . real tunes by note. You can't go wrong. Every step is right before you in print and pictures. No "numbers" or trick music. If you want to learn to play . . . win new popularity . . . have more fun . . . mail the coupon NOW! U. S. School of Music, 1441 Brunswick Bldg., New York 10, N. Y.

SUCCESSFUL 47TH YR.

U. S. School of Music
1441 Brunswick Bldg., New York 10, N. Y.
Please send me Free Booklet and Print and Picture Sample.
Have you Instrument?....
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Save 2c—Stick Coupon on Penny Postcard

don't you talk to him?"

Only Pop remained tranquil. "When he decides what he wants to do, he'll do it. Meantime, I'll make believe he's going to college." And Danny'd find a five-dollar bill under his pillow.

He'd fill in with odd jobs. When a friend said, "I'm going to a summer camp—want to go along?" it was just another odd job at first. Even when he got to be star of the borscht circuit, earning top dough of a thousand a season, that money had to last him the winter. But they did a new show every week—with Danny as character actor and general funny man—and the experience was good. An idea that had long lain fallow in his mind began to sprout. Could he make a living this way?

He was still too diffident to look the thought straight in the face. He'd kind of sling his eyes round at it, then quick turn the other way. Nevertheless, it was taking root. "Gee, why don't you try show business?" the kids would ask, and the little plant would grow another green leaf. But it always wilted under the eyes of agents.

china bound . . .

Because he did finally muster the courage to beard a few agents. He'd walk in and they'd say, "What do you do?" so he'd turn around and walk out again. *He* didn't know what he did.

"Sing?" the agent would ask.

"A little."

"Dance?"

"A little."

"Jokes?"

"I dunno," he'd mutter and get the hell out before they threw him out.

Then at camp one summer, he fell in with Dave Harvey and Kathleen Young, dancers. Among them, they whipped up an act, got themselves bookings nobody else would take and toured all the waterholes of America. To Danny, they were glorified waterholes. He was on the stage, having fun, earning enough to eat and sleep on. For the moment, that was ecstasy enough.

In Detroit, A. B. Marcus, theatrical big shot, caught the show and arrived backstage. "I need a dancing act," he said. "How would you like to go to China?"

Who, them? He must be crazy. Or if it was a joke, haha! But they'd work for him here.

"Okay," said A. B. "Those two people I want. The blonde fellow I don't need."

Dave was no blonde. He looked at Kathleen, got his answer and delivered an ultimatum. "We're not breaking up the act."

But what A. B. didn't need, he wasn't paying for. He'd take all three at the salary he'd intended for two. Thanks to Danny's partners, that's how the deal was made. At the end of two weeks, the blonde fellow was working in fourteen of the show's sixteen acts, and the team was on its way. As the passports and travel folders started coming in, they caught the fever. Why China? became—Why not China?—and they sent for their passports.

A year and more in the Orient, then Danny drew up a balance sheet. He was getting priceless experience in pantomime and dialect, he was part of a big friendly family, he was earning fifty a week and saving. On the other hand, he was twenty-two, he could stay with the troupe thirty years and have nothing to show for it, now was as good a time as any to break away.

Back to New York and the agents. "What've you done?" He told them. "Can you do an act alone?" He didn't know. That was 1935. For four years he knocked around, taking club dates, touring with Sally Rand, stooging for Nick Long, Jr. through a London season, getting nowhere but deeper into the slough of despond. At last he set a deadline. "I'll give myself till I'm thirty, then I'll quit."

It was in the spring of '39 that Nat Lichtman asked him to do some songs for a semi-professional show they were putting on. Danny went with him to the rehearsal loft, and there sat the dark-haired girl, running over some music. Like all good love stories, this one started with a fight—about tempos or keys or some such nonsense. But as Danny sang, Sylvia looked up, startled. And when he was through, she went over to the producer.

"I've just heard a great new star."

"What're you talking about?"

"That blonde guy who just sang. He's going to be a great star."

Soon Danny found himself seeing Sylvia home. "You happen to know a Dr. Fine who used to live in East New York?"

"He's my father."

"I used to drill holes in his woodwork." While his boss was out, Danny'd turn dentist, don a white coat, open a drawer, pick a drill, start the machine and look around for a patient. He couldn't drill air, so he drilled the woodwork.

"We used to wonder about those holes," said Sylvia.

With that bond established, others grew. Sylvia'd been working with Max Liebman at Camp Tamiment—the Theatre Guild of the summer places. She was going back that season and talked Danny into going along. She wrote some numbers for him, and they found the professional partnership exciting. Sylvia'd get an idea, they'd discuss it, she'd put it on paper, they'd fool around with it, change it, rehearse it—with Danny adding business. Like Gilbert and Sullivan, they complemented each other—fathered and mothered a new form of entertainment. It was hard work, but profoundly exhilarating.

The best of that summer's output went into "Straw Hat Revue" which didn't last long. They still hadn't found the right presentation formula. Danny decided he had to get away from it all. His last few dollars took him to Florida.

One day Sylvia's phone rang. Danny's voice on long distance. "Why don't you come down to Florida?"

"What for?"

"I want to get married."

"Who's the girl?"

"You."

"Mhm. Well, I'll come down, but I don't think we'll get married."

So they got married—both shaking with fright in the car that took them over to Ft. Lauderdale. Sylvia had a solid capital of thirty dollars. Danny's was misty—he can't remember whether he had or owed forty. If either had said, "Let's call the whole thing off," the other would have dissolved in blessed relief. Being stubborn, they both kept their mouths shut.

Back in New York, they started re-working their numbers. It meant nothing to them that a man named Dario was opening a swank night club called the Martinique. Operating on a shoestring, he was frantic for entertainment, but couldn't pay more than two hundred fifty a week. Bestry, the agent, suggested The Kayes—

"Who *are* they?"

He murmured something about summer camps.

"Yah!" snorted Dario. "All right, get them. No, what do I want to see them for? If they're from summer camps, I *know* they stink. But for two fifty, you can't buy orchids."

To the Kayes, two fifty was celestial music. The café opened, Danny went on for the dinner show, and flopped. They didn't know what to make of him. No risque songs, no jokes, some screwy number about Stanislavsky. Anyway, they were hungry.

Down but not out, Sylvia and Danny re-routined the show. Next time he was

less nervous, the crowd less concerned with food. This time the numbers got through in all their wit and slyness and subtlety, and the crowd fell on its face. Danny Kaye's name became a Broadway byword, the customers poured in, and the Martinique flourished, not to mention the Kayes. On their first payday, Sylvia was ill. Danny collected their salary in five-dollar bills and strewed them over her bed.

Among the repeating customers was Moss Hart, who said to Danny one night: "If I ever do a revue, I'd like you in it."

Three days later he phoned, and his voice was apologetic. "Look, Danny, I hate to ask you—there's a part in 'Lady in the Dark,' but it's pretty small—would you be interested?"

Danny didn't fall down, because he was sitting, but the floor rose up and hit him in the face. A part in Moss Hart's show with Sam Harris producing and Gertie Lawrence starring! And Hart asking him to do it as a *favor* yet! A strangled voice reached Hart's ears. "Sure," it said. "Sure. I'd be interested."

As usual, Danny didn't shine in rehearsal. He was all right, and that's all. The Broadway boys told Hart he was crazy, taking a chance on a night club entertainer "So I'm crazy," said Hart.

a night to remember . . .

They opened in Boston. The first act didn't hold much for Danny. His big moment came in the second, with the Tschaikowsky number. Big was the word for it. As he jumped on the horse for the finish, the house broke loose. Ira Gershwin walked out to the lobby, smoked a cigarette and, when he came back, they were still applauding. Danny sat on his horse, happier and more worried than he'd ever been in his life. Because who was the star of this show anyway? And how was she going to like this demonstration—?

ON YOUR TOES!

Ready, set, go! To your newsdealers for the February issue of MODERN SCREEN, on sale around January 12. There'll be dozens of other people trying to beat you to it, and there just aren't enough to go around. So be sure you're one of the lucky finders, get there early!

Miss Lawrence looked at Danny and bowed. Danny bowed back. She stepped toward the footlights, lifted her chin and sailed into "Jenny." Never had she sung it as she did that night. It was magnificent and thrilling—a thoroughbred rising to the challenge of the race—a master show woman topping her own heights—Gertie Lawrence, incredibly better than her superb best. The audience went wild, none wilder than Danny up there on his horse, mopping the sweat from his brow, thanking God for Gertie. For what seemed exquisite hours on end, the crowd kept them bowing to each other and wouldn't let them go. The Englishwoman had known many nights of triumph. This was the Brooklyn boy's first, and its memory is hallowed.

His father's pride in Danny's success was a thing of gradual growth. So he was in for a shock at the New York opening of "Lady in the Dark." Danny's first appearance in his chauffeur's uniform brought a nice hand from his café following. Bewildered, Pop turned to his companion. "You mean they *know* him?" Backstage, after the show, he didn't say a word, just kept looking at Danny. Here was a whole new kind of a son.

Later, he grew more articulate. At least once a month he'd go to see "Let's Face It." Danny could spot him from the stage and noticed that, after the first few times, Pop didn't watch him. Arms folded, he gave his attention to the audience. When they got hysterical, he'd nod and beam encouragement, much as to say, "You haven't seen anything yet." Now and then he'd lean over to some particularly appreciative stranger. Clearly as though he could hear the words, Danny knew what they were. "That's my boy up there."

Sam Goldwyn snagged him because he was smart enough to take an agent's advice. While Danny was still in "Lady in the Dark," Abe Lastfogel of the William Morris agency, phoned Goldwyn, "You better come see this guy." For the first time, Goldwyn planed East to catch a performance. "How about pictures?" he asked the performer. Danny wasn't ready yet, but agreed to get in touch with Goldwyn when the time came. A week at Ciro's in Hollywood really set the wires buzzing. True to his promise, however, Danny went with Goldwyn when the time came.

Now he's working in "The Wonder Man." But he doesn't want to make so-called Danny Kaye starrers all his life. Nor has he any suppressed urge to play Hamlet. What he does want is variety and scope in characterization—to play, not a stereotype, but people as he's observed them, with their humors and crotchets and vagaries. Guthrie McClintic once said to him—"I'd like to do a play with you some time."

"Wouldn't that take a lot of guts?"

"No. Never be afraid to do the unexpected. People don't expect romance from





BARGAIN SALE! To get more customers, we offer new guaranteed 14K GOLD Genuine chip diamond matched Bridal Pair. The engagement ring (sweetheart design) is set with 7 sparkling, genuine diamonds in exquisite mounting of gold hearts, emblem of eternal love. Matching this ring in elegant harmony is a lovely 14K GOLD Wedding Ring, deeply embossed, set with 7 genuine diamonds. These precious dazzling rings will thrill you. Comes in lovely gift box.

Send No Money—10 Day Trial
WRITTEN GUARANTEE WITH EVERY RING

Wear 10 days on Money Back Guarantee. Send name, and ring size. Either ring only $7.85 or both (the perfect pair) for only $13.75. Pay postman C.O.D. on arrival, plus postage and tax. Supply is limited, so write today.

International Diamond Co., 2251 Calumet Ave., Dept. 204, Chicago 16, Ill.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by your kidneys. Getting up Nights, Burning Passages, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, and feeling worn out, often are caused by non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. Usually in such cases, the very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping the Kidneys flush out excess acids and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying Kidney action, in just a day or so, may easily make you feel younger, stronger and better than in years. Get Cystex from your druggist today. Take it exactly as directed and see the results in your own particular case. Under our guarantee unless completely satisfied you simply return the empty package and get your money back. Three guaranteed sizes: **Only 35c, 75c, $1.50 at druggists.**

Barbara Bruce Recommends...

REMOVE UNWANTED HAIR—
INSTANTLY
VELVETY SMOOTH
Lips, Cheeks and Legs!



No more embarrassment — just smooth it off—and it's gone! VELVATIZE is clean, quick, odorless. Nothing to wash off—see the hair disappear! PIN A DOLLAR BILL to this "ad"—get Lechler's VELVATIZE by return mail in plain wrapper.

HOUSE OF LECHLER, Dept. 321
560 Broadway, New York 12, N. Y

★ HOUSE OF LECHLER ★

Hollywood Locket GIVEN AWAY



Smart, new yellow gold finish, sweetheart design, Hollywood Locket GIVEN for selling just 10 boxes of our wonderful Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each and returning the money collected. We trust you. Write today giving your name and address for order. Nothing to buy. Premium supplies limited. Don't delay.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. 63-L, Jefferson, Iowa

PRETTY LEGS



BEAUTIFY CONTOURS, EASILY, QUICKLY!

New, lovely proportions for your legs: hips, thighs, calves, ankles, etc.—in this healthful, new, astonishingly easy way. **Only a few minutes per day in your own home.**

EFFECTIVE, LASTING RESULTS!

Used successfully by hundreds of smart women everywhere.

WRITE FOR FREE LITERATURE TODAY!

Surprise everyone: get started now, without obligation, by mailing coupon immediately to

ADRIENNE
915 SHREVE BLDG., Salon H, SAN FRANCISCO, 8, CAL.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

you, for instance, yet I saw you do a simple love scene that moved me very much. No good glassblower goes on making the same mold forever. He breaks it and tries another and another. The new one may not be as pretty, but at least he knows he's alive—and it *may* be prettier. Don't be afraid to break the mould, Danny." Give him a chance to break it, and he won't mind being the biggest flop on Broadway.

He and Sylvia still have that bird-of-passage feeling, so they live in a rented house. Sylvia's just finished sweating out her stuff for "The Wonder Man." Each number's like having a baby, and leaves her exhausted. Danny's working his head off, too, gets home at 6:30, sits around for a couple of hours after dinner, and tumbles into bed. He doesn't drink, but goes off on food binges—all-Chinese or Italian food for two weeks in a row till he can't stand the sight of it. But he'd still rather watch an appendectomy than eat.

The biggest fizzle of his life came when "Let's Face It" opened. For years he'd dreamed of seeing his name up in lights. New York was blacked out for the first time that night, and stayed blacked out. His biggest thrill, apart from acting, was putting on a Dodger uniform, working out with the boys and gazing up at the bleachers where he used to sit for fifty-five cents. He met Durocher five years ago, and they've been fast friends since. When Danny was between pictures, they toured Army and Navy camps together. The Lip told baseball stories for an hour, wound up doing a song and dance with Danny and fractured 'em. Danny's the same sizzling fan he always was. If he'd been back East last summer, personally watching dem bums slide down dem cellar stairs, he'd have killed himself.

the kitchen cabinet . . .

Since the Martinique days, he hasn't seen a salary check. His affairs are handled by a four-man kitchen cabinet—himself and Sylvia, Eddie Dukoff—his agent, Lou Mendel—his lawyer. Like a diaper company. "I'm the diaper," he says. "Sylvia advertises me. Eddie sells me. Lou manages me." He gets an allowance and doesn't have time to spend that when he's working. Never plays cards and has no talent for gambling. If he saw a pair of socks he wanted for sixty bucks, he'd buy them. But let him lose a dollar on a golf game, and he'll kick himself all over the joint.

He likes to give Sylvia presents because she gets a very cute expression on her face. One day she admired a garnet necklace in a window.

"Why don't you buy it?"

"Oh, that's silly. I don't need it." So he hoarded his allowance in an old shoe and bought her the necklace. She got a very cute expression on her face.

For himself, he doesn't care about jewelry. All he wears is his mother's wedding ring, and that's been on his finger for 16 years.

He's careful to call himself, not an actor, but an entertainer. That's the old diffidence cropping out, plus pride. He'll claim nothing that's not freely granted. A shrewd operator in the business, whose words are few and to the point, heard of this foible. "So he ain't an actor," he snorted. "So he's only a genius."

PERFUME WEAVES A MAGIC SPELL

(*Continued from page 53*)

evening. But, instead, there are many new and exciting ways to use perfume that will mark you as something pretty special. When a gal is in a Humphrey-Bogart-leading-lady mood, she wants a provocative scent, with a definite lilt to emphasize her femininity. A perfume on the "heavy" side is her choice, something like an untamed fragrance. A few drops down her bosom, across her shoulders and around her ankles, will surround her with an air of naughty-but-nice charm.

And for that special time when hearts are gay? I nominate an intoxicating scent with a spicy tang, neither light or heavy, yet having a definite note . . . a heartbeat! A gay, lilting perfume, brushed across her lips and finger tips will make a girl feel that she's floating on clouds.

Then, too, there are times when a girl is off in a cloud of fantasy. A clinging floral bouquet, "a poetic dream," is exciting in the flight from the obvious. So, naturally, let's not be obvious in the use of perfume. A few drops behind the knees, trailed at the hairline framing the face, and on a cotton pellet tucked in the bra surround a charmer in an aura of romance.

When you're wearing that pastel sheer wool number with its ruffled neckline, you feel dainty as a Dresden shepherdess. Try a floral, gay and light perfume . . . a real April shower. It will become a particular pet of yours, I promise!

The secret of using perfume enchantingly is simply this: Not one heavy application in one place but many light ones, scattered. Suppose you're simply swoony about an irresistible perfume (I am). Then spray it directly on your skin, so that the warmth of your body releases the scent and sends it around you like a delicious cloud.

Herewith is an extra list of perfuming ways and means. (1) Start with your lingerie; spray undergarments after laundering. What could be more refreshing than to slip into a delicately perfumed slip? (2) Your dress should be pre-perfumed, too. If sprayed on an hour or two before wearing, you'll be sure of not being too heavily perfumed. (3) Wide sleeves, floating draperies, should leave a trail of perfume in their wake . . . and a perfume that says "follow me" would be grand. (4) Artificial flowers should smell like the original. (5) Gloves carry perfume well. (6) Every heroine of romance has perfumed hair. Men adore this siren touch, so don't neglect it! A few drops of perfume (or eau de cologne or toilet water) in the last rinse is a good idea. And don't forget eyebrows! (7) A drop on the blotter in the stationery box scents the paper.

When you know how, shopping for perfume is fun. Always try the perfume on your skin. The back of your hand will do. Taking a whiff out of the bottle is an untrue test because alcoholic gases form at the neck of the bottle. Too, sometimes the chemistry of the skin mixes with perfume (I know this even though I flunked Chemistry 3) and gives it a slightly different fragrance for each individual.

Once you collect your favorites, take care of them. Don't leave loosely stoppered perfume bottles on your dressing table. It may impress your girl friends, but perfume much prefers seclusion. Bright light is bad for it. Keep it in the cool dark. Keep it tightly stoppered. Never hoard perfume —enjoy it!

* * *

Drop me a note if any problems of skin-care, hair-do's, figure or general beauty routine are perplexing you. I'll shoot the answer back by return mail. Carol Carter, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.*

DREAM WALKING

(Continued from page 35)

"*Please,* Mr. Meiklejohn, isn't there some *tiny* little bit I can do?"

"Well, we're thinking things over. We've got some ideas."

She mightn't have cared so desperately if things hadn't started off with such a bang. Sometimes she wished they hadn't started at all. There she'd been, minding her own business, peacefully going to school and playing with Peter Merenblum's Junior Symphony Orchestra. She'd started playing at four. Mother taught music. At three, Dolly'd sit on the table and listen. Then she began picking out notes for herself. Later on she lost interest. But when she was about ten, she began to understand music and really to love it.

treading on air . . .

One day Virginia Ellis's mother phoned. Virginia was a violinist with the orchestra, and Paramount wanted her for an audition. Could Dolly go along to accompany?

Well, you can imagine! Being 13 and going to a movie studio for the first time!

"Now, darling, don't get excited," Mother said. "Remember you're just accompanying Virginia."

She tried to remember, but how can you remember anything when a man opens a door for you, and you look up, and it's Joel McCrea! And suddenly there's Susanna Foster, looking *so* beautiful! And after you finished playing for Virginia, somebody says, "Can you play a solo?" and you play a Chopin waltz, and they say, "We'll call you."

"That's what they *always* say," Mother warned her that evening, trying to calm her down. "It doesn't mean a thing."

A couple of weeks later she was awfully glad she hadn't told the girls. Because Mother'd been right. Nothing happened. Not for a month. Then they called her back. This time Mother went along. Dolly played and talked into a mike, and they asked if she knew Grieg's Concerto. No? Well, could she learn it?

"How long will you give her?" asked Mother.

"Two weeks."

Well, the story's been told and retold—how she went back and played the first movement of the Concerto, and one Saturday morning they finally signed her, and she raced home to tell Lois and everyone. And she worked in the picture, and Susanna Foster became her guardian angel; and when it was over, they were sent on this wonderful tour of the South together.

That was months and months ago. Now the bubble had burst, and the rainbow faded. Yes, she was still under contract—for all the good it did her. Nobody knew she existed.

But she *didn't* want to go back to the piano—not for a career—she *wanted* to act!

Dolly walked to the window—waited and watched the sky—and at last she saw it. Her lips moved:

"Starlight, starbright,
First star I see tonight—"

She wasn't really superstitious, but she always wished on the first star. This time it worked. Because a few days later, Johnny Del Valle, one of the publicity men, said, "I'm sick of seeing you around," and took her to Jules Schirmer, who said he'd use her in the next Aldrich picture.

But that wasn't all. Before they could get the Aldrich script read, Mr. Mayo of the talent department sent for her. "I've been thinking of you for 'The Major and the Minor.' Only Brackett and Wilder want a younger girl. You'll have to wear flat



Prevent chapping! with the famous cold weather lotion

Rich! Concentrated! Economical!

Once cold weather comes—thousands of women change to Original Campana Balm. For this is the lotion you can DEPEND on to help prevent chapping, soften your skin, protect your skin against winter weather. Original Campana Balm works quickly — gives *instant* relief for chapping. Cracked, smarting skins show wonderful improvement *overnight.*



The Original Campana Balm 25¢, 50¢ $1

BACK AGAIN! For some time, Original Balm has been unavailable because of war restrictions. Now it's back—unchanged—just when you need it most.



REDUCE SAFELY



- NO EXERCISE
- NO REDUCING DRUGS
- ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS

LOSE 3 to 5 lbs. a WEEK YET EAT PLENTY!

Follow The KELP-I-DINE Plan

Simply take a half teaspoonful of KELP-I-DINE with any meal (preferably at breakfast). EAT AS YOU USUALLY DO. DON'T CUT OUT fatty, starchy foods, just CUT DOWN on them. *That's all there is to it!*

Read This

USERS SAY "Doctor approved." "Makes one feel wonderful." "Lost 15 pounds in 5 weeks." "Feel so much better." "Lost 21 pounds in 4 weeks."

ONE MONTH'S SUPPLY

$1.00

AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS CO., M-11
871 Broad Street, Newark 2, N. J.

Enclosed find $1.00 for one month's supply of KELP-I-DINE to be sent to me postage prepaid. If not satisfied I may return unused portion and my $1.00 will be refunded.

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

NAME.....

☐ *Send C.O.D. Same refund privileges apply.*

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Get More Comfort For Standing Feet

With A Daily Ice-Mint Treat

Don't let tired, burning sensitive feet steal energy and make the hours seem longer. Just massage frosty white Ice-Mint on your feet and ankles *before* work to help keep them cool and comfortable . . . and *after* work to help perk them up for an evening of fun. No greasy feeling — won't stain socks or stockings. Grand, too, to help soften corns and callouses. Get Ice-Mint from your druggist today and get foot happy this easy way.

MAKE MONEY COLORING PHOTOS

Fascinating occupation quickly learned at home in spare time. Famous Koehne method brings out natural, life-like colors. Many earn while learning. Send today for free booklet and requirements.

NATIONAL ART SCHOOL
1315 Michigan Ave., Dept. 2361, Chicago 5



EASY TO LEARN

One of Best Ways to Curb Pain of Simple

PILES

Thousands who once did not know what to do for the tantalizing itch and pain caused by simple piles now rely on the Old Reliable — Sayman Salve. Containing not just one, but THREE well-known medicinal ingredients, this grand medicated ointment helps to soothe, cool and protect tender, irritated membranes, soften hardened parts, lubricate dry tissue. Acts as a comforting and palliative agent. Big 4-oz. Economy Size only 60c—regular 1½-oz. size 25c. All druggists.

SAYMAN SALVE

heels and lie about your age."

She'd have worn horns, if necessary. They tested her, they measured her up against Ginger Rogers for height. At last came those unbelievable words, "Guess she'll be all right."

overtime in heaven . . .

Those first days on the set whenever the business manager appeared, her heart would stop, waiting for him to come over, waiting for the words, "Sorry, we're replacing you." He never said them. All they did was change her name. Loehr was hard to pronounce, and Dolly sounded sort of childish. Her real name was Dolores, but nobody'd ever called her that.

The only bad thing about the picture was, it came to an end. "You're not going to cry," Diana told herself. But she couldn't help it, so she ducked into an empty dressing room that happened to be Ray Milland's, and bawled.

Well, there wasn't much to cry about after that—what with two Aldrich pictures, then "Miracle of Morgan's Creek," "And the Angels Sing." But by now she was fast becoming everybody's little sister—and Paramount had bought "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay."

So she started brooding again, but constructively this time. Jim Davies was her friend. He was also the studio masseur. Among others, he massaged Sheridan Gibney who was writing the screenplay. A little scheme shaped itself in Diana's head. She planted herself where she'd just happen casually to run into Jim Davies.

"Gosh, Jim, that's a wonderful book. Who d'you think's going to do it?"

"Would *you* like to?" grinned Jim.

So she stopped being subtle. "*Would* I!"

Jim was an angel, he drove Mr. Gibney crazy. With every whack and pummel, he'd say, "Why don't you try Diana Lynn?"

Every day she'd sneak up to whisper, "How's it going?"

He'd wink and whisper back, "I'm working on it."

One day he talked out loud. "Gibney wants to see you. He doesn't think you can do it, but he'll see you anyway."

She bought her first really sophisticated outfit—navy blue and white. "Too old," Mother said, which pleased Diana no end.

So first thing Mr. Gibney said was, "You're awfully young."

"I'm nearly 17—and getting older all the time," she pleaded.

"But you *look* so young."

"That's on account of the dress." Never did anyone do a backflip so fast. "It's a *very* young dress. I *can* look much older."

"Mhm. Well, we'll test you and see."

They tested lots of others, but she finally got it. And that seemed to do the trick. Because afterwards, without any prodding, they gave her the romantic lead in "Out of This World" and a dressing room on the set and star billing with Eddie Bracken.

She'll be 18 in October, and it was a thrill to graduate in cap and gown last June with her class at University High School.

The worst chore of her life is waking up mornings. Also, she belongs to the cheerful - at - breakfast - nasty - before - dinner school. Mother says, "What happened at the studio?" and she won't talk.

In many ways, she's a trial round the house. Mother and Dad spend their life saying: "Turn that radio lower." Then Mother can't stand disorder. So you might know she'd have a daughter like Diana, who strews clothes all over the room and says, "I'll pick 'em up later." Also loses things in a steady stream—keys, scarves, scripts, anything that's not nailed down.

Besides wishing on a star, her only other superstition is not singing before breakfast or you'll cry before dinner. Blue's her favorite color. She likes jewelry, but forgets

For Good Reading—

DELL BOOKS

A New Line of Handy-Sized 25c Books

Full Length Reprints of Famous Titles Selected by the Editors of America's Foremost Detective Magazines.

THRILLS! ROMANCE! MYSTERY! JUST OUT!

SCOTLAND YARD
Department of Queer Complaints
by Carter Dickson

A TALENT FOR MURDER
by Anna Mary Wells

HIDDEN WAYS
by Frederic F. Van de Water

JULIET DIES TWICE
by Lange Lewis

ON SALE EVERYWHERE - - 25c EACH

FREE



Beautiful Sample Enlargement, also a De Luxe Studio Folder—both absolutely free. Just send this ad with any photo. Enclose only 10c for mailing. Canada also. Two of Tinted sent C. O. D. for only 58c plus post. Negs. 45c
New York Art Service, 200 W. 72 St., N. Y. C.



SORORITY and FRATERNITY PINS

Also Club Pins and Emblems. Artistic designs. Finest quality. Reasonable prices from 55c up. Write for illustrated catalog.
Dept. Z, Metal Arts Co., Rochester 5, N. Y.

SONG POEMS WANTED

We want song poems and lyrics on all subjects. We offer the services of a noted Hollywood motion picture composer and arranger. Send your poem today for our consideration and liberal offer.

HOLLYWOOD MELODIES
P. O. Box 2168H Hollywood 28, Calif.

What is Wrong When Prayer Fails?

The prayers of the most worthy people often fail. Why? The unworthy often have the greatest health, success, riches and happiness. The best, smartest, and most industrious people often have only pain, poverty and sorrow. Why? Thirty years ago, in Forbidden Tibet, behind the highest mountains in the world, a young Englishman found the answers to these questions. His eyes were opened by the strangest mystic he met during his twenty-one years of travels in the Far East. Sick then, he regained health. Poor then, he acquired wealth and world-wide professional honors. He wants to tell the whole world what he learned, and offers to send a 9,000-word treatise, FREE, to everyone who asks promptly. It is a first step to the Power that Knowledge gives. No obligation. Write for your FREE copy today.

INSTITUTE of MENTALPHYSICS, Dept. M-739
213 South Hobart Blvd., Los Angeles 4, Calif.

to put it on. Her real passion's perfume—the wickeder, the better.

There are two types of people she can get along without—(1) athletic, (2) sweet-and-lovely. On vacations, the athletics get you up at 6 AM and say, "Let's go riding." No sooner are you back than they say, "Let's go swimming." She'd rather lie in and sun and bake. The sweet-and-lovelies she doesn't trust. They mostly turn out to be terrible characters.

The first time she steps out with a new dancing partner, she gets stiff and embarrassed. Till she's sure she can follow, no matter how madly he whips round the floor, then it's wonderful. She doesn't hate night clubs. Because you can't be normal and 17 and hate night clubs. Diana's not blasé, and hopes she never will be. Night clubs are beautiful, and they're fun. She's not permitted to drink, and doesn't think she would if she were.

She's a sucker for tear-jerkers and good musicals—never misses Ingrid Bergman or Vivien Leigh or Judy Garland—her folks don't flatter her about her own pictures.

Two years ago they built a house in View Park. It's Mother and Dad's house, not Diana's—much closer to Dad's work with an oil supply company than it is to the studio. She's the daughter in her parents' house, same as she's always been. That's how they wanted it. She contributes something toward upkeep—which is only fair—and buys her own clothes. That's all. Fifty percent of her earnings go straight into War Bonds.

Say, now that dream's *talking!*

A XMAS SHE'LL NEVER FORGET

(*Continued from page 25*)

forgetting all about it for the minute. But there it was, poking out from under the pillow and making a liar of her.

Auntie didn't say a word, just looked at her as if she were terribly disappointed. June felt *so* ashamed. Auntie just said: "I'm sorry, June. I'm afraid your mother'll have to know about this," and went out with the picture.

It wasn't that June minded Mother's knowing. But suddenly she felt that she *had* to tell her herself. She could tell Mother anything. She could explain how it happened. The words wouldn't choke her. Loneliness for Mother rose and engulfed her, dissolved the lump in her throat to blinding tears. "I want my mother," she sobbed, fumbling with buttons, wiping her eyes clear with the back of her hand—"I have to find my mother."

June rubbed her aching eyes. It certainly didn't pay to be bad. All it got you was misery. The way she felt now reminded her of that other awful time when she stole ten cents. Mostly she hated thinking about it, shoved the memory deep down to the bottom of her mind. Now it gave her comfort to remember how darling Mother had been—

It happened soon after Christmas. Less than a year ago, but it seemed like ages because everything had changed so. The dime had been sitting on the dresser for three days. Every morning June was given her lunch money—enough for milk and a sandwich. The other kids always had candy money too, but not June. Mother couldn't afford it. She didn't make much, working on those printing machines. June had promised never to spend her money for candy—

But, golly, how her mouth watered! Standing on line, watching the other kids buy it, she thought sometimes she'd die if she couldn't have a piece of candy. And suddenly, there sat the dime on the dresser. Of course it wasn't hers, and of course she wouldn't take it. Next day it was still there. Maybe it didn't belong to anyone, maybe it was an orphan that nobody wanted. June's hand went out and drew back again, shocked. Of course she could *ask* whose dime it was. But as long as she didn't ask, there was still a chance—

At school next day she kept praying that the dime would be gone—so she could stop thinking about it, stop seeing visions of chocolate and licorice sticks. But when she got home, the dime was still there, glittering. For a moment she stood irresolute—

"I'll take it and pay it back," she thought, knowing perfectly well that there wasn't any place in the whole wide world where she could get ten cents. But she took it anyway, and bought candy—the kind you got ten for a penny—and it tasted so good and made her so miserable that she wanted to go off somewhere and howl like a wolf.

Between candy and wretchedness, she couldn't eat supper. Granny didn't mention the dime, so it must have been Mother's. Mother wasn't home yet. She never got home till late, and Granny kept her supper hot. June went in and sat down on the bed. After a while, Mother came in.

"What's wrong, honey?"

"Nothing—"

"Want to go for a walk?"

But June didn't want to go walking tonight. "Feel sick, baby?" June shook her head. "Well, never mind. When you're ready to tell me about it, you can—"

"Mummy, mummy," she wailed, and the arms came round and held her, and the hand stroked her hair back from her damp forehead, and the story came out—

"All right, Junie, stop crying now. There's no sense in my telling you it was wrong, because you know it yourself. And you won't do it again—"

"But I can't pay you back, mummy—" Suddenly, the tearstreaked face lifted, and a brilliant idea washed out half its woe. She slipped off the bed and opened the dresser drawer, where her white silk blouse still lay in its tissue paper. "I haven't worn it yet, mummy. Maybe they'll give you the money back."

For one horrified moment, she thought Mother was going to cry. But June must have been mistaken. Because her face smoothed out, and she said, "Keep it—"

"I don't *want* to keep it. It wouldn't even make me feel good any more to *have* it—"

"All right, here's what we'll do. I'll keep it till you've done something special, then I'll give it you as a present all over again—"

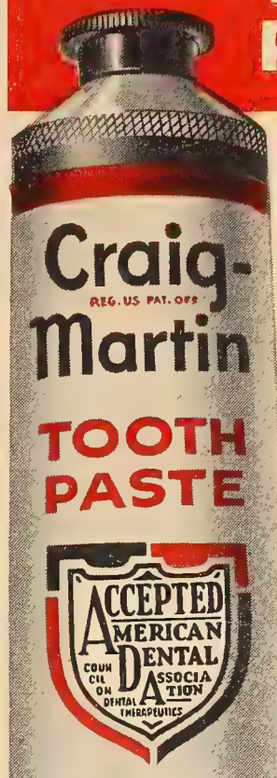
She thought nothing could ever make her feel worse than that dime. Till one day when the whole world went black—

Coming home from school that day. Thinking how nice to have Mother home, only wishing it were for a different reason. Granny'd gone to the hospital for two weeks with a bad leg, and June had been marking the days off on the calendar. Marking Granny home and Mother away. Why couldn't she have them both, the way other girls did—?

The kid from next door came down the street. "Your grandmother's dead—"

June stood still for a moment. What a horrible thing to say! Of course it wasn't true, but how could anyone tell such a horrible lie! She kept looking at the kid, who started backing away. June's heart, that had seemed to stop, started pounding. It couldn't be true. She flew toward the

SAVE MONEY! use Craig-Martin TOOTH PASTE



Cleans Teeth with Efficiency

Polishes Teeth with Safety

....No other dentifrice can honestly claim MORE!

ASK YOUR DENTIST

Millions of tubes used in American homes and millions more by the men and women of our armed forces.

GIANT 25¢ TUBE SHOWN FULL SIZE Sold at 5¢ and 10¢ Stores

WHY QUALITY COSTS LESS

Thanks to modern science, 5c or 10c buys you a better toilet soap than grandma's 25c to 50c best. Thank science, too, for a safe, refreshing tooth paste compounded with magnesium hydroxide, the active ingredient in Milk of Magnesia, at Craig-Martin's amazingly low prices. See the giant 25c tube pictured above and the bargain 10c tube at leading 5c and 10c stores—equal values in Craig-Martin Tooth Powder. Mail coupon today for FREE brushing chart that shows you how to clean teeth efficiently.

COMFORT MFG. COMPANY
500 S. Throop St., Chicago 7, Ill. (3)
Rush me FREE chart showing efficient tooth-brushing method.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone....State.....
PRINT PLAINLY

YES, YOU CAN HAVE LOVELY
Curves



Don't let your life be spoiled by shame or embarrassment over a flat, undeveloped or sagging form. Help develop a glamorous, alluring contour of high youthful rounded fullness! Tested, proven, easy-to-use methods given in the wonderful, scientifically authentic book, "Approved Methods for Care and Development of the Form." Experience the thrilling joys of having your contour appear shapely, rounded, romantically beautiful. Proven successful by thousands of women. Lifetime results, safely, easily, positively. If not satisfied, return within 10 days and money will be refunded.

SEND NO MONEY!

Benefit by this extraordinary reduction. Formerly more than DOUBLE this price. Now only $1.00. Order now C. O. D. plus postage; Pay postman on arrival. To save Postage send $1.00 with order, and we ship prepaid in plain wrapper.

NOW ONLY $1.00

NEVER BEFORE SO GREATLY REDUCED!

SUCCESS STUDIOS • BALTO., MD., BOX 895-N



MATCHED BRIDAL PAIR $5.95 EACH OR BOTH FOR $9.95

GENUINE DIAMOND RINGS

Just to get acquainted we will send you smart, new 10K yellow gold engagement ring or wedding ring. Romance design engagement ring set with flashing, Rose cut diamond solitaire in sentimental, sweetheart mounting. Wedding ring is deeply embossed, 10K yellow gold, set with 3 genuine chip Diamonds. Either ring only $5.95 or both for $9.95 plus postage and 20% Federal tax. SEND NO MONEY with order, just name and ring size. Pay on arrival, then wear rings 10 days on money-back guarantee Rush order now!

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 743-DS, Jefferson, Iowa

Earn $30 a week

AS A TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSE!



Practical nurses are always needed! Learn at home in your spare time as thousands of men and women—18 to 60 years of age—have done through Chicago School of Nursing. Easy-to-understand lessons, endorsed by physicians. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Nurse Cromer, of Iowa, runs her own nursing home. Others earn $2.50 to $5.00 a day in private practice.

YOU CAN EARN WHILE YOU LEARN!

Mrs. B. C., of Texas, earned $474.25 while taking course. Mrs. S. E. P. started on her first case after her 7th lesson; in 14 months she earned $1900! You, too, can earn good money, make new friends. High school not necessary. Equipment included. Easy payments. Trial plan. 46th year. Send coupon now!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 231, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name_____ Age_____

City_____ State_____

WHY DON'T YOU WRITE?

Writing short stories, articles on business, homemaking, decorating, local, club and church activities, etc., will enable you to earn extra money. In your own home, on your own time, the New York Copy Desk Method teaches you how to write—the way newspaper men learn, by writing. Our unique "Writing Aptitude Test" tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities essential to successful writing. You'll enjoy this test. Write for it, without cost or obligation.

NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
Suite 571-A, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Barbara Bruce Recommends...

Be as BLONDE as You Please!

LIGHTER, FINER BEAUTY.. Overnight!



Lighten your hair to the most flattering and glamorous Blonde Shade! So easy—economical—just shampoo with Lechler's "569" Hair Lightener. NO fuss—NO bother—NO brush application. PIN A DOLLAR BILL to this "ad"—sent by return mail in plain wrapper.

HOUSE OF LECHLER, Dept. 331
560 Broadway, New York 12, N. Y.

★ HOUSE OF LECHLER ★

house. Mother opened the door, and she saw the truth written in Mother's face—

All that day and next, June stayed in her room with the door locked. They rattled the knob, they begged her to come out. Once she heard Mother's voice—

Someone said, "But you've *got* to get the child out. She hasn't had a mouthful of food since yesterday—"

Mother said, "Evidently she needs to be alone more than she needs food."

You never had to tell Mother anything. She knew without telling. It was as though June weren't a girl any more, but just one big hurt. Never to hear Granny laugh again, never to see her—that was the awful thought she couldn't bear. It lurked like some monster, ready to claw her apart. She lay there, trying with all her might to shut out the monster

She'd never said Granny's name to anyone since—not even to Mother. She'd never stopped being lonely inside. If she could have lived with Mother, it might have been different. Not that she didn't like Auntie and the girls—she just couldn't be happy, not living with Mother. She'd even been mean about it at first. Did being unhappy make people mean? she wondered.

"Darling," Mother had said, "I can't afford to pay someone to stay with you."

"I don't *need* to be stayed with. I'm eleven years old. I'll just wait there till you get home from work—"

"But I'd worry, Junie. I'd sit there all day and worry, and you wouldn't want that. It'll be lovely at Auntie's. You'll have fun with the girls, and you'll be helping me. I've got to know you're safe—"

They'd been over and over the argument, and June had lost. She wasn't very nice about. On the train to Long Island, she cut Mother pretty short—

"Oh, *I'll* be all right, don't worry about *me*, I'll be fine—"

She said good by very coldly. "Well, g'by," she said, just like that. Mother'd hurt her, so she wanted to hurt back. And the minute the door closed, she'd have given anything just to be in Mother's arms. It taught her a lesson that lots of people don't learn till they're much older. Turning her soaked pillow that night, she thought: "When you hurt somebody you love, you're just hurting yourself."

She looked out the window. Still teeming. Getting darker and darker, too. Well, never mind. It didn't matter now. She knew what she had to do. Go back. Mother certainly wouldn't like her acting this way. Neither would Granny—

Besides, it was mostly her own fault. Auntie'd always been kind. But June had come with a chip on her shoulder that never quite fell off. Guessed she was jealous, too. The girls—all three of them—were pretty and cute and popular with the boys. June was little and skinny and no boy ever looked at her twice. She had to be *some*thing, so she studied like mad, and was very smart in school. Which made her stuck up. *She* was nobody's angel—

But mostly, it was missing Mother. Missing Mother was like a stone inside her heart—

As the small drenched figure dragged itself back up the steps, the door opened—

"Mummy, Mummy, how did you get here?"

"Auntie phoned me at the plant. She was worried—"

"Oh, Mummy, I didn't mean to be bad—"

"I know, darling. Auntie understands too. We've decided a girl needs her mother more than anything else. So I'm taking you home with me—"

They went home that night because Mother had to work next day. Home to the little cold-water flat—one room and a kitchen—but it looked like heaven. The room has a sofa and a pull-out bed. Mother wanted June to take the bed, but she said nothing doing. "I won't sleep anyhow. I'm too bursting with happiness." Next thing she knew, the sun was waking her up. The neighbors were lovely. "Don't worry," they told Mother. "We'll look after her till you get home." As if she needed looking after—a great girl of twelve—

Four o'clock. Mother'd be home soon—they got off early Christmas Eve. June opened the oven door and took out the cake. It didn't look so hot—

The cake was her Christmas gift to Mother. She got the idea out of a magazine. "YOUR MOTHER'S ALWAYS BAKING YOU COOKIES," said the ad. "WHY DON'T YOU MAKE HER SOME CHRISTMAS COOKIES FOR A CHANGE?"

"A cake!" thought June. "That's what I'll bake her—"

She got the recipe from a cookbook, and the ingredients from a neighbor lady. The lady had offered to lend her some money for a present, but June had been taught never to borrow money. Ingredients were different.

She'd done everything the book said—stuck straw in the cake and walked gently, so it wouldn't fall. But it fell anyhow.

Never mind, Mother'd like it anyway. She got the matchbox out, lighted the matches, burned them down to the end, and arranged them on the cake to read "MERRY CHRISTMAS." Some of them crumpled, but the effect was okay—especially if you didn't stand too close.

Mother made a great fuss over the cake—even cried a little. She'd brought home a tiny table-tree. They didn't have any balls to tie on, but it looked nice with the cake sitting under it, and June's present all done up in Christmas ribbons.

They had supper, with the cake between them. "May I help you to some of this delicious dessert?" asked Mother.

"Who do you think you're kidding?" crowed June.

After supper, she opened her present. A beautiful pink hair-bow! "Golly!" breathed June in front of the mirror. "I'd almost look pretty—if I had another face."

"Your face suits me." That's what Mother always said.

Now Mother was in the big chair, June on a hassock at her feet. The lights were out, and Granny's little radio was playing Christmas carols.

Last year Granny'd been listening with them. And suddenly it came to June that for the first time since Granny'd died, it was easy to think about her. Not only easy, but sweet. Against Mother's knee, June whispered: "That's Granny's favorite carol. D'you think maybe she's here, listening with us?"

"Could be," said Mother. "Especially if you don't keep her out, Junie."

She looked up, wondering. "How do you mean, keep her out?"

"By not talking or thinking about her. Remember how she loved you, dear, instead of trying to forget, and she'll always be close."

The room was quiet for a long time after that. Till June laid her cheek against her mother's hand. "You just gave me the loveliest Christmas present," she said. "Better than a million hair-bows."

June's looking forward to Christmas of '45. She's saving to buy her mother a mink coat, and by then she'll have enough.

"Let's take a walk," she'll say, and Mother'll go to the closet for her coat.

She'll probably stand in the closet, crying, and June'll have to go in for her.

"Come on, Mummy," she'll say. "We're not sticking *this* cake in the garbage can." and there'll be the mink with a big sign on it in matchsticks: "MERRY CHRISTMAS TO MUMMY."

"IF HE WERE SINGLE . . !"

(Continued from page 44)

else, they knew Hopper. So when Walter got in, he called me.

"You're an answer to a prayer," I told him. "I'm about to throw a housewarming. Will you come and sing?"

"What time?"

"Well, the invitations read from four to four."

In New York we'd been agreeable, but rather casual, acquaintances. Before that party was over, we became firm friends. He had two qualities that never fail to bowl me over—generosity and a divine sense of humor. The generosity came through in his singing. His voice was then at its beautiful best, and nothing was too much. "Just tell me when to begin and when to stop." At 4:30 P.M. he was singing, and at 3:30 in the morning he sang "Good-by."

So Walter became one of the gang, and his marriage to Ruth made everything perfect. On the subject of Ruth Pidgeon, I'm likely to go off the deep end. She's one of those rare people who combine sweetness and strength in just the right balance. I doubt if any woman in Hollywood's better loved. Walter himself summed it up when he said: "If you're not crazy about Ruth, you're crazy."

The funniest thing was the way she refurnished the house, piece by piece. Like most men, Walter has a mania for durable stuff. If it wears like iron, it's beautiful. Unless it's made to outlive him, it's junk. So you can imagine the effect—heavy, solid, dark—not to say depressing.

he'll never forget . . .

Well, Ruth's a tactful person. Instead of making a clean sweep, she'd kind of sneak up on him every once in a while with a chintz-covered chair or a lovely antique. At first he squawked. Then he began to like it. But her great triumph came when he kindly allowed her to re-cover the davenport that's the light of his life. Made to order it was, long enough for him to stretch out on and covered with something guaranteed through eternity. But don't think the original fabric isn't still there, under the chintz. "We may go broke some day," says he, "and be glad to have it."

Actually, he's sentimental about it because it's served him well. He'd no more get rid of it than he would of an old dog. Loyal, that's Walter. He's lived in the same house for fifteen years. Keeps the same friends. Goes round about once a week to pay his respects to Elsie Janis, who doesn't get out much. Sits in the garden and regales her with the town gossip.

When Walter says, "I'm the luckiest guy in the world," he means just that. When he says, "Except for the breaks, I'd be a floorwalker at Bullock's," he's not being smart or trying to make an impression. He'll say it not only to you, but to Louis B. Mayer.

For instance, he didn't want to play Parkington. "It needs an actor," he told L. B. "Someone dynamic and vital like Ward Bond. I've never acted *anything*. I

YOU GET: ONE AUTOGRAPH

You give: One two bit piece. You're responsible for: A coupla trillion good deeds. Page 10 tells you all about it.

FREE! ENLARGEMENT OF YOUR FAVORITE PHOTO





JUST TO GET ACQUAINTED! WE WILL MAKE YOU A BEAUTIFUL 5 x 7 ENLARGEMENT OF ANY SNAPSHOT, PHOTO, OR NEGATIVE ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Be sure to include color of hair, eyes and clothing, and get Our Bargain Offer for having your enlargement beautifully hand colored in oil and mounted in a handsome frame. Limit 2 to a customer. Please enclose 10c each for handling and mailing the enlargements. Originals returned. Be sure to include all information. Act Now!

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS • 7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.

MAIL TODAY

LOOK THRU YOUR ALBUM SELECT YOUR FAVORITE SNAPSHOTS

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. 521

7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.

Enclosed find_____ snapshot or negative. (specify number, limit 2)

Please make_____ free enlargements. (specify number, limit 2)

Handling and Mailing charge of 10c each is enclosed

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zone

Fill out description below. Mark back of picture 1 & 2

COLOR - Picture No. 1

Hair_____

Eyes_____

Clothing_____

COLOR - Picture No. 2

Hair_____

Eyes_____

Clothing_____

Men like it, too!

QUEST

All-purpose DEODORANT

A most effective powder, for body odors, for foot comfort.

MORE CARRIERS

MORE SHIPS

MORE TANKS

AMERICA NEEDS

MORE PLANES

MORE OF EVERYTHING TO BEAT THE JAPS

BUY YOUR 6TH WAR LOAN BONDS

At Your Favorite Motion Picture Theatre TONIGHT!

NEW *Beautiful* TRUE-LOVE BRACELET



Sterling Silver



Everyone who sees this rich, solid Sterling Silver, seven-inch Bracelet in the exquisite, True-Love, Heart-Link design, immediately wants one. Each link has floral design and heart suitable for engraving initials of loved ones and friends. Safety Clasp. Ten links. The bracelet of love and romance. The newest style from New York to Hollywood.

$2.95 TEN DAYS TRIAL

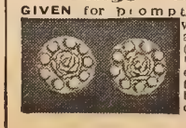


Send No Money

Wear on 10 Days' Money-back guarantee. Just send us your name and address Your package sent immediately and you pay postman only $2.95 plus a few cents mailing cost and 20% Federal tax, on arrival This bracelet becomes more attractive and sentimental the longer it is worn.

Perfume Earrings GIVEN

GIVEN for promptness if you send your order immediately, NEW, exotic (screw type) perfume earrings that exude delicate perfume and come in bright flower colors.



EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 19-BP, Jefferson, Iowa



FOR
CHRISTMAS SHOPPING
LEATHERLYKE SHOPPING BAGS 5c
HEAVY LUG SHOPPING BAGS.. 10c
BASKETLYKE CARRIERS 10c
DEUBENER'S
"AMERICA'S STANDARD"
SHOPPING BAGS
INDIANAPOLIS · ST. PAUL

BE A NURSE
LEARN QUICKLY, EASILY AT HOME



Splendid income, new social contacts, and the satisfaction of serving humanity can be yours as a Trained Practical Nurse. Ages 18 to 60. High School not necessary. Training plan welcomed by physicians. Prepare in spare time. Many earn while learning. Nurse's Outfit and placement service included FREE of extra cost. Write now for facts and fascinating FREE sample lesson pages.
WAYNE SCHOOL of PRACTICAL NURSING, Inc.
2301 N. Wayne Ave., Dept. K-5, Chicago 14, Illinois

"Birthstone Ring" GIVEN





Mail us $1.05 and we will send you 4 boxes of ROSEBUD Salve (25c size) and will include with salve this lovely Solid Sterling Silver Birthstone Ring, your size and month. You can sell the 4 salve and get back your $1.00. The 5c extra is for U.S. Sales Tax on ring, so make remittance $1.05.
ROSEBUD PERFUME CO, Box 78, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.

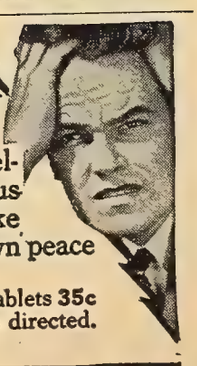
STAMMER?
GET THIS FREE BOOK!
This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 44 years. Benj. N. Bogue, Dept. 2267, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.



New ENLARGEMENT
3¢ STAMP
Just to get acquainted, we will beautifully enlarge your favorite snapshot, photo, Kodak picture, print or negative to 5x7 inches, if you enclose this ad with a 3c stamp for return mailing. Please include color of hair and eyes and get our new Bargain Offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike colors and sent on approval. Your original returned with your enlargement. Send today.
DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1021 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa



TENSE NERVES
Don't Let Them Come Between You



Tense nerves can make you Cranky and Quarrelsome, Restless and Wakeful. Can give you Nervous Headache and Nervous Indigestion. For the sake of your family and your friends, as well as for your own peace of mind, try DR. MILES NERVINE.
Get Dr. Miles Nervine, liquid 25c and $1.00 or effervescent tablets 35c and 75c at your Drug Store. Read directions and use only as directed.
Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.
DR. MILES NERVINE

feel a part, and it plays itself—"

"What about Curie?"

"Same thing. I felt it. This I don't feel. I don't want to gum up a swell script with a phony performance."

It was Tay Garnett who convinced him. Put him into period clothes and fixed him up with a moustache. Made him *look* like Parkington, so he could *feel* like him.

in the kitchen with dagmar . . .

His charm of manner's inbred. He has the faculty of making every woman feel she's a queen. I had a Swedish cook whom he treated with the same courtesy as he treated me. Never did he eat a meal at my house without going to the kitchen to compliment Dagmar on her cooking And Dagmar worshipped him. If anyone had taken a crack at Walter in her hearing, I believe she'd have knocked him down. Whenever we gave a party, Dagmar'd ask, "Is Mr. Pidgeon coming?" I'd say no, and her face would fall. I'd say yes, and she'd get busy fixing date-and-nut bread sandwiches, spread with sweet butter and cream cheese. The minute Walter arrived, Dagmar'd bring him this plate, and he'd clean it. Didn't dare pass it around, she'd have been heartbroken. If any of my other guests liked date-and-nut sandwiches, they were just out of luck.

Ruth loathes cooking and makes no bones about it. She'd rather wash dishes for twenty than cook for two. Like everyone else, they've been having help trouble. Ruth'll mop floors and scrub bathrooms till she drops, if only Walter'll take her out to dinner. By the same token, it's he who hires the cook.

He's a crank about food, especially soups and desserts, so his hiring routine goes something like this. "Can you make good soups? Good lemon tarts? Crêpes suzette? Chocolate soufflé?" The man says yes, and he's hired. After four or five days, they discover he doesn't know crêpes suzette from flannel-cakes, so Walter tells him good-by and starts all over again.

He drinks nothing but wine, and on wines he's a connoisseur. Thinks all this to-do about imported stuff is nonsense. Get Walter started on the subject of California wines, and you've got a poet. We were having supper there one night. The food was served on bridge tables, and Walter was circulating among his guests.

Sir Charles Mendl took a sip of burgundy. "Hmmm. Putting on the dog just a bit, aren't you, Walter?"

"Nothing's too good for my friends," says Pidgeon.

"Where in the wide world do you *get* this kind of precious stuff in wartime?"

"Oh—just a little thing I picked up," says Pidgeon.

He got us good and steamed up, then dropped his little bomb. "It's a California wine. Put up by the Simi Wineries. Twelve dollars a case." That left us just where he wanted us—with our jaws down.

Then nothing would do but each of us must take a bottle home. He's got a special gift for giving—makes you feel as if *you* were doing *him* the favor. And I don't believe he's ever presented a gift that he hasn't shopped for himself. "Doesn't mean much," he says, "if your secretary picks it, and all you do is sign the check." If he's on a picture, he goes shopping Thursday nights when the stores are open. I know it took him months last year to track down a set of Mason's Ironware dinner plates for Ruth. This year he gave her a gorgeous ruby ring, and *that's* a funny story.

He couldn't make up his mind as between two of them, so he brought them home and showed them to her. "I want to give Pidge a ring for Christmas. Which do you like best?"

"This one," she said. "There's no comparison." A few days later she asked him which he'd bought. He told her the other one.

"Well, what's the use of asking my advice, if you don't take it?"

That gave the whole thing an extra bang for Walter—watching her face as she opened the box on her birthday and found the ring she'd picked. That's all the bang he wants. Hates to be thanked. When Ruth showed me the ring, he got embarrassed, tried to hide behind a crack. "Only trouble with giving your wife jewelry, you have to insure it, and she knows how much it costs."

For reasons not clear to me, people think of Walter as a man-about-town. Because he looks the part, I suppose. Actually, if he stuck any closer to home, you'd have to *pry* him loose. He's an easy man to have round the house. Never loses his temper, says Ruth, except with himself. I was on the phone one day, when his voice came through, clear as a bell. "You *stupid* so-and-so—!"

"Who's he talking to?" I asked.

"Himself. Second time this morning he tripped over the telephone cord."

The garden's come to be a mania with him. Don't get started on gardens with Pidgeon unless you really care.

It was Ruth who got him interested, but she's satisfied now to leave him holding the bag. Except when he starts out with a saw or a pair of clippers. Then she hangs around.

And if you want to know why he's limping right now, ask Hopper. I was there, sunning myself on the lawn with Ruth. Walter'd climbed the big orange tree to pick fruit off the top branches, when he struck a beehive. You should have seen him—our dignified Professor Curie—doing the fastest slide down that tree in his garden shorts, rolling over on the grass, then hobbling in to phone his mother.

"What in thunder did we use that time I got stung by wasps?"

"Soda-paste—"

In no minutes flat, Ruth and I were in the kitchen, mixing soda-paste. That was two weeks ago, and he's *still* limping.

Between pictures, he's in that garden all day long, except for a fast game of tennis at noon. Golf bores him to tears. What he likes is to play hard for an hour and a half, take a shower and forget it. If he's not in the garden, you'll find him in the patio, shining the family's shoes. Oh sure, they can afford to have their shoes shined, but look what Walter would miss. He'd rather handle leather than diamonds. "Nothing's more beautiful," moons Walter, "than a riding boot. Dark mahogany where



"Your attitude about CRAMPS is exasperating!"

"Why don't you do something about that monthly functional pain? You could try Chi-Ches-Ters Pills. They work wonders for thousands of women!"

Chi-Ches-Ters do more than merely deaden simple menstrual pain. One ingredient tends to help relax muscular tension usually associated with periodic pain. An iron factor tends to help build up your blood. Best results are usually obtained if you begin taking Chi-Ches-Ters three days before your period. Get a 50¢ box from your druggist today.

CHI-CHES-TERS PILLS

For relief from "periodic functional distress"

LOVE FRIENDSHIP CHARM BRACELET

Latest rage of Hollywood. Graceful charms on golden chain—8 tiny images of delight—love heart, horseshoe, 4-leaf clover, hand, key, etc. (emblems of true love, friendship). You'll cherish it! **49c**

10 DAY TRIAL — Money Back Guarantee. Send name, address. Pay postman only 49c plus postage and tax, or mail 60c in cash or stamps, and we pay postage and tax.

International Diamond Co.
2251 Calumet Ave., Dept. AN12, Chicago 16, Ill.

Do YOU Need More SHAPELY CURVES?



If you are too skinny, flat and run down, you can use this safe way to gain attractive pounds and friends and make yourself more desirable. Take Wakita 711 Compound. Full easy directions are on your package. Also eat plenty of good nourishing food. 711 Compound is a special formula for skinny women. It is an excellent hematinic and stimulates the gastric juices for skinny women. Increase your appetite with this special formula and then let your mirror be the best proof. Use it until you are completely satisfied. Write now. Just send your name and address. Pay only $1 plus postage on delivery or mail a dollar and save postage. Write today. You must be absolutely satisfied or your money back!

Wakita, Dept. 33-A, Box 22, Station Y, Bklyn 4, N. Y.

"Before and After"

Read this new book about Plastic Reconstruction. Tells how easy it is for noses to be shaped—protruding ears, thick lips, wrinkles, and signs of age corrected. Also cleft palate, hare-lip and pendulous breasts. Plastic Surgery explained. Elaborate illustrations.

125 pages. Only 25c — mail coin or stamps. Glenrville Publishers 60 East 42nd St., Dept. BB, New York 17, N. Y.

CRO-PAX for CORNS



AT ALL 10¢ STORES

FOREST CITY PRODUCTS, INC., CLEVELAND, OHIO

the sweat comes off the horse, blending into light. Well, he can't ride now—not having the gas to get to Griffith Park—so his boots stand in the closet, and he shines shoes instead. His own take longest. He's got the biggest feet in the world, outside my son's. Bill's 6'4, and very conscious of his feet.

"Tell him not to be," says Walter. "When he's full grown, they'll shrink."

"If he's not full grown at 6'4, God help him. Anyway, what do you mean, they'll shrink?"

"The boy needs encouragement, doesn't he? Just tell him they'll shrink."

He and Ruth spend nine out of ten evenings reading or playing backgammon.

However, if you *do* want to get Walter out, promise him music. Especially vocal music. He won't sing any more himself, except in the bathtub or for a few friends. But to *hear* good singing, he'll turn out in the middle of the night.

That's what happened one evening. I'd gone to a concert with them. Walter was driving me home, but we stopped at their house to drop Ruth, who was feeling tired. On the phone pad was a message from Irene Manning. "We're having some wonderful music. Come on over."

Ruth, being tired, decided she wouldn't. Me, I'm always ready to go. Irene's house was in one of those hillside hideouts, that you can't unearth in the daytime without a road map, much less at night. It was after one before we found it. As we started up the steps, we heard this singing.

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

We'll grab all you can spare and for as many 25c pieces as you send, that's how many star autographed NAA emblemed cards you'll get. Turn to page 10.

Walter stopped in his tracks. "For the love of Mike! Did we come out to hear *gramo*phone records?"

"What makes you think it's a record?"

"Because I've heard every tenor since 1910 but Caruso, and there *is* no such voice outside a gramophone record."

Well, we went on in, and the voice was coming from a *throat*. Walter looked dazed for a second. After that, nothing mattered but what he was listening to.

Later, we met the young man. Mario Lanza, 23, an Army corporal. He'd debuted with Koussevitzky at the Berkshire festival before entering the service. Walter couldn't keep his eyes off the kid.

"Will he sing again?"

"Give him a break He's just finished four songs."

"I'll hang around all night if there's any chance of hearing him again—"

We hung around till 4:30 and got our money's worth—three big arias, including "Pagliacci," and a little song of Tosti's to wind up with. I've never seen Walter so excited. All the way back to my house, he kept on raving. "Most beautiful bel canto I've ever heard—that dark velvety lusciousness—that terrific color—did you hear him soar up to B natural, and come down? —Mark my words, Hedda, *there's* going to be the great tenor of the century."

That's been going on ever since. To anyone who'll listen.

One thing he's bad about—names. Can't remember them to save his life, so he's given up trying. Calls all the boys Joe, and all the girls Darling. They reciprocate. I've even seen his name on a studio call-sheet as Joe. "Joe Pidgeon. 8 o'clock in Makeup." I've never seen him written down yet as Darling Pidgeon. But he's that, too

REDUCE QUICKLY—SAFELY



LOSE 3-5 lbs. A WEEK!

NO DRUGS
NO EXERCISE
EAT PLENTY
ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS

New NA-TABS 21-day Reducing Plan. Eat as you usually do, but sensibly. **DON'T CUT OUT** fat, starchy foods, just **CUT DOWN** on them. Take 1 tablet (rich in vitamins and minerals) with every meal. Lose weight naturally. Never suffer a single hungry moment.

Guaranteed 21 Day Plan

63 TABLETS $1

MAIL COUPON

O. B. C. HEALTH AIDS COMPANY
2 Smith Street, Elizabeth 4, N. J.

Enclosed find $1 for 21-day NA-TABS reducing plan to be sent to me postage prepaid. If not satisfied, I may return unused portion and my $1 will be refunded (c. o. d. orders accepted. Same guarantee.)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... M O -2

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE



WEDDING AND ENGAGEMENT RING BARGAIN

TEN DAYS' TRIAL—SEND NO MONEY

Introductory offer. With every order for smart, new, Sterling Silver Solitaire engagement ring we will include without extra charge exquisite wedding ring set with eight imitation diamonds matching in fire and brilliance the beautiful imitation Diamond solitaire engagement ring (the perfect bridal pair. Send no money with order. Just name, address and ring size. We ship both rings in lovely gift box immediately and you make just 2 easy payments of $2 each, total only $4. We trust you. No red tape as you make first payment and 20% Federal tax to postman on arrival then balance any time within 30 days. Money-back guarantee. War conditions make supply limited. Act NOW.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. ST-292, Jefferson, Iowa

STOP Scratching
It May Cause Infection



Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, pimples—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Calms itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D. D. D. Prescription.**



Be an ARTIST!

—Train at Home in Your Spare Time

The fascinating field of Art offers commercial opportunities to men and women. Learn to draw step-by-step method. COMMERCIAL ART, CARTOONING, DESIGNING all in one complete course. Two Art Outfits furnished. Write for FREE BOOK, "Art for Pleasure & Profit".



FREE BOOK gives details!

Washington School of Art, Studio 801P
1115—15th St., N.W., Washington 5, D.C.

Send your booklet with full particulars.

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



Do Men Admire You, Women Envy You?

Science has discovered the facsimile of Nature's substance which gives skin its youthful quality! TRUM contains this costly and amazing young-skin ingredient called Estrogen, which is **actually absorbed** by your skin to do its work under the surface to help **firm, freshen** and strengthen tissues. Let your mirror be the judge of its **amazing benefits!** Have this "vitalizing" substance bring "bloom" to your skin. **APPLY ON THAT PART OF YOUR BODY WHERE YOU WANT THE MOST GOOD DONE,** or your face, neck or hands.
With each order for TRUM we will include FREE a doctor's brochure for

"Bust Development and Care"

Send $3.00, which includes Federal tax and postage. (If C.O.D. $3.50). **TRUM,** "BUST DEVELOPMENT AND CARE," and complete directions sent in plain wrapper. We are so sure you will be pleased that we GUARANTEE to refund the purchase price if you are not more than satisfied with results after using. Order yours NOW! **TRUM, 220 Broadway, Dept. BV, New York 7, N. Y.**

Asthma Mucus Loosened First Day

For Thousands of Sufferers

If choking, gasping, wheezing, recurring attacks of Bronchial Asthma rob you of sleep and energy, accept this liberal trial offer. Get **Mendaco,** a doctor's prescription, from your druggist; take exactly as directed and see for yourself how quickly it usually helps loosen and remove thick strangling mucus, thus promoting freer breathing and refreshing sleep. You be the judge. Unless delighted and entirely satisfied with results, simply return the empty package and your money back is guaranteed. Don't suffer another night without trying guaranteed **Mendaco—only 60c.**

High School Course at Home — Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H.S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.
American School, Dept. H114, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

BOOKS FOUND FREE!

WHAT BOOKS DO YOU WANT?
We quote lowest market prices. No charge for locating Hard-to-Find and Out-of-Print Books. All books, OLD or NEW mailed POST-FREE.
SEARCHLIGHT BOOK HOME
22 East 17th St., New York City

for Pesky SKIN OUTBREAKS from External Causes

AFTER gentle cleansing with the fluffy, delightful lather of mild Resinol Soap, smooth on some soothing Resinol Ointment.
Being oily, its bland medication *stays in active contact* with the pimply spots, thus quickening healing as it relieves the irritation.
Let Resinol help you as it has others.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

M. S. FASHION GUIDE

(Continued from page 47)

proper place. Clever, don't you think?

Another product of the crochet hook is the beret and gilet combination in blazing turquoise blue. Smartest way to wear the beret is straight-on, unless you're very much a shortie. In this case, give it a slant for extra height. You can also wear the gilet in all its backless bareness with a dinner skirt or dirndl. But don't let me see a sign of a bra strap showing. (Yes, pet, the stores have halter bras.)

Getting back to everyday matters, your black dress turns into a pinafore at the flick of a wrist—*your* wrist. Just add a long-sleeve blouse. Something in a fresh Spring print . . . taffeta in candy stripes or plaids . . . gleaming shell pink satin.

Or—say you're perishing for peplums. Then snatch yourself a short length of contrast fabric—velveteen in beige or slate blue . . . pink and black striped satin . . . or a pin-check taffeta. You make it just the way you did your first apron in sixth grade. You wear it lots of ways. Peplum in front, just as you'd expect. As a side drape, with bow over your right hip. As a bustle, with the bow flat in front.

Speaking of aprons, those hostess jobs are another way of pepping up a world-weary dress. Have a whole routine of 'em, but not in apron-ish fabrics. Try the flash of metallic cloth . . . or the shock effect of emerald green or fuchsia taffeta, demurely edged with black rick-rack braid.

Why, you're just geting started. Think of the things you can pull with chiffon scarfs—one twisted through your curls, the other held by a pin at your collar-bone. Look into the possibilities of metal or jewel-studded belts and Carmen Miranda sashes in Latin-country colors.

Try a stole (that's nothing but an overgrown scarf) of gold-color crepe faced with deepest wine . . . or printed crepe with plain-color taffeta. Just drape around your shoulders and use the belt of your dress to keep it within bounds at the waistline. To be veddy veddy somethin'—have it long enough to reach the hemline of your dress. Helps to give you height that way.

Haven't even mentioned the tricks to be done with extra white and pastel collars and dickies. You learned all about that in kindergarten and are probably miles ahead of me this minute.

* * *

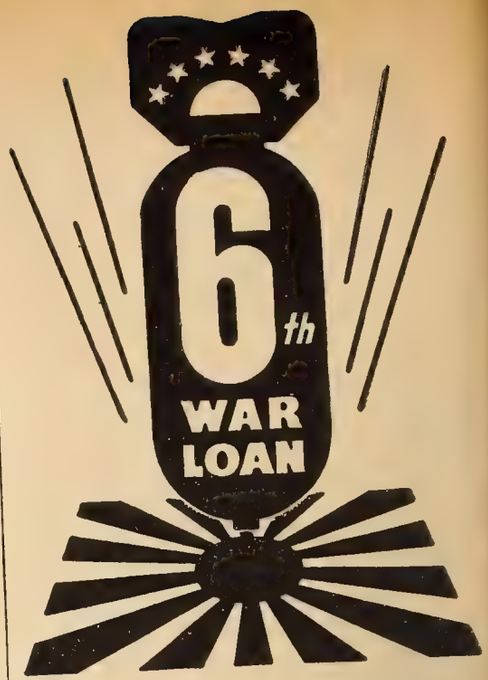
If you want to know how to track down the fashions I've mentioned—or have a special clothes problem that's been haunting you—just pop a letter or postcard in the mail-box, and I'll answer quick as an echo. Marjorie Bailey, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16.*

I SAW IT HAPPEN

To my way of thinking, Vera Vague is, besides being a wonderful person, one of Hollywood's best "ad libbers." Even without a script, Vera is never at a loss for words and can pull a gag out of the air faster than any other comedienne I've ever heard.

Recently, while she was giving a performance at an Army Camp, a horn sounded. Vera inquired about it. When a G.I. told her it was a bugle, she exclaimed, "Oh, I just adore bugles! In fact, I love anything that makes a man pucker his lips!"

Mrs. E. E. Mart, Jr.
Providence, R. I.



MOVIE FANS— you've done it before NOW DO IT AGAIN!

You came across beautifully—in the first five War Loan Drives! You backed the attack—helped speed the Victory!

Now—the Smashing 6th War Loan Drive is here! Getting dollars to get back at Tokyo for Pearl Harbor, Wake Island, Bataan . . . Corregidor!

The European War is expensive—but almost everything in the Pacific War will be more so! That's why it's so important for you to Buy all the Bonds you can in the

SMASHING 6th WAR LOAN

THE DRIVE WITH THE JAPS AS THE TARGET!

SEE A MAN ABOUT A BOND

At Your Favorite Movie Theatre Tonight!



NEW HAIR GLAMOUR TREATMENT

Men love to run their fingers thru a woman's long wavy beautiful hair—one of the secrets to a woman's charm in winning the one she loves. Now you, too, can use this NEW AMAZING "HAIR GLAMOUR" TREATMENT. Its SECRET FORMULA helps retard dry, brittle hair from breaking off due to lack of natural oils. Therefore, this formula may help HAIR GROW LONGER if other hair, scalp conditions are normal. And if you also like your HAIR WAVY, beautiful and soft you shouldn't miss trying this sensational treatment!

SEND NO MONEY! **FREE 10 Day Trial!**

Don't send a cent. Try this "HAIR GLAMOUR" TREATMENT at our expense for 10 days and then see if he will notice and thrill to the new glamour of your hair. Also FREE PERSONAL DIRECTIONS. Just deposit with postman on delivery 98c plus postage, or send only $1 and we pay postage. 2 treatments $1.69. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE if not completely satisfied. Every day you delay—romance passes you by! WRITE NOW! Guarantee Sales, 21 West 45th St., Dept. 614, N. Y. C.



Send name and address for copy of illustrated *Movie Star News*. Lists all the Movie Stars, Band Leaders, Vocalists photos available. Also pin-up poses. Photos are original, glossy prints. Size 8x10 ready for framing or album. Send dime to help cover cost of handling and mailing *Movie Star News*. Dime will be refunded on first order. Rush name and address today.

IRVING KLAW—"The Pin-Up King"
212 East 14th St., New York 3, N. Y. Dept. 303

FALSE TEETH
KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, *don't waste money on substitutes*, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC.

KLUTCH CO., Box 4587A, ELMIRA, N. Y.



BUNIONS
QUICK PAIN RELIEF

Fairyfoot quickly relieves terrible stinging itching bunion pains . . . Swelling goes down. — No special shoes. Apply soothing **Fairyfoot** and get blessed relief quickly.

FREE SAMPLE.—Write Today! It's Free. No cost to you.

FAIRYFOOT, 1223 So. Wabash, Dept. 2711 CHICAGO 5, ILLINOIS

SUFFERERS FROM **PSORIASIS** (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)
Use **DERMOIL**

MAKE THE ONE **SPOT TEST**



Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and **Dermoil** with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent **FREE**. Write for it.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly, embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547 Northwestern Station, Dept. 6309, Detroit 4, Mich.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

©1935 LAKE LAB.

YOUR FAVORITE STARS OF 1944

(*Continued from page 37*)

Farley Granger, Bill Eythe, Dick Jaeckel, Gloria De Haven, June Allyson, Jeanne Crain. I don't know whether it's judgment or instinct you use, but if you could bottle it, you could name your own figure.

I wonder if you realize how important your poll is to Hollywood. How studios watch for their stars to appear on it. How the stars themselves glow when they're told they've made it. Sonny Tufts, for one, phoned his sister, "I'm on the poll."

Being nonprofessional, she didn't know what he was talking about. "The Gallup Poll?" she asked, bewildered.

"No. The MODERN SCREEN Poll. That's more important to me."

And when Al Delacorte was out in Hollywood, he made a solid hit with everyone. Sue and Alan Ladd threw a poll party for him. Very few people who weren't on the MODERN SCREEN Poll were invited. This is the first time in the history of Hollywood that guests were chosen by the readers of a magazine.

I have been happy that through this MODERN SCREEN Poll, Ronald Reagan, who's been off the screen for two and a half years, has been kept among the top ten. That knowledge is priceless to him, to us who are his friends, and to his studio.

I asked Al Delacorte to give me the names of the ten top stars of the year who were selected by the poll because I am so interested in the way it works. Here they are—winners of '44 in order of popularity.

1. Frank Sinatra
2. Alan Ladd
3. Pvt. Lon McCallister
4. Van Johnson
5. Betty Grable
6. Capt. Ronald Reagan
7. Lana Turner
8. Gene Kelly
9. Shirley Temple
10. John Payne

I then asked the studios to dig up the preview cards for the first pictures these stars had made. In every case the cards upheld your judgment. Just for the record I picked out some of the comments. You can read them here, under the pictures of your favorites and give yourselves a pat on the back.

So keep it up, FANS, and a Happy New Year to you all.

P. S. Turn to page 16 for complete 1944 poll listing.

JOURNEY AMONG WARRIORS

(*Continued from page 49*)

he did on the champagne itself.

The only disappointed Garfield was Katherine—whom they call Pigeon. Right along she'd been pleading, "Can't you arrange it so we have a brother *and* a sister?" All they brought home was a brother, and *he* was funny-looking—

"Not much of a present," was her candid comment. "He's not even tied up with pretty pink ribbons."

Ever since he'd toured the Caribbeans three months before Pearl Harbor, John



Hollywood Remembrance LOCKET



Each locket has snaplock and provides two spaces on the inside for pictures of loved ones.



Beautiful lockets are in style today more than ever. No other locket that we know of today is quite so beautiful or stylish since this one is in 2-tone with red roses and the heart design. The 18-inch chain has a special safety lock fastener and space for two pictures in locket.

$1.95 TEN DAYS TRIAL

SEND NO MONEY. Just mail the coupon today. Your package will be sent immediately and you pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents for mailing costs and 20% Federal tax, on arrival. Wear Ten Days on money-back guarantee. The supply is limited. Write today and have your dreams come true.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 128-HV, Jefferson, Iowa



PAIN
CAN MAKE YOU LOOK OLDER!

WHEN you are suffering from **Headache, Simple Neuralgia, Muscular Pains** or **Functional Monthly Pains,** you not only *feel* uncomfortable—you *look* uncomfortable. Why don't you try **Dr. MILES ANTI-PAIN PILLS** for prompt relief? **Regular package 25c. Economy package $1.00.** Read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.



Ladies' Set Ring "GIVEN"



Mail us $1.05 and we will send you prepaid 4 boxes of **Rosebud** Salve (25c size) and will include with the salve this ladies sterling silver sparkling **White Stone set ring,** your size. You can sell 4 salve and get back your $1.00. The 5c is for U.S. Sales Tax on ring, so make remittance $1.05.



ROSEBUD PERFUME CO, Box 56, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.

POEMS WANTED

Collaborate with the nationally famous hit composer of "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles", "When the Bloom is on the Sage" and over 300 others. Send your poems today for free examination and liberal offer.

SCREENLAND RECORDERS
Dept. M Hollywood 28, Calif.

Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

had been wanting to go overseas with an entertainment unit. Robbie was all for it.

So, with David safely launched, "Between Two Worlds" and a Bond tour out of the way and the Hollywood Canteen going strong, John set out. En route to the greater adventure, he stopped in Washington for the President's birthday ball.

Waiting on line to be introduced, John's pulses pounded. "Little East Side boy," he kept thinking, "going to meet the President." Because, whichever way you slice your political leanings, it remains a thrill.

Now it was his turn. "John Garfield—"

"Hear you're going overseas," said the President.

"Yes, Mr. President."

"Well, I hope you have as good a time as I did."

John was so dazed with excitement that he started shaking hands with the butlers. But there was more to come. He had to leave almost directly after lunch to catch his train to New York. He couldn't bear to go without seeing the Lincoln room—

"It's the President's study," said Mr. Roosevelt's daughter-in-law, "so I'm not sure we can get in. But let's try."

She knocked at the door. "Come in," said a voice, and there he sat, cigarette holder in mouth, opening birthday gifts. "Come in, John."

big talk . . .

He couldn't budge. The daughter-in-law gave him a gentle shove, closed the door behind him, and there he stood—alone with the President of the United States. For fifteen minutes they talked about Lincoln. John doesn't know how he got to New York unless he floated there—

Of his three and a half months with our troops in Italy, he could write a book. But the highlights were these—

Flying the North Atlantic at night. Sitting in the co-pilot's seat, learning about the instruments, being allowed to hold the wheel. Alone—because in spite of the others, you feel alone—with the stars over you and nothing between you and the sea below but this man-made machine that had once seemed so huge, that's dwarfed now by the immensity of space, yet is winging its way confidently toward some unknown dot on the other side of the world. It's a miracle.

Living with the GIs. Dressing like them. Trying to be one of them. Telling them about home—the only thing they want to hear. Playing to front line soldiers. Their hunger for entertainment—their response out of all proportion to what you can do for them, so you want to climb a hill and yell all the way back to Hollywood, "Send more, send more!" The sense of their deep comradeship, wrought out of what they've been through together, wordless but unmistakable and beautiful—so beautiful that you want to cry out, "Why does it take war to make men brothers?"

A GI on "Stars and Stripes" knew a Jugoslav colonel who said his people were begging for some kind of American show. Would John do one for them? And *how!*

Hundreds of Jugoslavs—the place is a military secret—sitting through his performance with an interpreter. Only, for the movie names, they needed no interpreter. Every time he mentioned a Hollywood personality, they clapped like crazy. Then they got up on the stage, and danced their folk dances for him. And gave him something he'll always guard like his right eye. A gun captured from the Germans—

Eddie Foy. John and Eddie worked together. John had never known anyone like Eddie. A regular guy who was deeply religious, whose faith was like a rock. Every night the Nazis came over and bombed Naples. They'd sleep through the ack-ack, hear the first siren, get out at the second. Ask Eddie if he was scared, and he'd always say yes. But he didn't show it. John showed it—

One night a colonel, in helmet and bathrobe, asked for a match.

"You scared?" Eddie whispered to John.

"Damn right I'm scared."

Eddie chuckled. "Look at this guy. He's a colonel. Asks for a match, and no cigarette in his mouth. We're only hams. We got a right to be scared—"

Bombs or no bombs, sleep or no sleep, Eddie would be up early next morning, hunting for some little church where he could hear mass.

Robbie and Katherine were at the station. John was carrying a huge doll. Not till he got to New York, did he realize that he hadn't brought anything for Katherine. That was unheard of.

It was Sunday in New York, and the shops were closed. But there was a big doll in the window at Longchamps where he went to dinner. White and shaking as the train pulled in, Katherine made a dash for him, flung herself into his arms and cried as if her heart would break. Eventually she accepted the doll with pleasure, but refused to let go of father's hand all day.

David was waiting at home. If you could call it waiting. John turned to Robbie, his face a mile long. "He doesn't even know who I am—"

"Don't hold it against him. Would you have known *him* if you'd met him walking down the street?"

That first week, he spent most of his time on the phone. He'd met hundreds of boys in Europe and brought dozens of messages back to their families. He knew how those guys felt who hadn't seen their people in many times four months—and didn't know when they would.

He'd returned, expecting to go into the Army. Re-classified 1-A while in Europe, he went down for his physical, bragging that he'd pass 100%. He did, too. They figured out a budget which would keep the family going for the duration.

"At least we've got a long lease on the house," said John.

A few days later, some men appeared and started moving furniture out of the house. Court order. It seemed the owners had separated. Husband got the house, wife got the furniture.

The Garfields were caught in the middle—in the middle of the housing shortage as well. Every morning John went hunting. Each evening he returned downcast.

One day a rumor reached him that Bill Haines was anxious to get rid of his place. Ten minutes later John was on Haines's doorstep. Yes, he'd heard correctly—only Bill wanted to sell, not rent.

tongue in cheek guy . . .

It was a beautiful house, but they didn't want to buy. Deadlock. John gazed at Bill pleadingly. "I've got to get my family settled, before I'm called." In the end, Bill couldn't stand John's mournful eyes. He agreed to a 3-year lease. As it turns out, John's living there, too. When the Army's new age rulings took effect, he was automatically reclassified.

At sight of their new bedroom, Robbie broke into giggles. "The bed's bigger than our whole apartment when we were first married!" That's one thing about the Garfields. They'll never be smug. Time was when Johnny'd refuse to ring for the maid. "Why should I? Does she ring for me when she wants me?"

Recently he wandered into the kitchen, where Luther was helping Ida May iron—

"Good boy, Luther. I used to iron sheets for *my* wife—"

"Tell him *how* you ironed them."

"She'd fold 'em and I'd sit on 'em."

It wasn't altogether a question of what they could afford. Because when Katherine was born, Johnny was doing all right. But Robbie got a bee in her bonnet—

"Look, Julie—" She still calls him by his pre-Hollywood name. "Look, most people take care of their own babies. Let's let the nurse go and take care of ours. Just to prove that we can." So for three months, John would get up at 6 to feed and change the baby before leaving for the studio. Then Robbie took over. When they'd proved they didn't *need* a nurse, they got one.

"Look at the life we lead," grins John. "It's a racket. That's why I want Katherine to be an actress."

Katherine prefers dancing. She's unimpressed by the fact that her Daddy's an actor—thinks everybody's daddy does the same thing. Not till he went abroad did she see him in a picture. Robbie doesn't believe in too many movies for six-year-olds. But after John left, she got what she calls a funny feeling. She wanted to see him, and she wanted Katherine to see him with her—

"Destination Tokyo" was the only one playing. "Your daddy's in it," she told Katherine, "but that's a big secret between you and me. When you see him, you mustn't make a noise and disturb people—"

Still, she was a little nervous. As John's face flashed on the screen, she turned to see how her daughter was taking it. Katherine had clapped her palm over her mouth and was waving like mad. After a while, Robbie felt a tug at her arm.

"Daddy's getting so *wet*. Why don't they give him a raincoat? He might catch cold."

On the whole, she didn't care for the picture. No dancing. "I'd rather see Gene Kelly." Kelly's a friend of the Garfields, and Katherine's not-so-secret passion.

John's just signed a new contract with Warners'. He's just finished "Hollywood Canteen," playing his real-life role of executive vice-president. But the big bang came out of knowing that 40% of the gross would go into postwar rehabilitation.

Right now he's working in "Nobody Lives Forever." Most of his non-working hours are spent at meetings—Victory Committee, Screen Actors Guild, Canteen. He operates on the theory that if a thing's worth giving your name to, it's worth your time and effort and enthusiasm.

For relaxation, he plays tennis. He likes to take Katherine along to lunch at the club and watch the playing. One day she got excited and rather noisy, and an irritated player told her to shut up. She has her father's spirit. "I'll be glad to keep quiet, but didn't your mother tell you that it's not nice to say shut up?"

On rare evenings out, John and Robbie go to the Beachcombers—because it reminds them of New York—then to a concert or movie. But mostly they dine at home. John'll eat anything, as long as it's cooked with garlic. His favorite Sunday breakfast is lox (smoked salmon) and bagel. A handy man to have around the house—puts the children to bed and dries dishes on maid's night out—

When they're alone, they read or listen to records. The radio's tuned on only for news. As a rule, they're not alone long. People drop in, and the refrigerator's always stocked.

After the war, they plan to build or buy a house in the valley. A small house with lots of ground. Ground enough for trees and a pool and maybe a couple of horses. Indoors, there'll be records and books and furniture you can put your feet on. Oh yes, and more kids. Having one of each gender now, they don't really care what the next three or four are. Essentially, all that matters to John and Robbie Garfield is that the kids should grow up in a brave new world—free and democratic. Not only their kids, but everybody's.

Lovely . . . is the Word!

DEANNA in TECHNICOLOR for the First Thrilling Time!

with the Miracle Melodies of JEROME KERN!



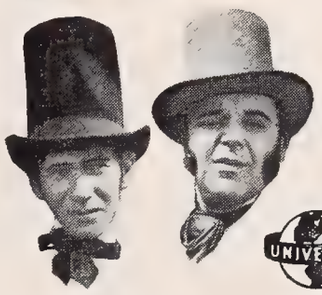
Deanna DURBIN

CAN'T HELP SINGING

IN TECHNICOLOR

with ROBERT PAIGE

AKIM TAMIROFF



SIX NEW *SONGS!*
"More and More", "Californ-i-ay"
"Any Moment Now" . and others!

DAVID BRUCE LEONID KINSKEY RAY COLLINS JUNE VINCENT ANDREW TOMBES THOMAS GOMEZ

Directed by FRANK RYAN *Produced by* FELIX JACKSON *Assoc Producer* FRANK SHAW

Music by JEROME KERN *Lyrics by* E Y HARBURG

Screen Play by LEWIS R. FOSTER and FRANK RYAN · Story by John Klorer and Leo Townsend · Based on "Girl of The Overland Trail" by Samuel J. and Curtis B. Warshawsky · A UNIVERSAL PICTURE


SEE HOW Your Eyes WILL REFLECT
LOVELINESS WITH Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Modern Screen

JAN 12 1945
DETROIT.

• A DELL MAGAZINE • A DELL MAGAZINE
DELL
• A DELL MAGAZINE • A DELL MAGAZINE

BRUARY 15¢



EANNE CRAIN

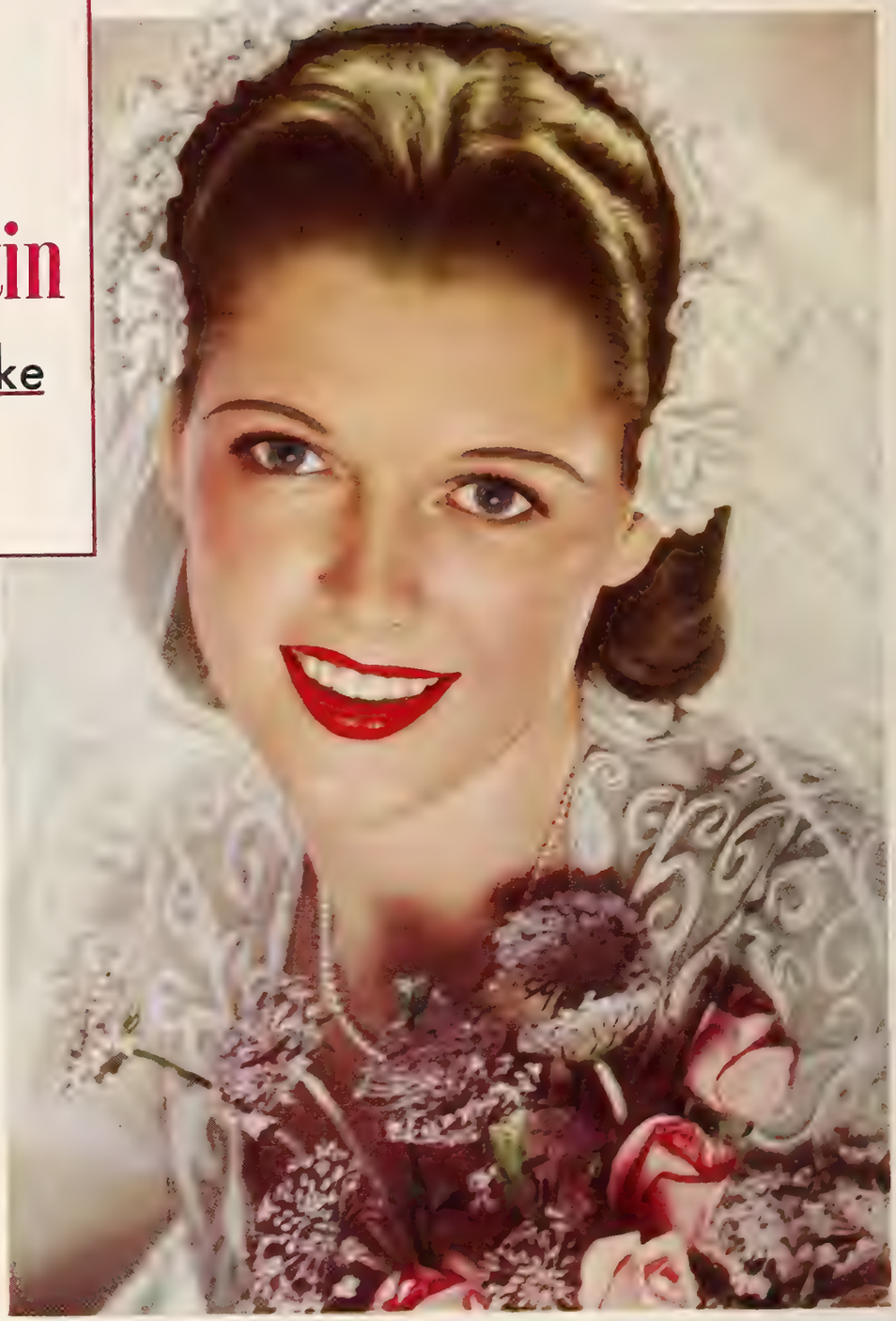
10 COLOR PAGES!

JAN 11 1945

Radiant... Softer, Smoother Skin

with just One Cake of Camay!





Tests by doctors prove— Camay is really mild

Romantic new softness, fresher beauty, for *your* skin—with just *one cake* of Camay! Yes, lovelier skin comes as quickly as that, when you give up careless methods and go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this mild care on over 100 complexions—on skin like yours. And with the very *first* cake of Camay, most complexions simply bloomed—fresher and clearer and lovelier!

. . . it cleanses without irritation

These tests are your proof of Camay's *mildness* . . . your proof it can benefit the skin. *"Camay is really mild,"* confirmed the doctors, *"it cleansed without irritation."* So why don't you try this tested beauty care . . . and see what striking improvement just *one cake* of Camay can bring to your skin!



. . . go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet

Take only one minute—each night and morning. Cream that mild Camay lather over your face—with special attention to nose and chin. Rinse warm. Give oily skin a final C-O-L-D splash. Start tonight! And watch your skin take on glorious new freshness, softer charm—with just *one cake* of Camay!

Cherish Camay—precious war materials go into soap, so it's patriotic to use the last sliver—every bit!

Mrs. Charles W. Diehl, Jr., Minneapolis

Lovely . . . gossamer wedding veil framing her Camay complexion! *"You'll find exciting new beauty for your skin, too,"* she confides, *"with your very first cake of Camay."*



"Of course, if you like dancing with your brother—"





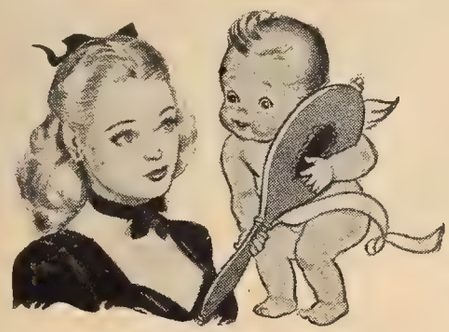
GIRL: Don't be stupid, Cupid. I *adore* dancing with Junior! I only wish he were a little taller . . . older . . . *and not my brother!*

CUPID: Well, then, how about helping me help you? With a *smile*, for instance!

GIRL: Smile? Me? Plain old me? Look, Cupid: I'm no beauty. And my smiling wouldn't help.

CUPID: Help? Heavens, Girl, look around you! Beautiful girls aren't *always* the most popular. It's the girl with the radiant smile who wins attention—and hearts! Get busy, Girl! Smile! Sparkle!

GIRL: Sparkle? Pardon, Cupid. But with my teeth, I couldn't even glow. I brush my teeth, but—



CUPID:—but you never do a thing about the "pink" on your tooth brush! By gosh, Girl, there ought to be a special sign for *every girl in the country:*

"Never Ignore 'Pink Tooth Brush'!"

Plain girl . . . that "pink" is a sign that you'd better *see your dentist right away*. He may say that your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."



Product of Bristol-Myers

GIRL: Yes. But we were talking about my smile, Cupid. Not my gums.

CUPID: And that's just it! Ipana and massage are designed to help your smile. Ipana not only cleans teeth. It is specially designed, with massage, to help stimulate gums to healthier firmness. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. You'll help yourself to healthier gums, sounder, brighter teeth . . . and a lovelier smile. And someone else to dance with! Get started on Ipana and massage today, Child!

IPANA AND MASSAGE

For the Smile of Beauty

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

This is our 72nd column! Our 40 million readers now know that we never rave without reason.

★ ★ ★ ★

And, brethren and sistren, we're raving about two new films coming around the mountain of the New Year.

★ ★ ★ ★

First, there is "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", the deeply moving dramatization of Captain Ted Lawson's true account of the surprise thrill of the war—the first bombing of Tokyo by those gallant men who took off from Shangri-La!



Spencer Tracy turns in his most commanding performance as Lieutenant Colonel "Jimmy" Doolittle; handsome Van Johnson (did you read *Life?*) adds to his laurels as Lawson; and Robert ("Hargrove") Walker is the dead-eye gunner of their B-25 bomber, "The Ruptured Duck."

★ ★ ★ ★

Lovely Phyllis Thaxter (a new dream) plays Ellen, Lawson's bride, warming the picture with a tender romantic note that makes "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" a truly magnificent story of deep-abiding love and inspiring courage.

★ ★ ★ ★

Then, M-G-M has forthcoming a gay, gorgeous, grand and Techniglorious film delight, "Meet Me In St. Louis." It takes you back to the St. Louis Fair as a guest of the Smiths, a family that might be your own—if you have one.

★ ★ ★ ★





Judy Garland is the star—young, vivacious, golden-voiced Judy—as the girl just awakening to love for the boy next door. And with her, as an impish, devilish, utterly lovable kid sister, is that great artist, little Margaret O'Brien.

★ ★ ★ ★

Happy-hearted, brimming with music and the joy of living, "Meet Me In St. Louis" includes seven smash songs, among them that bell-ringing success, "Clang, Clang, Clang, Went the Trolley" that you're hearing on the hit parade.

★ ★ ★ ★

When you "Meet Me In St. Louis" and spend "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", you'll get a good idea of the great entertainment to expect from M-G-M all through this Happy New Year.

★ ★ ★ ★

Which, by the way, we've wished you.



—Leo

modern screen

STORIES

***SWEET AND LOVELY** — *But there's more to Jeanne Crain than peaches and cream. She's the little gal who brought home the sausage!* 30

***HAM FROM HAMTRAMCK** — *"You're probably still lousy. But come and see me anyway," the radio producer beckoned John Hodiak* 34

"I ENVY CLAUDETTE . . ." by Hedda Hopper — *Because she's wise and knows that Claudette Colbert, star, isn't nearly so important as Mrs. Joel Pressman, wife!* 38

"DER BINGLE" — *Crosby gave those overseas GIs everything he had; his faith, his courage, his laughter—even his wildly whooping blue and yellow tie!* 40

JENNY MADE HER MIND UP — *Jennifer Jones wanted fame, security, happiness. She thought she'd found all three—or did she?* 42

FRANKIE, WE LOVE YOU! — *This is your story, all you loyal, sincere fans about whom Frank Sinatra says, "You kids have made me what I am and I'll never forget it!"* 44

***STOP, LOOK AND WHISTLE!** — *We're off on a Technicolor visit to Deanna Durbin in her house that music built!* 48

***LON McCALLISTER** — *In life story, part II, he saw promises of security, fame, love—impossible as they sometimes seemed—could and did come true* .. 50

CINDERELLA BOY — *Apprentice Seaman Granger listed occupation "actor," and next thing you know he was in the boot camp theater—behind a broom!* 52

***BIG BAD WOLF** — *Helmut Dantine's nothing of the sort! What sort of preying can you do in class, over a tennis net or across a chessboard?* 54

GOLDEN GIRL — *Louise Allbritton likes things to stay put: Jalopies without their ruffles, inexhaustible bank accounts, her name in lights* 58

MARRIAGE IS STRICTLY OKAY! — *Dana Andrews fought against falling for a fat girl who wouldn't diet, but when* he *did and when* she *did, bro*-ther! 66

***COLOR PAGES**

Jeanne Crain *in 20th-Fox's "Winged Victory"* 30
John Hodiak *in 20th-Fox's "Sunday Dinner for a Soldier"* 34
Frank Sinatra *in M-G-M's "Anchors Aweigh"* 46
Deanna Durbin *in Univ.'s "Can't Help Singing"* 48
Lon McCallister *in 20th-Fox's "Winged Victory"* 51
Helmut Dantine *in Warner's "Hollywood Canteen"* 54
Robert Walker *in M-G-M's "The Clock"* 56

FEATURES BEAUTY FASHION DEPTS.

Editorial Page 29
Fashions in Fingertips 72
Modern Screen's Fashion Guide 60
Fannie Hurst Selects "Winged Victory" 6
Movie Reviews 10
Super Coupon 16
Good News by Louella Parsons 68
What's Cookin', Kids?—Peggy Ryan 104

COVER: Jeanne Crain in 20th-Fox's "Winged Victory." Valentine courtesy of Hallmark Cards



ALBERT P. DELACORTE, *Executive Editor*
HENRY P. MALMGREEN, *Editor*
SYLVIA WALLACE, *Hollywood Editor*
KAY HARDY, *Hollywood Promotion Manager*
OTTO STORCH, *Art Director*
BILL WEINBERGER, *Art Editor*
GUS GALE, *Photographer*

Editorial Assistants: Charis Zeigler, Annette Bellinger, Mickey Ghidalia
Service Dept.: Ann Ward. Information Desk: Beverly Linet

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on form 3578 and copies returned under Label Form 3579 to 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York

Vol. 30, No. 3, February, 1945. Copyright, 1945, the Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 149 Madison Ave., New York. Published monthly. Printed in U. S. A. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Single copy price, 15c in U. S. and Canada. U. S. subscription price, $1.50 a year. Canadian subscription, $1.80 a year. Foreign subscription $2.70 a year. Entered as second class matter Sept. 18, 1930, at the post office, Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional second class entries at Seattle, Wash., San Francisco, Calif., Dallas, Texas, and New Orleans, La. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Names of characters used in semi-fictional matter are fictitious. If the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trademark No. 301773.



M-G-M presents

THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO

The love story behind the greatest story of our time! M-G-M has brought Captain Ted Lawson's book to the screen! True, thrilling, tremendous!

A MERVYN LeROY PRODUCTION

VAN JOHNSON • ROBERT WALKER

PHYLLIS THAXTER • TIM MURDOCK • SCOTT McKAY
GORDON McDONALD • DON DeFORE • ROBERT MITCHUM
JOHN R. REILLY • HORACE McNALLY and

SPENCER TRACY

as LIEUTENANT COLONEL JAMES H. DOOLITTLE

Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo • Based on the Book and Collier's Story by Captain Ted W. Lawson and Robert Considine • Directed by MERVYN LeROY • Produced by SAM ZIMBALIST • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture





Captain Ted W. Lawson, author of "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", was pilot of "The Ruptured Duck", one of the bombers that took off from the "Hornet" at Shangri-La and blasted Tokyo!

Fannie Hurst SELECTS "WINGED VICTORY"

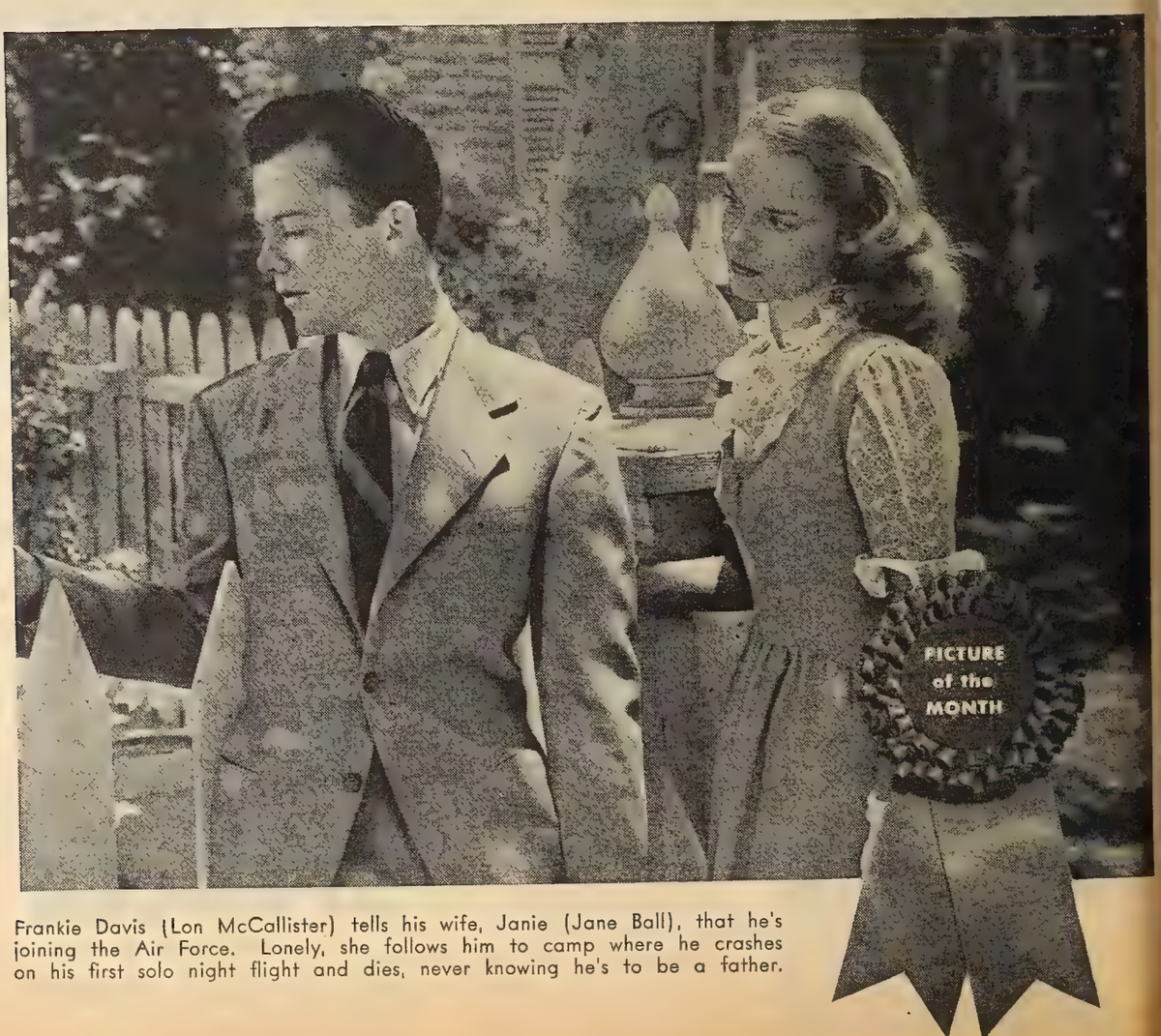
■ Civilian, do you know what makes your Air Force tick? Have you any idea of the baptisms-by-fire that create that trim young Air pilot in his natty uniform whom you just passed on the street, or to whom you fed chocolate cake and coffee at the Canteen last night?

Civilian, you are going to have a fair idea of the crucible that molded this young airman when you see "Winged Victory." It is going to be packaged for you as an alive, entertaining and skillfully conceived story.

But despite its many deft and diverting touches, "Winged Victory" remains an out-and-out war picture. Begot of war, its theme is war, its implications are war, its thunderous overtones are war.

The story opens quietly in what could be any American town. This one happens to be Mapleton, Ohio. The girls and boys are any American girls and boys, the front lawns are any American front lawns, the talk is that of the fellows in the barbershops, in the banks and garages, of regular American guys. Of their pretty girls, frail in appearance, bendable but unbreakable under pressure, the girls who typify and beautify the American scene.

A group of young men in Mapleton, three to be exact, are dreaming the American youths' dream of the air. Wings are over Mapleton, Ohio. Before the first roar of a plane is heard, the faces of its young (*Continued on page* 8)



Frankie Davis (Lon McCallister) tells his wife, Janie (Jane Ball), that he's joining the Air Force. Lonely, she follows him to camp where he crashes on his first solo night flight and dies, never knowing he's to be a father.

A LOVE STORY THAT WILL WARM
EVERY LONELY HEART IN THE LAND...
and thrill every happy one!

A lonely soldier . . . a heart-hungry girl . . . It's all about love . . . and just about perfect!

ANNE BAXTER · JOHN HODIAK

in

Sunday Dinner for a Soldier

with

CHARLES WINNINGER

ANNE REVERE · CONNIE MARSHALL · CHILL WILLS
ROBERT BAILEY · BOBBY DRISCOLL · JANE DARWELL

Directed by LLOYD BACON · *Produced by* WALTER MOROSCO
Screen Play by Wanda Tuchock and Melvin Levy



A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

Permanently Wise



It's a smart gal who insists on the best in a permanent—because she has to live with it a long time.

The same applies to the Bob Pins that keep it in line.



DeLong Bob Pins are the permanent answer. They have a *Stronger Grip* and an indestructible way about them, holding your hair-do firmly when your permanent is only a beautiful memory . . .

Stronger Grip
Won't Slip Out

DeLong

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

men are tilted skyward.

Alan, Frankie and Danny (Pinkie) have applied for admission into the Air Forces, and the opening scene of the picture finds them anxiously watching the mails for their notifications.

One afternoon one of their mothers appears on the scene where the three of them are congregated with the long-expected letter in her hand. Instantaneously, Mapleton becomes the springboard for three hilarious young men, for they leap out into the arena of a world as far removed from the serenity of their home scene as Mars.

Alan, Frankie and Pinkie, as their highly personalized little dramas unfold, are also telling the stories of the eleven million of their kind who have ganged up into the most colossal war-machine in the history of wars.

on a wing and a prayer . . .

Well, from the moment the letter arrives summoning the three air-struck Maple-tonians with their feet on Ohio soil and their heads in the clouds, they are on their way. What they do not know about the air (one of them is addicted to train sickness) is written in their untried, untired faces.

They kiss their best girls good-by, but Dorothy, Alan's wife, decides to accompany him, and Frankie, on second thought, decides to marry Jane, or rather Jane decides it for him. The shadows of the pleasant town of Mapleton deepen into fade-out, and presto-chango, three more Americans are on their way to qualify for the hierarchy of the air.

Civilian, how much do you actually know about what happens to one of these boys between the time he sets forth from his particular Mapleton and the time he rides his first ship as its pilot or bombardier?

Well, you can't know much less than did our trio; a bank clerk, a barber and a chemist, the morning they found themselves plunk in the midst of a bunch of trainees at the Blair Training Center. There they quickly discover that, as pre-cadets, they are not only a long way from the mere sight of a plane, but are just a bunch of greenies, about to be hazed because they are just that.

To see these three fellows move into their basic training is to never again fail to understand just why our airmen are put together like precision instruments; just why they ride the ether like supermen; just why they are playing their triumphant conquering roles in our terrible war.

We sit in our comfortable plush chairs and see these boys whom we know so well put to test after test after test. We see their frank American faces tighten into masks of anguish. We see their eyeballs strain, the sweat pour, the nerves tighten, the chests expand almost to the point where we, in our comfortable chairs, smother under the physical strain of watching.

We see these boys tensed to their utmost, trying to focus the eye in these grilling examinations, to coordinate the nerve impulses, to calculate, react, make lightning decisions that are ultimately going to mean life or death. And while we watch, too tense to breathe, we know everything else there is to know about these fellows. They aren't just robots, trying to coordinate. We know their mothers and their sisters, we know their wives and their sweeties. We don't only know it about our three from Mapleton, but we know it about the bunch of recruits who are starting training with them at the same time. The boys from Brooklyn, from Texas, from Canajoharie aren't just mechanisms. They're our national flesh and blood, under test, under fire.

And when Pinkie is "washed out" in his examinations and fails to qualify for the higher form of air service, grim fact merges into story-telling that makes a combination hard to beat.

That scene where the men are being put to test for the physical control that every flyer must conquer, is a lesson in the mastery of the individual over his body that fills one with self-respect as well as added respect for the superb human machines under fire of the examiner's challenge.

And right here is as good a spot as any to pause and ponder upon the manner in which the love interests have been handled.

In a picture seething with modern youth, skitterers over the thin ice of danger and death, the women alone seem a bit dated.

The girls, sweethearts and young wives, vitally and rightly concerned with the "my man" angle, exhibit a single-track monotony of purpose and interests both mystifying and fallacious.

There is, however, one notable piece of acting when the news is brought to Janie, (played by Jane Ball) of the death of her pilot husband, Frankie.

Whether or not Mr. Cukor realized it, he sets a new high in this scene which should become a classic in how to make the most out of the least number of gestures.

The grim news is carried to Janie by one of Frankie's Mapleton pals, in the house she shares on the edge of the camp.

The effect of tragedy and heart-break is accomplished by the opening of a front door by the young wife, and nothing more than an exchange of looks between the young man on the steps and herself. The heart of a girl and the heart of the audience break in that silent instant.

Story telling that!

But the picture does not close on death. It closes on life, as one of the Mapleton fellows living in the midst of death, receives the news of the birth of a son.

Life marches on.

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

Sorry, folks, we're raising the ante this month. Yep, seems you've been getting too high scores to make this a game, it's becoming a *walkaway!* And it's no excuse alibiing that you're just so hep to the news—being MS readers—that you couldn't miss if you tried. Sooo, this month, you gotta get 80% at least—or else!

Remember, you score 5 points if you guess the personality on the first set of clues, 4 if you have to look at the second batch and 3 if you hit a blank spot and gotta go snitching to number 3. Good luck!

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. A Doughgirl
2. Toured to Tito
3. Cracking kid sister
4. Stilt-walker was in dumps
5. Minister's son
6. "The Body"
7. Won his suit while Sue-ing
8. King of the Jukers
9. "Little Norway"
10. Marrying widower
11. Nazi-hating "Field Marshal"
12. Man-hating man-eater
13. Nixed croon to spoon
14. Life's a bowl of Cherry
15. EGR
16. "Discovered" 3 times
17. Dancing mother
18. Fugitive from a chain store
19. Lithe and blithe
20. Sturges' star

(Continued on page 85)

LOVE...IN THE SHADOW OF FEAR!

A MAN...
who defended the world's greatest secret with his life!

A GIRL...
with a past which must be kept hidden! The lives of millions hung on what these two dared against terrifying odds!

Paramount Presents

RAY MILLAND

Hunted and Haunted by the

"MINISTRY OF FEAR"



A MASTERPIECE OF MYSTERY
from the Thrilling Novel by GRAHAM GREENE who wrote "This Gun For Hire." Thrilling Direction by FRITZ LANG, who gave you "Fury" and "Man-Hunt."

with

MARJORIE REYNOLDS

CARL ESMOND · PERCY WARAM
HILLARY BROOKE

Directed by

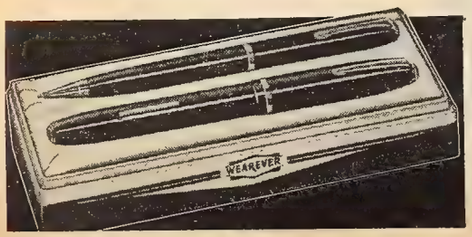
FRITZ LANG

Screen Play by Seton I. Miller

WEAREVER
Zenith
FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT
By America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer
$1.95
TELESCOPE PRECISION
in a smart writing beauty

Wearever Zenith is a flashing beauty of a pen . . . but it is a great deal more besides! It is made with exquisite precision . . . built meticulously, like a fine telescope. And, like a fine telescope, it is thoroughly dependable . . . promising years of devoted service. Zenith, with its 14-carat gold point . . . exclusive "C-Flow" feed, rich styling, is today's most rewarding pen purchase. Made by David Kahn, Inc. (Established 1896)

Wearever Zenith-Pen and Pencil Set in fine gift box $2.75



MOVIE REVIEWS

By Virginia Wilson

HERE COME THE WAVES

■ I'm confused. Here is Bing Crosby playing a crooner that the bobby sox brigade swoons over. What does that make Sinatra—the Dowagers' Delight? Anyway, Bing does all right with the role, and Betty Hutton plays opposite him. You can say that again, because Betty plays a dual role. One Hutton is enough to exhaust most men—you can imagine the trouble Bing has coping with two.

Betty, as Susie Adams, lo-o-o-ves crooner Johnny Cabot (Bing Crosby). Betty, as Rosemary Adams, detests him with equal fervor. She's pretty sick of watching sister Susie moon over photographs of him and get that wild-eyed look when she hears him sing. Rosemary joins the WAVES, and Susie lays in an extra supply of Johnny's pictures and joins, too. At a New York night club they actually meet the crooner in person. He's accompanied by an old friend of his, just back from the South Pacific. The friend, Windy, is a big blond lumbering guy played by Sonny Tufts. (You had that all figured out yourself, didn't you?) Well, Susie gives Johnny one long soulful look, and swoons. Rosemary surveys him coldly, and definitely does *not* swoon. With typical male contrariness, Johnny develops a yen for Rosemary.

About that time his draft board re-classifies him, and whoops, dearie! he's in the Navy! He and Windy and the two girls all get together at San Diego. Both men try to date Rosemary and avoid the swooning Susie. Johnny no sooner seems to be making a little progress than Windy manages to get him tossed in the brig. To make matters worse, Susie is afraid the crooner will be sent to sea, so she writes a letter to his commanding officer, signed with Johnny's name, suggesting that he organize a show to recruit WAVES. Rosemary hears about it and thinks he's a coward, dodging active duty. Johnny doesn't know what's going on, but suspects Windy of a complicated double cross. Eventually there is a super duper show, with Johnny and Windy singing a duet (*that* you gotta hear!). Hutton as Rosemary gets kissed by Johnny and (*Continued on page 12*)



Susie (Betty Hutton) is swoony for bobby sox crooner Johnny Cabot (Bing Crosby) and sailor Windy (Sonny Tufts) from the moment she meets them in New York. Her twin, Rosemary, can't see either for dirt. Matters are complicated when both boys fall for Rosemary.

All of Hollywood's heart is in it— and 62 of Hollywood's Stars!!



Original Screen Play by Delmer Daves • Musical Numbers Created & Directed by LEROY PRINZ • Directed by DELMER DAVES

JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer

Produced by ALEX GOTTLIEB

"Touching with dazzled lips her
Starlight Hand" ❊
—"Endymion," John Keats



❊ A lovely line—
but remember, no one's
lips are "dazzled" by
Scullery Skin

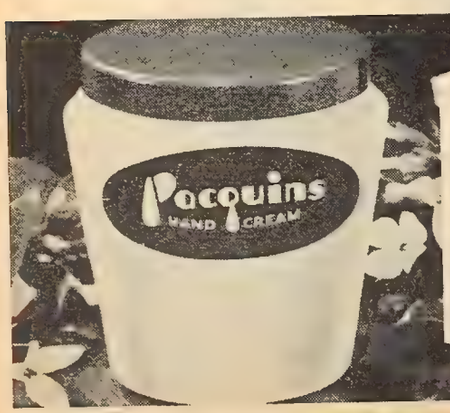


Don't let kitchen chores make your hands look OLD

IT TAKES a soft, young-looking hand to bring a man's lips closer . . . and closer . . . But in spite of kitchen drudgery, your hands can be as smoothly enchanting as your face. Use Pacquins Hand Cream daily to help counteract the harsh, drying effects of housework and weather . . . to lend your hands a look of milky-white softness and smoothness!

It was originally formulated for doctors and nurses. They have their hands in water 30 to 40 times a day, so they *need* an effective cream.

Not sticky . . . not greasy. Pacquins is creamy-smooth, fragrant. Try it today.



Pacquins
Hand Cream



Originally formulated for doctors and nurses, whose hands take the abuse of 30 to 40 washings and scrubbings a day.

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 10)

Hutton as Susie gets kissed by Windy. That, kids, is a double feature, but *good!* —*Par.*

P. S.

In keeping with a resolution made at the time of Pearl Harbor, Mark Sandrich, producer-director, is maintaining his record of making nothing but pictures which will aid the war effort. . . . He began this record with "So Proudly We Hail." . . . Betty Hutton, playing twins in the picture, was Hollywood's busiest gal. She had an average of eight hairdos a day. Every time the red wig was removed, it meant a shampoo. In spite of all this Betty had enough energy left over to do camp shows, radio spots and hospital tours over the week ends. . . . The WAVE uniforms are authentic with a few Edith Head touches. When Edith got through with them, there was more sex in them than a banned sweater ever possessed. . . . Sonny Tufts brings his singing voice to the screen with a duet "Accent on the Positive" with der Bingle Crosby. . . . There are eight other original songs in this picture plus a Crosby solo of "Black Magic". . . . Because of transportation difficulties, Sandrich didn't take his troupe to Hunter College, New York, or to San Diego for resulting action. Instead, a second unit, under direction of Dink Templeton, spent six weeks in New York and four in San Diego shooting backgrounds of WAVES at work. The producer-director also insisted that no WAVES be deterred from their war work. Factual shots of their drills and labors prove more effective. . . . Reproductions of Hunter College and the Barracks at Coronado, Calif., were constructed on giant sound stages at the studio. In order to further authenticity, WAVES from both spots were retained as technical advisers. Gals were Captain Helen McAfee, Lt. Comm. Louis K. Wilde and Lt. (JG) Kathleen Quinn.

NATIONAL VELVET

If you read "National Velvet" when it was a best seller, you are probably wondering where Mickey Rooney fits into the picture. The answer is that a part was written in especially for him, and the result is fine. Mickey can really act when he wants to, and he brings a warm depth of emotion to his portrayal of a young ex-jockey. The principal character is still Velvet, played by a beguiling child named Elizabeth Taylor. Velvet is a dreamy twelve-year old, whose love of horses is an all absorbing passion. Her oldest sister, Edwina, has discovered boys, and Malvolia adores canaries. The youngest member of the family, Donald (Jackie Jenkins), regards them all with solemn detachment and lives in an entrancing world of his own.

They have a very understanding mother. Mrs. Brown (Anne Revere) swam the Channel at twenty years of age, and won fame and a hundred sovereigns. After that she married Mr. Brown and settled down to a placid life in a country village. Mr. Brown regards anything out of the ordinary with a suspicious eye. When young Mi Taylor (Mickey Rooney) turns up out of nowhere, broke and hungry, it takes considerable persuasion to make Mr. Brown give him a job in his butcher shop. Velvet is fascinated with Mickey because he knows so much about horses. She takes him to see Pie, a horse that belongs to Farmer Ede. According to Velvet, he is the "most wonderful horse in the world." There are two schools of thought on that.

His present owner considers him a damned nuisance, since he can jump the highest fence and do all sorts of damage in the village. He finally raffles him off, and Velvet wins him. This is heaven! A horse of her own, and what a horse!

Mi helps her train Pie and is really responsible for her idea of entering him in the "Grand National." Pie has already jumped fences as high as any on that famous course. But there are obstacles in the way more difficult than fences—the entry fee, for one, and finding a jockey, for another. How Mi and Velvet solve these problems makes a story that you'll never forget. The picture is a masterpiece, its beauty enhanced by the Technicolor scenes of the English countryside.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Proof was given to studio that the picture was all they'd expected it to be when the preview crowd (usually a cold, tough, "make me like it" bunch) stood and cheered for Velvet during the steeplechase scene. . . . Incidentally, those spills during that race are not faked—they're the real thing. . . . The paddock at Aintree, England's famed steeplechase track, was duplicated at the Santa Monica Uplifters Club Polo Field. . . . The electric bell which rings on set as a signal for the electricians to turn on the lights, sounded just like the starting bell to King Charles, the race horse. So when the bell rang, King Charles was off, steeplechasing around the set. Mickey, with the help of a few dozen set men, finally caught the horse before any real damage was done. . . . Reginald Owen's trip to Monterey on location was one of his most successful. He came home with a treasured recipe for Abalone Chowder. Seems Reginald had dined almost nightly at a famous seafood restaurant there, and finally talked the owner out of his formula for this favorite dish. . . . Director Clarence Brown sent to England for all books available containing descriptions of the English country folk in Sussex and the Grand National horse race at Aintree. This picture is guaranteed authentic. . . . Don't worry about the fate of the dying horse in the stall—the one who is lying prone, groaning with pain—he's been taught to do that without a bit of prodding from his trainer. Five minutes later he was peacefully munching carrots. . . . Part of the dialogue had to be rewritten when Jackie "Butch" Jenkins lost a third tooth!

CAN'T HELP SINGING

There's a joyous lightheartedness to Deanna Durbin's new picture. The Jerome Kern songs are bait for the Hit Parade, and Deanna sings, flirts and cajoles with gay abandon. Robert Paige, Akim Tamiroff and David Bruce lend their support to this romantic comedy of the Gold Rush days.

Caroline Frost (Deanna Durbin) is in love with a dashing Calvalry officer, Lieutenant Latham (David Bruce). At least she thinks she in love with him and is serious enough about it to worry her father, who knows Latham is a fortune hunter. Senator Frost uses his influence to have the Lieutenant sent to California. Caroline, as stubborn as her father, wheedles five thousand dollars from him for "a trip to New York" and then starts West with it instead, after Latham.

In those days you traveled by stage coach or wagon train, and you were likely to meet some pretty strange characters en route. "Prince Gregory Strogonsky" (Akim Tamiroff), for instance, attaches himself to Caroline, or rather to her trunk, which he is convinced is full of gold. Then there is the gambler, Johnny Lawlor (Robert Paige), who is wanted by the police and also by various men who would like to know since when there are five aces in a

Five little, false little words:



Don't let the thermometer trick you into offending. Avoid underarm odor with MUM.

IT'S A MISTAKE so many girls make—thinking they don't perspire in winter. But how wrong. How foolish!

For even in zero weather, there's a heat wave under your arms. And odor can form without any noticeable moisture at all. Yes, form and cling to your warm winter woolens, stealing away your charm.

But why risk this winter danger? Why take chances of offending when it's so easy to be *sure?* Just remember, your bath only washes away *past* perspiration. Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come.*

So play safe. After every bath, before every date, a half minute with Mum means long hours of carefree daintiness.

MUM'S QUICK—Half a minute with Mum prevents risk of underarm odor all day or evening.

MUM'S SAFE—Gentle Mum won't irritate skin. Dependable Mum won't injure the fabric of your clothes, says American Institute of Laundering.

MUM'S SURE—Mum works instantly. Keeps you bath-fresh all day or evening. Get Mum today.



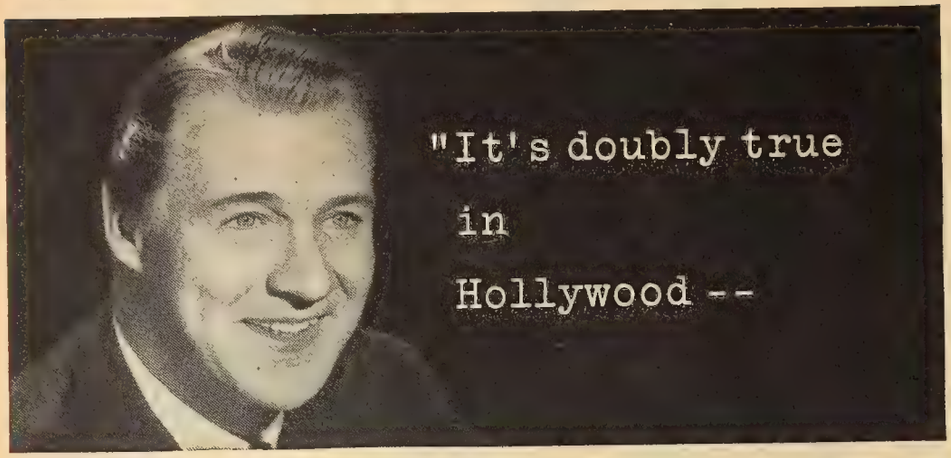
For Sanitary Napkins—*Avoid embarrassment. You can always depend on Mum for this important purpose. It's gentle, safe—sure.*

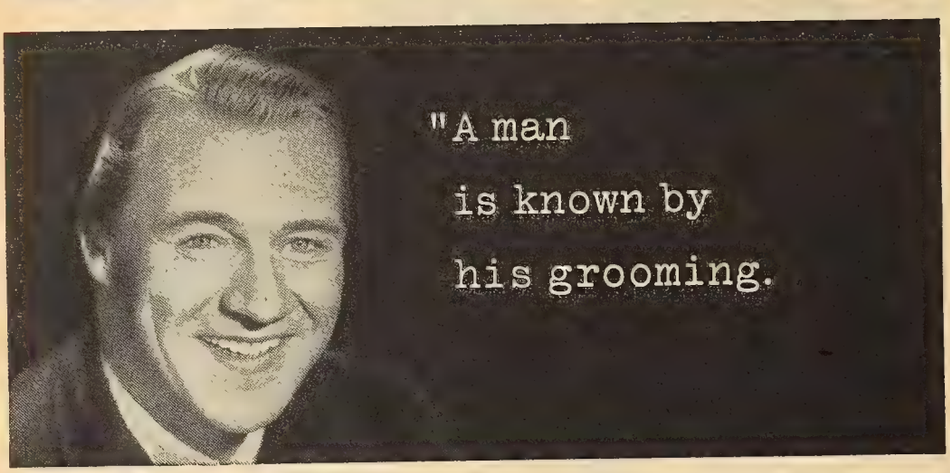
Product of Bristol-Myers

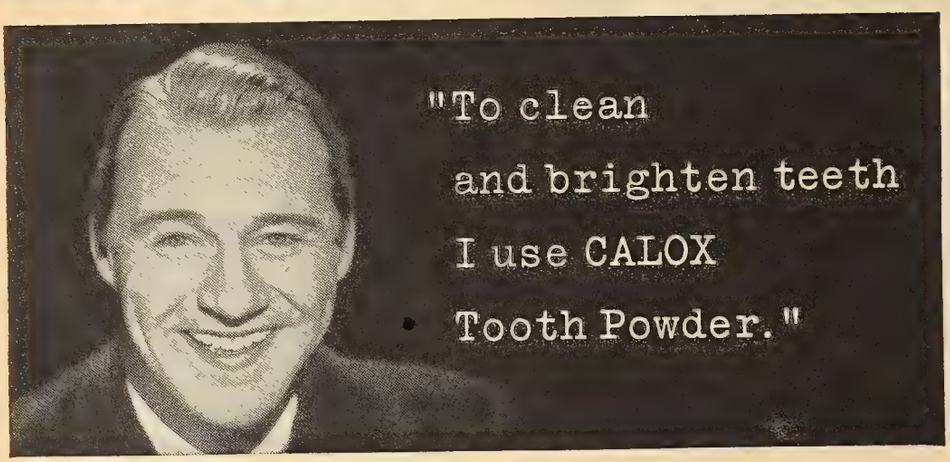
Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

SONNY TUFTS speaking:

Co-Star of "HERE COME THE WAVES," a Paramount picture









A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for people who want *utmost brilliance* consistent with *utmost gentleness*. Calox offers you:—

1. **SCRUPULOUS CLEANING.** Calox is a multiple-action powder. It contains *five* cleansing and polishing ingredients.
2. **LUSTROUS POLISHING.** Calox brings out all the high natural luster of teeth.
3. **CALOX IS GENTLE.** Double-sifted through 100 mesh silk.
4. **NO MOUTH PUCKERING MEDICINE TASTE.** Children like the cool, clean flavor.
5. **MADE BY A FAMOUS LABORATORY.** McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

pack of cards. Johnny has decided to give up gambling and go to California for the Gold Rush. By now, Caroline, too, is a fugitive from justice, since her irate father has sent word ahead that she *stole* the five thousand dollars. Unfair, perhaps, but a good way of keeping her from reaching Latham, he thinks.

Caroline, Johnny and the "Prince" join forces. It's a long way to California, and there is plenty of time for Caroline to decide that Johnny would be a lot more fun as a husband than Latham. But she has told him a flock of lies in order to get him to take her along, and when they get to California, the flock comes home to roost. There is a hilarious scene when all the "suitors," real and mythical, get together, but Deanna persuades everyone that it was all in a good cause.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Copies of the sound track of this picture, featuring Durbin and Bob Paige, of the songs "More and More," "Californ-I-Ay," "Any Moment Now" and "Can't Help Singing," were collectors' items in Hollywood. Somehow the sound tracks were sneaked out of the music department and copied months before the picture was ready for release. Bidding on the waxed copies was high. . . . Trade secrets: The Treasury Building in Washington, D. C. (à la 1849), was actually a new face on one end of the Los Angeles Coliseum, scene of the 1932 Olympic games and some of the biggest gridiron classics in history. . . . Tough summer location trip when the cast and crew went to Parawan Gap, Utah, for shots of covered wagon trains crossing the great Western desert. For miles around there was nothing but sand and sagebrush. The wind blew, whipping up dust clouds which threatened to stop operation of the cameras and sound equipment. It finally did stop operation of many of the cast who had to be taken to the hospital to have their respiratory tracks dusted. A normal day's supply of water was exhausted by noon, and a truck had to be sent to town ten miles away for fresh supplies. . . . However, Deanna learned a few of the finer points of camping while in Navajo Lake, Utah. It was she who made gallons of coffee over a Bob Paige-built campfire each morning. . . . There are no limitations to the sources of material for motion pictures. Director Frank Ryan lifted a situation right out of his own family life for a running gag. For more than a year his six-year-old son indulged in a habit of twisting his hair with a forefinger. Mr. and Mrs. Ryan did their best to break the habit—finally succeeded by having the boy's hair clipped. Exactly as it happens in the picture!

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A car pulled up to the Twelfth Street door of the Hotel Muehlebach in Kansas City, and the doorman stepped up and seized the luggage.

"Will you please send the bags up to my room?" the passenger inquired.

"I'd be glad to, sir. I presume you have a room here? And are you one of the boilermakers attending the Ship Builders Convention?" queried the doorman.

"No," snapped the guest, "I'm Errol Flynn, and I have quarters reserved in the penthouse!"

Mrs. E. W. McMichael
Little Rock, Ark.

ROUGHLY SPEAKING

You can call this the saga of an American family, or you can call it the history of a

rugged individualist. Either way, it's a delightful picture, and if you miss it, you'll be so-o-o-rry! Rosalind Russell is still playing a career girl, but this time the career includes five children and two husbands. Two, because husband number one leaves her with this dramatic but accurate farewell speech. . . . "Living with you and those kids," he says bitterly, "has been like living with Baby Snooks in a cageful of lions."

Let's go back to the beginning. The strongest single influence on the life of Louise Randall Pierson (Rosalind Russell) is probably her father. He is a genial, extravagant gentleman whose motto is "Nothing is too good for the Randalls." He dies when she is twelve, and leaves his wife a huge white elephant of a house, a diamond sunburst, two daughters and enough unpaid bills to heat the house all winter. But to Louise, her father will always be alive. His advice to "shoot for the moon and the hell with everybody" becomes her philosophy of life. It undoubtedly is the chief factor in the failure of her first marriage.

Rodney Crane (Donald Woods) is a handsome, conservative young banker. He brushes off Louise's desire for a job and turns her into a housewife and mother. He never has the faintest understanding of her character. He can't understand why she doesn't cry when Louise, Jr., is crippled by infantile paralysis. It is, of course, because she is too busy making the child realize that lameness may be a nuisance but it need never be a handicap. When Rodney loses his job, Louise goes to work to support them. Rodney promptly finds a girl who will bolster his ego and asks Louise for a divorce.

It is a shock to her, for she still loves him. But she determines to make a success of life without him, for the children's sake. Later she meets Harold Pierson (Jack Carson), who's an utter screwball but perfect for Louise. "Mother, are you going to get him for our new father?" Louise, Jr., inquires curiously when Louise brings him home to look over her offspring. "That child could make a fortune reading tea leaves," Harold says gravely. Reading tea leaves is practically the only thing they don't try in the next fifteen years, but it's all fun.

Robert Hutton, Jean Sullivan, Alan Hale and John Qualen are among the cast.—*War.*

P. S.

Miss Russell lost seventeen pounds during production of this picture. It didn't matter photographically because as she aged in the picture, more padding was used in her costumes to make her appear heavier. However, it mattered very much to studio officials who insisted she take a long vacation before doing another picture. She'd been resting a few weeks at a Southern California lake resort when she collapsed and was hospitalized for a long session of rebuilding her health. . . . Picture was filmed on seventy different sets, and Miss Russell has fifty-seven costume changes. Took fifteen players to portray the five children in three different age periods. . . . George James Hopkins did the sets. Spent seventeen weeks studying the various periods before making designs. Pictures of this type, which cover half-centuries, are the most difficult to produce. Every department: Costumes, sets, hairdressers, actors—all have a much harder and time-consuming job to do. . . . Nineteen-year-old Robert Arthur got a terrific break. Eleven days after he arrived in Hollywood (fresh from an honorable medical discharge from the Navy), he was portraying one of Mrs. Pierson's sons. It's his first film job. . . . Jo Ann Marlowe won the distinction of being Hollywood's youngest

(*Continued on page 18*)

A special process keeps Kleenex

Luxuriously Soft Dependably Strong



Only Kleenex* has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double-tissue at a time!

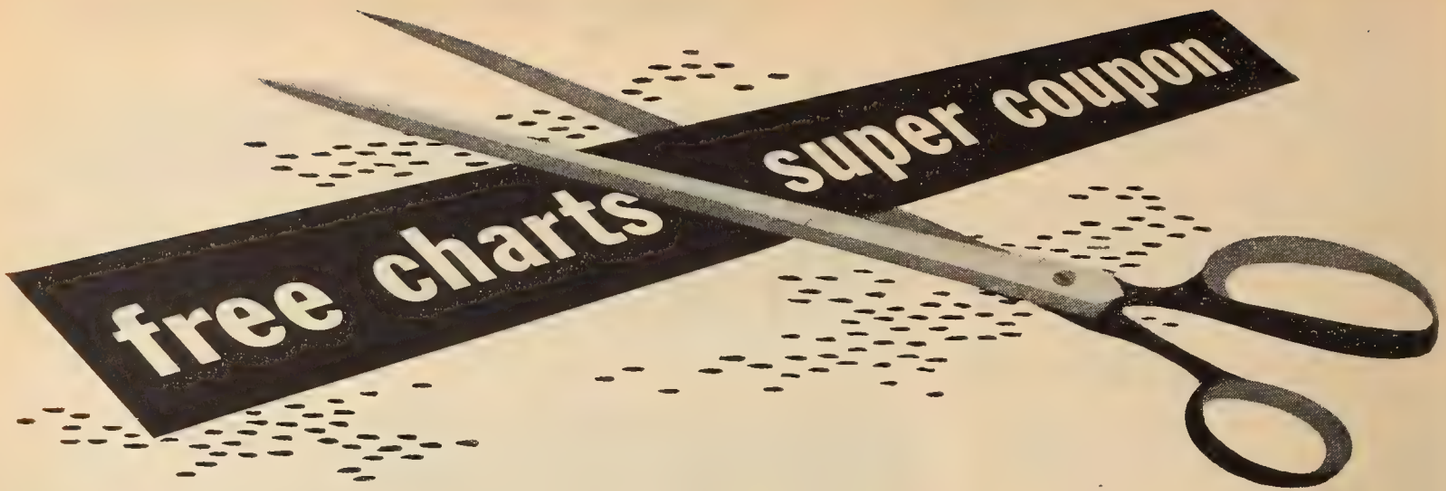


YOUR NOSE KNOWS — THERE'S ONLY ONE KLEENEX

In these days of shortages we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: consistent with government regulations, we'll keep your Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

There is only one KLEENEX



CHECK THE BOXES OPPOSITE THE CHARTS YOU'D LIKE ★ NEW CHARTS ARE STARRED

FOR FANS

SUPER ★ STAR INFORMATION CHART (10c) Our new, revised 32-page booklet. Latest pics, births, marriages, heights, weights, number of kids, love life of 500 stars. Where to write to them. New stars, stars in the Service and a complete section on Western stars. Send 10c and a LARGE, self-addressed stamped (3c) envelope ☐

MUSIC MAKERS, THEIR LIVES, BANDS AND RECORDS (5c) New and exciting data on bands, bandleaders, vocalists—everyone from James to Sinatra. 20-page booklet, pictures of each music maker, lists of their best records. A solid must for all you hep cats. Send 5c, as well as a LARGE, self-addressed stamped (3c) envelope ☐

HOW TO JOIN A FAN CLUB— Have yourself a time! Join one or more of the 60 fan clubs we've listed and get snaps of your favorite stars, club journals, chance for pen pals—and other splendid advantages! Read about the new MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Association. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed stamped (3c) (3c) envelope ☐

INFORMATION DESK— Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See box on page 26 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART

STAR AUTOGRAPHS— Turn to page 62 to see how you can get autographs of all your favorite stars.

FOR ROMANCE

PLEASE BEHAVE!— Helpful, practical chart with tips on how to be poised, well liked. Etiquette for dating, engagements, weddings, letter writing—the works. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

CO-ED PERSONAL ADVICE— Want to know how you can get that cute guy in Algebra class to ask for a date? Or when it's cagey to pull a "hard to get"? Write to our expert, Jean Kinkead, c/o MODERN SCREEN, tell her all, and she'll personally write you a letter answering all those important, impossible problems of the heart. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

★ HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH BOYS—*by Jean Kinkead.* How to be date bait, plus a complete follow through for when you're out with *him.* What to do and what to avoid. The straight stuff on going steady, getting stood up, drinking, smoking, tactics to get and hold your man! In short—the works, kids! ☐

BE A BETTER DANCER!—*by Arthur Murray* Complete, easy-to-follow directions on how to foxtrot, waltz—all the turns and tricks that'll help you follow your partner. Also dance floor etiquette, what to wear and how to be popular with the stag line. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

FOR GLAMOUR

FASHIONS FOR TALL GIRLS—*by Marjorie Bailey* Whether you're lanky-tall or chubby-tall, here are lines and styles to camouflage your height What's tops for *you* in coats, suits, dresses. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

FASHIONS FOR SHORT GIRLS—*by Marjorie Bailey* Fashion tricks to make *you* the willowy girl of your dreams. What to choose in dresses, coats, suits, hats to make you inches taller. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

FASHIONS FOR STOUT AND THIN GIRLS—*by Marjorie Bailey* How to appear thinner or more curvaceous. Lines and styles that slenderize hips, waist, bust, legs and those to cover up that bony look. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

FASHIONS FOR TEENS: FALL AND WINTER— Hot tips for gals from 12 to 18. What to wear, when to wear it, how to match up your outfits. Dope to make your wardrobe look like an all-Adrian job. How to dress for your guy whether he's a Pfc. or a juke-box king. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed stamped (3c) envelope ☐

GLAMOUR FOR THE TEENS— This is 'specially for gals from 12 to 18. How to really glamour yourself up. Skin care, make-up, hairdos for your particular beauty problem. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL— For over 18s—a beauty routine, skin and nail care, make-up styled to your needs. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

HOW TO HAVE LOVELY HAIR— Encyclopedia on hair care. Hair-dos styled for you, setting instructions. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

HOW TO LOSE WEIGHT— 12-page chart giving you all the safe ways to lose weight. 2 easy-to-follow scientific diets. Exercises for reducing every part of the body, plus scoring chart. Free, send LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

CRYSTAL BALL DEPT.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS (10c) Send in a sample of your handwriting or your G.I.'s in ink (about 25 words), and Shirley Spencer will analyze it for you and tell you how he *really* feels. Send 10c for each analysis and enclose a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope. ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE TO MISS SHIRLEY SPENCER, c/o MODERN SCREEN, but only for Handwriting Analysis ☐

YOUR INDIVIDUALLY COMPILED HOROSCOPE (10c) Fill in your birthdate: Year....
Month..... Date..... Time.....
Name .....
Street..... City .... Zone..... State...
Send 10c. No self-addressed envelope required. ☐

ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.


Her Beauty WEARS A MASK OF Terror!
Desired by all men, envied by all women. What is the spell that hangs over this beautiful woman, making her a terrified slave . . . fearful, even, of the man who so desperately fights to free her?
ANOTHER OF THE GREAT
R K O RADIO
HEDY LAMARR
GEORGE BRENT • PAUL LUKAS
in
"Experiment Perilous"
with
ALBERT DEKKER • CARL ESMOND • OLIVE BLAKENEY
GEORGE N. NEISE • MARGARET WYCHERLY
Produced by Robert Fellows. Directed by Jacques Tourneur
Screen play by Warren Duff
To Families and Friends of Servicemen: This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.



Yes—

YOU CAN BE MORE BEAUTIFUL

AND HERE'S THE SECRET—a make-up *miracle* awaits you in the new *duo-tone* Rouge by Princess Pat. As you apply it, mysteriously and amazingly the color seems to come from within the skin—bringing out new hidden beauty. Your color looks so real, no one could believe that you use rouge at all!

LOOK IN YOUR MIRROR! There's an amazing 'lift' to Princess Pat Rouge that gives you fresh confidence in your beauty—bids you be irresistible—and if you feel irresistible, well, naturally, you *are!*

THE RIGHT WAY TO ROUGE

For the most lasting and natural effect:

- Apply rouge before powdering.
- Smile into mirror. Note that the cheek raises. Apply rouge to the raised area in the form of a > pointing toward the nose.
- Blend with finger tips outward in all directions. Notice that Princess Pat Rouge leaves no edges.
- Put a touch of rouge to each ear lobe and point of chin.
- Now, apply Princess Pat Face Powder.

ONLY PRINCESS PAT ROUGE has the *duo-tone* secret—an undertone and overtone are blended in each shade. See it perform its beauty miracle on YOU! Until you do, you'll never know how lovely you really can be.



And Lips to Match— Key your lips perfectly to your cheeks—the effect is stunning! You'll love the smoothness of Princess Pat Lipstick and its amazing power to stay on. The shades are simply heavenly! Wherever you buy cosmetics you'll find Princess Pat Rouge, Lipstick and Powder. Get yours today.

$1, 25c, 10c

PRINCESS PAT

pin-up girl, following a request for her photo from a Seabee unit. Jo Ann is eight. . . . Cole Porter's famed college song, "Bull Dog," was written in 1911 when he was a Yale student. It's one of 35 songs cleared for use in this picture. . . . Rosalind brought a small metallic doghouse to the set to be worn about the neck of any who incurred the Curtiz wrath. First victim: Miss Russell, herself, who wore it all day for being late to the set.

EXPERIMENT PERILOUS

You can't blame a husband for being jealous of anyone as beautiful as Hedy Lamarr. No, this isn't a tip-off on the love life of the Loder family. . . . It's a remark prompted by her new picture, "Experiment Perilous." Hedy wears the elegant gowns of the early 1900's and has a psycho-neurotic husband who goes green-eyed when she so much as looks at another man. Since he is played by Paul Lukas, who is a suave, subtle actor, he doesn't denote jealousy by gnashing his teeth. He does it in a suave, subtle way, by making people think his lovely wife is going out of her mind. He even calls in a psychiatrist.

The psychiatrist is Dr. Huntingdon Bailey (George Brent, and I'd be psycho-analyzed myself if George would do it!). He knows considerably more about Nick Bederaux and his beautiful Allida (Hedy Lamarr) than Nick at first realizes. That is because he happened to meet Nick's sister on a train from Chicago, and she chattered along carelessly about family matters. Too carelessly. Poor Miss Bederaux! Next day at tea with Nick and Allida, she has a "heart attack" and dies immediately. But her dressing case was substituted for Nick's in getting off the train, and when Hunt opens it, he finds a diary which gives him a clue to events past and future in the Bederaux house on Murray Hill. The diary mentions Alec, who was young and full of life and in love with Allida. Alec is dead, and now Miss Bederaux is dead, too. When Hunt remembers the look he himself got from Bederaux's inscrutable eyes when Allida seemed to like him, he feels none too safe.

He knows the risk Allida and her five-year-old son run every day they stay in the same house with Nick. But it isn't going to be easy to get them out. It might have been easier if Hunt hadn't fallen deeply in love with Allida at their first meeting. Still, he is a psychiatrist, and he understands Nick's twisted mentality. There must be a way. There is indeed, but it lies through a grim path of horror that at last resolves into violence.

It takes a superb cast to do justice to this kind of picture. Fortunately RKO has given us one, including Olive Blakeney, Albert Dekker, Stephanie Bachelor and Carl Esmond.—*RKO.*

P. S.

Story of "Experiment Perilous" was not changed from the book plot except to be set back fifty years. This was done at the suggestion of Miss Lamarr. She believed the role of a submissive wife would be more plausible as of fifty years ago than it would be with a modern day treatment. Also, in this manner, the studio escaped the necessity of undertoning and overtoning the picture with war, one of the most difficult of modern movie problems. . . . This is the first period picture for Hedy Lamarr, who is enhanced by sixteen costume changes. . . . George Brent returns to the screen after more than a year spent in training fliers for the Army. . . . Paul

(Continued on page 20)

FREE OFFER!

Fill out the following Questionnaire, and in a flash we'll send you a FREE DELL MAG! We're holding 500 of 'em for you speed demons—so whip your coupon back to us quick-like, the supply won't last long. Be sure yours is in the mail not later than January 20th. We'll have a copy of Screen Romances or Screen Album or another of Dell's fascinating books sent to you, all for FREE!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our February issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Ham from Hamtramck (John Hodiak) ☐
Stop, Look and Whistle! (Deanna Durbin) ☐
Cinderella Boy (Farley Granger) ☐
Jenny Made Her Mind Up (Jennifer Jones) ☐
"I Envy Claudette . . ." (Claudette Colbert) by Hedda Hopper ☐
Frankie, We Love You! (Frank Sinatra) ☐
Sweet and Lovely (Jeanne Crain) ☐
Lon McCallister, Life Story, Part II ☐
"Der Bingle" (Bing Crosby) ☐
Big Bad Wolf (Helmut Dantine) ☐
Golden Girl (Louise Allbritton) ☐
Marriage Is Strictly Okay! (Dana Andrews) ☐
Good News by Louella Parsons ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST? .....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference .....

.....

.....

Do you sew from patterns: (check one)
A great deal? .... A little? .... Not at all? ....

My name is ..... City ... Zone ..... State .....

My address is .....

I am ..... years old.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

YOU HAVE A DATE WITH A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE!

THE FIRST GREAT DRAMATIC MUSICAL...

TECHNICOLOR



COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

Rita HAYWORTH

TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT

WITH JANET BLAIR · LEE BOWMAN

MARC PLATT · LESLIE BROOKS

Screen Play by Lesser Samuels and Abem Finkel · Songs by Jule Styne and Sammy Cahn

Produced and Directed by VICTOR SAVILLE

COLUMBIA PICTURES

Lukas fans will like this one because it gives Paul a rich role as the shrewd, relentless, psychopathic killer. . . . Olive Blakeney gets a meaty role in this picture, too. Olive was a top-ranking star of the English stage and screen, has done some fine work in America. . . . Albert Dekker, who came to Hollywood to do a couple of pictures for experience and intended to return to the New York stage, has decided to stay in Hollywood permanently. His picture schedule is booked solid for several months to come. . . . Stephanie Bachelor, well-known on the New York stage, is a comparative newcomer to films—made her screen debut in "Lady of Burlesque." This is her second venture. . . . Produced by Robert Fellows and directed by Jacques Tourneur, son of Maurice Tourneur, ace director of silent films.

A SONG TO REMEMBER

Most of us are pretty vague about the life of Chopin. We remember a detail here and there—his Polish background, his affair with George Sand, his fatal illness. "A Song To Remember" fills in all the blank spaces and weaves an enchanting Technicolor tapestry of Chopin and his music.

Cornel Wilde makes a romantically melancholy Chopin. Merle Oberon as George Sand is fascinating whether she's wearing trousers or the fabulous gowns of the period. The picture is materially aided by the presence of Paul Muni in the part of Professor Elsner, Chopin's teacher.

It is Elsner who first insists that Chopin must go to Paris as a concert pianist. Since the boy is only twelve at the time, no one takes this very seriously. Ten years later Elsner gets Chopin to Paris, but it is only because the young man's Polish nationalist sympathies have gotten him into trouble with the Russian authorities, and he has to leave the country. They arrive in Paris, a disheveled pair of yokels, and Elsner insists that they go at once to see Louis Pleyel (George Coulouris), who was interested in Chopin ten years before. Ten years is a long time—Pleyel doesn't even remember the name and will do nothing about a concert. Franz Liszt meets the young musician, however, and is convinced he has talent. He himself arranges a concert.

The affair is a failure. Chopin has bad news from home just before he goes on—his two best friends have been killed for aiding his escape. He plays poorly because of this emotional upset, and the critics are caustic about the perfomance. All except George Sand. She—the most talked of woman in Paris—is intrigued by his looks as well as persuaded of his genius. In a few days' time she succeeds in whisking him off to her country home, and the romance between them becomes the scandal of the year. Poor old Elsner is left alone and broke in Paris. Chopin has forgotten everything except a beautiful woman. No, not everything. He remembers his love of Poland, and the rest of his life is torn between these two warring passions. Both have a tremendous influence on his work, and posterity owes a debt to each for the music of Chopin.—*Col.*

P. S.

Whether you're a solid sender, a long-haired ickey or just an ordinary guy with a love of pretty tunes, the music in this will go straight to your heart. Chopin didn't write his music to the intelligentsia of his day but to the peasants and to Madame George Sand—it may be understood and enjoyed by everyone. . . . The 23 pieces in the picture include almost all of the popular Chopin compositions. Proof of their melodious appeal is that many of the American songs of the early Twenties were taken from Chopin movements. "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," "Moonlight and Roses," "I Found You in The Rain," to name a few. . . . Muni, the perfectionist, had three pairs of glasses specially ground by his oculist for his work as the music teacher. Glasses were smaller than those worn today and were encased in steel rims. . . . The character of George Sand demanded that the Oberon legs be hidden with tailored trousers, but on her they look good. History also recorded that Sand smoked cigars, and Merle was willing to try if it would authenticize the picture. The idea was dropped, however, as unnecessary to the characterization and possibly offensive to many picture-goers. . . . Cornel Wilde practically lived at the keyboard during the months of filming. So that his piano fingering would be facile, he was forbidden to garden, golf or play tennis. Even at that, he finished production with deep callouses on his finger tips. . . . When the picture was completed, Cornel visited the nearest music store, bought a baby grand for his formerly piano-less Beverly Hills home. . . . Production was held up for three days when Borden, the mustached Duke of Orleans, absent-mindedly mailed his mustache to the Screen Actors Guild along with a check for his dues!

THE SUSPECT

It is not the policy of this department to recommend murder. But if ever anyone asked for death by violence, it's the wife in this picture. She is a Termagant, a shrew and a harpy. Charles Laughton, as her husband, makes you feel that he deserves a medal, instead of hanging, for her removal from this world.

You see, Philip Marshall (Charles Laughton) is really a quiet, gentle man. Given the right wife, he would have raised flowers, had an occasional pint at the local



NOW..try the shampoo made from Natural Oils CONTAINS PATENTED RINSING AGENT

NOW AVAILABLE for you . . . Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo combines mild Cocoanut Oil and vegetable oils into a perfectly blended shampoo. As recognized authorities on hair care for over 50 years, the F. W. Fitch Company ask you to try this beauty shampoo.

At Drug Counters
Generous 6 oz. Bottle
50c

Leaves Hair Softer . . . Not "Drying" . . . Helps make your hair feel surprisingly softer . . . look silkier. After shampooing, your hair will have a lovely, soft gloss and be easy to manage.

"Mountains" of Lather . . . In either hard or soft water, a small amount of Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil gives huge swirls of billowy lather that loosens and floats away all dirt, dust and other hair accumulations.

A True Beauty Shampoo . . . Brings out the natural beauty of your hair by revealing those shy highlights that lend glamour to every hairstyle. Helps give your hair a radiant, healthy-looking luster.

Patented Rinsing Agent . . . Makes rinsing a simple, easy job. This special agent goes into action with the rinse water to carry away remaining particles. No special after rinse is required . . . hair and scalp are left immaculately clean, refreshed. Damp hair combs out easily . . . without troublesome snarling.

Delightfully Fragrant . . . You'll like the clean, fresh scent of this clear liquid shampoo. It leaves your hair with a pleasing, delicate fragrance. Try Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

FOR DANDRUFF...ask for and use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo . . . the *only* shampoo whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application is backed by one of the world's largest insurance companies. No other shampoo can make this statement.



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

A Shampoo for the whole Family

Fitch's TRADE MARK SAPONIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

The F. W. FITCH COMPANY, Des Moines 6, Iowa · Bayonne, N. J. · Los Angeles 21, Calif. · Toronto 2, Canada

pub and lived a happy and useful existence. But he married a virago who screams at him like a fishwife and makes him wish he had never been born. Their son, John (Dean Harens), leaves home because his mother's nagging interference is too much for him. Philip, who loves John deeply, is very lonely after he goes. Perhaps that's one reason he particularly notices the girl who comes to the exclusive tobacconist's shop where Philip works. She is looking for a job, and somehow she seems as lost and lonely as Philip himself. Mary (Ella Raines) is a typist, and in the London of 1902, women who want jobs are looked on with suspicion. But Philip finds her a place in a dress shop, and they begin to see each other regularly. He neglects to mention that he has a wife.

After all, he tells his conscience, you can't call Cora (Rosalind Ivan) a wife, really. They live in the same house (and a filthy place it is, too, since Cora is too busy complaining to do housework), but there is no love between them, or even friendship. With Mary he finds both. So when Cora threatens not only that love but Mary's very existence, Philip takes things into his own hands. The coroner's verdict calls it death by accident, but Inspector Huxley of Scotland Yard isn't so sure. When Philip's drunken neighbor hears about Huxley's suspicions, he decides to cash in on them. He tells Philip he heard Cora cry out the night of her death, and what she cried is worth twenty pounds. Philip considers the matter. He is married to Mary now, and they can be very happy together if there is no trouble over Cora's death. But he can't afford to hand out twenty pounds every week or so. The next day the neighbor disappears.

It's frightening to see the lengths even a gentle man may be driven to. Laughton manages to convince you that he *is* a gentle man and to scare hell out of you at the same time. Ella Raines turns in a fine performance as Mary.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Only trouble with cats as actors, you don't get any emotional range. A cat is a cat—either frisky or quiet and that's that. Problem was solved when two identical Persian kittens were discovered by Prop men. "Mickie" gets the call for the playful scenes, and "Vickie," the docile type, is brought in to sit quietly on Laughton's lap or at Miss Raines' feet. . . . Talk of cats reminded Mr. Laughton of the eternal triangle at his own home. He has three cats—all strays—"Pinkie," "Mrs. Pinkie" and "Fredric". . . . Ella Raines, who ran off to be married a few days before her final exam at the University of Washington, was promised an A. B. degree from the college if she would write a thesis on some theatrical subject. Ella hasn't had time before, but between scenes for this picture she managed to get it done. It's a thesis on Laughton's technique in acting. . . . Some research had to be done into the barroom habits of ladies in the early 1900's. Director Robert Siodmak discovered that on shipboard it was permissible for a lady to enter the drinking room, but that she definitely did not stand with one foot on the brass rail. She was served at a small table alongside the bar and sipped at a mild cocktail. . . . Laughton reduced considerably for this role. His stand-in, Tommy Hicks, who weighs 265, couldn't knock off a pound. Since he can't diet down to stand in for 200-pound actors, he will have to take on fifty pounds and stand-in for Andy Devine. . . . Laughton came to work each morning with a new, glowing report on the pastry of his Danish cook. Finally the drooling cast and crew pooled their ration points and bought Laughton two pounds of butter so his cook could send over samples of her culinary achievements.

Are you in the know?

Can this WAC Lieutenant marry—
- ☐ A Private
- ☐ A Captain
- ☐ A Sergeant

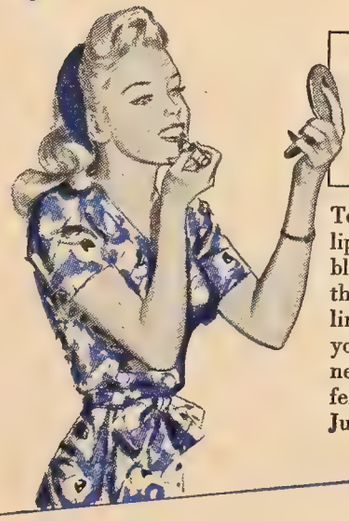
A WAC officer can wed her One and Only, whether he's a brass hat, a non-com, or plain G.I. Joe. Perhaps you'll be asked to be one of the bridesmaids at a furlough wedding. You can be on the scene—serene—whatever the time of the month. Kotex will keep you confident, because unlike thick, stubby napkins, Kotex has patented *flat tapered ends* that don't show revealing lines. And you'll find the dependable *comfort* of Kotex so different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch—for Kotex *stays soft while wearing!*





If your writing runs uphill, are you—
- ☐ Moody
- ☐ Indifferent to people
- ☐ An optimist

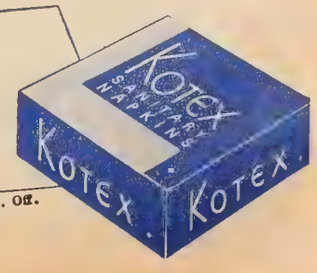
It's fun to read character through handwriting! If you study up on the subject, beforehand, it tells all! Do you write uphill? You're an *optimist*, says Dorothy Sara, noted handwriting analyst. Why not *keep* that cheery outlook—even on trying days? You'll never be a "worry-bird" with Kotex sanitary napkins, because that *4-ply safety center* keeps moisture away from the sides. That's why you can count on getting protection *plus*—when you use Kotex.



Will lip rouge linger longer if you—
- ☐ Moisten the lips first
- ☐ Apply it over powder
- ☐ Repaint a previous job

To make your lipstick *stick*—first, powder lips lightly. Apply lip rouge *over powder*, blot with Kleenex and you're set—for longer than you think. And your *confidence* can linger longer—on problem days. Just be sure your sanitary napkin is suited to your special needs. Only Kotex comes in 3 sizes, for different women, different days. Choose Regular, Junior or Super Kotex by the color of its box.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Easy to set your own hair with the new HOLD-BOB Curling Kit



Simple!

First wind a strand of hair on the one-piece plastic curler...



Quick!

Then slip bobby pin onto curl, and slide curler out. That's all! The bobby pins hold the curl. You can set your hair and go right out.

THE Hold-Bob patented curling kit is new and different. One simple, durable kit does your whole head again and again. Each kit contains a supply of genuine Hold-Bobs—"the bobby pins that hold."



LAKE PLACID SERENADE

Czechoslovakia is a long jaunt from Lake Placid, but it's in Czechoslovakia that the opening scenes of this picture take place. Personally, I like those scenes best, with all the snow, white, and velvet soft, and the vivid Czech costumes, and quaint little men like Haschek (Lloyd Corrigan). Haschek is the foster father of the heroine, Vera (Vera Hruba Ralston). Vera is Republic's version of Sonja Henie, and a very nice version she is.

Vera doesn't, of course, stay long in Czechoslovakia. When she wins the national skating championship, she gets an invitation to the Lake Placid Winter Festival. Also there are a couple of agents, Webb (Walter Catlett) and Jiggers (William Frawley), who follow her around, waving contracts under her pretty nose. They are backed by a man-mad Countess, played by Vera Vague in the usual Vague manner.

Vera (Haschek, not Vague) comes to America to star as a skater, and here she meets her wealthy uncle, Carl Cermak (Eugene Pallette), and his two daughters. Daughter A is Irene (Stephanie Bachelor), a spoiled beauty who's trying her darndest to coax handsome Paul Jordan (Robert Livingston) to the altar. Daughter B, Susan (Ruth Terry), is a charming girl with a sense of humor. She likes Vera immediately and does her best to protect her from Irene's glacial onslaughts.

One evening, Vera is skating on a pond near the Cermak home and meets Paul for the first time. He doesn't know who she is, but she's for him, right from the start. "A blonde angel off the top of the Christmas tree," he thinks. Vera goes for him, too, but of course Irene puts a prompt period to this budding romance. Or maybe it's only a comma, because Paul goes right on being in love with Vera even when she disappears, and no one knows where to find her.

Susan pulls a fast one and gets them all together at Lake Placid where Vera is Winter Queen. And who is Winter King? None other than our old pal, Roy Rogers. Trigger is along, too, and does everything but skate. Ray Noble makes with the music, Vera loses one skate, Cinderella fashion, and when it's found, there's a happy ending.—*Rep.*

P. S.

The lover of beautiful and clever dances on ice will not go away from this hungry for more. There's plenty of ice-skating in it. Vera Ralston is at her best as is the rest of the cast-on-ice. Little Twinkle Watts, the child wonder, is in it, and McGowan and Mack do their famous apache number, and the famous Polish ballet dancers, Felix Sadovsky and Janina Frostova, do some beautiful folk numbers. In addition to all this, the musical score is perfect. Music is supplied by Harry Owens, Ray Noble and a 64-piece studio orchestra under the direction of Walter Scharf. There are no original numbers in this picture, but the familiar tunes, subordinated to the action, make the musical background even more pleasant to listen to. . . . The only vocal number is by Roy Rogers, "King of the Cowboys," who sings "Winter Wonderland." . . . Brilliant sets surround the huge frozen lake on a Republic sound stage for the series of numbers. One set is a replica of Lake Placid, with hundreds of real pine trees, tons of artificial snow. Another represents the ice rink at Madison Square Garden, and a third duplicates a scene in Czechoslovakia. A luxurious Long Island estate is the locale for another, and the fifth is the sparkling show boat background of the minstrel ballet. All five are done on the same rink. . . . Scene for Bob Livingston had to be rewritten. Bob was supposed to take a fall on the ice, but Livingston is considered such a dangerous risk that Lloyd's won't insure him. He's broken both legs in riding in sagebrush sagas, nearly scalped himself galloping beneath a tree, and he can play his broken knuckles like castanets. "Don't bother about the fall, Bob," director Sekely told him, "just stay on your feet—if you can!"

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was Tuesday night, October 31st, and we'd been waiting for almost three hours. Not that it mattered—Frank Sinatra was at the Paramount, and it was his last night!

My friend and I finally got in, only to find that most of the audience had been in the theater so long that they not only chatted while the picture was running, but were able to recite some of the dialogue along with the actors!

Finally, it was the last show. Ray Paige and his orchestra went into a medley of service tunes, Eileen Barton, breathtaking in blue net and sequins, did two numbers and encored with "The Trolley Song." Pops and Louie, a dance team, and impersonator Ollie O'Toole thanked us for our attention, and Ray delivered a tribute to Frank who, he said, ". . . is a great guy and always a gentleman and deserves all of the admiration you give him."

Then the orchestra swelled into "This Love Of Mine," everyone stood up applauding and cheering like mad, and Frankie burst forth. As one fan said, he looked "simply heavenly" in his blue-grey suit with matching shirt and a maroon and grey-striped tie. And that lock of hair which had started falling at the earlier shows had now tumbled down over his forehead. As he stood speechless in front of the mike, the kids started singing "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow" while a stream of beautifully wrapped presents and white carnations flowed towards the stage with Frankie placing each one on the bandstand and trying, as far as possible, to shake each hand reaching to him. Finally, the procession was over, the singing stopped, and just as Frankie stepped to the mike, the first 25 rows of fans who were still standing went into "You'll Never Know." Instantly, the theater hushed with the sincerity of the girls. When they finished, Frankie looked at them and murmured softly, "I've never been able to express myself by writing, and I'm not much for talking, but one thing I want to tell you, this is the happiest moment of my life."

He then proceeded to thank us in his own way—by singing. He rendered several numbers and then announced "Old Man River," adding, 'Paul Robeson does a magnificent job, and I only hope I can do one-third as well."

When he finished, the applause was tremendous. He smiled, bowed, threw a kiss and was gone.

But not forgotten.

Harriett Pearson
New York City

MINISTRY OF FEAR

A charity bazaar in an English village sounds innocent, doesn't it? Not the sort of thing you'd expect to lead to a spy ring and a few murders. It seems to Stephen Neale (Ray Milland) a harmless way to

(Continued on page 24)



A surging, tempestuous story... aglow with tenderness... powerfully emotional.

COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

A Sidney Buchman Production

A Song to Remember

starring

Paul MUNI — *Merle* OBERON

with CORNEL WILDE

NINA FOCH · GEORGE COULOURIS

Screen Play by Sidney Buchman

Directed by CHARLES VIDOR



A new kind of motion picture!

A new miracle of TECHNICOLOR!

COLUMBIA PICTURES



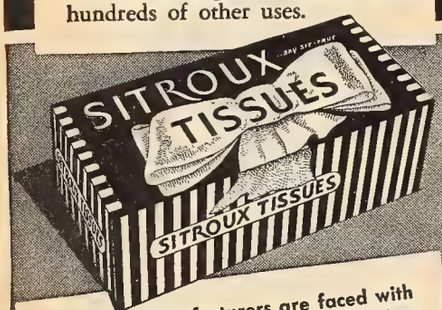
Use lipstick brush for neater, more lasting job. Rub brush in lipstick, make curved "x" in center of upper lip. Outline lips clear to corners, cutting down cupid's bow. Use corner of a Sitroux Tissue to remove lipstick that smears over.



Fill in upper lip. Press lips together; fill in lower lip—clear to corners. Blot with one-half of a Sitroux Tissue. (Absorbent Sitroux blots away all excess lipstick—leaves a smooth, even coating.)



Powder lips lightly. Moisten and apply second coat of lipstick. Blot with other side of tissue. (SAVE Sitroux*) Keep Sitroux handy for facial cleansings, manicures and hundreds of other uses.



* Tissue manufacturers are faced with raw material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are doing our best to make the finest quality tissues under present government restrictions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX TISSUES

SAY SIT-TRUE

pass the time till he catches the train for London. He pays a shilling at one stall to guess the weight of a cake (winner gets cake), and then goes on to a fortune-teller.

It is while he's having his fortune told that he begins to realize things are a little odd. Instead of predicting a voyage across the water and a meeting with a luscious blonde, the fortune-teller says urgently, "Guess the weight of the cake at four pounds, two ounces." Stephen, intrigued, goes out and pays another shilling for an extra guess. "Four pounds, two ounces," he says, and the cake is handed over to him amid a distinctly creepy silence.

As he starts away with it, the fortune-teller comes out from a conference with a new arrival and signals that a mistake has been made. They try to get Stephen to give back the cake, but he's stubborn about it. He won it, didn't he? He gets on the train for London, complete with cake. A blind man taps his way along the platform and gets into the same compartment. When the train stops during a bombing raid, he slugs Steve with his cane and makes off with the cake. When Steve pursues him, he almost gets shot.

Stephen's interest is now fully aroused. He doesn't like being slugged or robbed or shot at. When he gets to London, he starts a quiet investigation of the people back of that charity bazaar. It was run, he finds, by a charming Austrian girl, Carla (Marjorie Reynolds), and her attractive brother Willi (Carl Esmond). Willi agrees to help Stephen find the fortune-teller. There is another murder after that, and later a time bomb in a suitcase, then still another murder. Steve falls in love with Carla in the meantime, and both their lives are threatened. The climax is a hair-raising chase across the roofs of London.

Ray Milland is pleasantly bewildered but determined as the handsome hero. Carl Esmond really makes things interesting. —*Par.*

P. S.

Ray Milland passed another milestone during the filming of this one. Paramount presented him with a new seven-year contract—no options! This establishes an unbroken tenure of sixteen years with one studio for Ray. . . . Incidentally, this is his forty-third motion picture since arriving from England. . . . This brings Percy Waram back to the screen after a three-and-a-half-year road tour with "Life With Father" in which he played the title role. . . . The large exterior set, showing the Black Moor, was built on the back lot at General Service Studio. With that exception it was filmed inside studio walls at Paramount. . . . The battle between Milland and Carl Esmond was a rough and tumble melee with wild-swinging blows and chair-throwing which lasted for two filming days. This was an exhaustive role for Ray. In addition to the two-day fight, he was slugged over the head with a cane, blown across a room by an explosion, chased up five flights of stairs, wedged in a sardine-packed crowd in an air raid shelter, and soaked to the skin for a week running in rain scenes. The role was non-stop, too. Ray worked on every shooting day of the picture! . . . Rita Johnson, originally written into the role of the "other woman," became ill before shooting began. This gave Hillary Brooke a boost into a fine part. . . . Picture required twenty major sets—an unusual number for any picture.

OBJECTIVE, BURMA

There are war pictures that are real, and there are others that remind you of the formation of tin soldiers Junior moves around the living room on Sundays when he's finished the funnies. "Objective Burma" happens to be one of the real ones. It describes a group of paratroopers on a mission. The mission is a tough one.

Maybe some of the reality comes from Errol Flynn's portrayal of their commanding officer, Captain Nelson. You feel that you'd as soon follow him into battle as you would a four-star general. The paratroopers are a mixed bunch. There's the talkative wise guy known as "Gabby" (George Tobias), and the ex-farm boy called "Nebraska," and the humorous, efficient second-in-command. Lieutenant Jacobs (William Prince), plus several others. There is also a more or less unknown quantity, a newspaper correspondent, Mark Williams (Henry Hull).

The paratroopers are taken by plane into Burma and dropped off at a designated spot. "Do a good job and you'll save thousands of lives," they're told before they start. "We'll do a good job," Nelson

(*Continued on page 26*)

JOE COLLEGE—1961 ISSUE

He's pink and creasy, isn't he, and his hair's a bit on the fuzzy side, and he makes hicuppy noises and maybe his Daddy's never seen him. Not that he doesn't know every gum mark and coo and shriek his youngster's ever pulled. It's just that for the time being, it's "Daddy—Somewhere Away From Home."

But when Daddy does come home, the going may be a bit on the tough side, and it'll be a while before he'll be able to adjust things so's the weekly budget will read, "College Fund For Mike." And you can bet your boots that that GI wants Mike to have a college fund and a nice house to grow up in and decent clothes and food and friends. And maybe he won't be able to get 'em without help. Help which you can so easily provide now, while you're earning more and living more simply.

Buy Mike a War Bond. You can't make up to him a childhood without a father, but you can buy him a secure and satisfying manhood.

BONDS FOR BABY APPLICATION FORM

War Finance Committee
1270 Sixth Avenue
New York 20, N. Y., Room 2701

A War Bond has been ☐ *purchased*
will be ☐

In the amount of $.....

Serial Number of Bond.....

for Young.....
(please print name)

Address .....
(street or R.F.D.)

.....
(City)

Purchased by.....

Dated .....

So fill out the above coupon and send it in today. And just to keep everything in the never-never land spirit of all your Mikes and Marys, Walt Disney has designed a full-color "Cradle Roll Of Honor" Certificate gaily bordered with all his lovable little cartoon people which will be filled out by the United States Treasury in your child's name —and your honor.

Buy Mike a War Bond. He's so little, and it'll mean so much.



"Hello, dream girl", he whispers. And you're glad you're looking lovely... glad you've kept your hands petal-soft.

Ever since you discovered Trushay, hand care has seemed so much simpler.

Trushay's the "beforehand" idea in lotions. All you do is smooth it on *before* household tasks.

Rich, sweet-scented Trushay helps *prevent* roughness and dryness ... *guards soft hands*, *even in hot, soapy water*.

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Want your hair to look more lovely?



WHAT GIRL DOESN'T!

And it's so *easy* to make your hair more glamorous with richer color and radiant highlights when you use Nestle Colorinse.



AT WORK—

You'll thrill to the compliments of your friends when they admire the loveliness of your hair. For Colorinse transforms dull, drab-looking hair into brighter, shining locks—gleaming with colorful highlights.



AND AT PLAY!

Men go for girls with silky-soft, glamorous hair. Let Colorinse help give *your* hair this bewitching new beauty. Whatever its color, there's a shade of Colorinse to help it look brighter, more entrancing. Try it after your next shampoo.

NOTE Ask your beautician for an Opalescent Creme Wave by Nestle — originators of permanent waving.

Nestle COLORINSE



In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. At beauty counters everywhere.

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

For that well-groomed look, whether you wear your hair up or down — a delicately perfumed hair lacquer. Just a few drops of Hairlac will keep your coif in place throughout the day. 2½ oz. bottle 25¢



Nestle HAIRLAC

says quietly. The assignment is to blow up a Jap radar station, and it is accomplished with neatness and dispatch. The paratroopers, assembling later at the spot where the transport planes are to pick them up, are pleased with themselves. It wasn't an easy job, but it's done, and in a couple of hours they'll be back at the base.

The transport planes wing over them and circle, preparatory to landing. That is the moment when Nelson discovers a force of Japs approaching. Too big a force, too well equipped for the paratroopers to dispose of. He radios the planes to go back, and then there begins a long, relentless, heartbreaking struggle against impossible odds. Against the Japs—and the jungle—and death in a thousand forms. You'll get a real thrill when you see the survivors stagger into the base, and salute —"Mission accomplished."—*War.*

P. S.

"Objective, Burma" claims a Warner Bros. Studio record—more than 1400 individual scenes were photographed. Normal picture average is 650. . . . The cast includes fifty young men portraying roles as tough paratroopers. Many of them were hired directly after release from the U. S. Armed forces. Requests came to the studio from five qualified women parachutists for parts in the picture, but were denied due to Warners' attempt to give discharged servicemen a chance at the parts. . . . Laddie Rucker, grid star at Oregon State, was hired for "run of the picture" shortly after discharge from the Marines. At completion he was rewarded for his good work with a contract. . . . Picture was filmed entirely away from the studio. During scenes in Palm Springs, temperature hit 127 degrees. This made it tough on the actors who had to pack 65 pounds of equipment as paratroopers. . . . Mickey Scott is an "old timer." Fans may remember him as a member of the famous "Our Gang" comedies. Scott was married during filming of the picture. He'd served overseas for two years prior to starting this one. . . . Henry Hull returned to his dairy farm in Connecticut upon completion of his role. Announced plans for early resumption of his radio career. Henry's two kids, Shirley and Henry, Jr., departed during production for overseas duty in the Pacific. Both are serving with the parapack division. . . . Most respected members of the cast were the twenty-five foot python, trained by Albert Schloess, and a Bengal tiger owned and trained by Lou Matthews!

HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN

Take a young soldier, wounded and sent back to the States after two years in the Pacific. Take a lovely little movie star whom he's been dreaming about during those two years. Bring them together at the Hollywood Canteen, and you'll get a love story that will appeal to everyone. Especially when the soldier is played by Robert Hutton, who is handsome like crazy and a good actor besides. The girl in the case is Joan Leslie.

That's only a little of what "Hollywood Canteen" has to offer. Stars pop in and out of it like jacks-in-the-box. Famous bands play your favorite kinds of music. Comedians give with their funniest routines. And tying it all together is this sweet, tender little love story.

You see, Slim (Robert Hutton) had a girl when he went away to war. But she forgot to write, and gradually he began to think of Joan Leslie instead. When he and his buddy, the Sergeant (Dane Clark), are sent to a hospital near Hollywood and then given five days' pass before being sent back into action, of course he heads for the Hollywood Canteen. Luck plays along with Slim, and his first night there, Fate (with a slight assist from Bette Davis and John Garfield) brings him a kiss from Joan. No wonder he is in a roseate haze when he gets back to the Sarge, who has been doing the town with a blonde.

"Seeing is believing," says the Sarge firmly, so next night they *both* go to the Canteen. Joan's not there, but the Sarge meets a voluptuous bundle of primeval urges named Angela (Janis Paige), who makes his furlough an instant success.

The Canteen's an amazing place. Paul Henreid washes dishes, Eddie Cantor sings and clowns, and Jack Benny plays the violin. There are so many pretty girls it makes you dizzy, and as likely as not they turn out to be Joan Crawford or Barbara Stanwyck. Slim is the millionth man to come into the Canteen so he wins a weekend date with Joan Leslie. There are complications—some funny, some sad, all entertaining.

Dane Clark is a treat with his vitality and wit. But Hutton is the dream boy!—*War.*

INFORMATION DESK
(Questions of the Month)
By Beverly Linet

Hello:

Did you hear what I heard??? Bet you didn't. But I'll be glad to tell you . . .

THAT—Van Johnson collects cashmere sweaters like mad . . . and

THAT—June Allyson can't get enough of little china pigs . . . and

THAT—Your newest idol, Tom Drake, was born with the moniker—Alfred Alderdice . . . and

THAT—This terrific new pic, "Weekend at the Waldorf," which stars Ginger Rogers, Lana Turner, Walter Pidgeon, Keenan Wynn and Van Johnson, is really a remake of "Grand Hotel," which Mom and big sister saw some years back.

Yup, I've heard all that, and more, too . . . so if you'd like to get "in the know," it's as easy as ABC. Just sit down in your favorite corner, dash off a couple of those pet questions of yours and send them along with a self-addressed, stamped envelope to me at—INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C. I'll be waiting.

Bestus,

Bev.

Dorothy Robinson, Lexington, Ky.: MAY I PLEASE HAVE THE NAME OF THE MUSIC PLAYED THROUGHOUT "LAURA," AND IS IT AVAILABLE? . . . The piece is entitled "The Juggernaut" and as it was just background music, it is not available in either recorded or sheet music form.

Selma Robinson, Kingston, N. C.: MAY I HAVE NANCY SINATRA'S, NANCY SANDRA'S AND FRANK, JR.'S BIRTHDATES? . . . Nancy—March 25th; Nancy Sandra—June 8th; Frank, Jr.—Jan. 10th. And for good measure, the Sinatra wedding anniversary falls on Feb. 4th.

Ann Glass, Bronx, N. Y.: WHO WAS "GORDON" IN "LOUISIANA HAYRIDE"? SOME STATISTICS, PLEASE. . . . That was Ross Hunter. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on May 6, 1920, is 6' 1", 165 pounds, blond haired. Used to teach high school. Real name—Martin Fuss and can soon be seen in "A Girl, A Guy And A Pal." Write Jean Gallager, 1302 W. 102nd Street, Cleveland, Ohio, for info on his fan club.



This is Baby Betty

(SHE HAS IT!)

This is Sister Sue

(HER COMPLEXION NEEDED IT!)





This is what happened

(AFTER SHE GOT IT!)

IT IS THAT IVORY LOOK...YOU CAN HAVE IT, TOO...

It's a promise! Your complexion can be smoother, softer, lovelier. Look at Baby Betty's kissable cheek--and take her beauty tip. Just change from careless complexion care to regular, gentle cleansings with that pure, mild cake of Ivory Soap.

More doctors advise Ivory for your complexion than all other brands put together! No facial soap on earth can bring you more beauty. Ivory contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin. Try Ivory care today ...and watch your skin start to glow— with that Ivory Look!

More doctors advise Ivory—

THAN ALL OTHER BRANDS PUT TOGETHER



IT FLOATS!

99 44/100% pure

Make your Ivory go further. The ingredients that go into soap have vital war uses.

No other charm can quite compare



With the allure of lustrous hair!

No other Shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Does your hair look dull, slightly mousy?

No wonder—if you're washing it with cake soap or liquid soap shampoo! Because soap of any sort leaves a *soap film* which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Change to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Drene never leaves any dulling film. That's why it reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Does your hair-do require constant fiddling?

Men don't like this business of running a comb through your hair in public! Fix your hair so it stays put! And remember Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair wonderfully easy to manage, right after shampooing! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to arrange!

Sssssshhhhh! But have you dandruff?

Too many girls have! And what a pity. For unsightly dandruff can be easily controlled if you shampoo regularly with Drene. Drene with Hair Conditioner removes every trace of embarrassing dandruff the very first time you use it!





BACK-VIEW glamour—in this lovely, new evening hair-do! The back hair is set as for a page boy, then pulled together with the stunning beaded hair ornament. The shining smoothness of her hair is due to Drene with Hair Conditioner! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Drene Shampoo with *Hair Conditioner*

Product of Procter & Gamble

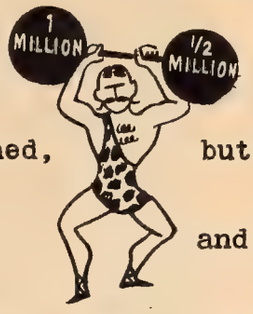
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

MAKE A DATE WITH *Glamour*

Tonight . . . don't put it off . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Get the combination of beauty benefits only this wonderful improved shampoo can give! ✓*Extra lustre*. . . up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoos! ✓*Manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! ✓*Complete removal* of dandruff! Insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, or ask your beauty shop to use it.

TO OUR READERS...



Would you mind closing the door? There's a draft—and besides I have a confession to make, and I hate strangers around. Thanks. Well, now that we're alone, I'll give. 

It's about the sales of our magazine. Don't ask how it happened, but all of a sudden we've got a circulation of a million and a half!... Isn't that awful? Remember when we were a carefree gang with only a million to live  up to? Used to kid around the office and throw spitballs and whistle at all the pretty readers—remember?... Well, those days are gone with the wind. Now we're big shots, and you have to have an appointment to get whistled at... Our 1,500,000 circulation puts us among the top 

ten magazines of the nation... for that matter, of the whole darned world. And our ten color pages actually  put us in a class by ourselves. What with Hedda Hopper, Fanny Hurst and Louella Parsons (alphabetical order),  we cover movies like an arc light... But, ladies, can't we still be friends? Don't be too hard on a couple of unhappy big shots. Basically we're nice, clean American boys. And I was only kidding when I made that remark about us not whistling at you any more. Heck, just try us!



Al  Delacorte

Henry  Malmgreen

by Fredda Dudley

When Jeanne was born May 25, 1925, in Barstow, Calif., her dad gave up singing career for higher paid job as Coordinator of Education in Inglewood High. She claims "Winged Victory" co-star Lon McCallister is very good friend—it's *not* love!



SWEET AND LOVELY

■ On practically any night in the Crain household you may find the radio turned to the current quiz program. This has been the state of affairs for as long as the girls can remember.

Father Crain, a teacher in Inglewood High School—a suburb near Los Angeles—has always maintained that a few stray bits of knowledge picked up from radio contests will damage no one's mental equipment. Name 7 states that begin with the letter M; what is the date of the Norman conquest? How many eggs does the average chicken lay in a year? Who is Secretary of the Navy? In case both the President of the United States and the Vice-President die, who becomes President?

It became the (*Continued on following page*)



Drives her mom crazy by appearing in kitchen to cook her tried eggs and bacon breakfasts, clad in filmiest, drapiest negligee in closet. 5' 4½" tall, she eats *every*thing, never gains a pound over 114!



Meet delectable Jeanne Crain... one picture, and bang! she's fifth on our reader poll.

Jeanne's jobs on maidless days are setting table, making beds. She won innumerable beauty contests and posed for so many leg art pics, she was nicknamed "The Form."

Although she gets a kick out of family album, she won't-let anyone outside the family lay a hand on it. Considers her juvenile self worse than repulsive. Sits by hour listening to Madame Pitoeff tell of experiences on European stage.





She's adept at figure-skating, dancing, spurns jitterbugging. $250 weekly salary is divvied; 25% for War Bonds, 25% for trust fund; rest to agent, clothes. She owns white lamb coat, yearns for mink!

SWEET AND LOVELY

Crain habit for the girls to call out the answers, and they were very accurate most of the time. Jeanne was so good that she won a quiz contest at St. Mary's Academy—as a Ninth Grader—and was entered in a city-wide contest that was broadcast over the radio.

It was the first time Jeanne had ever faced a microphone. When her first question was fired at her, Jeanne swallowed hard, looked at the iron ear awaiting her reply and decided that the only sharp contestant was the one safely sitting on a hassock in her own living room . . . about forty miles from the nearest microphone. Then, from somewhere, the correct answer popped into her mind. Whew! A close one.

Her second problem was easy: Name ten state capitals. Even her third question—although she doesn't remember it nowadays—was no brain-cracker. The fourth went off like a breeze, too. But the fifth. Try this on your encyclopedia: In what year did Caesar complete his conquest of Gaul?

Jeanne was taking Latin; she had floundered her way through that celebrated seventeenth chapter dealing with the construction of a pontoon bridge. She knew "Omnis Gallia in tres partes divisa est." But she didn't know that date. She had to give up, and this omission of knowledge dropped her rating into second place.

She felt badly about it; she could visualize her family sitting around the radio, rooting for her and being disappointed when she couldn't win.

However, like Caesar, she carried home some of the spoils of war: As second place contestant she was awarded three dollars in cash and ten pounds of sausage. It was the sausage that impressed the family. They had sausage for breakfast, luncheon and dinner for a week in order to use it up. To this day no one in the Crain household ever describes success as "bringing home the bacon." It is "bringing home the sausage."

Jeanne felt better about the whole thing when she learned that her father had gone scurrying to the nearest ancient history tome when he heard the question. In case you've been worried, too, Caesar licked Gaul in 51 B.C. when he was fifty-one years old.

When Jeanne was fifteen and a half, she attended a candid camera night at which lens hounds were photographing a popular dance band. It was customary at affairs of this kind for a girl to be selected from the audience for the picture-snappers to pose with the band leader, or alone—if she were photogenic enough. Jeanne was snatched from the observers' ranks one night and caused a mild sensation. There was no band leader beside *her*. When the boys couldn't remember her name, they called her Eyelashes. "Hey, Eyelashes, how about that left profile? Oh, swell. Now, how about a big smile, Eyelashes?"

As her reward in the contest, Jeanne and some of the other girls who had taken part were guests of the RKO studios. They had luncheon in the studio commissary and tried hard not to squeal when Cary Grant came in. It was the first trip of any of them to a picture lot, and they could scarcely eat, for oogling. A group of extras in Gay Nineties outfits came in; Lupe Velez stormed through the room and into the kitchen, where she selected her luncheon from the stove, then returned to a nearby table. The girls were mightily impressed with all this. Orson Welles, eating close by, summoned the publicity man who was showing the girls through the studio and asked him who the girl with the red-brown, curly hair was.

The publicity man explained and returned to the table to say in a careful aside to Jeanne, "Mr. Welles would be very much pleased if you and I would join him in his office this afternoon at four for tea."

Jeanne didn't actually swoon, but she had the general sensation. Tea—in Orson Welles' office! With her feet treading air six inches from the ground, Jeanne followed the touring party around the lot. She saw the hand props department—very interesting. She watched part of the shooting on a new "Falcon" picture. She caught sight of Ginger Rogers en route to the portrait gallery. But all this she glimpsed through the haze of roseate dreams: She was to have tea with Mr. Welles at four o'clock.

In his office, she found him to be charming . . . and understanding. He sensed her tension, her breathlessness. "Like magic?" he asked. Without waiting for an answer he picked up a red silk handkerchief and turned it to blue. He put a bit of thread in his mouth, then a needle and pulled them out, threaded together. Jeanne laughed and forgot her nervousness.

Then Mr. Welles explained that he was looking for a girl to play the romantic lead in "The Magnificent Ambersons," and he thought Jeanne might be right. He gave her ten pages of dialogue, told her to memorize it and return three days later for a screen test.

The script under her arm, Jeanne turned at the door to say, "Mr. Welles, may I please have your autograph?" Her voice was very slim and apologetic. It was the first autograph for which she had ever asked.

Mr. Welles snatched a large piece of paper and, beaming, scrawled his signature. That was one of the most wonderful moments in Jeanne's life to date.

The following few days were hectic. She couldn't sleep at night without fitful dreams of coming down with measles the day before the test or facing the camera and forgetting every syllable she had memorized or tripping and falling flat on her face.

But when the crucial moment arrived, she did none of those frightening things. (*Continued on page 75*)



A serious reader, her favorite authors are Shakespeare, French writers in the original. As a kid she wanted to be an artist, still dashes off witty caricatures of fellow-players on set.



Jeanne's signing these NAA cards we're offering on page 62. You probably saw her on covers of Coronet and Ladies Home Journal, when she was New York model, before coming to Hollywood.

THE HAM *from* HAMTRAMCK

■ An anxious Hollywood hostess caught John Hodiak on the phone one afternoon last month.

"John," she began in a worried voice, "I know it's awfully late—but can you please come to dinner tonight?"

"Gee," boomed John in that husky he-man's voice of his, "I'd love to, but there's something else I ought to do. I—"

"It's awfully important to me," broke in the lady, desperately, "you don't know *how* important!"

Big John swallowed hard. He thought of the Hollywood girl who had planted her foot in the door of his apartment and refused to budge until he told her, yes, he thought she was pretty. His mind flashed to the feminine phone fan who got hold of his number and called him every midnight until he had to say regretfully, "I know it's not nice to hang up on a lady, but I can't talk any longer!" He thought of all the funny, strange, puzzling things that had happened in Hollywood since he made "Lifeboat" and "Marriage is a Private Affair." It made him dizzy.

He was stammering into the receiver when the lady cleared it up.

"My maid," she (*Cont'd on following page*)



John indulges in ties, but wears and rewears same two or three. Wardrobe's scant, but he has no yen to enlarge. That beard's in early stages; must grow thick and flowy for "Bell for Adano."



Dad hasn't vacationed since 1912, despises loafing around the house. When he found Douglas plant within walking distance of house, he wanted job. But John insists parents take it easy.



Calls self "Johnny," can't stand any other nickname, was shocked by casual H'wood "darling," etc. He means it when he says it!

Like a kid who gets in free at a circus, John Hodiak can't believe this wonderful thing is happening to him!



During brother's stay, Mom surprised them all with their favorite old Ukrainian dishes and borscht. Only 3 gals he dates are Judy Garland, June Allyson, Anne Baxter. Next pic's "Sunday Dinner for a Soldier."



Mom took him at his word to get rid of all furnishings before heading West, sold irreplaceable radio-vic! First celebration in new house was weekend visit from brother from Camp Hahn.

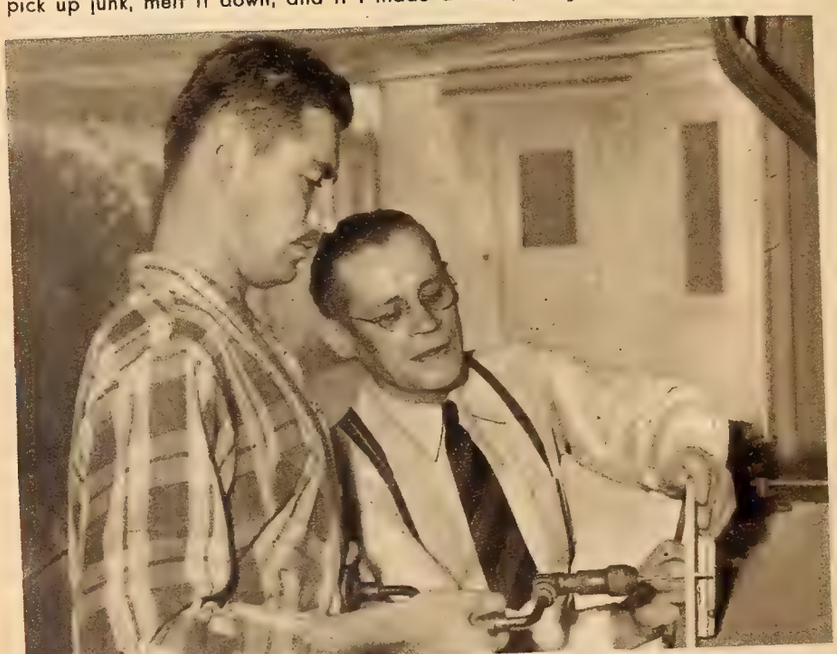
by Jack Wade



To rumors of romance with Anne Baxter, John declares he won't wed until he buys home for parents and has enough money left over to support wife. Mom wants farm where she can raise chickens and pigs. Most likely spot: San Fernando Valley.



Hates dolling up, lives in old togs around the house and spends most of leisure hours at carpentry in tool house behind house. Reminisces how as a kid, "I'd pick up junk, melt it down, and if I made a dime, I'd go see a picture show."



When gas restrictions are off, he and Dad plan to take fishing trip every week-end. Six feet tall, he weighs 180 pounds, celebrates birthday April 16th. Sleeps 5 or 6 hours a night in double bed, wears bright, bright pyjams, uppers *and* lowers.

explained, "says she'll quit unless I get you here for dinner. She's simply wild about you! And you know how scarce maids are these days! Please don't let me down!"

Well—with it put right up to him like that, what could John do? He accepted. His friend's maid, by the way, has been happy in her work ever since. She's got an autographed picture of Hodie in her room. It belongs to the lady of the house (John gave his hostess one)—so how can the maid ever threaten to leave?

It's pretty hard for a plain, straight-thinking, modest Hunky guy from Hamtramck, Michigan, to get himself geared to all that's been happening to him in the past year. Sometimes Hodie gets as mixed up inside as a chef's salad at his new-found fame. Like a kid who gets in free at a circus, he can't quite believe it's true.

Right after "Lifeboat," John found himself at a big Beverly Hills cocktail party at Romanoff's for Tallulah Bankhead. The whole Hollywood roster of Big Names were elbowing each other out of the way in Prince Mike's bistro. You could hardly breathe for all the Big League glamour that cluttered up the place. Somewhere in the ritzy crush John Hodiak was busy staring from left to right and then around in circles with his grin a mile wide and his eyes shining like traffic lights. Suddenly, he started bopping himself sharply on the temple with his knuckles. A watchful waiter stepped up.

"The gentleman has a headache—yes?" he asked politely. "Perhaps a bromo-seltzer or an aspirin? The cool air?"

John shook his head happily. "No headache," he grinned. "No aspirin. No—I'm just checking up to see if I'm really here with all these famous people!"

"But obviously, you're here," murmured the waiter, giving John a queer look and sidling off warily as though he thought the guy was nuts.

John swears he hasn't slept a solid night since he arrived in Hollywood—and he's been home and in the hay early most nights, too. The reason he can't drift off to dreamland is because the

minute he stretches out, his mind revs up like a Mustang motor—thinking about what's happened that day and what goes on tomorrow. Making plans and having hunches. Getting ideas and inspirations. Dreaming exciting, wide-awake dreams.

Because there's no actor or actress in Hollywood brimming with bounce like Hodie. He's loaded with more potential volts than Boulder Dam and happy as Heaven about the whole thing. If he doesn't blow up from spontaneous combustion, John is set for the time of his life from now on. Already, once or twice he's come pretty close to flying off into a billion Hodiak atoms from pure enthusiasm.

Hodie's most Horrible Moment, he'll tell you, came the first day he faced a Hollywood camera to speak his piece. It was with Red Skelton in "I Dood It"—not anything to bid for an Academy award, but to John it was—as everything is—the most important job in his life. They gave him five pages of dialogue to take home, and said, "We'll shoot it in the morning." John stayed up all night memorizing his dialogue backwards and forwards. He came to work pepped up like a doughboy on D-Day. He arrived an hour early and sat around all morning jumping out of his chair with a "Coach, lemme in!" look every time the director glanced his way.

Finally he got a nod, and he bounced across the set.

"We've rewritten your part," the director said. "Here's five more pages."

John learned those. He sat and fidgeted. He sat and fidgeted some more. He got another nod. Again he shot across the stage like a substitute quarterback in the Big Game. "Here's another re-write," yawned the director again. "Learn this."

Well, I won't go into the sad tale, spasm by spasm. Except to say that there turned out to be four new scripts for John to learn on the set, a couple of changes of wardrobe, a beard to be put on and then a beard to be taken off, and a whole day to wait trembling on the edge of his big moment. When they finally did get to Hodie—around quitting time—he was as woozy as a chameleon on a crazy-quilt (*Continued on page 86*)

THE HAM from HAMTRAMCK



By Hedda Hopper

"I envy Claudette..."



Claudette started building house year before marriage, moved in as bride. Never sets foot in kitchen, runs household with cook, maid and personal maid, to whom she's strictly "Mrs. Pressman."

Because she's what every woman wants to be—a touch of Paris, an adored wife, and the type who *never* gets fat!

■ One day the phone rang. Miss Colbert, and she wasn't kidding.

"*What's* this in your column about my playing Shirley Temple's mother?"

I'd mentioned her—along with Roz Russell and Irene Dunne—as a possibility for Ann Hilton in "Since You Went Away."

"Sounds to me," she said, "like another of those Scarlett O'Hara guessing games. Anyway, I'm not playing it, so count me out."

A couple of months later she'd signed to play the part. Why? Because she's an actress.

I'm perfectly ready to admit I had my finger in that pie—in fact, I'll brag about it. I ran the item because I knew—never mind how—that David Selznick wanted her. I also knew her first instinct would be against it, and I didn't blame her. Because in our town, given an attractive young woman who agrees to play the mother of grown children and, before you know it, they'll be after her to play Whistler's granny.

On the other hand, I felt she'd be ideal in the role—with just the right combination of humor and dignity and grace. So I decided to stir up a little action. David hadn't yet sounded her out. To tell the truth, I think he was a little scared. All he'd done was tell her the story at a dinner party. But, as Claudette remarked later: "At dinner parties, people always tell you plots—some good, some bad—so you can go home and forget 'em."

Well, my little bombshell served its purpose. She got mad. She wasn't having any of that Gone-With-The-Wind stuff, and so she instructed her agent to inform David. What went on between those two is something else again. Because a month goes by, and the agent comes to Claudette. (*Continued on page 81*)



Tho' she sutters over letter-writing, she dutifully scrawls V-mail to Jack every other day. Despaired when only 3 of first 20 she sent ever reached him! Enlisting 6 mos. before Pearl Harbor, he's with Pacific fleet.



When French poodle from Jack died, she was so broken up that brother Charles donated replacement named Missy. She buys enormously expensive suits, wears them for 8 years running! Her next pic's "Practically Yours."



Bing spotlighted the unknown entertainers with him so they'd come home stars. In England, they played and sang for Col. Elliott Roosevelt and Lt.-Col. Shoupe at Officers' Quarters.



Official War Dept. Signal Corps Photo

Bing asked visiting Fred Astaire, "Will I live?" as Army nurses prepared hypos prior to embarkation. Bing's been voted most popular G.I. "request," is planning Alaskan tour at own expense plus a Pacific solo trek.

Crosby a hero? Naw. All he did was croon in the Kraut's back yard, swap gab, bring home 4000 miles closer for your GI Joe.

"der bingle"

■ People swoon. They write long letters putting the bite on you for $73.50 to put their two-headed nephews through college. They claw you half to death in your favorite spaghetti joint and refuse forty Churchill autographs for one of yours and name all their children after you. It's fun being Bing Crosby.

But darn it, let the crooner ache after a mere egg when he's 4000 miles from home and pronto, his name's mud!

As Bingo puts it, "At first it's a relief to be where nobody knows you, no jams, no autographs, just rolling along with the rest of 'em. But finally it gets downright embarrassing. Especially when you're hungry and would like to grab off something extra to eat."

He can make you howl telling about an occasion when he put on his best Sunday celeb manner and tried to wangle an egg or two. He turned on the charm—both vocal and otherwise—and said he'd like an egg, preferably king-size.

"I am de chanteuse de American," he said importantly.

"Oui, Monsieur," they said politely with a so-what-ish expression.

"Connaissez-vous 'Le Big Broadcast'?" he asked.

"Non," they shook their heads.

" 'Sing You Sinners'?" went on Bing.

"Non."

"Le Kraft Music Hall," he asked a little desperately.

By Maxine Arnold



Crosby forced his pet tie on the G.I. who sighed he'd "sure like to have it—for after." Bing, plus Hope, MacMurray, Colbert, is quitting Par. to concentrate on own company. Trademark? Pork-pie hat and pipe!



Bing (above) surprised newsmen at Waldort press conference by giving lengthy interview—about terrific G.I.'s. Waifs Monique and baby sister (below) "adopted" him in home town of Commercy, France.



Still no egg.

Then he started crooning . . . "When the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day"—and looked up expectantly.

They listened with interest but no previous recollections. Also no egg. It had been a long time since the blue of the night met the gold of the day in blacked-out France.

So Bing gave them the $64.00 question.

"Connaissez-vous BING CROSBY?"

They shook their heads.

"I must've laid many an egg there myself years ago," grins Bing.

And harkening back to that (*Continued on page 126*)

Jenny Made Her Mind Up

■ She lives in the 20th century, so she's more like Jane in "Since You Went Away" than *Bernadette*. Just the same, she has the quality of both girls.

What clinched *Bernadette* for her was the vision scene. The choice had been narrowed down to six. They were all being tested, and they were all told to imagine The Lady of The Vision beyond the camera—

After the tests had been run, Henry King said: "There's no sense in looking any further. The others are all capable actresses. Jennifer's the only one who *saw* the Vision—"

She's had three most exciting days in her life:

The day David O. Selznick signed her to a personal contract and changed her name to Jennifer Jones. When he said plain Jones, she couldn't believe her ears. Putting Jennifer in front of it made it sound lovely.

The day producer William Perlberg told her she'd been cast as *Bernadette*. She tried to call Bob in New York and couldn't reach him. He was on his way to Hollywood to surprise her, with an M-G-M contract in his pocket. She tried to call her mother and dad, and couldn't reach *them*. So she celebrated with Henry, her maid, who danced round the room and sang hallelujah.

The day she got the Academy Award. She felt she didn't deserve it as much as Ingrid Bergman, for instance, who'd done so many wonderful things. Yet she couldn't help being thrilled from her scalp to the tips of her toes. Only (*Continued on page 110*)



20th filed a $600,000 suit against Jen when she refused to do "Laura," but when Gene Tierney made pic a hit, all was forgiven. (Exiting from a long-ago Selznick party *a deux*.)

What do you do when you're very young and aching to act and your heart starts slowly breaking?

by Ida Zeitlin

Jen's new Bel-Air home's been burgled 3 times and always on weekends when she's at Palm Springs with her boys. 'Tis said Selznick draws $7000 per for her services, with Jen getting but $1750 of it.

The not-yet-divorced Walkers often date but vow those tender "SYWA" love scenes are ersatz. While Jen was off p.a.-ing, Bob bunked in at her place to tend kids.





Grateful make-up man on "Bernadette" baked her a cake "for not using lipstick!" In Wash., she guested at Catholic Univ's stage version of pic. (With Van at CBS.)


"FRANKIE

By Virginia Wilson



Frankie's slated for a gag duet with Fred Allen soon, just heard that N. Y. Para. egg thrower received $10 from reporter for deed.

Frankie's first week at the Paramount netted $98,000, and though he parted from his vitamin sponsor, he'll still pull highest 1944 income in world—$1,535,000! (Hot-footing Arranger Alex Stordahl.)



It's a cry that rings from speeding taxis, echoes on street corners, bursts from 500,000 Sinatrites.

WE LOVE YOU!"



Ben Marden's Riviera may reopen as the Club Sinatra at same time F. produces, backs "The Jazz Singer." (Signing NAA cards offered on p. 62.)

■ This was always the moment of almost unbearable excitement just before the broadcast began. Joan sat tense, leaning forward, her slim shoulder touching Katie's plump one.

"What do you suppose he'll sing first?" she whispered.

"Maybe 'Long Ago And Far Away.' Honestly, when he sings that I could just die, it's so beautiful." Katie rolled her brown eyes.

"S-sh-sh! Here he comes!"

There was a sudden electric hush, and Joan felt as if the breath were sliding right out of her. Then Frank strolled onto the stage, and everyone burst into wild applause. He was wearing the checked tan jacket that Joan and Katie liked best, and "The sweater!" (*Continued on following page*)



"FRANKIE, WE LOVE YOU!"

Katie said softly. "It's the one we sent him." It was, too. Joan stared at it, and a glow of happiness crept through her. He liked the sweater well enough to wear it for a broadcast! That made up for all the things she had gone without to save her share of the price. Katie, of course, had plenty of money —it hadn't been important to her.

The kids were all clapping and squealing like mad now, as Frank stood there, one hand on the mike.

"Those new fans," Joan said disapprovingly. "They don't know how to act."

Frank raised his hand, and the hush came back. His tanned face was serious. His voice was serious, too. He said, "Look. I'm not kidding about this. I like you to like my songs—(*Continued on page 76*)



Hubby gifted Nancy, the family banker, with a diamond brooch "the size of a saucer" when she returned from the hospital. They're praying new maid "will like us."



New Sinatra home, "Warm Valley," is located on Toluca Lake in North Hollywood. Kids' red, yellow, blue playroom is partitioned off large upstairs balcony by tiny white picket fence. Shelves were specially built for toys sent Frank, Jr., and Nancy Sandra by fans. F.'s next pic: "Anchors Aweigh."

Stop, Look and

Just a voice, a face, a hunk of figger -- but on
Dee Durbin, somehow they look awfully good.



Dee spent her time off from "Can't Help Singing" hunting unrationed shoes, buying 2 and 3 pairs. Incidentally, wardrobe for the pic was copied from patterns of a 1905 Paris belle.



Exhausted from 4:30 a.m. studio calls, Deanna sleeps late on vacations, shops at Adrian and Howard Greer,. catches up on best sellers she's missed. Hiring new help recently, she had to take their two dogs„ too—or else!

Whistle

■ Is she or is she ain't Bob Landry's lady? Bob being the LIFE photog just back from overseas who's been wining and dining our Dee like mad—and since when do childhood sweethearts sigh at each other like *that?* Right now, Deanna's busy poking around art shoppes, agonizing over those extra 10 pounds . . . And here's how she got 'em: Some of the kids drop in "just for a minnit." Then Alma, who cooks like an angel, whips up a buffet, the beer gets poured and from the den comes jive from the Hammond organ. Or from the harp being plinked in the living room. Before you know, it's a wee hour in the a.m., and you wouldn't want the gang to *starve* so—more wienies coming up!



Dee takes daily voice lessons. Tho' her ambition's opera, she turned down the Chi. Civic Opera Co.'s invitation to appear—too busy.

The new bedroom boasts tea cozies from Russian War Relief, a photo of nephew Dickie and rare perfumes hoarded from last Xmas.





During Santa Monica hitch filming "Winged Victory," Lon was hooked for labor detail just once, latrine duty one week. Chores were made merry by crew of comedians.



Dueted with Jeanne Crain at "Wilson" premiere, ran into Maria Montez. He still writes buddies at Camp Crowder, wonders where he'll go at end of "Victory" tour in April!

LON McCALLISTER

The extra roles went on and on, but there was always the warmth of home, friends, books. Life story, part II.

Before leaving H'wood for Friseo with "Winged Victory" troupe, he paid special farewell visit to neighbor Lee Mueller, a worshipper ever since Lon taught him technical handling of toy gun!



■ The brilliant shooting star of Lon McCallister is a heartening miracle of modern day Hollywood. Although the magic days of Cinderella boys and girls in the fabled movie city are supposed to be dead and gone, Lon has proved that over the rainbow and across high studio walls the pot of gold and the crown of fame still lie. The glass slipper still waits for the right youth to fill it.

But Lon McCallister didn't even look like the right youth. He was a local boy; stars seldom come from Hollywood home town boys. He was an extra from Junior high days on, and "once an extra always an extra" is a Hollywood conviction.

Besides, Lon had no ambitions to be a star; at first he only wanted to help his financially pressed family—his (*Continued on page 115*)

By Kirtley Baskette



Next to Mom, Farley's best gals are June Haver (below) and Vee MacDowall. The only fault he has to find with Mom is she won't wear clothes gay enough to suit him.





Home on 3-day leave, before shipping out, Farley revelled in clean sheets and late hours. Born Farley Earle Granger II, in San Jose, Calif., July 1, 1925, he was an only child. Weighed in Navy 6'1/4" tall, 159 pounds.

On deck behind his broom, S/C Farley Granger dreams of home and ice cream and snowy white sheets.

cinderella boy

High spot in Farley's life as gob at Shoemaker Receiving Station was running into Roddy MacDowall and H'wood gang. Boys talked shop about Roddy's exciting role in "Keys of the Kingdom."



■ One afternoon last February a tall, merry-eyed, good-looking kid stood stripped to his birthday suit at the Los Angeles Service Induction Center while docs gave him the medical once-over. They banged him on the chest and listened.

"Perfect!" they said.

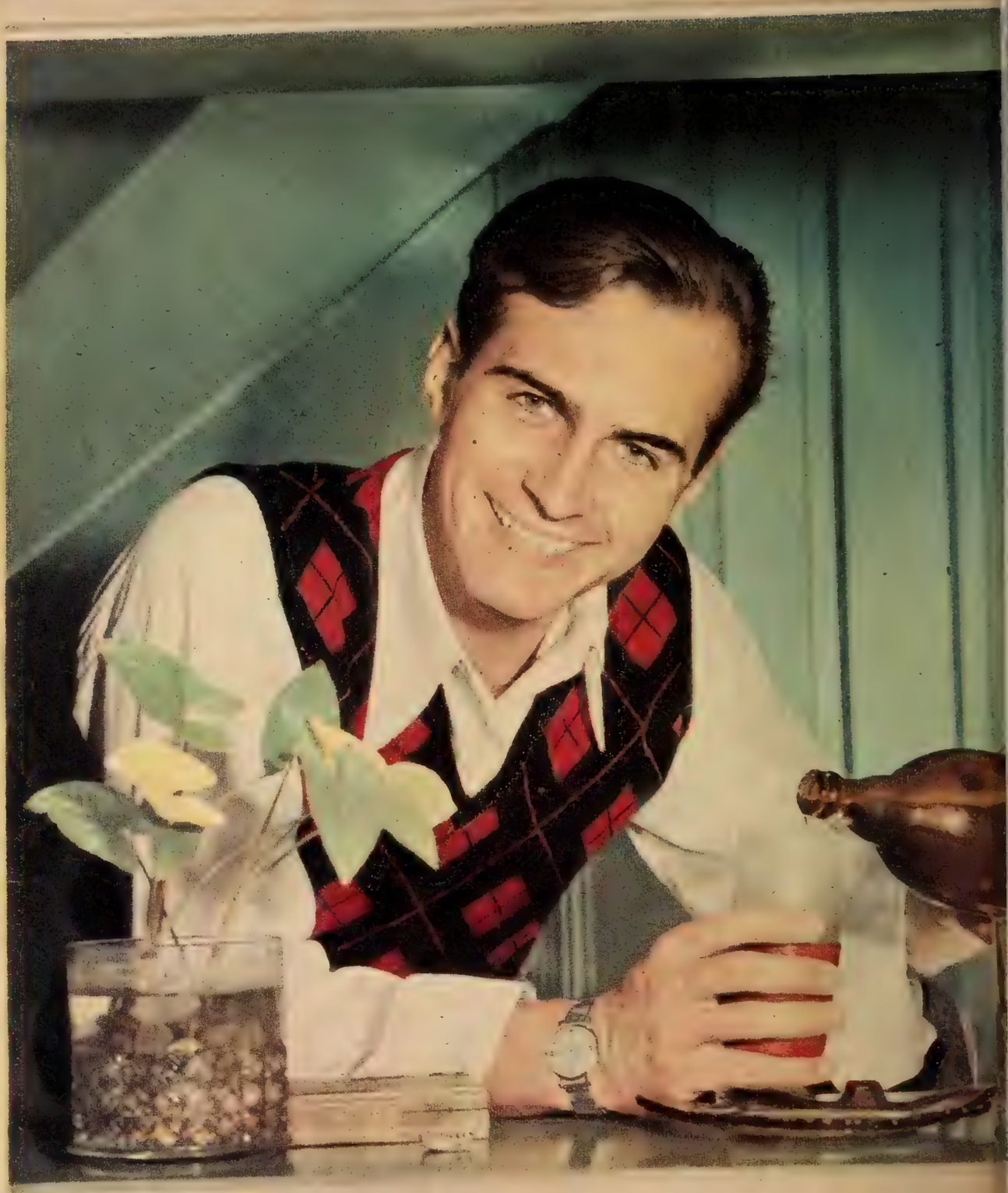
They jumped him up and down and listened somewhere else.

"Perfect!"

They swatted him here and there, squinted down his throat, poked things in his ears and burned a baby spot into his shiny brown eyes. They stuck him with needles and tested this and that. They photographed his insides in Technicolor and wired him outside for sound. And every time they (*Continued on page* 92)

By James Carson





big bad wolf

Don't believe all you hear! One of Helmut Dantine's hottest romances was a phantom . . .

■ One recent afternoon Helmut Dantine rolled his car into a Hollywood gas station, and a pretty little blonde attendant bobbed out to serve him. Helmut chatted away pleasantly while the lady gave him gas, wiped his windshield, pumped his tires and filled his radiator. He rewarded her with the correct cash, an "A" coupon and a flashing Dantine smile and roared off, unsuspecting that a studio press agent had observed the little scene and cried "Yoicks!" or "Tally Ho!" or whatever a press agent cries when he is cracked over the head with a terrific idea.

No sooner had Helmut entered his dressing room than the press agent appeared, frothing like a bubble-bath with inspiration.

"It's like this, Helmut," he explained. "You date up the gas station cutie—see? You give her a whirl at the Hollywood night clubs, we take pictures, and it hits the papers. 'Hollywood Wolf Woos Pretty Windshield Wiperette!' Get it?"

"Go away," grinned Helmut, "I don't even *know* the girl."

"Come, come!" urged the p.a. impatiently, "don't be juvenile. What difference does that make? It's a terrific idea."

"Are you kidding?" said Dantine, with a look that meant business.

He thought that ended it and forgot all about it. The next thing he knew Helmut was staring at printed pictures of himself—(it said in large print)—helping the pretty little greaseball, all dolled up in evening clothes, out of his car in front of Hollywood's fancy dancery, Mocambo! "Hollywood Wolf Gives Gorgeous Girl Greaseball Night Club Whirl," he read. "Helmut Dantine escorts So-and-So, his A-Coupon Cutie, to Mocambo for an evening of fun."

Well—Helmut couldn't believe his bright grey eyes. He hadn't seen the girl since that day, but there she was—he hadn't been (*Continued on page 98*)

By Struthers Holt

Helmut lives in a one-room, $50-a-month apartment with daily maid service. But he does laundry, mending, marketing. Likes to eat alone at drugstore counter, take long walks to think.



Conscientiously tends to fan mail, piling in on "H'wood Canteen" set. Yens to write fiction and occasionally scratches away but won't show result to anyone. Calls friends "Creeps."




Bob Walker

Daughter of a Major overseas, Patricia Ann Jones, daughter of Major and Mrs. Howard P. Jones of Nyack, New York, engaged to Charles Roebling Meissner, Jr. of the U.S. Navy.



It's easy to see why her tall blond Navy fiancé adores Patricia!

There is a bright, warm aliveness about her that is infinitely endearing—and she is *so* lovely to look at! Eyes of deep, sparkling brown . . . rich, glossy hair . . . and from the tip of her little pointed chin to the top of her smooth high brow, a skin as arrestingly beautiful as a new-opened rose.

Like so many other engaged girls, Patricia trusts her flawless complexion to Pond's Cold Cream.

"I began using Pond's when I was in college at Northwestern—and *loved* it right from the start—it's such a soothing, silky-textured cream!

"Then, while I was studying acting and stage make-up at the American Academy of Dramatic Art, I grew to *respect* Pond's more and more. It does such a grand job of removing make-up and of keeping my skin *really* clean and *really* smooth!"

Patricia has a pixie charm—dancing eyes and a glowing, ivory-smooth skin

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!



CHARLES CHOSE this square-cut, beautifully mounted 2½-carat diamond for Patricia.



AT THE STATION, Patricia and Charles silently share the memory of wonderful days together. Till Victory, Patricia is writing for *The Nyack U.S.O. Councilor,* servicemen's newspaper.

Patricia's complexion is disarmingly fresh and sweet—a lovely tribute to her daily Pond's beauty creamings—

Every night, every morning, Patricia smooths Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats to soften and release dirt, make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with more snowy-satin Pond's, whirling finger tips lightly over her face for *extra* cleansing, *extra* softening. Tissues off. "My *double* Pond's creaming makes my skin feel so blissfully smooth," Patricia says.

Give *your* face this Pond's beauty care. You'll see that it's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Ask for the *big* jar—you'll love being able to dip the fingers of both hands in the luxurious *big* jar!



A few of the Pond's Society Beauties

LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN

MRS. PIERPONT MORGAN HAMILTON

MRS. ROBERT BACON WHITNEY

THE LADY MORRIS

GLORIA VANDERBILT DE CICCO

As a kid, Louise Allbritton busted her nose and rode around in a chintz-cushioned jaloppy—but look at her now!

Golden Girl



Louise is first femme player to get Pasadena Playhouse Award for top newcomer of year. Just back from Europe, she's hankering for Pacific tour. She's opposite Turhan Bey in "A Night in Paradise."



■ A tomboy—that's what they called Louise Allbritton! It's hard to think of this sophisticate as a roughneck, but at eleven she carried on like a Dead Ender. Tore around Wichita, Texas, in blue jeans, an old gingham shirt and tennis shoes, to her mother's horror. Even Dad put the clamps on it when she ran home one day crying and dripping blood like a leaky faucet. Seems Mutt—that's the name her family dreamed up for her—was playing football and made a three-point tackle into a water hydrant, breaking her saucy nose. From then on the Allbrittons tried to persuade Mutt to leave the rough stuff to her brother Larry and be a carbon of her sister Elizabeth, whose feminine leanings made her very Belle-of-Wichita-ish. But it was tough on Mutt and rebellion came second nature.

Whenever life for the youngest Allbritton was just one scolding too many, she'd trudge stolidly down to the river, a half a mile from home, and contemplate the joys of the hobo. Somehow they always found her stretched out on the river bank, her blonde be-pigtailed head resting on defiant, clenched little fists, and somehow, too, they'd always wheedle her into going back home and (*Continued on page* 64)

By Ann Ward

Glamorous Professional

HOLLYWOOD COLD WAVE PERMANENTS LIKE THIS AT HOME

for only **47¢***

or double your money back!



AUDREY LONG
in the RKO Radio Picture
"TALL IN THE SADDLE"

'nly the Original Hollywood 'ermanent Movie Wave Used y Millions of Satisfied Women ıe Past 10 Years, Can Make ıis Sensational Challenge!

'y this Hollywood time-tested way to a rgeous permanent just once! If the final sult of this one test isn't a lustrous, soft, tural looking wave—rivalling in beauty e most expensive professional wave—ıd us the unused portions and we'll im-ediately refund you double your money!

fe • Easy • No Heat • No Electricity!

fuss with heat, no bother with machin-/ or electricity — no harmful chemicals. nple as putting your hair up in curlers! ply in the comfort of your own home fore going to bed. The next morning ur permanent is completed . . . all ready comb out. Or apply in the morning and about your housework . . . and that very ning your hair will be ready for the st important date!

For Every Type • Every Color Hair!

This finer Cold Wave is effective with all kinds of hair—blonde, brunette, redheads, gray, white, bleached—and for silky textured or coarse hair.

Also makes children's hair look charming and naturally curly—with no more bother than putting their hair up in curlers.

FREE OFFER!
LIMITED TIME ONLY!

With your Movie Wave Kit, we enclose a coupon good for a 6 months supply of perfumed ingredients to make two 16-ounce bottles of DeLuxe Quality Wa Set, and also two extra packages of Oli Oil Shampoo. We reserve the right withdraw this *free* offer at any time. Tal advantage of it now!

Ask for the original, genuine Hollywoo Permanent MOVIE WAVE today . . . your nearest drug, department, or 5-1(store. 94c for the ECONOMY SIZE K (contains two complete permanents cost of only 47c each) or 57c for th REGULAR SIZE Kit, containing or permanent. If your dealer can't suppl you, use this coupon for shipment dire from Hollywood!

Send No Money! Mail This Coupon Today!

OK FOR IT IN THE RED AND BLACK BOX!

OLLYWOOD PERMANENT

Movie Wave



. . . The Original Hollywood Cold ave for home use. At drug, depart-ment and 5c and 10c stores.

Regular Size, only **57¢** plus taxes

*Double Economy Size containing 2 complete Permanents . . . **94¢** plus taxes

MOVIE WAVE – Dept. 102
655 North Arden Boulevard
Hollywood 4, California
Please send me:

☐ Economy size MOVIE WAVE Kits Containing two Permanents . . . . at $1.00 (incl. taxes)

☐ Regular Size MOVIE WAVE Kits . . at 60c (incl. taxes)

Check enclosed ☐ Money Order enclosed ☐

Will pay Postman ☐

Name . . . . . .

Street or R.F.D. or P.O. Box . . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . . .

IMPORTANT: We will pay postage if you remit purchase price with this order, saving you approximately 35c in postage and C.O.D. expenses on the ECONOMY SIZE Kit or 27c on the REGULAR SIZE Kit.

by Jean Kinkead and Ann Ward

Modern Screen's Fashion Guide...

■ What's as exciting as your first date? Heart-stopping as an encore by Frankie? Well, lookit, that's easy! A print dress in January, of course. You don't believe it? Just watch the lads when you turn up at the next Sunday night session in any one of these sweet jobs we've chosen for you. You in Technicolor—the other poor gals slogging along in black and white. It's sabotage, kids, but it's fun. Huge fun if you try Jean Sullivan's trick—real flowers to match the ones in the fabric. Imagine, just one slick little dress is the answer to all those clothes dithers. For the blind date with that smooth new boy friend, the new print of course. For the speech in Assembly you've gotten yourself into, for church, for prancing on the arm of a sailor on leave, for hypo-ing a dying romance, for supercharging a trousseau—it's a gay, new print every time. (*Continued on page 63*)



SENTIMENTAL DATE . . . Jean picks a Joanne Jr. flower print. Tucked at waist, matching pink Bouvardia flowers.



SUPPER DATE . . . Jean Sullivan wears this J.L.F. original. Baby orchids to match are pinned in her hair.


IT'S A MUSICAL HONEY!
BING
CROSBY
TWO
BETTY
HUTTONS
SONNY
TUFTS
SONGS
by JOHNNY MERCER and HAROLD ARLEN
"Ac-cent-tchu-ate The Positive"
"Let's Take The Long Way Home"
"I Promise You"
"There's A Fellow Waiting In Poughkeepsie"
In Paramount's
HERE COME THE WAVES
with Ann Doran · Gwen Crawford · Noel Neill
Catherine Craig · Marjorie Henshaw
A MARK SANDRICH PRODUCTION
Directed by MARK SANDRICH

new

Film-Finish Powder

gives Shirley Temple's skin that smooth and flawless look . . .

Sweet-sixteen Shirley Temple, just beginning to wear make-up, chooses Woodbury Film-Finish Powder, made for the stars and *you!* For that screen-glamour-look you cherish! New five-way blending creates *stay-fresh shades*, smoother *new texture* that *clings*, hides lines and blemishes, never clogs, cakes, nor turns pasty. Choose from *eight* film-star shades!



SHIRLEY TEMPLE David O. Selznick player, co-starring with Ginger Rogers and Joseph Cotten in "I'LL BE SEEING YOU". Shirley uses Windsor Rose to dramatize her medium pink-toned skin!

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP $1 . . . Now with your big $1 box of Woodbury Powder, you get your glamour shades of matching lipstick and rouge . . . *at no extra cost.* No change in the box—all Woodbury Powder now on sale is the new "Film-Finish."

Also boxes of Woodbury Powder, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, plus tax



Woodbury Film Finish Powder

AUTOGRAPHS!

Millions of 'em, well, anyhow, 156. Autographs of your favorite movie stars on cards stamped with the genuine NAA emblem. And not only can you get *an* autograph for 25 cents (the money, incidentally, going to the NAVAL AID AUXILIARY FUND for seamen and their families), but you can pick up FIVE AUTOGRAPHS FOR ONE DOLLAR! Five for the price of four—good deeds at a discount!

June Allyson
Don Ameche
Mary Anderson
Dana Andrews

Lynn Bari
Lionel Barrymore
Anne Baxter
William Bendix
Joan Bennett
Ingrid Bergman
Turhan Bey
Janet Blair
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
Charles Boyer
Eddie Bracken
Barbara Britton
Jim Brown

Eddie Cantor
Claudette Colbert
Ronald Colman
Gary Cooper
Joseph Cotten
James Craig
Jeanne Crain
Dick Crane
Laird Cregar
Bing Crosby
Xavier Cugat

Helmut Dantine
Linda Darnell
Bette Davis
Gloria De Haven
Olivia de Havilland
Tommy Dix
Brian Donlevy
Tom Drake
Jimmy Durante

William Eythe

Jinx Falkenburg
Alice Faye
Errol Flynn

John Garfield
Judy Garland
Peggy Ann Garner
Greer Garson
Paulette Goddard
Betty Grable
Farley Granger
Cary Grant
Bonita Granville
Kathryn Grayson
Sidney Greenstreet

Alan Hale
Signe Hasso
June Haver
Dick Haymes
Susan Hayward
Rita Hayworth
Paul Henreid
Katharine Hepburn
John Hodiak
Bob Hope
Marsha Hunt
Walter Huston
Betty Hutton
Bob Hutton

Harry James
Gloria Jean
Van Johnson
Jennifer Jones
Brenda Joyce

Danny Kaye
Gene Kelly
Kay Kyser

Alan Ladd
Hedy Lamarr
Dorothy Lamour
Carole Landis
Priscilla Lane
Joan Leslie
John Loder
Myrna Loy
Ida Lupino
Diana Lynn

Roddy McDowall
Lon McCallister
Dorothy McGuire
Irene Manning
Trudy Marshall
Marilyn Maxwell
Ray Milland
Carmen Miranda
Thomas Mitchell
Maria Montez
George Montgomery
Constance Moore
Dennis Morgan
George Murphy

Lloyd Nolan

Jack Oakie
Merle Oberon
Margaret O'Brien
Virginia O'Brien
Donald O'Connor
Maureen O'Hara
Dennis O'Keefe
Michael O'Shea

John Payne
Gregory Peck
Susan Peters
Walter Pidgeon
William Powell
Tyrone Power

Frances Rafferty
George Raft
Ella Raines
Martha Raye
Ronald Reagan
Donna Reed
Ginger Rogers
Roy Rogers
Rosalind Russell
Ann Rutherford
Eddie Ryan
Peggy Ryan

Randolph Scott
Ann Sheridan
Dinah Shore
Phil Silvers
Ginny Simms
Frank Sinatra
Red Skelton
Alexis Smith
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck

Shirley Temple
Gene Tierney
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Sonny Tufts
Lana Turner

Robert Walker
Cornel Wilde
Esther Williams
Jane Withers
Monty Woolley
Teresa Wright
Jane Wyman

Loretta Young
Robert Young

Enclosed please find 25c in ☐ stamps, ☐ paper-wrapped coin, for an NAA card autographed by

.....

.....

.....

I understand I am to enclose 25c for each additional autograph I request but that only $1.00 will now pay for 5 autographs.

My name is .....

I live at .....

City .....

State .....

NAA EDITOR, MODERN SCREEN
9136 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

Modern Screen's Fashion Guide...

Continued from page 60

You'll choose it wisely, girls, because this isn't just a new dress; it's a new you. Maybe you've been a mouse all your life, now you're kind of electric and exciting. Maybe you've been a tomboy since kindergarten, now suddenly you're feminine as a shot of "Heaven Sent," dateable as Grable. See what we mean? Just any old print won't do it.

In choosing your dress, study its line, the size of the print, your own figure. Here are a couple of rules to guide you. If you're small and chubby, a wee print's for you. If you're tall, you can get away with lots of splash. Be sure the colors do right by you. No shocking pinks for redheads, no screaming hues on baby-skinned blonds. And as for line, the darling cap sleeves are new as next month's MODERN SCREEN, but they're strictly for the slim-armed. Have a look at the Junior League Frock on cute Jean Sullivan who appears in Warner Brothers' "Men Without Destiny." It's wonderful, but if you have a bit of tennis bulge, we'd suggest that honey of a shirtwaist job from Jonathan Logan. Notice, too, the peplums and tunic effects—they're terrific this spring. Fluted ones, like the Stephanie original on Jean, help to camouflage if you're on the hippy side.

About price, the tags on these are going to look a bit steep, but the satisfaction (*Continued on page 85*)



PARTY DATE . . . Jean goes for the tunic effect in this Sherle original. The fabric is Cohama's "Hanka-Sheer."



MOVIE DATE . . . Try this daisy-fresh shirtwaist print by Dorris Varnum, Spring-y in turquoise and white.



DANCING DATE . . . Why not this Stephanie original in Cohama's "5 P.M." crepe? Matching hat of zinnias and violets.

Merle Oberon PORTRAYS "MADAME GEORGE SAND" IN COLUMBIA'S TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION "A SONG TO REMEMBER"

AND IN Shire-Tex SLACKS



Daring 100 years ago —the smartest fashion today

Lovely Merle Oberon, as star of "A Song To Remember," portrays George Sand who showed the world 100 years ago how alluring and glamorous a woman could be in well-tailored, trim and comfortable trousers. In today's modern exquisite counterpart—SHIRE-TEX SLACKS—Merle Oberon is even more beautiful. Shire-Tex Slacks are so expertly made with peg-top to help keep the shirt-tail in, comfortable, drape-retaining pleats, in the finest sportswear fabrics and eye-arresting shades.

At Better Stores Everywhere

SHIRE-TEX Slacks by Davenshire

64 DAVENSHIRE, INC. • DAVENPORT, IOWA

GOLDEN GIRL

(Continued from page 58)

taking piano lessons and ballet and diction, so she wouldn't grow up to sound like the Texas tomboy she was.

Ballet was just so much pirouetting, but the diction lessons weren't too bad. Not bad at all when they handed her all the leads in the Jr. High plays. Then life didn't seem too rough. She had Maggie and Jiggs, her two pet terriers, and Dale, a handsome beast of an airdale, and best of all was her car—well, Mutt *called* it a car. Even in High School, Mutt was short on frills, long on athletics—literally. Her talent for towering over every other female in her class made her the star of the basketball team and any other sport you care to mention. Even so, school was a good hike down the road from the Allbritton's Colonial house, so Mutt spent her free time loitering around the local junk yards, till one day she emerged with a stripped down car. After much monkey-wrenching and greasing, it started to putt. It had wheels, a floor board and a kind of seat—and it ran! It was the envy of every boy in Wichita, till the day Mutt approached her vehicle—to find the seat upholstered in ruffled chintz cushions. Seems her Negro mammy didn't think it fittin' and proper for a young lady to cavort around in such an. unfeminine jalopy, and sort of fixed things up.

But what really made a lady out of her and caused her to grow up suddenly at 14, was the death of her mother. Somehow, Mutt's rowdy ways vanished, and she began to understand why her mother'd made her curtsy and hang up her clothes and in general, behave. Under a very kind neighbor, Mrs. Yager, and her Negro mammy's guidance, Mutt learned how to run the house and the intricacies of budgeting, marketing—everything. But more important than knowing beans came by the pound and carrots by the bunch, was the sense of responsibility Louise developed. Though the loss of her mother was a dreadful ache deep inside of her, she gained an independence and confidence in herself that turned her into a woman before her time.

the lower depths . . .

Then, there was this boy—a friend of Larry's, and what a dream he was! It looked as though things were clicking, even if she were only sixteen. One dreamy night out in the back yard he put his arm around her and actually—oh blissful bliss—kissed her. Result, Mutt in the clouds, floating gracefully around the ether till the next morning—plop—she crashed down to a very dismal earth. He liked her, sure, but like a sister. His real love was an older girl; his eyes were only for *her!*

The next man in her life was the Van Johnson of Oklahoma U. They were in the same class, only he was the president of the works and a killer with the local co-eds. He had a king-sized brain and took a shine to Luke (in college "Mutt" gave way to "Luke," except where the family was concerned), and that was the feather-in-cap that restored much of the Allbritton prestige. Dad, on the other hand, did much to deflate it. First of all, he was doing his best to drive out that bee in Mutt's bonnet that she wanted to be an actress. Whipped her off to Oklahoma, where she was born, to keep her in front of and not behind, footlights. But when he started giving his daughter lessons in economics, the ego was doing somersaults. Seems that Mutt in college became very clothes crazy, especially since she

was going steady with *him*. A girl just can't wear the same outfit two dates in a row. So she bought clothes, racks full, and wrote checks for 'em. Budget difficulties set in, so Dad had to set her straight and teach her that what comes out of a bank, must first go in.

's wonderful world . . .

After two years of dramatics at Oklahoma, the bee in the bonnet was buzzing around worse than ever, and finally Papa Allbritton consented to Louise studying at the Pasadena Playhouse. After four years of this training Luke had no less than six contract offers from H'wood. All the talent scouts prowl around the Playhouse, and they couldn't miss Luke—not 5′ 7½″ of her. The way she carried herself, half panther style; the way her clothes fit, and her acting rated her a "find."

A bit bewildered, Louise waltzed herself over to Warners', and the brothers proceeded to do a Gremlin job on her. Said she was ugly, photographed like mud pies, took nine tests to prove it. WB had better go in a body to see their ugly duckling plaving Lillian Russell, one of history's famed beauties, in "Bowery to Broadway!" Luke bethought herself of the other five offers, got an agent and flourished her neat hand on a Universal contract. *They* thought she was beautiful—kept her busy and for the first time she was earning enough to return papa's checks uncashed. Mutt, bubbling over with that "Oh-what-a-beautiful-morning" feeling, decided she'd just have to do something nice for somebody. So, on the q. t., she paid an ex-fellow struggler's tuition to the Playhouse.

It's wonderful gestures like that that make her such a popularity queen. She's chummy with scads of people, but her two best pals are Marion Clark, a news writer at CBS, and Deedee Allen, a cutter at Columbia. They adore her for her really quick-on-the-uptake banter and comfortable disposition. Only things that bother 'em are her hawk-like calory counting ways and what Louise calls her noseyness. She's so eager about her friends and what they do that those who don't know the interest is genuine, are apt to get a prying impression.

One place the Allbritton nose sniffed at relentlessly was the Victory Committee's office. So Louise and June Clyde and George Raft and a whole bunch trotted off to North Africa, Sicily, Italy, England, the works. Part of it was heartbreaking. Told blind boys what she looked like, cracked jokes with guys practically dead from pain, and sometimes just stood there letting men starved for the sight of a woman stare at her. The worst part about it was having to control herself, to keep from letting the guys know how much it hurt to see them. But they taught her to grin and put on the most terrific act of her life, the way they did. Breakdowns were out until she reached her own room.

But it wasn't all tears and bucking up. Once in Sicily a considerate colonel had the engineers rig up a shower for her and put an M.P. in charge of the tent while the Allbritton ablutions were under way. Somehow it got around that he wasn't just guarding a tent full of military documents, and when Louise stuck her shiny, scrubbed face through the flap, there were five M.P.'s and a colonel grimly guarding her privacy.

Now that she's back, Louise is nosing around for a South Pacific jaunt. She's also nosing around—but in a genteel sort of way—for a husband. Please apply in person. Blonde men on the tweedy side preferred. Nothing under six feet need apply. Main requisite: He must love music, and Mutt. But who doesn't?

New-type ink keeps pens trouble-free!



QUINK DOES AWAY WITH APOLOGIES!
Ink causes 65% of all pen troubles. But there's one ink that stops those troubles before they start—it's Parker Quink. Every drop contains an exclusive ingredient, protective *solv-x*.



NO GUMMING...NO CLOGGING. Quink with *solv-x* cleans out sediment left by high-acid inks, prevents clogged feeds and gummed points, safeguards metal and rubber. Yet it costs no more than ordinary inks!



FIRST CHOICE IN WAR PLANT. Quink is the only ink that won't clog and gum the 30 expensive graph recording machines of a big war plant. In many other big industrial concerns, too—in hotels, hospitals and offices—where ink must meet exacting needs, Quink is preferred.

SOLV-X IN PARKER QUINK STOPS PEN TROUBLES BEFORE THEY START!

Start using Quink today. It costs you nothing extra. 7 permanent, 2 washable colors are brilliant, free-flowing, fast-drying. Regular size, 25¢; school size, 15¢. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis. and Toronto, Canada.

Solv-x in Parker Quink protects your pen 4 ways:

1. *Ends all gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting—even flow.*
2. *Cleans your pen as it writes—keeps it out of the repair shop.*
3. *Dissolves and flushes away the sediment left by ordinary inks.*
4. *Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot always caused by high-acid inks.*

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT —BUY WAR BONDS!



Copr. 1945 by The Parker Pen Company

PARKER Quink THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X!

By Karen Pieck



Originally a crooner, Dana sings for first time in "State Fair," is proudest of his wife, Mary (below), who's "top actress in town," and prize camellia beds.

Especially if you're Dana Andrews and you've got Mary, 2 kids with 1 to go and such a *shiny* future!

MARRIAGE IS STRICTLY OKAY!



Father and son share each other's hobbies with Davy fast becoming as murderous a mimic as Dad. Dana estimates "bite" fan mail (requesting money, etc.) has upped 300% since "Laura."

■ Love can hit you like a block-buster, or it can sneak up on you gradually so you hardly know it's there. With Dana Andrews, it sneaked. Oh, sure, he knew this Mary Todd. They'd been cast in a play together at the Pasadena Playhouse where they both were students. After that they said "Hi" when they met backstage and smiled politely. But did Dana's heart go into double action when he saw her coming? Did he say to himself, "This is it. This is the girl for me?" Nothing of the kind. Idly, he thought that she had pretty blonde hair and good teeth. Otherwise she made no impression whatever. The Playhouse was full of young actresses, and Dana wasn't interested in any of them.

Maybe you think that Mary fell for him and was carrying a secret torch all this time. Boy, would you be wrong! Dana was a great, big handsome guy with dark curly hair and a breezy Texas way about him. But Mary was going in for eccentric geniuses at this point. You know—dark, intense characters who sit around biting on smelly pipes and talking about Stanislavsky and the future of the theater. Flamboyant, brooding. Orson Welles-ish types with violent ideas on practically everything. Dana wasn't like that at all. He was far too normal, too every-day. Why, you'd hardly even think he was an actor!

So nothing seemed to happen for a year or so. Then Mary went away to play in stock at Martha's Vineyard. There wasn't much to do there except sit around, and she put on thirty pounds. She came back looking like an overweight cherub, and Dana, who had a positive phobia about plump females, was utterly disgusted. He was certainly glad this Todd chick wasn't anyone *he* was interested in. Imagine letting yourself gain thirty pounds like that! Didn't the girl have any strength of mind? His indignation was so great it surprised him a little.

Somehow, he began to pay more attention to Mary now than he ever had when she was thin. It made no sense, of course. Sense or not, Dana found that when the gang got together these nights after rehearsal, he always sat with Mary. She was fun to talk to, and she knew so much about the theater she made him dizzy. Someone would mention a play produced back in 1902, and Mary could reel off the entire cast and tell you what they'd been doing ever since. Dana found himself looking forward more and more to these evening rendezvous. In fact, on the occasions when Mary didn't show up, everything was very dull indeed.

He would go home and lecture himself sternly. "Andrews," he'd say, "you're a dope. You're falling in love with this girl, and she's a fat girl. You know you hate fat women. So snap out of it, will you?" But try as he would, he couldn't snap. Love had sneaked up on him, and it was too late to do anything about it. Except find out if it had sneaked up on Mary, too.

About this time, Destiny, in the shape of the Playhouse director, cast them together in a play called "First Lady." Dana was a handsome young Senator, and Mary was a coy, moonlight-and-magnolia creature from the Deep South. In the play the two became engaged. And it seemed to Dana a very fine idea to carry it over into real life. By now he'd been seeing Mary pretty regularly. He thought he had convinced her that eccentric geniuses were all very well in their way, but for a steady diet there was nothing like a normal he-guy. Or had he? Dana decided he'd better find out. That night he cornered her backstage, and they sat down on a couple of handy boxes.

Dana cleared his throat loudly. "You know it's funny," he said, plunging in, "the way these plays go. Uh—I mean, you're cast with someone and you like 'em a lot. Then the play's over, and maybe they go away or something. I think it's too bad." His dark eyes said a lot more. They said, "I'm crazy about you."

Mary sat and made absent-minded doodles with a pencil on her white skirt. Not saying anything, but blushing a little. The blush encouraged Dana.

"I wouldn't want *us* not to see each other any more," he said positively.

"Uh-uh! Me neither." Mary looked up at him then, her blue eyes serious.

"I've been wanting to kiss you for a long time," Dana told her suddenly. He leaned over and did it. Thoroughly. Thrills chased themselves up and down Mary's spine. The day of eccentric geniuses was definitely over!

Well, after that, somehow they were engaged. Dana hadn't formally proposed, but they both knew they were going to get married. Everyone else around the Playhouse knew it, too, and approved. Only there were complications. That old saw about the course of true love never running smooth was altogether too accurate, Dana thought gloomily. (*Contd. on page 102*)

Give *your* hair this 'Glamour-Bath' like *Gorgeous Powers Models*



Miss Babs Merrick — one of John Robert Powers' beauties who keeps her hair naturally bright and lustrous with Kreml Shampoo

Reveal Natural Sparkling Beauty That Lies Concealed In *Your* and *Every* Girl's Hair!

Those enchantingly lovely Powers Models—the epitome of beauty and charm—must take exceptional fine care in washing their hair.

And these stunning girls are advised to use *only* Kreml Shampoo!

Beautifying Kreml Shampoo washes hair and scalp *spanking-clean.* It thoroughly washes out dirt and loose dandruff and leaves the hair silken-soft—so much easier to set—sparkling with natural brilliant highlights and glossy lustre that lasts for days.

So take a tip from some of the world's most beautiful girls and give *your* hair a "glamour-bath" with Kreml Shampoo. It takes only 10 minutes—right at home. Excellent for *every* color and *every* type of hair. All drug and dept. stores.



No Better Shampoo For Children's Hair

If your child's hair is dull, stringy, lifeless-looking—either oily or dry—"glamour-bathe" it with Kreml Shampoo. Kreml Shampoo positively contains no harsh chemicals or caustics. Instead it has a beneficial oil base which helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. Children like its soft, billowy suds. And *you'll* take pride in the way your child's hair looks.

Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



Soon after June Allyson and Dick Powell were snapped at Mocambo, she left on her first p.a. tour—to Eastern hospitals.



Ingrid Bergman, usually reluctant to appear in public, is avid Bond tourer, spent entire vacation that way. Left for Canada after show with Greg Peck, above.



Following in Johnny Payne's footsteps, Glo DeHaven's composed 2 romantic ballads, as yet untitled. Written under assumed name, they'll be played in her next pic.

Louella Parsons' Good News

Kay Williams shrugs off Van Johnson rumors . . .

Olivia deHavilland bedded in Fijis . . . Alan Ladd loses at races!

■ It's 1945! A New Year—a new slate for Hollywood. And for this shining, clean new record, I hope for the following things:

That pictures will be shorter. Three hours or longer is too much.

That Van Johnson will stay as unspoiled, charming and likeable as he is (and I'm not worrying that he won't).

That there will be fewer divorces, and that the good score for reconciliations in 1944 will keep up—Barbara Hutton and Cary Grant, Evelyn Keyes and Charles Vidor, Susan Hayward and Jess Barker, Rudy Vallee and his bride—are all a credit to that fine old habit of "thinking it over."

That Olivia de Havilland comes back to the screen.

That Turhan Bey forgets that pipe—and posturing. He's a nice guy—why behave like a ham?

That Betty Grable and Rita Hayworth buy some hats.

That another musical comes along like "Cover Girl" and a drama like "Wilson."

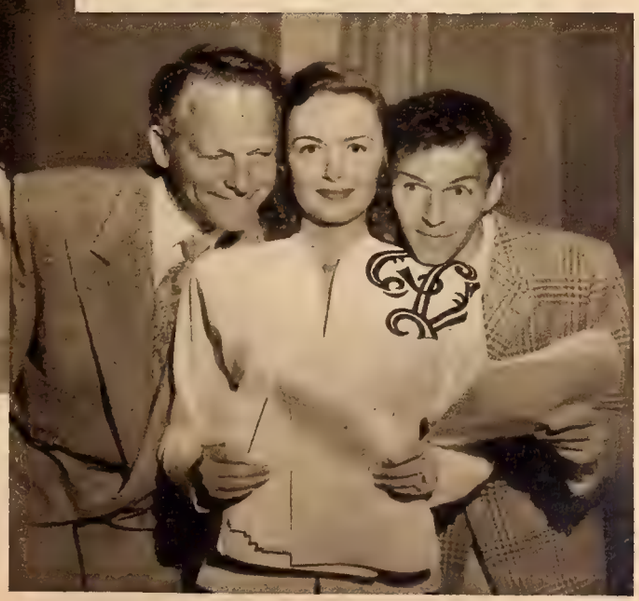
That "Going My Way" will never (*Continued on following page*)



Friends of the Phil Harris' are worried over Alice; say she's so unhappy over long separations when Phil's on band tours. Above, night-lifing at Charlie Foy's supper club.



Janie Wyman's sleep-talking never ceases amazing Ronnie. She'll sit up, wide-eyed, raving, and never remember a thing. She's given up blonding hair; too much trouble!



Bill Goodwin, Donna Reed and Frank Sinatra on CBS Screen Guild broadcast. Donna's husband, Bill Tuttle, is sculpting bust of Frankie whenever he finds time to pose.

be shelved—but will be reissued for several weeks each year.

That Bing continues to go his grand way.

That Bette Davis won't travel half across the country to see a heart interest (it was Corporal Riley) and then blow up when the press finds out about it.

That Frank Sinatra is more careful in his interviews and doesn't pop off about Hollywood. I'm for Frankie—and I think Frankie is for Hollywood.

That Susan Hayward gets a break—privately and professionally.

That June Allyson continues to show 'em.

That Mr. Sam Goldwyn and I can get through a year without a feud (but I doubt it).

That "The Robe" will be the great picture it should be.

That all our boys in the service can lay down their arms—because beautiful Peace has come to the world again, forever and forever.

* * *

The girls who have been making the "corset pictures" swear "Never again!" Judy Garland says she still has marks from her tight lacings in "Meet Me In St. Louis." Greer Garson agrees that "Mrs. Parkington's" stays were a pain—and not in the neck! Ingrid Bergman feels that an actress who can emote in a corset is part contortionist. But it takes Betty Grable to give out with the loudest wail over her tight squeeze in "Diamond Horseshoe." "The corset is not here to *stay*," quips Betty.

* * *

Portrait of a Lady With a Cracked Heart:

It's raining. The streets around Hollywood and Vine are glistening with the mirage of the street lamps that have just been turned on.

A "newsy" in a slicker yells, "The Battling Bogarts—all kissed and made up!"

A girl with strange slant eyes, in a car with the top down, slowly eases the clutch and turns the corner. It is hard to say just what her expression is—there is so much wind and rain in her face.

It's the poker face of Lauren Bacall.

(Of course, you know folks, the Bogarts are now going through with a divorce.)

* * *

When Signe Hasso took up numerology, it was just a gag. A nice way to spend an evening, working out the "number" of the friends who dropped in.

Then on her hospital tours she started "reading" for the bedridden boys. Particularly for the psychoneurotic cases. A doctor told her, after she finished with one patient who had been very interested, "Do you know that this is the first glimmer of attention or interest that boy has shown in months? I thank you for what you have done for him—and us." Is she proud of her hobby now?

* * *

Hedy Lamarr will wear the most disguising maternity wardrobe ever designed (by Irene) in "Her Highness and the Bellboy"—Hedy's last movie before the Interesting Event next June.

I've seen some of these clothes, and while they are very loose and drapy—they are so chic the most streamlined glamour girl would be proud to model them. They are in very vivid colors, too. There's one green dinner dress trimmed with bands of gold that makes Hedy look like a Greek goddess—in Technicolor.

Lamarr is so crazy about the gowns that she is having many of them copied for home wear.

* * *

Kay Williams says if Van Johnson is in love with her—he's forgotten to mention it.

I like that Williams girl. No wonder she was head honey in Clark Gable's life for so many months. She has a terrific sense of humor, the bluest crinkly eyes I've ever seen—and she's so honest.

Many girls would be glad to keep up the pretense that Van was just mad about them. If nothing else—it's mighty good publicity.

But Kay laughs, "I've had just one card from him from Mexico City—which doesn't sound like he's on fire to me!"

* * *

When Judy Garland read that her ex, Dave Rose, was in a military hospital suffering from nervous exhaustion, she wanted to go to see him at once. But she was afraid that her visit would attract attention, or that a photographer might be lurking around, and rumors of a reconciliation might crop up to upset Dave again.

So she asked her mother and sister and little niece to pay her visit to Dave. And sent along all his favorite records including a private recording by José Iturbi of Dave's own beautiful "Holiday For Strings."



New ENLARGEMENT 3¢ STAMP

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5x7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

FOR RETURN MAILING

Forgotten Snapshot Makes Treasured ENLARGEMENT

Look over your Snapshots and Kodak Album for pictures of loved ones. Just send your Kodak picture, photo, print or negative with the coupon.

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundi and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorge colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapsho mother, father, sister or brother, children or others near and dear to y enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love more lifelike and natural.

Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapsh and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also en their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames. They tell that their hand colored enlargements have living beauty, sparkle and

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlar ment of your cherished snapshot, photo or kodak picture. Look over y pictures now and send us your favorite snapshot, photo or kodak pict to be enlarged. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a sec enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This ama enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you k the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS
Dept. 1124,
211 W. 7th St.,
Des Moines, Iowa.

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapsh picture, print or negative and send to DEA STUDIOS, Dept. 1124, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iow

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State.....

Color of H.....
Color of Ey.....

Mail Coupon
Be ONE of the FIRST Thousand to Receive This GIFT

Phil Harris kids Alice Faye by calling their two tow-headed daughters, "The Dolly Sisters."

"The Dolly Sisters" is the movie Alice flatly refused to make with Betty Grable.

* * *

George Brent does so much raving about Joan Fontaine in "The Affairs of Susan" (he's her leading man) that people are saying they're in love. No such thing. But George thinks Joan has had a bad deal being labeled temperamental, and he is putting on a one-man campaign to stop it. Remember, too, that this praise is coming from Mr. Brent who can be plenty caustic about his leading ladies. . . .

* * *

Surely Olivia de Havilland's luck will get better. It couldn't get worse. Off the screen a year because of her battles with Warners' is bad enough. Then Livvy tried to do her bit by going on a USO tour to the Pacific.

But fate had still more bad luck up her sleeve. She caught pneumonia and was confined to an Army hospital. Livvy wrote her sister, Joan Fontaine, "Looks like I will be here in the Fiji Islands six months longer. The doctors think the long flight home would be bad for me until all the lung congestion is gone. How's the world going since I left it?"

* * *

Bud Abbott gave his rotund partner, Lou Costello, a huge dog whose disposition, at best, was "uncertain."

"You'll learn to love him," Bud said, "He's a one man dog."

A week later, Lou—whose clothes looked like they had been chewed up by a mountain lion, returned the animal to Bud.

"He may be a one-man dog," said Lou, "but I ain't the man!"

* * *

Jackie Jenkins was having a lot of trouble learning his lines for "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes." The director, thinking the little boy wasn't concentrating, tried to shame him with Margaret O'Brien's fine record. "She's older," said Master Jenkins doggedly, "I'm littler—and my brain is softer!"

* * *

Ran into Alan Ladd and Sue Carol at Hollywood Park on the first day of racing in California after three years.

It was also Alan's first visit to a track any place—any time.

At first he had a beam on his face that wouldn't come off. Then, as he made good-sized bets on each event—and lost them all—he didn't look so well. When the eighth event was over, and he hadn't cashed a ticket, he was a sad looking customer, indeed.

"The trouble with him," giggled Susie, "is that he just finished a race track picture, 'Salty O'Rourke'—so he thought he knew all about the nags. But there isn't a director around to get the horses he bets on in *first!* This will learn him, I betcha."

Guess it did—because as we were leaving we heard Alan breathe, "Never again!"

* * *

The town's gone Ouija Board mad again in a revival of the old "spooks" fortunetelling fad with Susan Peters, Lana Turner and the Basil Rathbones constant players.

* * *

Veronica Lake's (*Continued on page 74*)

New! TAKES ONLY 2 TO 3 HOURS!
GENUINE BEAUTY-SALON TYPE

Cold Wave PERMANENT

Complete with same ingredients used by beauty shops on costly cold waves

79¢



Now, you can give yourself a perfectly exquisite, cold permanent wave at home, in only 2 to 3 hours. Think of it! . . . only 2 to 3 hours! Just do this: Put your hair up in "CHIC" De Luxe curlers . . . dab each curl with the amazing "CHIC" Quick-Wave solution . . . and almost before you know it, you have a gorgeous, crowning halo of beautiful, soft, natural looking curls and waves.

A "CHIC" De Luxe Cold Wave is safe to use on all types of hair . . . fine, medium, coarse . . . bleached or dyed. Excellent, too, for children's hair. Remember, "CHIC" De Luxe is a genuine, beauty salon-type cold wave with the same ingredients used on costly cold permanent waves.

A "CHIC" De Luxe cold permanent lasts for months and months.

GET "CHIC" DE LUXE AT ALL DRUG . . DEPARTMENT . . VARIETY . . 5 AND 10c STORES

If you cannot get "CHIC" De Luxe or "CHIC" Regular at your dealer, order direct.

chic



Regular PERMANENT WAVE HOME KIT

You can also give yourself a perfectly beautiful permanent wave with the "CHIC" Regular Home Kit in 6 to 8 hours. "CHIC" Regular Permanent Wave Home Kits are on sale at stores listed above, which also feature "CHIC" De Luxe Home Kits.

59¢ complete

THE LINHALL CO., Dept. L-95, St. Paul 1, Minn.

Please send me:

( ) "CHIC" De Luxe Permanent Wave. Price 79c

( ) "CHIC" Regular Permanent Wave. Price 59c

Send C.O.D. (If check or money order is enclosed, all postage charges are prepaid.)

Name.....

Address.....

City *Zone* *State*.



Light, bright and dainty is the polish that Shirley Temple prefers. She's the perfect sixteener, yes?



Gene Tierney, who's soon to be emoting in "A Bell for Adano," likes a deep, rosy polish for her nails.

FASHIONS

by Carol Carter

■ "Children, the beauty class will come to order. Please raise your hands."

Horrors! Do I see chipped polish, hangnails, raspy-rough skin? Gene and Shirl are definitely right: Winter is rough on hands. Bless their little hearts for suggesting some beauty chatter this month about fingertip fashions.

And all talk of finger fashions boils down to this: You must soothe your hands with creams and lotions, you must manicure them regularly. So coming up! One manicure routine. Practice this routine regularly . . . and while a-practicing it remember to work first on your right hand. It's more difficult because it works harder. (You left-handed chicks can go into reverse.)

1. Off with the old polish . . . and while about it, here's a conservation note for polish remover. Saturate cotton with p. r. and press it against the nail for several minutes. Do this with each nail before you begin the actual job of removing. Three "dips" of the remover should make a complete job of it.

2. File and shape nails with an emery board (the new garnet boards are super wonderful!). Careful, now. Don't file too deeply into the corners. Glamour nails are almond-shape.

3. Swish your fingers in a cozy bowl of warm, soapy water. Feels good, doesn't it? Well, go ahead, soak them for a few minutes. With your brush, scrub each finger. Dry thoroughly. Oh, but your nails are in the dry and brittle stage? Stop fretting. A warm oil soaking will put them back in the pink.

Here's a handsome story. All about the best ways to keep your hands smooths, your nails a-gleaming!

IN FINGERTIPS

4. Your attitude to your cuticle should be gentle but firm. Push it back with a cotton-tipped orangewood stick dipped in cuticle remover. Cut cuticle only if you want to encourage infection.

5. You don't swoop your polish right out to your nail tips? Then now's the time for nail white (paste or stick form) to be applied. Give fingers a second scrubbing. Wipe 'em dry, and you'll be eliminating the last shreds of cuticle loosened by the remover.

6. Now comes a polish base to make things smooth for your pet lacquer.

7. Ah, the climax! A gay nail enamel! Use one coat of polish for special occasion manicures (when you wear a particular color that's heavenly with your chartreuse formal). Use two coats for a heavy duty manicure (a color that goes with everything you wear for days!) When your nail glamour is completely dry, slather a hand cream or lotion over your paws. Massage the skin well as you apply it. All this in the interest of smoothness.

COLOR CODE: "Color, color, which shall it be? Rose or red or pink for me?" Now how do you like that poem? Glimmering, shimmering, sparkling polish brings out the poet in me! But let's get down to the business of which color it should be. If your outfit is blue or purple, wear a rose polish with a bluish cast. Browns, green and yellows look best with dusky pinks. Blacks, reds and prints take a clear red polish. For those who would be fashion-wise (that's all of us, isn't it?) subtle, clear pink polishes are the current pets. Then, too. there are new shimmer-sheen (*Continued on page 84*)



(Continued from page 71)

trousseau is all blue. Ice blue wedding gown, blue going-away suit and hat, blue bags, shoes, gloves—and blue lingerie.

Oh, what luscious nightgowns they were taking back for her to try on in a private fitting room at Saks'! One beautiful sheer chiffon had a tiny train with deep, deep ruffles. Another, a "shortie" in chiffon, was made like a sports coat.

* * *

Most interesting set of the month, to me, is "Enchanted Cottage," being produced by my child, Harriet Parsons. (I admit I'm prejudiced.)

The "cottage" is a sheer delight and so complete a honeymoon couple could move in on a moment's notice.

I begged producer Parsons for some "stills" so I could show you fans the amazingly "homely" make-ups on Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young. But she said "Nothing doing. It would spoil the surprise when the movie is released." Well, she's the boss—and mighty proud of her I am, too.

Guess it doesn't hurt, though, to tell you that it takes Bob two hours to turn himself homely. That's how good looking he is.

* * *

Another set that is fun to visit is "Weekend at the Waldorf." Very cute the way a bellboy ushers in every visitor. Then you are hustled up to the desk to register. But there is no tipping—which ain't like any hotel I've ever been in in my travels at home or abroad.

So far, the star-studded cast headed by Ginger Rogers, Lana Turner, Walter Pidgeon, et al, is getting along fine. Ginger and Lana have no scenes together throughout the entire picture. Not that the girls wouldn't get along—but this certainly does away with the possibility.

However, other gals in the cast have taken long, long looks at Ginger's brand new, swanky, portable dressing room. It is really a three-room suite on wheels, "done" in corals and bright greens. By far the fanciest portable ever sported by any star.

So far it hasn't bothered Lana—or maybe she hasn't seen it.

* * *

Most meaningless movie title: "Hold Autumn in Your Hand."

Cutest: "No Leave, No Love."

Craziest: "Salome Where She Danced."

Saddest: "Don't Ever Grieve Me."

Least Indicative of the Story: "Laura."

Swellest: "Blue Skies"—for Bing Crosby.

* * *

I was delighted to get a letter from Jean Pierre Aumont. He is in France again after being hospitalized in North Africa. "Everywhere we go, we French soldiers," he writes, "we run into the Americans—and believe me the roots of friendship being planted will last forever. Hollywood seems so far away. Sometimes I think of it as one of those far away islands inhabited by Maria (Montez—his wife) in her sarong pictures. But it is a dream I want soon to come true very, very soon—because my home and heart is there."

* * *

That Sonny Tufts is a one.

He told Paramount he needed a month's vacation after finishing "The Golden Years" so he could learn to ride for "The Virginian."

What Par. apparently doesn't know is that Sonny's trophy room is lopsided with ribbons he won riding in Eastern horse shows!

* * *

Burgess Meredith is taking an awful beating from pals (and otherwise) because he has had to partially shave his head to look like bald pated Ernie Pyle in "G.I. Joe."

But the worst comes from Paulette Goddard who calls him "Uncle Buzz" or "Daddy Dear," and her voice sounds just like "Baby Snooks."

* * *

Sure pays to be a Swoon King. Even the domestic help problems get solved. Mrs. Dick Haymes was interviewing a young college girl about being a "sitter" for the kids when they go out in the evenings. "I can work only one night a week," said the girl, and then, as Mrs. H.'s face fell, she added, "But I belong to a sorority—and we'll take turns if Mr. Haymes will just open the front door when we come to work!"

Maybe you think it wasn't a deal!

* * *

Speaking of all these cocktail brawls and fights, William Powell has a new way of extending invitations. He just says, "Please come for cocktails—and boxing—between five and eight."



CLASSIC IMITATION PEARL EARRINGS GIVEN



To Make New Friends Among Readers of this magazine who order the Matching Bracelet and Necklace promptly for ten days' examination.

Iridescent aristocratic Replica Pearls that closely resemble Oriental Pear set in screw type Earrings will be GIVEN to readers of this magazine on t most unusual, get-acquainted offer ever made in beautiful jewelry. Just sen the coupon today and accept these Earrings as our gift to you.



Wear NECKLACE and TWO ROW, MATCHING BRACELET

Ten Days Trial

Styles now prescribe Pearls for evening and afternoon wear. It's t newest fashion from New York to Hollywood. Every lady has admire shimmering, lustrous pearls from the Orient. Now, you too, can enj wearing a gorgeous replica of an expensive pearl necklace and matching, two r bracelet, rich in lustrous beauty and depth—all without risking a penny. Simp send the coupon for both the necklace and matching bracelet and accept them ten days trial and we will include the set of classic Earrings without cost. If y do not fully agree that this iridescent, glowing, replica Pearl ensemble is a ma velous bargain return them within ten days and your money will be refunde **BUT YOU ARE TO KEEP THE MATCHING EARRINGS as our get acquainted gift.**

RARE Replica Pearls with that true rosy cast and iridescent luster are now rare. Hand polished, carefully graduated pearls with rhinestone clasp. Necklace is 17½ inch single strand. The bracelet is gorgeous two row spiral design with beautiful graduated Replica Pearls. An

Send No Money

The coupon should be sent today as supplies are extremely limited. When your package arrives you pay the postman only $2.95 each for Necklace and Bracelet, plus a few cents mailing cost and 20% Federal Tax. The Necklace, Bracelet and Earrings become more attractive the longer you wear them.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO.
Dept. 19-CE, Jefferson, Iowa

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 19-CE, Jefferson, Iowa

I want to examine those iridescent, Replica Pearls.

Please send me: ☐ Necklace ☐ Bracelet

I can return my purchase in 10 days and you will refund money but I am to keep the earrings as your get-acquain gift, in any event. I am to receive a gift of the Matching E rings only if I order both the Necklace and Bracelet.

Name

Address

City State

SWEET AND LOVELY

(*Continued from page 33*)

It was not a difficult scene. It consisted of a dolly shot in which Jeanne and Tim Holt simply walked down a street, talking, while the camera preceded them slowly. Jeanne had no way of knowing that Mr. Welles was experimenting with the technique of making screen tests, in view of the fact that no scene ever lasts for an unbroken five minutes under studio conditions.

Jeanne and Tim went at the task masterfully. They didn't fluff once. They exchanged their ten pages of dialogue several times, then Mr. Welles said that was all, thank you. He added that he would get in touch with Jeanne's mother in a few days.

The wait was interminable.

Then, one morning, Mr. Welles telephoned Mrs. Crain for a long talk. He said that Jeanne photographed much too young for the part. But he did say that she had great possibilities; that at that time she didn't project her personality—she was more interesting off screen than on. "If she really wants to act," he summed up, "she will have to study."

Jeanne, hearing only half the conversation, knew simply that she was not to have the part. She went to her bedroom, locked the door, flung herself on the bed and sobbed wildly. In the midst of her woe, she had a comforting thought: "They say a girl must *suffer* to become a really great actress. Well, I'm getting a start."

And then she went to work. Where she had never taken any interest in school dramatics, she now went in for everything produced with or without a curtain.

The late Max Reinhardt, a friend of the Crain family, mentioned one night that he owned the rights to "Song of Bernadette" and wanted to test Jeanne for the part. Jeanne made the test, which is safe in Hollywood vaults, and those who have seen it say that it is one of the loveliest things on celluloid. However, Mr. Reinhardt's plans fell through, and the rights became the property of 20th Century-Fox—a studio that had heard nothing of the girl who was later to become one of its most incandescent hopefuls.

When Jeanne learned that Mr. Reinhardt had given up his intentions of producing "Bernadette," she had another bitter session of tears. The months, the years were going by, and she wasn't getting anywhere! Here she was—seventeen.

Several of her girl friends had vocations and were making plans to become novitiates in the Order of St. Joseph. Jeanne thought it over carefully; she felt that she, too, had a vocation, but it wasn't as strong as she felt it should be. She decided to be quite sure before she took the step, a decision encouraged by the nuns who were her teachers.

One night she went to a Little Theater performance in which one of her friends had the lead. Ivan Kahn, talent scout for 20th Century, spotted her in the audience. During the intermission, he approached Jeanne, introduced himself and suggested that she take a screen test on Monday.

"Oh, all right," sighed Jeanne. She had been through that test routine so often. It didn't mean a thing. It simply gave one a few moments of dreams and an hour of tears.

During the intermission between the second and third acts, two other talent scouts introduced themselves to Jeanne and proposed screen tests. Jeanne said she'd let them know later, thank you very much.

She breezed through her Monday morn-

(*Continued on page 109*)



Beauty Essential!

This super-value brush that anyone can afford!

Essential to your good looks is the daily use of this super value toothbrush, the Dr. West's "25" . . . priced within the reach of all.

Made with nylon bristles that are anchored for keeps, the Dr. West's "25" cannot shed in your mouth. Its scientifically designed shape makes it easy to clean the hard-to-get-at places in your mouth.

So, get yourself a really good toothbrush, a Dr. West's "25". Of course, the *finest* toothbrush that money can buy is Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft, the only brush made with waterproofed, anti-soggy "Exton" brand bristling.



FRANKIE, WE LOVE YOU!

(Continued from page 47)

you know that. But these broadcasts are shortwaved to the boys overseas. If you squeal in the middle of songs, they can't hear 'em. So wait till the end and then make with the applause. Okay?"

Joan sighed. "Golly, it's tough to keep still when he does those ups and downs, but I see what he means."

Katie laughed, her round face twisting comically. "One thing—there won't be any squeals from Sinatra Fan Number One. They've got four guards around her." She pointed across to where a small, red-haired girl sat surrounded by four stalwart men.

Alex Stordahl's band was playing now. Joan felt the quiet contentment that always came once the broadcast had started. This was it—this was what the whole week led up to. Frank stepped to the mike. And then—gosh, he was singing her song—

Night and day, you are the one—
Only you beneath the moon and
under the sun. . . .

He had been singing that song the day she had walked into the Paramount four years ago. She had been not quite thirteen then, but tall for her age. A slim child with smooth blonde hair in pigtails and solemn grey eyes. She had come to hear Tommy Dorsey's band, and the fact that he had a new singer hadn't meant a thing to her.

Frank had seemed pretty young himself, then. Thin as a sliver, but gay and funny and so *alive!* The things he did to "Night and Day" had been heaven. She went, hesitating a little, backstage after the show.

He had smiled at her and patted her shoulder. "Better stay away from here, kid, or we'll have truant officers backstage."

"Autograph the sleeve of my blouse, will you, Mr. Sinatra?" Joan asked suddenly. "Sign on my sleeve instead of in my book."

"Listen, honey, your mother'll be down here with an axe if I spoil your blouse."

"She won't care. Please, Mr. Sinatra. I'll go over it later with invisible ink. I—I want to keep it always."

moonlit baritone . . .

The broadcast went on, with Frank clowning around, and then singing in that voice that drifted over you like a moonlit cloud. When it was all over, the girls stood up slowly. Queer. It was like coming back to another world.

"Things were pretty quiet tonight. The kids hardly squealed at all," Katie said. "I hope Frank was pleased. I hate to have him think we're a nuisance."

"I suppose we are, though," Joan admitted. "Rushing around after him, wherever he goes. Only maybe he understands how we feel, sort of. We've *got* to see him. He'll be leaving for the Coast again and—oh, Katie, what will we do without him?"

"It's going to be awful," Katie said gloomily. "It always is, at first. But at least we can still hear the broadcasts."

"Yes, but we won't *see* him!" Joan gave her checked jacket an impatient pull. She had bought it because it looked like Frank's. "Katie, remember our 'perfect day'?" Her grey eyes under the long black lashes were dreamy.

"*Do I!* It was last spring. In May. We started out at ten in the morning, and we were walking by the General Motors building when Frank's car drove up."

That had been a car! Joan could remember the blue flash of it in the spring sunshine as it came around the corner into Broadway. The top was down, and Frank was wearing dark glasses. The wind had blown his brown hair until it was even more tousled than usual. He stopped the car and got out. Then he saw them and gave them a cheerful grin.

"Hi, kids. Looks like everybody's up early today. What's cookin'?"

a day to remember . . .

Joan and Katie just stood there a minute, not saying anything. Funny—when he wasn't around, there were a million things you wanted to say to him, and then you saw him, and everything went right out of your head. It happened every time.

"Will you sign these snapshots, Frank?" Joan managed at last, getting them out.

He did a little jig step and bowed. "Let's see 'em, baby."

There were three of them. The one she had taken as he came out of CBS. The one of him at the Brooklyn ball game. And the one of little Nancy Sandra.

"Say, this of the kid is pretty cute, hey?" Frank said proudly. "You took that last week out at the house, didn't you? Nancy told me you'd been out there."

"She did? Did she know us? Our names and everything?"

"Sure. My wife's smart—not a dope like me." He laughed at them. Then he took out his fountain pen and shook it to start the ink flowing. He always did that, no matter where he was. Even when he had been singing in the Wedgewood Room at the Waldorf he had done it. He signed the pictures the way he always did—"Best wishes to Joan. Frank Sinatra." Then he went on in the office building.

But when he came out, they were still there. They walked down the street with him until some other kids recognized him, and he had to duck into Lindy's before a crowd gathered. All day long, Joan and Katie had followed him wherever he went, and he hadn't minded. He had just laughed.

Oh, it had been a perfect day all right. But it could never happen again that way. Frank lived in California now, and when he came back East, he was always in a hurry, there was so much to do. Besides, you couldn't get near him, usually. There were such mobs following him around, and the kids acted so crazy.

"I'd give anything to get backstage tonight," Katie said, as they left the broadcast. "Do you s'pose it's any use trying?"

"Katie, you know we can't get within a block of the door!"

They turned the corner, just to be sure. A solid crowd packed the street. At the fringe of it, two sailors were trying to see over the heads, to find out what it was all about. One of them noticed Joan and said "Hey, sister, what's the mob scene? Betty Grable?" He said it hopefully.

"No, they're waiting for Frank Sinatra."

"Oh, him. Come on, Bill, let's blow."

But Bill, who was freckled and had the widest grin this side of Joe E. Brown, said "No. Stick around. I'd like to see this guy."

"You'd better try it," Katie told him. "You ought to hear him sing 'Nancy'. That's the song that's dedicated to his wife and little girl. He's crazy about his family."

"What does his wife think of all this swooning stuff?" the sailor demanded.

"Listen, Nancy's swell," Joan said. "She knows how we kids feel about Frank. We're crazy about him, sure, but it's the way we'd be crazy about a big brother that was nice and let us tag along. We think he's super as a singer and solid as a guy. He's a good husband, and that's the way we want him to be. We're crazy about Nancy, too."

She stopped, out of breath, and both sailors laughed. "Okay, kid, we're sold."

Katie stepped in. "Would you like to join our Sinatra Club? We already have three hundred service men who are members." She whipped out a card and proffered it gravely. "Just write to the president and tell her you'd like to join."

Joan and Katie walked away. It was no use waiting for Frank . . . all they would get would be a flash of the top of his head.

At the corner, a boy stood posed against a building. He had brown hair that fell over his forehead, and a thin face, and he wore a checked sports jacket. Half a dozen girls were taking his picture.

"That boy ought to be arrested," Joan said indignantly. "Posing as Sinatra."

"Everybody knows he isn't Frank," Katie pointed out. "But in snapshots he *does* look like him."

"Sure, and then the girls trade the pictures for ones of Frank. It's dishonest."

Katie giggled. "You're mad because you got stuck with one of them."

"If I'd seen it in a good light, I'd have known right away," Joan said. "I made the trade at night, like a goon, and gave up a perfectly good snap of Frank for one of this little worm!"

"Look, Joan, what about next Wednesday? You know, Frank is doing his broadcast up in the Bronx that night, at Hunter College where the WAVES are."

"Gee, I'd like to go up. Only we'd never be able to get in. Nobody can, except WAVES." Joan's voice was wistful.

"Let's go anyway. Maybe we can sneak in some way."

They separated, and Joan took the subway to Brooklyn. There ought to be *some* way they could get into that broadcast!

crashing waves . . .

But the Navy is a super-efficient organization. The girls discovered that when they got up to Hunter College. They went in the afternoon right after school and found the auditorium where the broadcast was to be held. It might as well have been held in the U. S. Mint, as far as guards were concerned, Joan thought. Cops, the Shore Patrol, WAVE officers—all there to see that no one got in.

Joan and Katie stood outside the fence for hours. They saw Frank and the orchestra come out and ride over to the mess hall for dinner. Frankie waved but what good was that? Finally they went way around the block and crawled under what seemed like miles of wire. They crept back to the building in the autumn darkness. And there right ahead of them the WAVES

(Continued on page 78)

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Garbo's almost hypersensitive fear of intrusion prompts her to rent homes surrounded by high walls whenever possible. In one of a long series she has occupied in and around Hollywood, she felt especially secure because of the presence of a 12-foot brick wall, topped by a vine-concealed barbed wire.

Garbo never did meet her next-door neighbor, so she doesn't know to this day that the resident was a former pole-vaulting champion!

Marion Simms
Hollywood, Calif.

NOW... this softer, safer sanitary napkin in two forms

1. MODESS WITH DEODORANT
2. STANDARD MODESS

GOOD! I CAN KEEP RIGHT ON GETTING MY "STANDARD" SOFTER, SAFER **MODESS**!

HERE'S MODESS with TWO wonderful kinds of sanitary protection. Now you can take your choice.

1. Softer, safer Modess with a fine deodorant powder sealed in—for those who want daintiness protection right inside a napkin. Tried out for a year by thousands of women; tested by a famous impartial laboratory and proved to be most effective.*

2. Softer, safer Modess—without deodorant—if you'd rather have it that way.

And, either way, you're bound to get greater safety, greater softness, because:

209 nurses, in hospital tests, found Modess gives far more protection than nationally known layer-type napkins.

49,701 women stated that they switched to Modess because it's "So soft"... "So safe"... or "So comfortable."

Both kinds of Modess cost the same. But—to get softer, safer sanitary protection—be *sure* to ask for Modess!



TODAY... Ask for MODESS

STANDARD OR WITH DEODORANT

***LOOK! Facts about MODESS containing a DEODORANT**

1. The sanitary napkin with fine deodorant powder sealed right in.

2. Only sanitary napkin with deodorant tested for the past year. Fastidious Southern women who tried it are overwhelmingly enthusiastic—prefer it to any other napkin they've ever used.

3. *Modess has been proved by U.S. Testing Co., Inc., to guard daintiness more effectively than any other napkin containing a deodorant.*

4. Only Modess gives you such proof of its effectiveness. So if you prefer a napkin with a deodorant right in it, Modess is the only napkin for you.

LINK YOUR FRIENDS TOGETHER

with an everlasting

"Forget-Me-Not" Friendship Bracelet



STERLING SILVER

EACH LINK

25c

Sterling Clasp 35c

9 LINKS WITH CLASP $2.60

Complete with Engraving

Add 20% Federal Excise Tax.

From Hollywood stars to schoolgirls, everyone is collecting Sterling Silver "Forget-Me-Not" Memos of their friends, sweethearts and loved ones.

Featured in the jewelry departments of these stores:

Ames & Brownley Co. . . . . Norfolk, Va.
L. S. Ayres Co. . . . . Indianapolis, Ind.
Block & Kuhl Co. . . . . Peoria, Ill.
The Bon Marche . . . . . Seattle, Wash.
The Boston Store . . . . . Milwaukee, Wis.
Burdine's, Inc. . . . . Miami, Fla.
Cleland & Simpson . . . . . Scranton, Pa.
Denver Dry Goods Co. . . . . Denver, Colo.
The Emporium . . . . . San Francisco, Calif.
The Fair Store . . . . . Chicago, Ill.
Famous Barr Co. . . . . St. Louis, Mo.
Gebhart Gushard Co. . . . . Decatur, Ill.
Gimbel Bros. . . . . Pittsburgh, Pa.
Gold & Co. . . . . Lincoln, Nebr.
The Golden Rule . . . . . St. Paul, Minn.
Wm. Hengerer Co. . . . . Buffalo, N. Y.
Heer's Dept. Store . . . . . Springfield, Mo.
Herpolsheimer Co. . . . . Grand Rapids, Mich.
Joseph Horne Co. . . . . Pittsburgh, Pa.
J. L. Hudson Co. . . . . Detroit, Mich.
Hutzler Bros. Co. . . . . Baltimore, Md.
Joske Bros. . . . . San Antonio, Tex.
Kahn Dept. Stores, Inc. . . . . Oakland, Calif.
La Salle Koch Co. . . . . Toledo, Ohio
F. & R. Lazarus Co. . . . . Columbus, Ohio
Mandel Bros. . . . . Chicago, Ill.
T. S. Martin Co. . . . . Sioux City, Ia.
The May Company . . . . . Cleveland, Ohio
The May Company . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
Meyers . . . . . Greensboro, N. C.
Myers Bros. . . . . Springfield, Ill.
Olds Wortman & King . . . . . Portland, Oregon
M. O'Neil Co. . . . . Akron, Ohio
Pomeroy's Inc. . . . . Pennsylvania
Powers Dry Goods Co. . . . . Minneapolis, Minn.
Rhodes Bros. . . . . Tacoma, Wash.
Rike Kumler Co. . . . . Dayton, Ohio
Robertson Bros. . . . . South Bend, Ind.
Leo S. Schear Co. . . . . Evansville, Ind.
John Shillito Co. . . . . Cincinnati, Ohio
Spokane Dry Goods Co. . . . . Spokane, Wash.
Stewart Dry Goods Co. . . . . Louisville, Ky.
Strauss Hirshberg Co. . . . . Youngstown, Ohio
James L. Tapp Co. . . . . Columbia, S. C.
John Taylor Co. . . . . Kansas City, Mo.
Thalhimer Bros. . . . . Richmond, Va.
Townsend & Wall Co. . . . . St. Joseph, Mo.
Wolf & Dessauer Co. . . . . Fort Wayne, Ind.
Edward Wren Co. . . . . Springfield, Ohio
Younker Bros. . . . . Des Moines, Ia.
Zahn Dry Goods Co. . . . . Racine, Wis.
and many others.

were marching into the auditorium. They marched two by two, neat and smart in their blues. Back of them strung a line of "boots," still in civilian clothes.

"They'll *love* the Navy!" Katie said, grinning. "Their first night here, and they get Frank Sinatra!"

But Joan wasn't listening. "Quick!" she said, and pulled at Katie's sleeve. In one lightning moment they had fallen in behind the last of the "boots," and the heavy doors clanged behind them. They were in!

behind closed doors . . .

That seemed like a very special broadcast. It was like the apples you swiped. They always tasted better than the ones you bought. Frank was wonderful, and the WAVES loved him.

"I'm going to join as soon as I'm old enough, if the war's still on," Joan decided.

They almost got to be WAVES that very night. They had an awful time getting out of line before they were marched straight into the dormitory.

"It's late. Mother's going to be mad at me for this," Joan realized when they were at last on their way downtown.

"Mine won't. She understands."

"Remember the night you took her to a broadcast?" Joan giggled, thinking of it.

That had really been a good joke on Katie. Her mother had said one day, "You know, dear, I think I'd like to watch your friend, Frank Sinatra, broadcast. You've talked so much about him."

Katie had stared in unbelief. Her mother had told her for months that she was crazy, with all her talk about Frank. But she had dashed around and somehow managed to get another ticket for the broadcast, and off they went. Her mother seemed to enjoy it very much.

When it was over and they started out, she said, "Now I'd like to go backstage and meet him."

Katie gaped. "Mother, I'm sorry, but you can't. They won't let you in. They won't let *anyone* in!"

"You've gone in. Several times," her mother pointed out reasonably.

"That was ages ago, before he got so popular. When there wasn't such a mob around. Anyway, Mr. Evans, his press agent, took me in."

"I can try," said her mother serenely and drifted off, leaving Katie staring after her. Of course she would soon be back.

But she didn't come back. After a while, Katie got tired of waiting and went looking for her. Katie recognized Tony, a fan of Frank's from New Haven, in the crowd, and went over to him. Tony usually was hep to what was going on. He had known Frank for a long time and often did errands or personal jobs for him.

"Hi, Tony. Did you see a sort of plump, middle-aged lady in a blue coat try to get through the stage door?"

"Sure I saw her, Katie. She was a friend of Frank's—the guard let her right in."

"He *didn't!*" Katie was unbelieving. Still, her mother did have a sort of assured way of talking that just might have gotten her by. And she had certainly disappeared. Katie squirmed through the crowd and finally got to the guard at the door.

"Hey, let me in," she panted. "My mother's inside."

"Oh, yeah? You kids'll try any gag."

"Honest she is. You let her in yourself a minute ago. She had on a blue coat."

The guard scratched his head. "I remember that lady. She's a friend of Mr. Sinatra. But I ain't so sure you're her daughter. You don't look like her."

"I look like my father!" said Katie furiously. *"Let me in!"*

"We'll see if that's really your ma," said the guard stubbornly. Taking Katie by the arm, he brought her inside the door, holding her tightly so she couldn't wriggle away. Katie stared, open-mouthed. A few feet away her mother was standing with *Frank*. They were laughing and talking as if they'd known each other for years.

"Hey, lady," said the guard. "Is this your kid?"

Katie's mother looked over at them, and suddenly a gleam of pure mischief lighted her eyes. "Certainly not," she said coolly. "I never saw her before!" And while Katie was still speechless with indignation, she was hustled through the door.

"When she finally did come out she handed me a paper and said, 'Here's another autograph to add to your collection, dear,'" Katie remembered now, laughing. "And she's been as sold on Frank as I am, ever since."

"I know. That makes it swell for you," Joan said enviously. "But my family still think I'm nuts."

"Joan, Frank leaves for the Coast again Wednesday morning. Let's meet Tuesday afternoon and try and see him."

"I've *got* to see him before he goes," Joan agreed. "I have a—a present for him."

It seemed as if Tuesday would never come, and yet it came all too quickly. After Tuesday, Frank would be gone, and the glimpses of him that made life so exciting would be over. Joan did up the going-away present in silver paper and tied it with a blue bow. It looked awfully pretty. It wasn't anything, really. Just a snapshot of Katie and herself with their Frank Sinatra buttons on, and Joan had had it enlarged and had tinted it herself.

Tuesday finally arrived. It was one of those brilliant days that are half fall and half summer, with the air crisp and the sun hot on your bare head. The kind of day when anything can happen. Joan went through the motions at school, but her eyes were on her wrist watch most of the time. Her heart was already pounding with excitement. At the last bell, she grabbed her reversible and tore out of the building.

come out, come out, wherever you are . . .

Times Square was the usual jam of soldiers, sailors, cops and out-of-town visitors. Katie was waiting on the steps of the Astor.

"Where'll we start?" she demanded, as Joan hurried up. "He might be *anywhere.*"

"Do you know where he stayed last night, Katie? Some of the kids at school said he checked out of the Waldorf yesterday."

"Maybe the Gotham. We could go around there—"

"Look!" Joan said in a voice that was unrecognizable with excitement.

It was Frank, no question about that. He was in a taxi with Al Levy, his manager. Two other girls had recognized him, too.

"It's Babs and Helen. Come on with them!" Katie said, and they dashed over and piled into the cab that pulled up.

Babs and Helen were looking out the window. "Don't let him see you," Joan hissed, "or he might try and lose us."

Giggling, they all got down on the floor of the cab, while Katie peered furtively out at the green taxi. Suddenly, it stopped for a red light, and their driver drew abreast. Before Katie could duck, Frank saw her. He stared past, at the other girls down on the floor, and he began to laugh.

Joan stuck her head out of the window. "Frank, we want to see you—about something special. Where are you going?"

"Listen, kids, I'm in an awful hurry, and I'm going too far for you to follow me."

"I'll switch to Bing Crosby!" Helen called threateningly, but Frank only grinned and waved as his cab shot ahead. They followed him for ten blocks, then he lost them. Dismally, they got out of the taxi.

"Who's got money?" Helen asked, looking at the meter. "Not us."

(Continued on page 80)

YOU MAY WIN LOVELIER SKIN THE ACTIVE-LATHER WAY!



Tests show these Beauty Facials really make skin softer, smoother!



MERLE OBERON

starring in Columbia Pictures' "A SONG TO REMEMBER"

In recent tests of Active-Lather Facials with Lux Toilet Soap, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time! Lovely Merle Oberon tells you, "My Lux Soap beauty facials really make skin lovelier—leave it feeling wonderfully smooth and soft—looking so fresh!"







You want the loveliness that wins romance. So take Hollywood's tip—give *your* skin gentle Lux Toilet Soap care!

★ ★ **FIGHT WASTE** ★ ★

Use your Lux Toilet Soap wisely, for soap contains material vital to the war effort. Never waste it.

Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S...It's hard-milled! *9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it*



"—only Meds internal protection has the 'safety-well'!"

A woman doctor perfected the Meds insorber—approved the *size* and *shape*, the use of soft *real* COTTON for *comfort*, and the addition of the SAFETY-WELL for *extra* protection. Let "next time" be a "Meds time" and see how much more *comfortable* you *can* be!

MEDS only 19¢

FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS
Economy package – 40 for 65c!



Meds' exclusive "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much *more*, so much *faster! Extra* protection for you!

* * *

Meds' fine soft COTTON can absorb up to three times its own weight in moisture! The scientifically-shaped insorber expands *gently* and *comfortably*—adapting itself to individual requirements.

Because of these dainty, carefully designed applicators, Meds insorbers are easy-to-use!

Everyone turned to Katie. Katie always had money. She fished it out now good-naturedly. "What would you have done if I hadn't come along?"

"Washed windows, I guess," Babs admitted. "We never stop to think about things like that when we see Frank. We just go." She and Helen said good-by and walked off jauntily.

Joan stood and stared, unseeing, at the traffic weaving past. "I didn't even get a chance to give him his present."

"Never mind, Joanie. We'll catch up with him later, see if we don't." Joan smiled at her and felt better. Maybe they *would* catch up to him again.

They did, but not until a frightening number of hours had passed. At ten that night, Joan was ready to give up.

But, "I *won't* give up," Katie said crossly. "He's somewhere in this town, and I'm going to find him. I've got a present for him, too, you know."

"It was early when we tried the Villanova," Joan suggested doubtfully. "Do you suppose he might have come there later?"

"Let's try." Katie started impulsively toward Forty-Fifth street.

The Villanova was a small, unpretentious restaurant. They approached it slowly, hardly daring to hope.

"There he is!" cried Joan and Katie simultaneously. And there he was, sitting at a big corner table with George Evans, Al Levy and two men they didn't know. He looked up from his spaghetti and saw the faces pressed against the window. His thin face broke into a smile.

They couldn't go in. The manager had put a stop to that long ago. "When Mr. Sinatra eats here, he will have his dinner in peace," he had said firmly.

It wasn't so long, really, and a thin mercury of excitement kept them warm. "If he'll only stop just long enough for us to give him the presents," Joan said desperately. "But he'll be in such a hurry."

we'll meet again . . .

Then, quite suddenly, he was there. He came through the door, like a whirlwind in a polo coat. Joan stepped forward automatically, her heart thudding, the little silver-wrapped package in her hand.

"Frank, here. It's nothing, really. Only—I thought you might like it."

He took it quickly. "Thanks a lot, Joan."

Then Katie was handing him a package, too. One that bore the seal of Countess Mara, on Park Avenue. A tie, of course, one of the fabulous kind Frank loved.

He looked at it and grinned. "I'll bet I know what this is. Thanks—that's swell."

"I hope you'll like it, Frank." Katie sounded sure of herself.

Joan looked at her wistfully. It would be marvelous to be like Katie. To be able to give him a tie from Countess Mara. To be sure of yourself. Suddenly hot, blinding tears filled her eyes.

"I—I wish you weren't going, Frank," she said softly. "We miss you awfully."

One of the men who had come out behind Frank laughed. Frank turned on him swiftly. "'T'ain't funny, pal," he said. He looked at Joan and put his hand on her arm. "I'll be back, you know." He glanced down at the silver package she had given him. His quick fingers untied the blue bow. He opened the package.

"It's nothing," Joan repeated miserably. "Just Katie and me. Your fans."

Frank's blue eyes looked at her gravely. "It's great, honey. I like it better than anything you could have given me. Because you fans are my best friends—and don't let anybody tell you different. 'Bye, kids."

He was gone then, in a taxi that had been waiting at the curb. Joan and Katie stood, caught in a wave of happiness. He was gone, for now, but they were his friends. He would be seeing them again.

"I ENVY CLAUDETTE . . . "

(*Continued from page 39*)

He hems and he haws, and he finally brings it out.

"Look, would you *talk* to Selznick? That's all, just *talk* to him. Talking doesn't commit you to a thing."

So she talked to him. "Let's cut the comedy," she said. "What's this all about?"

Now David's a super-salesman. Give him half a chance, and he'd sell Hitler the rope to hang himself with. Claudette knows a fine story when she listens to it, and this time she listened. It had everything—heart and thoughtfulness and a universal appeal. But she still wasn't sure she ought to play Shirley's mother. Mind you, it was only Shirley at the time. David's a cute guy. He didn't pull Jennifer out of the bag till he had Claudette hooked. Then he was very casual about it. Very off hand and airy. "Oh well, what's the difference, you might as well have two."

Who really cinched it for him was Lt.-Commander Joel Pressman. He was in the States at the time, luckily for David. And when Claudette asked him what he thought, he gave it to her straight.

genius or ham? . . .

"You've always squawked about type casting," he pointed out. "You've always wanted to vary your roles. Well, here's a fine part in a fine picture. Far as I can see, nothing else matters. The point is, are you an actress or a personality?"

"I'm an actress," she said meekly, and you know the rest. I doubt if any picture since "It Happened One Night" has done more to endear her to the public.

Believe it or not, Claudette's a shy person. When you tell people that, they fling up their hands. With her 'poise? Her composure? Just the same, it's true. She's not easy to know. Even when she's letting her back hair down, she never quite takes out the pins. But what lies behind her reserve is shyness, and I can tell you a story to prove it.

She happens to be Betty Hutton's ideal. Not once, but a dozen times, I've heard Betty say: "If I could ever get to be the kind of person Miss Colbert is, I think I'd die happy." One day Claudette was in her dressing room at Paramount, waiting to be called to the set of "Practically Yours." From Betty's dressing-room, about four doors down, she heard sounds of revelry—laughter, a piano. "It's kind of dull in here," she thought. "I'd like to find out what goes on in Betty's room."

But did she go? Not she. Because suppose she knocked at the door and they said come in, what next? She'd feel kind of silly, breaking in on them like that. It never entered her head that Betty would have rolled out ten carpets and marked it a red-letter day on the calendar.

On set, it's a different story. There, she's sure of herself. It takes a sure person to make others comfortable, and I don't know any actress who's done more to put her fellow-players at ease. Fred MacMurray played opposite Claudette in "The Gilded Lily," his first picture. He told me that except for her help, he'd have been thrown out on his ear. "Remember the Day" gave John Payne his first real importance to the screen. Ray Milland was just jogging along till he made "Arise, My Love."

Somehow she gives them confidence, loosens them up. Partly, it's generosity of spirit—partly, her conviction that you're only as good as the cast you're working with. Take the case of George Reeves. He'd been kicking around for a long time, getting nowhere. Finally he said, "What the hell? Might as well go over and make Westerns

LESLIE BROOKS AND JIM BANNON APPEARING IN COLUMBIA'S TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION "TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT"



LESLIE BROOKS— such "Sweet-to-touch" Hands

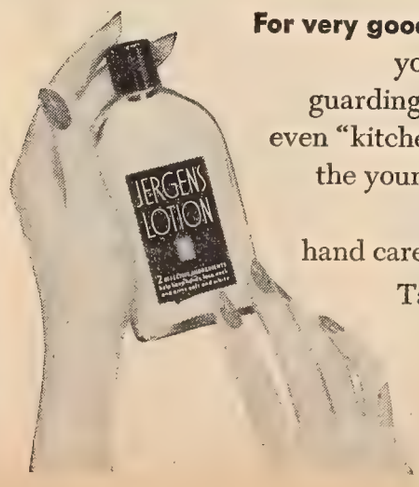
YOU: *I'd love to have such smooth, soft hands.*

LESLIE BROOKS: Then why not use Jergens Lotion?

YOU: *Do you use Jergens Lotion yourself, Miss Brooks?*

LESLIE BROOKS: Indeed I do use Jergens.

Personal Hand Care of the Stars is Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1.



For very good reasons: Such sure *softness-protection* for your hands! Jergens Lotion furnishes beauty-guarding moisture most hand skin needs. Persuades even "kitchen-conscious" hands to exciting softness and the young, smooth look with the same 2 ingredients many doctors prescribe. Like professional hand care! But so simple. No inconvenient stickiness. Take this easy-to-follow advice . . .

FOR THE SOFTEST, ADORABLE HANDS USE

JERGENS LOTION

"SOAPING" DULLS HAIR
HALO GLORIFIES IT!



Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it . . . leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap . . . made with a new type patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film!
3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse . . . Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant!
5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! Get Halo Shampoo today . . . in 10¢ or larger sizes.



REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!

REDUCE

LOSE 3 to 5 lbs. A WEEK

No Exercise Required • No Reducing Drugs
Absolutely Harmless • YET EAT PLENTY

ONE MONTHS SUPPLY $1.

FOLLOW KELP-I-DINE REDUCING PLAN

Simply take a half teaspoonful of KELP-I-DINE with any meal (preferably at breakfast). EAT AS YOU USUALLY DO. DON'T CUT OUT fatty, starchy foods, just CUT DOWN on them. *That's all there is to it!*

SEND FOR KELPIDINE TODAY

3 Months Supply ☐ $2.00

MAIL COUPON

AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS CO., M12
871 Broad Street, Newark 2, N. J.

Enclosed find $1.00 for the KELPIDINE REDUCING PLAN and one month's supply of KELPIDINE to be sent to me postage prepaid. If not satisfied I may return unused portion and my $1.00 will be refunded.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

☐ *I enclose $2. Send a three-month supply.*

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE



USERS SAY:
"I lost 15 pounds on my $1.00 size Kelpidine."
Mrs. M. D.

I ate EVERYTHING I usually do and still LOST 13 POUNDS."
Mrs. J. M.

FREE TO TRY

You can try KELPIDINE without it costing you a cent. Just order with the coupon and if you find KELPIDINE does not help you lose weight, return the remainder to us and we will refund your money in full. Nothing could be fairer. Act Now!

for Harry Sherman. At least I like him."

He'd done half a dozen horse operas when Paramount found themselves up a tree for the romantic lead opposite Claudette in "So Proudly We Hail." They ran one of his Westerns, and Claudette thought he had the right quality. Came the day when they were about to test him with her. The boy was an emotional wreck, torn apart by suspense, and no one was more keenly aware of it than Claudette. At the last minute, she turned to look up at him. "Where's your horse?" she smiled. He threw back his head and roared, went into that scene with every muscle relaxed and did a swell job.

I've liked the girl since our first meeting at the cocktail party Paramount threw when she first came out. She was wearing a white lace gown, and looked like a dream. I walked up from behind. "How," I demanded in my genteel way, "does anyone get a chassis like yours?" She whirled round, smiling. I liked the way she smiled and the way she stuck out her paw and said hello. I liked everything about her.

tummy pamperer . . .

They used to call her Legs Colbert, but that kind of petered out. Not the legs, just the name. Somehow, it didn't go with the kind of girl she was. Being a woman myself, there are times when I'd like to crown her. Not only does she keep her luscious figure, she doesn't even have to diet. Pastry's her favorite food—the richer, the better. She could eat it from morning to night and frequently does, without gaining an ounce. Says she's trying to make up for the wasted years, when some dope told her she had ulcers. For two long years she lived on milk and mush and puréed vegetables, and eyed chocolate eclairs the way a lush eyes a drink—

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S GROWING UP

And so's our NAA Fund, and all because you've been feeding it so many quarters in return for which we've been sending you so many *autographs*—of so very many movie stars. Turn to page 62, huh?

Claudette always makes me think of Paris, and it's not because of her French background. If you've ever been to the Parc Monceau in Paris, you'll know what I mean. There, all the little girls—from two-year-old toddlers on up—run around like so many butterflies in brief bright dresses, no hats, and short white gloves. At least, they did before Hitler, and I hope they're back again. It's the gloves that get you. They're the badge of the well-reared French child. Whenever I see Claudette, I think of those kids in the Parc Monceau. Even hatless and in slacks, there are the short white gloves, always immaculate. The slacks are always beautifully tailored, the blouse crisp and spotless. She's one of the best-dressed women on the screen, and because I know you girls devour beauty and fashion hints, I asked her to let me in on some of hers so I could pass them on.

She wears lots of suits, but not the masculine type. Never could see the sense in a woman's looking like a man. If the suit isn't black, it's one of the copper shades that go with her hair. For evening, she sticks to black or white. When she was your age and couldn't afford many clothes, she still preferred one good suit with accessory changes to three shoddy ones. Even now she doesn't go in for so-called luxury garments. In our local shops, movie stars

are considered fair prey. She was shopping one day when a saleswoman came up, all agog. "Miss Colbert, I'd like to show you something," and she brings out a silver mink.

Claudette just laughed. "Tell me," she said, "I'd really like to know—who can afford such things? Because I earn more than most women, and *I* wouldn't have that much left out of a picture, after taxes."

She's got no patience with people who scoff at costume jewelry. She thinks the design's far more important than the value, and she'd rather wear a smart looking costume piece with three little stones stuck in the right places than a huge solitaire.

Another thing. If you're clever with your fingers, you don't have to spend fortunes in beauty shops. When Claudette first came out, she had make-up men and hair-dressers trailing her like all the rest. Some were good, some indifferent. You couldn't always count on the best, and Claudette's fastidious. So she watched the good ones, asked questions, and now does her own hair and make-up.

Finally I asked about perfumes. She uses only those with a flower base, never anything heavy, like musk or amber. After a bath, she rubs toilet water all over, but perfume she dabs only behind her ears and on her hands. Hates to *smell* people walking into a room, and thinks perfume on clothes is slightly uncivilized—you never can get that stale odor out of them.

She's a screwball about sweaters and hats. Can't resist buying sweaters but never wears 'em—though there's a girl built for them, if I ever saw one. "There's something about the feel of a cashmere sweater," she says. "It's like stroking a kitten. But I look at them there in my closet, and I feel so guilty." Well, she doesn't have to feel guilty any more. When they started collecting clothes for the French, she gave them all away.

She's got to have eight hours sleep. Ten to six, when she's working. But between pictures, she stays up till three, reading, and sleeps till eleven. Always breakfasts in bed, and not because she's a movie star with people to wait on her. Because she's been known to get up and fix her breakfast herself. It's the cosiness she loves. And for utter bliss, give her blueberry muffins for breakfast—her favorite food.

Between pictures, she catches up on being a housewife. Sure she has help. But I don't care how competent your help is, a well-run home needs the supervision of its mistress. Even when Jack's at home, Claudette's the handyman round the house. One day I called about something, and she asked me to hold the wire "till I get this glue off my hands." Seems she'd been mending a candelabra.

When Jack was here, they didn't go out much. Doctors are tired at night. Now, like so many waiting wives, she finds she can't bear to be alone and tries to see as many people as possible. Old friends who know Jack and understand how she feels and don't talk about it, but simply lend her the comfort of their friendship. At home she has her dog and her mother for company. Dog's a French poodle. "My penwiper," she calls him.

You know how we all felt when France was freed, so you can imagine how Claudette and her mother felt. Mrs. Colbert staged a celebration with Charles Boyer's mother. Neither of them likes champagne, so they drank champagne.

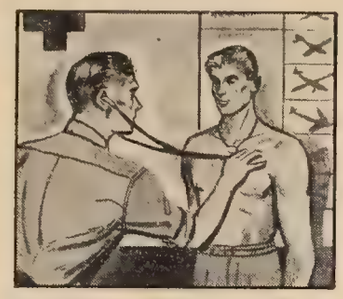
"But why," asked Claudette, "if it makes you sick?"

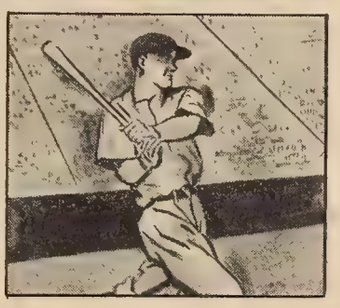
Mrs. Colbert drew herself up. "It's unthinkable that the liberation of Paris should be toasted in anything less than champagne—*even* if it makes you sick."

The Colberts are a small family. Mrs. Colbert had one brother, her husband had one sister. These two met at the wedding of

HERE'S PROOF

OF WHICH VITAMINS YOU SHOULD TAKE





DEFENDER—The Indentical Vitamin Formula Issued To American Soldiers

Why be in doubt about which vitamins are best for you and your whole family? DEFENDER is exactly the same authentic multiple vitamin formula developed for the U. S. Army by many of America's leading doctors and Government nutrition experts, to help maintain the magnificent health of our fighting men. *That's proof!*

DEFENDER—The Vitamins Taken Regularly By The Champion St. Louis Cardinals and Browns

Not only the Cardinals and the pennant-winning St. Louis Browns—but many other leading figures in the sports world count on DEFENDER Multiple Vitamins to help give them that *extra something* that makes champions. They know DEFENDER gives them *all* the vitamins needed for *complete* dietary health-protection. *And that's proof!*

I TAKE TWO A DAY—THE ARMY WAY—FOR DIETARY HEALTH, BEAUTY, VITALITY PROTECTION! AND I KNOW THEY ARE NON-FATTENING.



NOW RELEASED FOR CIVILIANS

The Most Widely Used Multiple Vitamin Formula In The World

NO multiple vitamin preparation has ever been tested and proved for its health-protecting benefits, under as many widely different conditions and among as many people—as the formula used in DEFENDER Multiple Vitamins.

You can take DEFENDER Multiple Vitamins with abiding faith in the knowledge that: (1)—It is the same *authentic* formula ordered by the U. S. Army Medical Department and issued to American soldiers—the healthiest body of fighting men ever known; (2)—That it was developed by many outstanding doctors and Government nutrition experts; (3)—That no finer quality is possible at *any* price.

DEFENDER supplies you with *every* vitamin recognized as essential in fortifying the diet—the precious B-Complex and the vitally important vitamins A, C and D.

Now released for civilian use, DEFENDER is guaranteed the same formula as the U. S. Army ordered by the millions of capsules from The Grove Laboratories. On sale at all Druggists. Cost only a fraction over 2¢ a capsule in Family Size bottle (138 capsules)—only $3.00. Regular Size—nearly a month's supply—$1.25.

The Grove Laboratories, Inc.
Vitamin Division
St. Louis, Mo.



DEFENDER MULTIPLE Vitamins





Claudette's parents, fell in love and married. Nothing had been heard from them since the German occupation of France. Till one day last month when a letter came from the Red Cross. The brother was alive, his wife was dead. Mrs. Colbert's now living for the day when she can bring him over here.

Claudette's living for the day when her husband comes home. I hope they'll both forgive me for having brought Jack into this story. I know he's always been adamant about not sharing Claudette's publicity, and she's bent over backward to respect his wishes.

Now it's a little different. He's still a doctor, but now he belongs primarily to that vast fellowship of men in the service of their country. If I left him out, the picture would be lopsided. You'd be seeing only Colbert, the movie star—who's not half so important as plain Mrs. Joel Pressman, waiting hungry-hearted with plain Mrs. John Smith for victory and peace and a man safe home from the wars.

FASHIONS IN FINGERTIPS

(Continued from page 73)

shades for ultra glamour. And particularly loved by me are a whole array of berry shades, in an enamel that wears and wears.

POLISH POINTERS—Does polish make nails brittle? No! No! No! The part of your nail covered with polish is dead tissue. Far from doing harm to it, polish is a regular big brother to weak nails. It actually protects them against breaking and splitting. Research shows that femmes who use no polish have often more trouble with nail breakage than those who use lacquer regularly. So there!

What does cause brittle nails, you ask? Here's the lowdown: The growing part of the nail lies under the cuticle and back of the half moon; brittle nails are caused by an upset in these cells. The upset could be caused by improper diet, nervousness, or lack of lubrication. So find out the cause, eliminate it, and no more brittle, broken nails for you!

THE HORRIBLE HANGNAIL—Know why you call it "hangnail?" The word comes from the early Anglo-Saxon for "angry nail." If you've ever suffered with one of the darn things, you'll agree that those early boys knew what they were talking about. Anyway, don't have a hangnail. It spoils the beauty of your hands and nails . . . and it hurts. The cuticle normally has a firm, smooth edge that folds over the nail. If not pushed back, it's carried forward by the growing nail. It gets thinner and thinner and breaks easily.

Soften your cuticle every day with oils or creams, push it back *gently* with an orange stick. In most cases, you'll avoid hangnail. And at the same time avoid possible infection. If you do get a hangnail, trim it carefully with scissors, touch the spot with some mild antiseptic. Don't stop using nail polish—it alone will never cause infection in an open wound. In fact, a coating of colorless nail polish over the hangnail will help protect the opening until it heals.

* * *

Your letters have been pouring in . . . keep them coming, I love it. But, chicks, will you please write your names and addresses carefully. Just breaks my heart when I can't answer you because the address is illegible. Of course, I'm still at the old stand. Meaning I'm sending out info on any and all beauty problems. Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y., 16, N. Y.

MODERN SCREEN FASHION GUIDE

(*Continued from page 63*)

you'll get from owning one really good dress will soften the blow. It's sort of the same feeling as being seen with the best-looking joe in your crowd. Proud and breathless and can-you-all-see-me-ish. And it's a bit of a bargain, getting a winter and spring dress in one fell swoop.

And here's the new wrinkle—flowers to match. Fresh-flower earrings, and wristlets, bandeaux for your hair. The fad took H'wood like Bey took Turner. Any florist that's a member of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association will make them for you, or you can make 'em yourselves . . .

Everyone's got a silver barrette, but the ones we love best have Frankie's or your best beau's name on 'em. Cute way for the guy to get in your hair . . . Do you like the new mittens with big, bold initials on the backs? Initial your own with some loud yarn . . . Shiny new pennies stuck in the flap of your moccasins are old stuff. Now it's your phone number in red numerals in that same handy little pocket . . . Have you tried matching your perfume to the flower print of your dress? . . . New snow suit this year? Make it jet black tailored gabardine if you're a blond; white if you're dark, and spike it with lush colored mittens and cap . . . News in date dresses, peplums, tunic effects, cap sleeves, drapey necklines . . . Best sport buys, a tan corduroy jacket, a gray flannel suit, good-looking, all wool sweaters . . . Gay 'n giddy: Hairbows in your school colors, wide hairbands of braided wool to match your sweaters, beanies decorated á la small fry with FDR buttons, fishing bait, etc.

* * *

See you next month. Meanwhile, take all your clothes jitters to our glamorous Annie (address below). She'll help you set your own private world on fire.

If you want to know the store nearest you that carries any of our swoon-makers, how much they are, what sizes and colors they come in, or anything in this world about clothes, drop a note to Ann Ward, Fashion Director, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York. There's nothing she doesn't know—from what sort of formals are sure-fire stag bait to what's hot in the gadget department.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 2

(*Continued from page 8*)

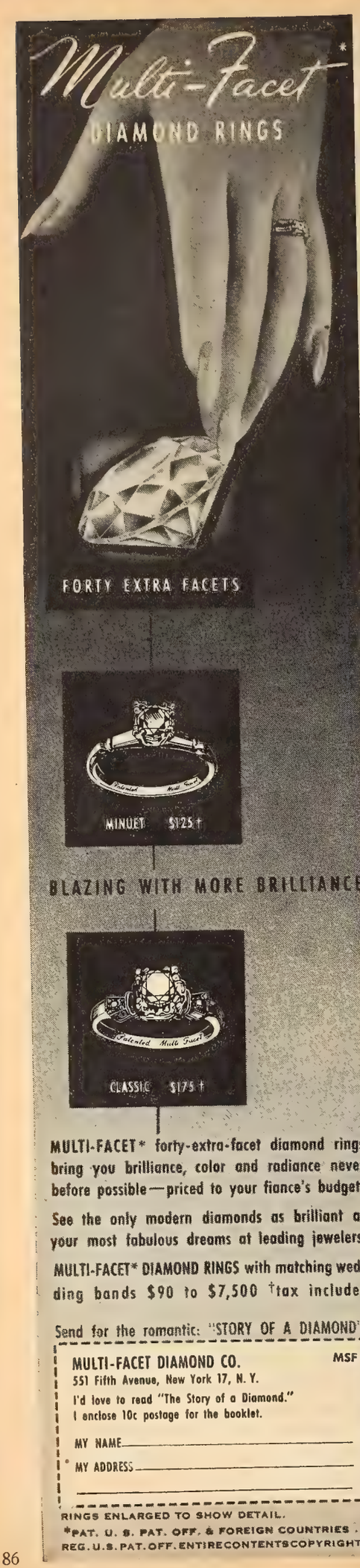
1. Went from Brent, won't leave Steve
2. David Patton's pa
3. Her Heart is young and gay
4. Ernie Mott
5. Jiving with Judy
6. A bathing beauty
7. Alana's pin-up boy
8. Out-crooning brother Bob
9. Has a good head on her feet
10. Kayo'ed by Kay
11. A von who vins
12. Tourin' with Turhan
13. Chilled on Blondell, now June in January
14. Drowning her sorrows in Bey
15. Art collector with gat
16. Strictly from Hungary
17. Girl who needs no Cover
18. Not a Brooklyn bum
19. WE
20. Conquering hero's a miracle

(*Continued on page 92*)



You'll treasure your Speidel watchband more, as time goes by. For these bands of beauty are made with infinite pains and knowing touch, by the same Speidel craftsmen who have made Speidel famous for 80 years for jewelry of beauty, long life and distinction.

Watchband shown on woman's wrist — $9.00
Men's Watchbands — $12.50 FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED



MULTI-FACET* forty-extra-facet diamond rings bring you brilliance, color and radiance never before possible—priced to your fiance's budget!

See the only modern diamonds as brilliant as your most fabulous dreams at leading jewelers.

MULTI-FACET* DIAMOND RINGS with matching wedding bands $90 to $7,500 †tax included

Send for the romantic: "STORY OF A DIAMOND".

MULTI-FACET DIAMOND CO. MSF
551 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
I'd love to read "The Story of a Diamond."
I enclose 10c postage for the booklet.

MY NAME_____
MY ADDRESS_____

RINGS ENLARGED TO SHOW DETAIL.
*PAT. U. S. PAT. OFF. & FOREIGN COUNTRIES
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. ENTIRE CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED

HAM FROM HAMTRAMCK

(Continued from page 37)

—and he blew higher than the Empire State building. That's the nearest his enthusiasm ever came to exploding him like a frag bomb. He stalked into the office of M-G-M's exec, Billy Grady, that night, raving like a goon out of a padded cell and said, "This isn't for me. I resign!"

To which, wise, experienced Billy just grinned and said, "Take it easy. Get some sleep and you can resign tomorrow." John walked the Beverly Hills streets all night to calm down. Next morning he rattled through the scene on the first take! He never has come near a blow-up after that, although Hodie's favorite story in that department is about his first day on the set of "Lifeboat." Naturally, being John Hodiak, he was steamed up like an express train on this his greatest break, and it wasn't hard for Alfred Hitchcock to see that John was fit to be tied with the galloping jitters. The guy was nibbling his nails, bobbing his head and St. Vitusing around the set like a new hubby walking out his first baby in a hospital hall.

Hitch waddled up. "What are you worried about, Hodiak?" he inquired, blandly.

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all," lied Hodie.

"There's absolutely no reason to get nervous, you know," sighed Hitch. "After all, this is just another picture. One," he added, "on which your whole future depends!"

down to earth . . .

So much for futures, but speaking of pasts—not for a minute has Hodie pretended to be the long lost son of the Earl of Punkinham or even an "Eastern socialite" (which is what you usually get every time a new Hollywood guy or gal hails from East of the Mississippi). John will talk an arm off you about his humble home origins, his hard-working father and mother, the way they had to slave and hustle to get along so he could eat and grow tall and strong and take a crack at his chance. He thinks the folks back at Hamtramck, his mixed Mid-Europe immigrant neighbors, who work with their hands, forging the industrial greatness of this Land of the Free, are tops, and he's plenty proud of them. And vice versa, I might add.

I don't know how many times John's folks saw "Lifeboat,"—not owning an adding machine—but one evening his Dad and Mother were pushing the family flivver across town to see it once more, and in their excited haste they bowled right through a red light. A husky cop roared up to them.

"Name?" he growled.

"Hodiak."

The cop started to write it out. Halfway through he pushed up his goggles and squinted hard at Hodie's paw. "Hodiak," he repeated. "Say—you any relation to John Hodiak, the Hamtramck guy that's in the movies?"

"Just his father!" boomed Hodie, Sr., proudly. "That's all!"

"No kiddin'?" The law slapped the ticket pad back in his hip pocket and coughed. "Now you wanta watch these traffic lights," he said, "they're tricky. Just take it a little easy and be careful. You might get hurt. My name's Schultz," he said as he roared off. "Tell Hodie I said hello!"

John has his Mom and Pop right out in Hollywood where he can keep an eye on them. He's planned that ever since he clicked, boasting to all his new Hollywood pals "just wait till you taste Mom's cooking. Why," he exclaimed naively, "I'll bet

VERSATILE V NECK DICKEY



Dicky Jr..

At all leading chain stores



Spanking crisp, clean-tailored, this sharkskin dickey hits a high V or a way-down-low V with a finger-flick. Good company with suits, dresses or sweaters, it can't be matched for quick-change-ability. Only 39¢

HOWARDS • FIFTH AVENUE
417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.



half of Hollywood will be over at our house once they find out how well Mom cooks!" That's why the happiest day of Jonn's life was the day he got the letter.

I happened to be at Hodie's tiny apartment in Beverly Hills when it came—special delivery. The minute before a 'phone call telling him he had the lead in "A Bell For Adano" had tossed John into a delirious tizzy of enthusiasm; I didn't think he had any energy left. But when he ripped open the note and yelped, "They're coming!" you'd have thought John just had a flash he'd been elected president or something. He danced around the room like a dervish, hopped around, rolled on the sofa and talked a mile a minute. The next day he started hunting all over pack-jammed Los Angeles, and he hunted a week, day and night. Finally he found a cozy house with a rent on it that Hodie (who's not yet in the chips) couldn't afford. But after the owner got a load of John's family worship, heard what a wonderful housekeeper Mom was, what a treasure of a handy man Pop was, and so forth, spouted with John's burning zeal, she actually lowered the rent—something unheard of in Los Angeles since the war began! And Hodie spent his last week's vacation fixing the place up spick and span, trimming a hedge and widening the driveway to the garage. "So Pop can't get hurt backing out," he explained.

Personally, it's my opinion that a genuine, open-hearted, guileless guy like John Hodiak could never go Hollywood.

I'm thinking of the time a reporter strolled onto the set of "Marriage is a Private Affair," where, you'll remember, John was making screen love to Lana Turner, something he'd dreamed about ever since he started thinking of a Hollywood career. Lana wasn't around that day, fortunately, but she was hot copy because of her divorce trouble with Steve Crane. The newshawk must have thought he had an angle worth poking into. He walked up to John and asked him boldly, with the breakdown technique some reporters use, "Hodiak, what part did you play in this Lana Turner-Steve Crane divorce?"

keep talkin', bub . . .

The question was absurd, of course. But maybe the gossip guy thought he could sting John into protesting his innocence and spilling some good quotes. Instead he saw a light in John's eye and a look on his face that changed his plans, pronto. But all John said was. "Did you say something to me? I didn't hear you."

The reporter said, "No, I didn't say anything." And scrammed.

Hodie's pretty sentimental about his own people. He talks, acts and thinks like any other American, but take a close look at John, and you know he's got foreign blood. He's got a square, broad face, a wide Slavic mouth with big white teeth, lots of yellow in his hazel eyes, straight, gunmetal-black hair and whiskers that still paint his cheeks blue-black when they've just been shaved.

His beloved Pop and Mom both were immigrants. Walter Hodiak was a farmer from the Ukraine, and his wife, Anna Pogorzelic, came from Poland. They were peasant farmers who came to America to work in the Pittsburgh steel mills. That's where John was born, but after an early kidhood, the Hodiaks moved on to Detroit for better pay in the booming auto industry. Naturally, they hit right for Hamtramck, Detroit's industrial suburb where people like them—Poles, Ukrainians, Bohemians, Slovenes, Ruthenians—lived in dingy drafty houses jammed up against one another—sometimes as many as six



Hudson Hosiery

All good things come in threes . . . like the three proportioned lengths Hudson brings you in hosiery. There's a length for the diminutive, the average and the statuesque . . . sheer, clinging, alluring . . . and as perfect in fit as though it were knit with only you in mind. If you don't find them at your favorite store the first time, try again.

Lovely things are always worth waiting for.



BY THE MAKERS OF **Stardust** FASHION PRODUCTS

"I LOST 26 POUNDS in Only 8 Weeks!"

says Mrs. Florence Hopson of Houston, Texas

It's SO EASY and costs SO LITTLE to *thrill* yourself as Mrs. Hopson did! Think of it . . . *26 pounds gone* along with 5 inches off her hips; 5 off her abdomen and 5 off her waist! You, too, can have *the figure you want* with all the attractiveness and grace you now envy in others.

Josephine Lowman's FIGURE-MOLDING COURSE

Can Correct YOUR *Figure Faults*

You *can* lose the pounds you're away from a trim, beautiful figure and the inches, too! All in 8 short weeks in the *privacy of your home.* The cost? Amazingly low! Write today for *free* booklet.



Yes, NOW you can have the personal advice of famed Josephine Lowman, national authority on figure control. Over 100,000 women write to her for advice each year.



Josephine Lowman's
Figure-Molding Course
Dept. M-2, 715 Locust, Des Moines, Iowa.

Yes, send me your free illustrated booklet about your figure molding course.

Miss
Mrs._____

Street_____

City_____Zone_____State_____

families to a house. They were homes "bought" by the workers, but loaded with mortgages, so that nine times out of ten the landlords got them right back. Homes where strikes and layoffs were family tragedies. Homes where everybody worked—ma, pa and the kids—as soon as the truant officer would let them leave school. Not what you'd call exactly a Lap of Luxury. Not even its bony knees.

dead end . . .

Hodie grew up like the rest of the kids, squeezed by 60,000 people in the tiny area that Hamtramck covers. Streets and alleys were his playgrounds. He hopped the lumbering freight trains that creaked through town; he scavenged around behind the big plants for odd hunks of metal to sell junk dealers for his pocket money.

But Hodie didn't have much trouble with the tough kids he played with because he was big and rugged and because he was a crack baseball player. That cut a lot of ice in Hamtramck, where baseball was highly respected. John broke in his mitt on vacant lots, made the team at Hamtramck High, and later when he graduated, even got a chance to join the St. Louis Cards on one of their "farm" rookie teams. But by then that wasn't what he wanted.

Because in some ways the Hodiaks had an extra hop on the ball. Pop and Mom Hodiak held on to their home and paid off the mortgage to foil the landlords. Pop was elected head of the parish. He had a flair for amateur art. He liked to act in the Ukrainian plays they put on at the church. Hodie played in them, too, and sang in the choir. (He's still got a good baritone voice, and he can spout Russian, Italian and a half-dozen Slavic dialects with the greatest of ease.) Once when Hodie fell in with bad companions and played hookey practically one whole semester, he got the stuffings whaled out of him by his dad. From then on, by the way, Hodie became a model student, making B's in everything, even graduating with a competitive crack at West Point, although he didn't make the team there.

But it was the church plays, the high school dramas and Hodie's eagerness to spout speeches at the drop of a hat that got him hipped on the radio acting idea which finally paid off way out in Hollywood. Hodie had worked up such an oratorical rep around Hamtramck that when a campaigning candidate for Michigan's governorship hit Hamtramck, John stumped the place for him and got votes galore.

"When I'm elected, Son," promised the grateful statesman, "let me know what I can do for you."

Hodie wasn't backward. He let him know all right. He was just out of high school. His dad was just out of a job. Both were just out of money.

John wrote the new governor. "Please (1) get my dad a job. (2) Give me a recommendation as a speaker. I want a radio job."

The gov came through, Pop got on the payroll at a depression-stalled plant, and Hodie got a glowing build-up as the silver-tongued young orator of the century. But the program director of Detroit's biggest station was not impressed.

"Let's hear you read," he sighed.

Hodie gave out with what he considered deathless oratory, but the neighborhood dialects of all the Polettis, Wojiehowicz's, Schmaltz's and Garfinkel's ganged up on him. His Hamtramck accents smote the mighty radio man definitely in the wrong acoustical places.

"Take some good advice, kid," he told 18-year-old John. "Go home, get a job in a factory, marry a nice girl and forget this radio acting stuff. You sound like the

Melting Pot of the West going East!"

His attitude was, "Go away, boy, you bother me!"

Well, it still makes John Hodiak get red in the face to talk about that episode. But he's fair enough now to admit that those caustic comments were not only gospel, but exactly what stung him on to success.

But to Hodie, that radio man's bop on the ego could never be soothed until he did something about it. So he ironed out his diction by reading aloud and talking to every college-educated man at Chevrolet (where he'd got a $45 a week job in the meantime) until he had his vowel tones rolling right in the groove. When another Detroit station staged a competitive audition, Hodie won it hands down. *Tout de suite* he wrote a very snooty letter to the program chief who'd insulted his ambitions. He enclosed the newspaper clipping announcing his audition triumph. Then he felt a lot better. He got just as snooty a note back, telling him he was probably still lousy. But it ended, "Come and see me."

That started Hodie's radio career. They sort of adopted him around the station, shoved him into this and that show in bit lines, mob murmurs and extra parts. But always at night after his regular job. Pretty soon they wanted him days, too, and the Great Decision loomed. The offer "Put you on the studio acting staff—salary, thirty-five bucks a week." Hodie's spot—he already was making $45 at Chevrolet. So what did he do? He quit and took the radio job.

and baby makes three . . .

Well, even John's folks couldn't understand that. Pop and Mom Hodiak and his brother and sis thought he was stark and raving. John was about 21 then, and already Pop had said, "Now Son, it's time you get yourself married to a nice girl. You can move into the attic rooms, have scads of kids and live with us." Hodie was already a catch; he had a cushy office job at the plant with a fabulous salary. Here he was tossing away his future for ten bucks less! Ten dollars has always been plenty of dough in Hamtramck.

But that was the last peep of protest Hodie ever got from his folks or neighbors. Pretty soon he was on "The Green Hornet" and "The Lone Ranger" shows and a celebrity in the neighborhood. Even afterwards in his radio ups and downs, John was always a hero to the home town folks, and many's the time Mom and Pop sent on a $5 bill they'd borrowed down the block to help over the rough spots.

Well, to tuck up a long tale, Detroit radio soon got too small for John, even though he was dragging down $75 a week. He moved on to Chicago, struck it rich the first week, went broke thereafter, lived high, starved low by turns, but made a name for himself in the gang of soap operas and radio action thrillers the Windy City has always scattered out on the groaning air. "Ma Perkins," "Girl Alone," "Mary Marlin," "Wings of Destiny." His biggest break was playing "Lil' Abner" on the air. When the Hamtramck homefolks heard John spouting Dogpatch talk on that one, by the way, they wrote him, real puzzled, "What's happened to you? You don't sound like yourself." Nobody there ever has thought of John as an actor—just as Hodie Hodiak, the kid down the street.

Eventually what had happened to Don Ameche and Ty Power and a bunch of other radio actors around Chicago happened to John. It's almost routine when a guy makes good in Chicago radio that he gets a Hollywood test if he wants it—that is, if he doesn't have bow legs and a squint.

Let's face it, too—the War has made

Such a long, Sweet Kiss...



Q. How does that girl rate such kisses?

A. Her skin's smooth as satin. Yours can be, too.

Q. But my skin is dry.

A. Oh—this new One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream especially helps dry skin.

This 1 cream does the work of 4 creams

Gives smooth-skin care so complete—it's like a daily treatment. For every type of skin. Faithful use helps *prevent* dry skin. Just use this new Jergens Face Cream all the time:

1. for Cleansing **2. for Softening**

3. for a Foundation **4. as a Night Cream**

A skin scientists' cream, by the makers of your Jergens Lotion. So many lovely girls already use Jergens Face Cream. Beauty-wisdom—use this new cream, yourself. It's the only cream you need.



JERGENS FACE CREAM

USE LIKE 4 CREAMS—FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

CHAPPED HANDS
Heal Faster!

with this medicated cream



Here's nurses' secret of quick, soothing relief

Are *your* hands red, rough, chapped and sore? Actual tests show that Noxzema helps heal even badly chapped hands *faster.* That's because Noxzema is a *medicated formula.* It not only brings *quick, soothing relief,* but *helps heal* the tiny "cuts" and cracks. Nurses were among the first to discover how effective Noxzema is for red, rough hands. Try it for *your* cracked, chapped hands! It's *greaseless!* Get a jar today at any drug counter. 10¢,* 35¢,* 50¢* and $1.*

*Plus Tax.

NOXZEMA

POEMS WANTED

For Musical Setting

Mother, Home, Love, Sacred, Patriotic, Comic or any subject. DON'T DELAY—Send us your Original Poem at once—for immediate examination and **FREE** RHYMING DICTIONARY.

RICHARD BROTHERS 49 WOODS BUILDING CHICAGO, ILL.

DON'T BUY ANOTHER DEPRESSION BUY WAR BONDS INSTEAD

NOW THE DAY OF THE MONTH DOESN'T WORRY ME!

New-Design SAN-NAP-PAK Sanitary Napkins made with special "Pink Layers"—give triple protection! Cotton faced for comfort—tapered to prevent bulging. All at no extra cost!



Say "Sanapak"—and be safe!

Hollywood even more on the prowl for eligible new males. Uncle Sam found bugs in John's basic metabolism or something, and included him out of the draft. He was movie bait if there ever was. He went to New York and shot a test scene with Canada Lee, the Negro actor. There wasn't much to the trip, the test or the Hollywood temptation. John had a Hollywood bee definitely buzzing by then. It's no Seventh Wonder of the World that M-G-M offered him a contract, either. It could happen to you. But what gave out from that test from then on is a caution.

One day, after lousing around Hollywood for over a year with exactly 2 walk-ons, he got the Word from Fred Datig at M-G-M. "Go over to Fox. Hitchcock wants you for a picture."

John stuttered, "W-who w-wants who for what?"

"It's a picture called 'Lifeboat,'" said Datig, the big casting guy at M-G-M. "Some extra bit, walk-on, or something. You seem to be the type."

Hodie thought it was awfully funny the way the Great Hitchcock lumbered into Producer Kenneth MacGowan's office, barely looked at John as he handed him the script and said, "You're playing Kovac. Want to take this home and read it?"

follow the lead . . .

In a minute Hodie was outside again, deciding he must have about one line like, "They went that way," from the manner Hitch had brushed him off. He sighed and thought before he drove home he'd try to find that line, maybe on page 99. He riffled through the mimeographed sheets, and the first thing he saw was Kovac—and a long chunk of dialogue. He kept turning, and his hair lifted up on his scalp like a porcupine's quills. Kovac was all through the thing. It finally dawned on John that lightning had struck him smack on the button. He was playing the lead with Tallulah Bankhead—Hunky Hodie Hodiak the Hamtramck Ham! How come? He roared his heap out of the Fox parking lot and over to M-G-M on a couple of wheels.

Of course, what Hodie didn't know was that Alfred Hitchcock didn't need a screen test or anything to check up on Hodie. He already had one. When Hitch wanted a Negro for "Lifeboat" he thought of Canada Lee, and the only test in Hollywood was the one Canada had made in New York with John. A. Hitchcock is a practical man. He was hunting a Hunky oiler, a rugged young guy to make love to Tallu—and here Fate had dumped one right in his lap. So he just picked up a telephone and called M-G-M without any fuss feathers and said he wanted this—what's his name?—Hodiak for Tallulah's leading man.

That's why when Hodie bounded into Fred Datig's den looking like an escapee from the looney-bin, they were prepared.

"Look," babbled Hodie, waving the script. "It's no bit, it's the *lead* with Tallulah Bankhead! I wanna do it. I wanna do it. Fix it up—please, please, *please!*" Datig thought the gag had gone far enough. He didn't want a psychoneurotic on his conscience. "Okay, okay," he soothed. "Take it easy, John. Of course you're going to do it." He confessed, "It's been all set for four weeks!"

But Hodie himself, big star and all, I'm happy to say, is still the plain guy he was before the miracle. Although he's moved in with Mom and Dad for the present, he's still renting his tiny Beverly Hills apartment and will move back when the folks are permanently settled. He drives the '41 Plymouth coupe he bought on time payments in Chicago. He still calls it "Kelly" after a fictitious character he likes to weave

fantastic yarns about in his spare time. John still thinks his Mom is the best cook in the world, and he still tries to copy her Ukrainian goodie recipes on his own stove. He still hates liver, chain smokes cigarettes, lies awake half the night, discards his necktie the first thing when he gets home. He still shoots golf in the high eighties and longs for a chance to go fishing, his favorite sport. He still tags his idea of Heaven a cozy fishing lodge deep in the Wisconsin lake country. He still says one day he's going to compose music. He still would rather hang over the piano at his friend Hoagy Carmichael's (the Carmichael kids call him Uncle John Hodiak by now) than take in a swank turn at Mocambo's, because he still feels embarrassed at any place that's grand and glittering and expensive.

crystal ball capers . . .

Hodie still hates to shave his spiky beard, loves to read books in steaming bath tubs, hates to rise and shine before ten a.m. (but does it plenty often, you can bet), can't stand any drink but Scotch or beer, and doesn't dare take in his own previews, hates make-up and is foolish about big league baseball but can't stand to watch football in the sun à la Southern California and swears that when he marries it'll be for keeps. Hodie's still a bachelor, too, of course, although right now he's got it pretty bad for pretty Anne Baxter—and vice versa, so they say. John's still crazy, too, about his family. He spent his one and only week's vacation travelling to Texas to check up on a nephew in an Army camp there.

In fact, the only alterations I can uncover in Hodiak's history since he's flirted with fame are (1) that he's turned into a walking crystal ball about his career and (2) that he's putting his heart more than ever into his work.

A while ago some friends of Ann Sothern's dropped in to visit her on the set of "Maisie Goes to Reno" and observed audibly that she looked worn to a frazzle.

"You're not kidding, I'm simply exhausted," confessed Annie. "I've spent all day kissing John Hodiak. But," she grinned, "is that bad?"

As for this psychic stuff—Hodie's been bunching his hunches and serving himself second sight all over the place since Lady Luck grinned his way.

Not long ago, he was all signed and sealed to make "Valley of Decision" at M-G-M. Cheerily, John told his friends not to give it another thought. "I'll never make the picture," he stated flatly. "But I'll bet I do 'Bell for Adano.' I dreamed it." So just one week before it started shooting, out bounced Hodie from the "Decision" cast, and right over to Twentieth again for "A Bell for Adano!"

The thing is beginning to get a little creepy, but according to Hodie it's all strictly a matter of will power. You set your eyes on a certain star, dream on it, and you're in.

In fact, when you get to know John fairly well, he'll drag his personal magic, a well-worn copper coin, out of his pocket and let you give it a gander. He's carried it for some years now—ever since he had that good job with the Chevrolet Motor Company back in Detroit.

He's never been without it somewhere in his jeans, and Hodie doesn't aim to leave it lying around loose one minute from now on.

On one side there's the legend, "It shall be done." On the other it says, "Go get it and keep it!"

That's what the Ham from Hamtramck has been doing for a good many years now. It's exactly what he intends to keep doing from now on out. Yes, indeed!

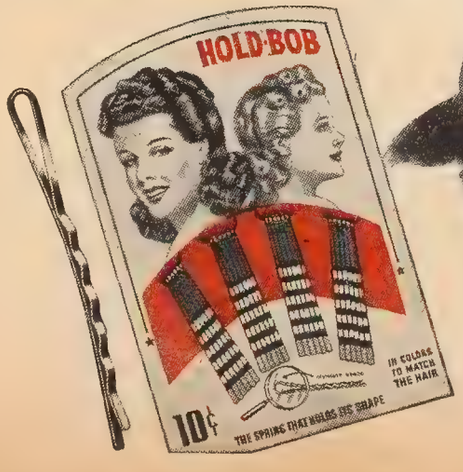
Sally went skating...and my she was active....



—But HOLD-BOB pins kept her hair neat and attractive!

• Why is a bobby pin? To *hold* your hair—smoothly, firmly, invisibly. And that's the way HOLD-BOB bobby pins are made: for longer-lasting, springy power. Remember, only HOLD-BOBS have those small, round, invisible heads. Add satiny finish and the rounded-for-safety ends ...and you have the advantages that make HOLD-BOBS America's favorites! Look for, ask for, the HOLD-BOB card.





HOLD-BOB

"The bobby pins that HOLD"



"Before, I was SELF-CONSCIOUS,

on the 'plump' side. My hair-do was wrong. My 'Photo-Revise' (center) showed me how I *should* look," says Mona Desmond, Santa Monica, Cal.

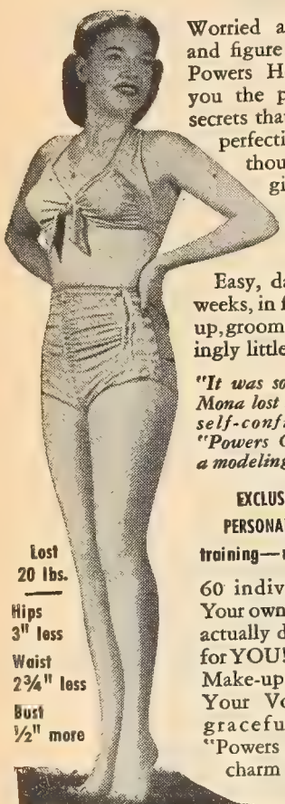




"NOW I'm SELF-CONFIDENT,

proud of my sleek figure, my new, smooth hair-styling. The Powers Home Course really does deliver all it promises."

"Powers Girl" Creator Offers YOU, too, new charm, loveliness A "MODEL" FIGURE



Lost 20 lbs.

Hips 3" less

Waist 2¾" less

Bust ½" more

Worried about your beauty and figure problems? Let the Powers Home Course teach you the personalized beauty secrets that have given figure-perfection and loveliness to thousands of "average" girls . . . made them "Powers Girls", the world's most envied women!

Easy, daily "lessons" for 7 weeks, in figure control, make-up, grooming. The cost? Amazingly little!

"It was so easy, such fun!" Mona lost 20 pounds, gained self-confidence — and a "Powers Girl" figure—won a modeling job in New York.

EXCLUSIVE ADVANTAGES OF PERSONALIZED "POWERS GIRL" training—right in your own home!

60 individualized features! Your own "PHOTO-REVISE" actually drawn by experts just for YOU! Help on your Figure! Make-up! Grooming! Styling! Your Voice! How to walk gracefully! The famous "Powers Girl" formula for charm and magnetism!

Clip the Coupon NOW! **Send for**

Write John Robert Powers today for *free* confidential questionnaire, illustrated booklet "The Powers Way", and details of Powers training.



Booklet

John Robert Powers Home Course
247 Park Ave., Suite B205, New York 17, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Powers: Yes, I'm really interested. Please send me details of your Home Course.

Name_____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Street_____

City & Zone_____ State_____

Occupation_____ Age_____

CINDERELLA BOY

(Continued from page 53)

marked some department or other on the chart of Farley Granger with a large "Perfect!" "Okay!" or "Excellent!"

Farley carried his *cum laude* chart in to the Navy Interviewing officer because he wanted a sailor for to be. The Navy man took one gander at the report card and almost bounced out of his seat. Here before him in the flesh was practically a walking Four-Point-Zero. A model man.

"H-m-m-m," mused the exec. "You seem to be just the kind of man the Navy's looking for, Granger. You'll want the Regular Navy, of course?"

Farley swelled like a pouter pigeon. "Yes, *Sir!*" he said.

A few minutes later, cashing his inductee's chit for a glass of milk and a sandwich at the USO, Farley joined the gang of rookies.

"Did you hear about Joe, here?" said one. "He took the Regular Navy!"

"Heck," spoke up Farley. "So did I."

"You *did!*" they chorused. There was respectful silence. "Gosh," exclaimed one kid in an awed whisper. "Six years!"

Farley felt his neck shrink, "Six *what?*"

"Sure," they told him. "When you sign for Regular Navy, it's a six-year hitch!"

a goldmine in the navy . . .

Farley didn't know. But the minute he found out, he made tracks back to the interviewer in nothing flat.

Well, they were very nice about it, of course, and Apprentice Seaman Granger switched pronto to the Naval Reserve. But while he waited to rescue himself from life everlasting on the bounding main, Farley sweated it out with himself like this— "Gosh—this can't happen to me. I'm an actor. I got a career to consider."

While a mob of scattered U. S. moviegoers tabbed him right away as something special in "North Star" and "The Purple Heart" in his home town, Hollywood, Farley was still a mere high school kid who answered a want ad and got a break —in the very first stages of being a Cinderella boy, you might say, when Uncle Sam announced, "You're next!" In fact, Farley joined the sea-going gang just twenty days after North Hollywood High handed him his diploma. The only direct sample he'd had of fame and fancy life was rubbing up against a few big stars

QUIZ CLUES

Set 3

(Continued from page 85)

1. "Annie Pie"
2. Tough bird's a rising sparrow
3. A singing angel
4. "Arsenic" increased "face"
5. "Wilson"
6. Studios pester Esther
7. Laddie's left home
8. Jelled with a jill in a jeep
9. Topping all rivals
10. Major'ed in gunnery
11. Foxed around 5 graves to Cairo
12. Vamped phantom at opera
13. What'll happen tomorrow?
14. Marriage was a public affair
15. Mr. Winkle
16. Watched on the Rhine for Oscar
17. All's well, but won't end Welles
18. Hairy Ape
19. Has a prayer, no wings
20. No sackin' for Eddie

Answers on page 103



NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



LADIES OR GENTS



This Horseshoe Ring, hand made, hand engraved, inlaid with simulated pearl is a KNOCK-OUT! Choice of Ladies' or Gents'. Shoe and shank of everlasting Monel Metal is

GUARANTEED 20 YEARS

Supply is limited... rush your order! SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman only $3.85 plus excise tax and postage. Return for refund in five days if not delighted. *Can be sent to Service Men overseas without their request.*

American Jewelry Co., Dept. 92-HL, Wheeling, W. Va.

SONG POEMS WANTED

Song poems on all subjects set to music by famous Hollywood Motion Picture composer-arranger. Your song recorded by noted radio singer. Send your poem today for consideration and liberal offer.

HOLLYWOOD MELODIES
P. O. Box 2168H Hollywood 28, Calif.



EXTRA HIGH GLOSS

MOVIE STARS PHOTOS

Absolutely latest candid and specially posed camera portraits of all your favorites. High gloss finish gives that lifelike alluring appearance. Full 8 x 10 size. You must see 'em to appreciate 'em. Order today . . . only 25c each, 5 for $1.00.

FREE! Catalog of over 250 shots, including "Pin-Up Paradise", sent free with every order of 50c or more. (To avoid delay, state 2nd choice.)

Also EXCITING PIN-UP PHOTOS—5 for $1.00

LON McCALLISTER 20TH CENTURY-FOX STAR IN "WINGED VICTORY"

ALPHA PHOTO SERVICE
1235 Sixth Ave., Dept. B-2, New York 19, N. Y.

around Sam Goldwyn's and Darryl Zanuck's ancestral studio acres.

Heaven knows, too, Farley didn't look much like a movie star when he hit boot camp, 'way up in Farragut, Idaho. His last night as a civilian, Farley and his best girl, Vee McDowall, and brother Roddy all took in "The Sullivans," a picture about the five heroic U. S. Navy brothers who gave their lives for their country. The picture was filmed for Navy Relief, and the event was practically all-Navy with gold braid and everything. On the screen Farley saw the heroic side of Navy life. He didn't see it at Farragut.

Because a "boot" of course, is a good ten yards lower than a sock in a cellar, any way you look at it. And any way you looked at Boot Farley Granger, he was no rose. Away from home for the first time in his life and shivering in his dungarees, knee deep in the first snow he'd ever seen, Apprentice Seaman Granger was a sad looking sack, a very mouldy young mate indeed. He was woozy on his feet from a flock of Flit guns they'd poked in his arm to keep all kinds of diseases away. His nice long, wavy black hair was shaved bald, and his ears stuck out like a mournful monkey's.

Yet it was at this precise moment, this low water mark of a gob's existence, that Farley Granger's glamour days began. In his sad state you'd hardly think his boot mates would regard him with anything like awe or admiration—and maybe they didn't. All Farley knows is that he became, at least, a Curiosity.

the price of fame . . .

It all started when a boot mate got hold of a magazine, and it would be a mag where Farley's young face beamed from a particularly prominent page. "Here's a jerk I never saw before," muttered the boot. He spelled it out laboriously, "F-A-R-L-E-Y G-R-A-N-G-E-R—Granger—say, ain't that your name, too, Bud?" Then he did a delayed take: "Hey—you look like this guy here! Hey, you ain't in the movies are you?" The dawn came up like thunder. "HEY FELLOWS! This guy's a movie star!"

Well—when Farley first checked in at Farragut Training Center, the word got around. The boots came from all over—Kansas, Alabama, Indiana, North Dakota—hundreds of miles from Hollywood. To them, a Hollywood movie star was something like the Missing Link or the Wild Man of Borneo. What they wanted pronto was The Word, straight from headquarters. They bore Farley into the barracks, pinned him against the wall and let go the salvos—

quiz kid . . .

Had he kissed Hedy Lamarr? When you kiss a movie star in a scene does she kiss back? Did he make a thousand dollars a day? Can Shirley Temple cut a rug?

They gave him a new name right way. In his barracks there was a thin guy called "The Rib" and a baldish bird named "The Dome." Farley became "The Profile"—because he was an actor, of course. Then there was his mail. When you're a Hollywood actor and you enter any branch of the service, there's always the mail.

Farley's friends back in Hollywood were swell about writing, and he managed to save most of those notes for his eyes alone. The ones from Jane Withers and June Haver and Vee and Roddy and Sam. He wasn't any Alan Ladd when he left, so his fan mail didn't come in trucks, but he couldn't guard all of it from prying eyes. A flock of billets-doux arrived one day, and Farley had to open them while his boot mates looked on. The first one he ripped open was one of those—you know—"I love you madly" kind. It had a luscious picture of a sweet young thing. It had lipstick all

Lovely Constance McCormick

Leading in California society are the Alister McCormicks . . . Mrs. McCormick, Constance's mother, has been a Pond's devotee since her teens, and her charming, high-spirited daughter is quick to understand why. "The very first time I tried a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream, I knew I could forget my make-up problems," explains Constance enthusiastically. "In the sixty seconds of Mask-time, my face not only looked fresher and softer—it *felt* smoother! Ready to take powder *evenly!*"



Miss Constance McCormick says, "A 1-Minute Mask is ideal make-ready for make-up!"

How to "re-style" your complexion in one minute

Mask your whole face—except eyes—in a white coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream. *Leave this cool, creamy Mask on* your skin for just one minute. Its "keratolytic" action goes after scuffy, powder-catching little roughnesses and imbedded dirt particles. Loosens and dissolves them! *Now tissue Mask off. See the thrilling results!* Your skin looks definitely fresher—even lighter! Now pat on your powder. It slips on smoothly . . . evenly . . . and for keeps!

For quick make-ups—You'll want a 1-Minute Mask 3 or 4 times a week. Other times, smooth on a thin film of Pond's Vanishing Cream and *leave it on.* Non-greasy and effective powder base!



Get the BIG, *luscious jar!*

"Of course you know about MIDOL-but

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?"



BEFORE you break another date or lose another day because of menstrual suffering, try Midol!

These effective tablets contain no opiates, yet act quickly—and in *three different ways*—to relieve the functional pain and distress of your month's worst days. One ingredient of Midol relaxes muscles and nerves to relieve cramps. Another soothes menstrual headache. Still another stimulates mildly, brightening you when you're "blue".

Take Midol next time—at the first twinge of "regular" pain—and see how comfortably you go through your trying days. Get it now, at any drugstore.

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

MIDOL

Used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

A Product of General Drug Company

over it. "The Profile's" clipped cranium turned a fiery pink, and the razzing his mates handed him then was something.

But the worst mail call moment Farley had he wasn't exactly prepared for. It had to do with females, and as anybody knows, they're always deadlier than the male. One day Farley's chief told him to report to the post-office for some letters.

"Name?" asked the yeoman.

"Farley Granger."

"Nothing here."

"But," said Farley, "I was told to report."

"Might try the sorting room."

Farley hot footed it over there—and found himself smack in a vast room crowded with cute girls shuffling mail. He mentioned his name timidly, and the girl clerk yelled to the whole room: "Hey girls—here's the guy! Here's Farley Granger!" They all stopped work and stared as if Farley was the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo or something. Then they bounced up and mobbed him.

Of course, the Navy doesn't care whether its boots were formerly Hollywood actors or just plain Joe Sodajerk from Albuquerque. In the Navy, Farley went through the same rugged routine as all his mates, and nobody outside his barracks room buddies gave him a tumble around the base after a couple of days. Still it was funny how the pattern of events hooked up with his past to hand Granger the Hollywood treatment 'way up in darkest boot camp. For instance, he'd never before in his life made a personal appearance. He'd never before broken any theater records. Pretty soon, oddly enough, Farley was doing both.

By pure chance his work detail plopped him into a Welfare and Recreation assignment at Farragut. Maybe they got the idea from his screening cards or something that Farley was a show business baby. After all, you have to state what you did in civilian life, and all Farley could think to put down was "actor." Anyway, pretty soon he found himself cleaning up in the theater—a big 2700 capacity auditorium where all movies played and camp skits were staged. That cleaning up is a case of no kidding, because Farley's theatrical work wasn't exactly glamorous at first. What Farley did was lean on a broom in the mornings and wrestle with the gum stuck on the seats, the candy bars squashed on the floors.

day of reckoning . . .

At nights he hustled up and down the aisles ushering, seeing that officers and WAVES didn't rub elbows with lowly boots. Then one night what was bound to happen happened. Farley's last picture, "The Purple Heart," arrived at Farragut—eight tin cans of reeled dynamite. Farley gloomed. He wasn't a bit ashamed of the picture, of course, or his part, which was okay. But while his mates knew by now his fantastic past as a real Hollywood actor, it wasn't as if he was right there before God and all of them, making his faces. "O-o-o-o-o-h-h-h," moaned Farley when he saw the program notice tacked up. "I'm a cooked goose." He could just hear the razzes and barracks wisecracks that would pepper him for weeks. That night Farley worked a deal with a mate for some pinch-hitting. He knew he couldn't stand and watch himself on the screen in this Navy boot camp setting.

He ducked out all right, but part way through the show the boot came running out and nabbed him. "Hey," he said, "the chief wants you to make a speech after the picture finishes. Up on the stage."

Poor Farley's knees turned to all flavors of jello—raspberry, strawberry, lemon and lime. But orders are orders. He dragged back and climbed on the stage when the

"MY Don Juan Lipstick STAYS ON!"



Says Paula Stone
FAMOUS ON SCREEN, STAGE AND RADIO

"My lips stay lovely hours longer without retouching... That's why Don Juan is tops with me."

4 beauty extras:

See what they do for your lips

1. **DON JUAN STAYS ON** when you eat, drink, kiss, if used as directed. No greasy, smeary effect.
2. **LIPS STAY LOVELY** without frequent retouching. Try today.
3. **NOT DRYING or SMEARY.** Imparts appealing "glamour" look. Creamy smooth—easily applied.
4. **STYLE SHADES.** Try Raspberry, rich, glowing, or Number 5, medium red, flattering, youthful looking. Other shades, too.

De luxe size $1. Refills 60c. Junior size 25c. Tax extra. Matching powder, rouge & cake make-up. Trial sizes at 10c stores. In Canada also.

DON JUAN MILLION DOLLAR LIPSTICK

BE A NURSE



LEARN QUICKLY, EASILY AT HOME

Splendid income, new social contacts, and the satisfaction of serving humanity can be yours as a Trained Practical Nurse. Ages 18 to 60. High School not necessary. Training plan welcomed by physicians. Prepare in spare time. Many earn while learning. Nurse's Outfit and placement service included FREE of extra cost. Write now for facts and fascinating FREE sample lesson pages.

WAYNE SCHOOL of PRACTICAL NURSING, Inc.
2301 N. Wayne Ave., Dept. K-6, Chicago 14, Illinois



Do You Want LONGER HAIR

Just try this **system** on your hair 7 days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of **attractive** hair that so often captures love and romance. **HAIR MAY GET LONGER** when scalp and hair conditions are normal and the dry, brittle, breaking off hair can be retarded, it has a chance to get longer and much more beautiful. **Just try** the **JUELENE SYSTEM** 7 days, let your mirror prove results. Send $1.00. (If C. O. D. postage extra). Fully guaranteed. Money back if you're not delighted.

JUEL CO., 1930 Irving Park Rd., Dept. A-603, Chicago 13, Ill.

Your Photo On 250 Stamps 1.69



Use them on Letters, Books, Greeting Cards

It's new! It's exciting! Your favorite photo or snapshot reproduced on smart, exclusive stamps. Large-sized (1⅛" x 1½") on fine gummed paper—just wet the back and apply. That man of yours in service will get a real thrill seeing your picture in every letter.

Hundreds of Novel Uses

Photo Stamps can be used on greeting cards, announcements, business cards, job applications, etc. Identify your books, records, sheet music, etc.

The PHOTOPLATE CO., Dept. 4BB
161 W. Harrison St., Chicago, 5

Send No Money

You don't risk one cent — simply send photo or snapshot—on arrival, pay postman 1.69 plus C.O.D. postage on **MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.** If cash accompanies order, we pay postage. Original photo returned.

lights went up. Farley was scared stiff as a poker at first, but the minute he started telling them about how the picture was made, he was right in the groove and happy thinking about his brief but thrilling career in Hollywood. He told them all about how sets were made, how the rain poured down right realistically inside the stage, how the camera made trick shots, how stars and director worked. He had something to say, and he said it okay. He got a big hand at the end—the biggest hand of applause that had ever caressed Farley Granger's ears.

That was the happy outcome of Farley Granger's first P.A. almost a thousand miles from Hollywood. On his next one he broke a record.

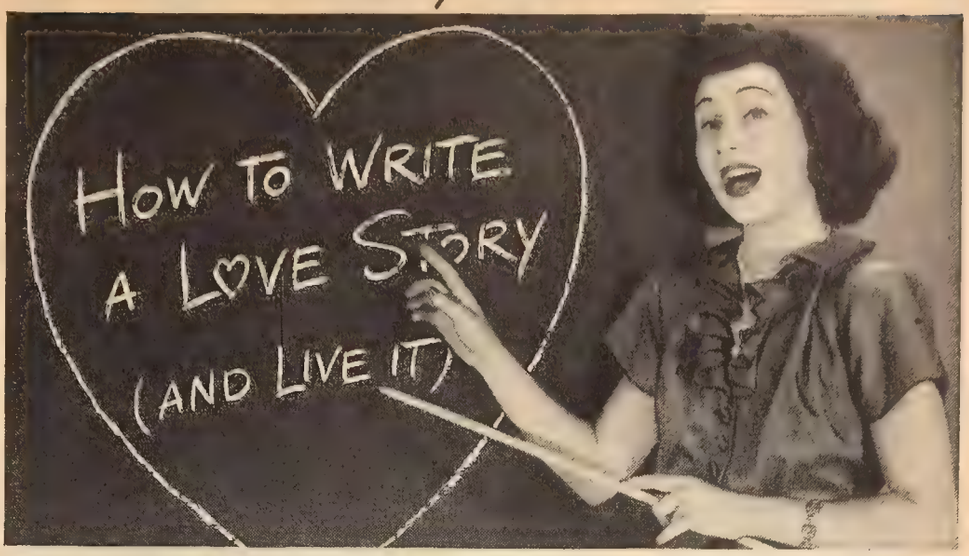
thrills and chills of fame . . .

Coeur d'Alene was the little Idaho town where all the boots scrammed on liberty, mainly to stroll up and down the streets, have a look at the pretty young Idaho potatoes, sip cokes at the drug store counter and huddle around the piano at the USO. At night when there wasn't a USO dance, there was only one social center of Coeur d'Alene—the local movie house. "Purple Heart" played there not long after it ran at Farragut, and the manager had the greatest exploitation idea that had hit him since the theater was built. He asked Farley if he'd make an appearance on the stage with the picture. It would be "Farley Granger" night, and it would certainly wow the town.

Farley grinned "Sure." Because by now he kind of liked making personal appearances. He had a big night, signed autographs until he had the shakes—and later on the manager paid him back on his birthday. How he discovered that, Farley doesn't know—but he was kind of lonesome and low (his first birthday away from home) that night, sitting in the show—when suddenly on the screen there flashed, "Happy Birthday to Farley Granger," the lights went on, and the manager had Farley stand up, take a bow and get wished "Happy Birthday" by the crowd.

Don't get the idea that boot training was all a tour of triumph for Farley Granger. A boot is a boot is a boot, as Gertie Stein would say. It *was* a funny thing that Granger got local notice as a Hollywood personality at the lowest stage of his standing in the Navy—but that was just now and then. Most of the time he had his nose to the same grindstone that all Navy novices have to polish before they count as fighting guys. Luckily, outside of a peach of a cold, Farley could take the physical rap—the drills, the marches, the gymnastics and even the open-windowed barracks where the snow sifted in, although for his dough he'd take an orange grove any day. Farley's thin frame can fool you. He's got a rugged constitution. Even the shots didn't bother him too much. Farley rose to leader of his squadron in Company 243, a crack bunch of boots who took pride in their work. When his work week came at the end of boot school, Farley drew a tough one—the job of Battalion Headquarters messenger—4 hours on, 8 off—shagging dispatches and telegrams in the dark through the snow. A couple of times Farley got lost in the dark pine forest, but he never funked out. He lost weight which wasn't helped any by an airsick plane ride back to Hollywood on his first furlough (even a pretty stewardess couldn't tempt him with food). Farley arrived looking like Death warmed over. At home his mother asked him what he wanted to do, and he just grinned two words at her, "Eat! Sleep!" But when he'd had a couple of days of that, he got restless right away. The truth was—Farley missed the gang at Farragut.

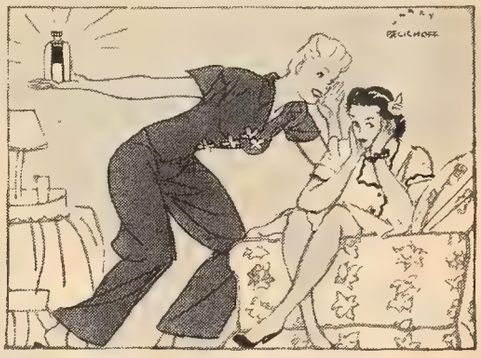
HANDY ADVICE *by* ARLENE FRANCIS



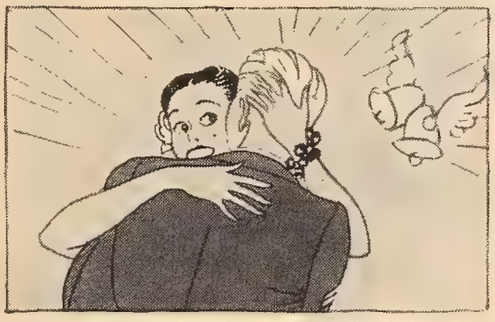
Arlene Francis, charming hostess of famous Hinds BLIND DATE radio program, is really an authority on the subject of smooth, white, alluring hands



"Let us start with Formula 1A, commonly known as the Boy Meets Girl story. Characters: Boy and Girl. Situation: They meet. Look. Listen. Hearts flutter and music's in the air. But we have a problem . . . our heroine's hands. Rough, red, romance-wrecking."



"Emotion needs lotion. Hinds for hands. The lotion that contains *special* ingredients for which your skin has a particular affinity. Now those hands will whiten, smoothen, soften. They'll be 'ready for love.'"



"Will girl get boy? Ah, judge for yourself. Here's a girl who holds the winning hands in this good old game of Love. The thrill in their soft, white smoothness, delicate fragrance, petal texture. She knows if you want a man to remember, you don't forget 'Hinds for Hands'!"

Copr., 1944, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

Can the lotion you're using match this claim?

● Does *your* lotion give you the special ingredients Hinds gives you? . . . those softening agents that have a particular affinity for your skin? Science says that when work and washing and weather rob your skin of its own natural lubricant, these skin-softeners in Hinds help guard it against dryness and chapping. No other lotion or hand cream is quite like Hinds. Ask for Hinds at any toilet-goods counter.

Be sure to listen to Arlene Francis on Blind Date 8:30 E.W.T. every Monday, Blue Network



—for chapping, roughness, redness
—for children's tender skin
—for dry skin
—for a powder base

H·I·N·D·S *for* H·A·N·D·S ...AND THAT SPELLS SMOOTH, WHITE LOVELINESS!

IODENT

TOOTH PASTE OR POWDER

ONLY IODENT IS MADE IN TWO TEXTURES

No. 1 for teeth easy-to-bryten . . . No. 2 for teeth hard-to-bryten. Made by a Dentist to safely remove smudges . . . even smoke smudge. Bears Good Housekeeping Seal.



REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

WHICH DO YOU CHOOSE?



ARE YOUR Hands pretty enough for his ring?

Are your hands ready for that sweet moment when he places the ring on your finger? Are they smooth, white, caressingly soft to his touch? They will be if you use Sofskin as a regular part of your daily beauty routine. Sofskin softens and smooths wrists, elbows and ankles as well as hands. Get your jar today.



SOFSKIN CREME
for lovely hands and skin

In the Black and Gold jars—
35¢ • 60¢ • $1.00 sizes*
**Plus Tax*

Your beauty salon or cosmetic counter will be delighted to give you a free Sofskin application.
SOFSKIN COMPANY • FINDLAY, OHIO

So when he got his orders to report to Shoemaker Receiving Center, near San Francisco, Farley felt a little the same way he felt when he left Hollywood for Farragut. He was leaving new and good friends and facing the Unknown again.

But it wasn't long before the Word got around at Shoemaker, just like it had at Farragut, that this Granger was an ex-movie star—although Lord knows the guy didn't look it. The receiving center is a plenty big place, not so isolated as Farragut, though, and the sailors are always coming or leaving. So the Hollywood treatment let up a little for Farley, which was okay with him. On liberties he hitchhiked down to his birthplace, San Jose, where he has scads of relatives.

Then one day came this letter: It was from his best chum, Roddy McDowall. It carried terrific news for a lonesome sailor. "I'm coming up to San Francisco with the bunch from Twentieth-Century on the 'Wilson' premiere. Arrive Sunday. Think there's a chance of your getting off?" Farley almost fainted with excitement. He hadn't seen any of his Hollywood pals for long months, and here was his very best one coming to town—and he, Seaman Granger, was up for a 48-hour leave! What could be sweeter? Farley didn't know then how much swell fun it was going to turn out to be, although at first everything seemed to go wrong. Because when Farley rushed over to the PX and put in phone calls to the San Francisco hotels, they all said no Hollywood stars were expected *there* on Sunday. His leave started Sunday night, and it was Saturday night then. What if the gang came up too late, and his leave was all gone! Farley wired Roddy, haunted the hotels again by phone. Where the heck was Roddy? Sunday rolled by, and still Farley hadn't had a lick of luck. He was one sad sailor Sunday afternoon when he trailed back to his barracks in his Sunday whites. A lieutenant from headquarters was there outside the barracks. Farley snapped to and saluted.

pumpkin coach ride . . .

"Are you Farley Granger?" asked the lieutenant.

"Yes, sir," faltered Farley, wondering "Now what have I done?"

"Do you know Roddy McDowall?"

"Yes, *Sir*."

"Want to see him?"

"Do I?" shouted Farley, "I mean yes, Sir, I sure do!"

"Then," grinned the officer, "get into your blues and hop over the fence to the Seabee camp next door. He's over there. Here's your leave pass. It starts tomorrow."

Farley whooped into the barracks yelling, "Gangway!" He was out again in an all-Navy record for a quick change. He was over the fence and into Camp Parks, the Seabee center, running like an Indian while the startled Seabees confirmed their convictions that all sailors were nuts. But he found Roddy at the recreation center in no time flat—and not only Roddy but the whole Hollywood "Wilson" premiere junket galaxy—Carmen Miranda, Joan Blondell, Bill Bendix, Gracie Fields, Bill Eythe, Mary Anderson, George Jessel—a half dozen more. The biggest Hollywood troupe of stars ever sent out to a camp.

Roddy spied Farley charging up. "Hi, Baldy!" he yelled. (Roddy has called Farley "Baldy" ever since he came back home on his boot leave with that jailhouse haircut.) "Is this where you live?"

"Hey!" choked Farley, "I've got liberty —48 hours—tomorrow—no I don't live here —I'm at Shoemaker."

"That's where we play tonight—"

Well—no sailor ever had such a Cinderella break. Nobody, unless he's a friendly, full-of-beans guy like Farley Granger,

could understand the kick it handed him. It was like a trip back home from the start, only it was better.

Because the gala bunch adopted him right from the start as a member of the star cavalcade, and they were up North to do things up right. That night they staged a slam-bang show at Farley's Shoemaker camp, and naturally, he stuck backstage with all the stars. Then right in the middle Bill Bendix dragged him out of the wings and kidded him before all his shipmates and led him through a comic skit that made the camp roar.

His barrack mates and the mates in the barracks next door, too, loaded him down with sheets of paper with their names marked on them for autographs. Farley staggered around among his Hollywood star friends collecting signatures before he dared get out of camp. He was as busy as a bird dog, but he loved it.

That night, though, Farley rode back to San Francisco in a Navy station wagon with Roddy. They jabbered all the way like a couple of school kids, catching up on each other, and at the Palace Hotel they kept it up until four o'clock in the morning, until "Baby"—that's Roddy's mother—rapped on the door and shut them up.

Those forty-eight hours turned into a dream no gob would have dared whip up about a San Fran leave. There was a party every minute, or a show or a shindig. There were famous names, San Francisco big shots, Hollywood stars, glamour everywhere. Farley was in the thick of it all. He met Darryl Zanuck—his own boss—for the first time, 'way up in San Francisco.

He went everywhere the Hollywood star cavalcade did. To Elsa Maxwell's big party at the Palace. He went with Roddy and the others when they broadcast Bond rallies from the big Bay City department store windows. He took in all the dinners, banquets, cocktail parties and got introduced along with all the other big Hollywood stars—just like he was one of them, which of course Farley was, in a way.

So Seaman Farley Granger went back to Shoemaker with plenty of tales to brighten the barracks bull-sessions for weeks and weeks. And by now, somewhere out in the Pacific, he's probably getting the same Hollywood treatment from his mates. But by now Farley ought to be used to it and taking it in stride. His Hollywood past has never hurt him one speck in this man's Navy; on the contrary, glamour for a gob has worked out pretty okay for everybody concerned. He's a crack shipmate by now in his own right, and it's a cinch he's trained to handle his duty like any one of Uncle Sam's seagoing sons.

C'MON, 'FESS UP!

Not that we'd like to have you tell tales, but . . . well, anyhow, not the snitchy kind. Just the good, old-fashioned Hollywood garden gossip variety. In other words, you've come across a movie personality and something funny happened. Or sad. Or glad. Or unusual. And you're simply aching to talk about it because it's just too thrilling to hold back any longer. Well, don't! Tell us. *And to soothe your fevered brow, how does five dollars sound for each one we use? Your stories go to: I SAW IT HAPPEN Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*

P.S.—The checks come from there, too.



Are you as nice close up . . . as you are at a distance?

Be lovely to love!

You'll never have to wonder about staying sweet and dainty if you use FRESH! For FRESH *contains the most effective perspiration stopping ingredient known to science!*

FRESH is effective! Stops perspiration worries *completely*. Prevents odor *harmlessly*.

FRESH is gentle! Won't irritate normal skin.

FRESH is sure! Keeps perspiration stains and odor out of clothes.

FRESH is pleasant! Stays smooth, never turns gritty. Doesn't dry out in the jar.



Stops perspiration worries completely

ACCEPTED FOR ADVERTISING IN PUBLICATIONS OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION



WRITE
Thrilling
LOVE LETTERS
that REALLY keep him thinking of You!

Whether V-mail or full length, your love letters can be a great uplift to your loved one in the Armed Forces. Officials say, "Write often — a good letter is the next best thing to a visit home!"

No longer need your letters be dry, awkward or uninteresting. HOW TO WRITE LOVE LETTERS is a complete book that shows you how everyday things can sound thrilling. It helps you to express your *personality* in every letter you write. Learn just what *he* wants to hear from you — just how to *say* it! This new book contains dozens of actual sample letters that show you just how to write love letters from beginning to end — lists of useful synonyms — common errors, and how to avoid them — the correct spelling and use of many catchy words — and many other important letter-writing helps and hints.

MONEY-BACK OFFER!

Remember, we want *you* to be the judge! Examine the book for 10 days *at our expense!* If not delighted with results, return it and your money will be promptly refunded! Stravon Publishers, 342 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

98¢



FEATURES

How to say a lot in V-mail.
How to tell him of your love.
How to assure him that you're faithful.
How to discourage the "too romantic" friend.
How a good letter may result in a proposal.
How to make everyday events sound exciting.
How to help him keep chin up.
DO'S and DON'T'S of Letter Writing.

AND MANY MORE IMPORTANT FEATURES

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

STRAVON PUBLISHERS, Dept. L132
342 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
Send book "How to Write Love Letters," in plain wrapper on your Money-Back Offer. If not delighted with results, I may return this purchase in 10 days and price will be refunded.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman 98c plus postage.
☐ I enclose 98c—send postpaid.
Name .....
Address .....
Canada and Foreign—$1.25 with order

BIG BAD WOLF

(*Continued from page 55*)

near Mocambo, but there was his car and a guy who looked—wait a minute—the guy didn't look *exactly* like him. . . . What Helmut discovered when he delved into the matter, was just another bit of proof that he was a Hollywood Wolf in spite of himself. The pictures had been shot at his own studio in front of the "Hollywood Canteen" Mocambo set, with the pretty gas girl all right, his own car which had been rolled up from the parking lot—and an obliging extra who looked like Dantine in a long shot!

pagliacci of the press . . .

Things like that are happening to Helmut Dantine. Every time he gets within howling distance of a gal in public, and sometimes even when he doesn't, what happens to Helmut's rep shouldn't happen to a dog—I mean, wolf.

Yep, the power of the press is truly a wonderful thing when a guy can get himself married after a whirlwind courtship of a girl he has never met! Take, for instance, the red-hot romance of Helmut Dantine and Lois Collier.

It's an old Hollywood custom, of course, to pair off a couple of new names, one male, one female, to add up to publicity for both. Every studio in Hollywood has worked that one to death, but usually at least the romancers show up somewhere together, or if they don't, they've met or said "Hello" over the phone. Helmut's hot and heavy romance with Lois Collier—a new starlet, of course (with a new press agent, of course) started simply enough with a mere item that they were "romancing." No where, when or why. From that timid step they were spied together here and there. They two-stepped at Mocambo, rumba'd at Ciro's. Pretty soon they were cooing by candlelight at every cafe in town; bolder yet, they walked unashamed down Peacock Lane at premieres and openings. The Collier-Dantine "romance" flourished like the green bay tree. One night, Helmut counted, he and Lois were *a deux* at five different places at the same time—Mocambo, Charlie Foy's, a Carthay Circle premiere, Romanoff's and a café at Palm Springs! A radio fashion and gossip gal even described the gorgeous gown Lois was wearing at the premiere, and how the dashing Helmut escorted her here and there with his Vienna courtliness! This, naturally, was news to Helmut, bigger news still when he learned he'd given the lovely little lady a ring, and a pure scoop on himself when his popped eyes discovered one morning that he had just been married!

He very politely, therefore, walked into his studio publicity department one day and inquired, "Now that I am safely married and all that, will you please tell me—who *is* Lois Collier?"

However, Helmut Dantine has learned to rise above such rumors gracefully and even find something to chuckle about in his phony romances—when they're as harmless and absurdly humorous as that. Like that time Helmut showed up at a cocktail party where Myrna Loy was also a guest. Myrna was just free from her Eastern millionaire hubby, Mr. Hertz, at that point and being unattached, accompanied one of those post-cocktail party groups that go merrily on to somewhere else. So did Helmut. At the little Ciro's dancing party that followed, he tripped a number of turns with the lovely Loy, and you can bet there were eyes in the walls. From that innocent diversion came all sorts of rumors that Helmut was comforting

EYE MAKE-UP IS AN ESSENTIAL PART OF GOOD GROOMING



Your EYES
are the first things he sees!

Deep set. Bright with color. Engaging eyes that invite a second glance. Smart indeed is the girl who knows the importance of good eye make-up!

Just a touch of WINX Mascara (Cream or Cake) — a few strokes with a WINX Eyebrow Pencil — WINX Eye Shadow softly blended—and all the natural beauty of your eyes has been emphasized. For WINX has deepened them, set off their brilliance and character.

WINX is a natural beautifier, water resistant, easily used and comes in the popular shades. Buy WINX today at any 10¢ store, and see for yourself what a difference it makes.

Winx
FOR LOVELY EYES



BRUSH AWAY
GRAY HAIR
...AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today. 60c at all drug stores—on a money-back guarantee, or—

Send for FREE TEST BOTTLE
The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
795 Brownatone Bldg., Covington, Kentucky
Without obligation, please send me, free and postpaid, Test Bottle of BROWNATONE and interesting illustrated booklet. Check shade wanted:
☐ Blonde to Medium Brown ☐ Dark Brown to Black
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....
Print Your Name and Address

Myrna's riven heart with his vulpine Viennese attentions. But, as I say, that didn't upset him too much, since he actually had whirled Myrna around and even taken her home.

In none of those cases did the stories add up, of course, but after all, Helmut had been around of his own accord. So no kicks. But when a malicious interpretation is put on a purely innocent happenstance—that's when Dantine's dander gets up.

A few weeks ago, for instance, Helmut left the studio with another Warner Brothers actress to take in a spaghetti dinner at a studio drama coach's house. It was all very informal. Both Helmut and the actress had been working. Both took their own cars. They left the dinner party later than they'd expected, and the actress asked Helmut if he'd mind following her home, since they lived near each other.

Well, on the way the girl pulled up in front of Schwab's famous drug store on Sunset, "I think I'll call home," she yelled to Helmut. Like the gentleman he is, he hopped out of his own car and opened the door for his friend, waited until she made her call and then helped her back in.

Well, in no time at all, the curbstone kitbitzers who spied this little episode put four and four together and made fourteen. The actress, you see, was married. Her husband, also, was away in Uncle Sam's service. In no time and one-tenth of a second, the rumor was rambling around. Helmut Dantine, the wolf, was chasing after someone he hadn't ought to. And her everlovin' spouse away fighting the wars, too! There were the usual snide hints in gossip columns—and this time Dantine really burned to a crisp.

his heart belonged to a zombie . . .

The funny thing about Hollywood publicity romances is—usually the phonier they are the better they're believed. To show you how screwy it all sums up: For months now there's been a mythical society girl whipping around Hollywood named "Bettina Scott." Now if anyone ever saw Bettina Scott in the flesh, he would probably cross himself and scram hastily, because if there ever was a zombie, it's Bettina. The gal's a ghost—a publicity ghost—created out of an imaginary "Eastern" Blue Book to get the young unknown males that Hollywood's crowded with these days into the public prints.

Even Helmut fell for the Bettina Scott myth early in his Hollywood career, and one of the funniest stories they tell on him was when it came his own turn to get the Bettina treatment. Helmut dashed into his publicity department all hot, bothered and upset. "You've got to deny it!" he stormed. They wanted to know—deny what? "That I am courting this Bettina Scott person," cried Helmut indignantly. "Why, every one knows that she's a notorious woman of terrible reputation!" They quickly soothed Helmut by explaining patiently that Bettina was only a dreamed-up doll.

wolf of the vienna woods . . .

But about Helmut the Gay Deceiver himself. Of course there are plenty of obvious reasons why handsome Helmut inspires the wolf cry every time he looks at a lady in public. The guy is unreasonably good looking. Everything about his tall, graceful body, his classic-profiled face with its perfect features, the straight, romantic nose, expressive mouth and soft gray eyes, is what any woman who's human would find too, too tender and understanding. Helmut has everything to tag him a natural for the lover type and more than mere looks, Dantine has everything else a lady-killer ought to have, in the popular Hollywood mind. He's Viennese (and anyone knows that Austrian men are the world's ace charmers). His accent is just right, not too thick, but intriguing. He's a dancer out of this world. He's gay and witty, a quick conversationalist. He wears his clothes like Beau Brummell, he's manly and dashing, athletic and a deadly fencer. He's a bachelor de luxe, uncaught and untamed (his first marriage hardly counts, it was so brief) with not even a heartstring permanently snarled. In short, Dantine's too good to be true. Also, nobody ever said Helmut was any hermit. No indeed.

On the contrary, he has all kinds of soft spots for the lovelies of the opposite sex like any normal guy. Sometimes it's romance and sometimes just plain friendliness with which Helmut is heavily loaded.

out of bounds . . .

There was one pretty little Warner Brothers messengerette, for instance, who tied into a heavy, hopeless crush for Helmut. She was raw on the lot (all the messenger boys have been replaced by fillies since the war) and so was Helmut. But she had the Dantine blues bad, and wherever Helmut was she'd manage to show up shadowing him with that worshiping look in her eyes. Well, one day, Helmut ran into his admirer in front of the Green Room. She said her usual shy "Hello," and Helmut was feeling particularly friendly and gay. He smiled, "Come in and have lunch with me." How could a gal as far gone as little Louise (that's what we'll call her because it's not her name) refuse? Who would? She didn't. Helmut had a grand, expansive lunch date, absolutely unmindful of the strange looks that darted his way. But he never saw his little friend after that and never thought much about it until weeks later he happened to inquire. Then he found she'd almost lost her job because of having had lunch with him.



No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS . . . *but*

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION is worth a pound of cure!

PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, substantially every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely, or definitely improved!

—from the findings of a group of distinguished doctors.





CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

ON MORE FINGERS
Every Day



Dr. Ellis'
NAIL POLISH

Compare Dr. Ellis' Nail Polish with any other nail enamel—for sheer beauty of color, for wearability, for economy. You'll know then why more and more smart fingernails daily—coast to coast—are wearing those lovely Dr. Ellis colors.

EXCITING NEW SHADE!



Only one price 10¢ PLUS TAX

Be sure to try "Mystic Rose", the passionate new Dr. Ellis shade-of-the season!

100 AT YOUR FAVORITE 5 & 10 or DRUGSTORE

That episode dismayed Helmut and made him more discreet with his fans, but it didn't damper his friendliness one speck or his terrific admiration for American beauties. Dantine's best girl friends are girls he has met in and around Hollywood. He's the American girl's number one press agent and booster. He thinks they're tops, the freshest, prettiest, most natural and altogether swooney young things that you'll find anywhere on the globe. He likes them best, too, when they aren't actresses because, as he says, "After acting all day I've had enough acting." The reason he puts the finger on foreign girls, too, is that when he runs across them in Hollywood they try to play up their accents and Continental manners, which hands Helmut a pain right above his collar bone. Hand kissing and heel clicking and all that sort of stuff is okay, Helmut believes, where it cuts some mustard—but over here in America, confidentially he believes it—well, you know.

He's worked like a Turk ever since he arrived to iron out his Austrian accent. He's collected American slang and idiom like fans collect autographs. He dresses like any young American campus hero not long out of college. He's already become a super fan for football and American sports. The biggest kick he's had in weeks came the other night when a Pasadena society girl invited him as her escort to a dinner party. He'd never met his hostess before, and on the way home his girl teased him with a trade-last. Helmut came through with how beautiful she was so she gave out with the t.l. "Mrs. So-and-So thinks you're nice," said Dantine's date. "As I left she said, 'What a clean-cut, typically American young man Mr. Dantine is. So completely different from these refugees you see around these days!'"

SINATRA LOVES BING

And they both love pitching in and donating their *autographs* for each and every one of you. See page 62.

In fact, the lone Continental hangover that Helmut totes around is his respectful, gallant attitude toward women. He's not smooth in the foppish way, but his manners are super. He's the kind of date who always notices a gal's perfume, what she's wearing. He sends flowers when they're called for, takes prompt care of all the little gallantries like opening doors, seating chairs, phoning before dates, lighting cigarettes and such. But the main ticket that lets Helmut in solid with most lovelies is his sincere but flattering interest in the gal as a person. It's a respectful attitude and one a lot of cocky American males are quite likely to skip. A couple of his very best girl friends today, in fact, he met and made time with through this very trait.

You wouldn't know them if I named them, because they aren't remotely connected with pictures (as few of Helmut's favored sweeties are), but one is a clever co-ed at UCLA, where Helmut served a stretch as a student when he first came to this country. In fact, he met this girl at a reunion party for the Class of '39. She's pretty, with soft brown eyes, a slim figure and rich, waving hair. But what interested Helmut—and don't laugh—was her intelligence. Yep, he got to talking to the attractive co-ed and discovered she was majoring in philosophy, a subject in which he's a deep delver at home. Discovered, too, that the only way he could enjoy her company was on the campus, because she didn't go out nights.

Reduce
LOSE 3 to 5 lbs. A WEEK yet EAT PLENTY!



NO EXERCISE
NO DRUGS
NO STRICT DIET

Remarkable results reported with new *Kel-Ray* method. You DON'T CUT OUT starchy, fatty foods, you merely CUT DOWN on them. Take half teaspoonful Kel-Ray (a purely vegetable product) daily, follow easy, lazy plan, and fat vanishes.
That's all there is to it

USERS SAY: *"Lost 5 lbs. in 5 days." Mrs. A. C. "Lost 2 inches around waist first week." says Mrs. G. H. "Lost weight and ate everything. Kel-Ray is wonderful." Mrs. J. C. "Doctor approved, now I have a slim figure." says J. G.*

ONE MONTH'S SUPPLY $1.00

MAIL COUPON

3 months supply ☐ $2.00

McRAE HEALTH PRODUCTS CO.
1457 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

I enclose $1 for Kel-Ray method for reducing and month's supply of Kel-Ray to be sent postage paid. If not satisfied I may return unused portion and my $1 will be refunded. (C. O. D. orders accepted. Same guarantee.)

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Dept. 62

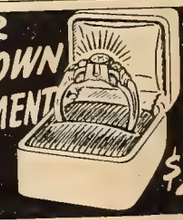
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE



PHOTO-RING

ANY PHOTO OR PICTURE of Sweetheart, Relative or Friend, reproduced permanently in this beautiful onyx like ring featuring the New Magnified Setting! Will last a lifetime! Indestructible! Waterproof! Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send cash we pay postage. (Photos Returned). $1 (Expertly painted 25c extra)
PHOTO MOVETTE RING CO., Dept. V-25, Cincinnati, Ohio

WEAR CUPID'S OWN ENGAGEMENT RING



GENUINE SIMULATED DIAMOND RING only $2.57

Here's a precious 14K gold plated on STERLING SILVER engagement ring that cupid himself would endorse. Three beautiful, sparkling diamonds (simulated) in modern, attractive set-back design. You'll be proud to wear this darling ring; your friends will think it a genuine diamond set. AMAZING VALUE, at only $2.57. SEND NO MONEY with order, only your name, ring size or string marked for size. Pay C.O.D. on arrival plus 20% U.S. Tax. *There's no risk.* You wear the ring for 7 days; then return for full refund if not ENTIRELY SATISFIED. Supply limited at this astonishingly low price; so rush order today.
LaVERE CO., Box 1121, University Place, Des Moines (11), Iowa

safety in numbers . . .

Then there's the girl Helmut ran into at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club. Dantine's no slouch of an athlete, and when he has an afternoon off, he usually skips over to Lakeside Country Club for a swim or out to the B.H.T.C. for a set of tennis. That's where he first noticed "the colt" and her form—both tennis and otherwise. She was definitely the outdoor type, lean and a little rangy, with a merry, freckled face, honey-colored pigtails and twinkling blue eyes. "Like a young colt," marveled Helmut, observing the stylish way she handled her racquet and how lustily she swatted the ball. It wasn't long until they were exchanging tennis tips, and then Helmut found himself drafted for a set of doubles with "the colt" as partner. That started a tennis courtship that's been going on in a breezy, relaxed manner ever since. Because Helmut found out the girl was as charmingly natural off the court as on, and as fresh and irresistible in evening dresses as she was in shorts. And the first day tennis match that ended primly with a "thanks for the game," has grown into a definite romance.

If you ask Helmut Dantine to name the kind of girl friend he likes best, he looks puzzled and tries to explain that that depends on the occasion. He's not kidding either. He thinks variety in women is the spice of a bachelor's life—and he's the bachelor who can certainly stir up the variety. He has girl friends he takes horseback riding, others he seldom sees except to play chess, of all things. He has society girls he met when he lived in Pasadena, one former fencing pupil (when he earned his way with foils through the Community Playhouse) whom Helmut seldom sees except at dignified Pasadena social functions or to beau to plays and symphonies. There's a girl up in Santa Barbara's snooty Montecito millionaire colony, a member of the horsey set, that some New York friends introduced him to by mail whom he sees whenever he has a free week-end and can climb on a North-bound train. When he dines or dances at his favorite Hollywood haunts—LaRue, Mocambo, the Players or Romanoffs—Helmut invariably has a local gal on his arm, someone extra-lovely like Ava Gardner, Constance Dowling or Judy Garland.

That picture gallery may not be much help to a Helmut-happy gal anxious to measure up to a Dantine ideal. But after seeing a few photographs and talking the matter over earnestly with Helmut himself, I'd say if you'd be Helmut Dantine's Dream Supreme you would—

Be pretty and preferably blonde. Add up to about twenty years of age (he's twenty-five). Be natural, with no false eyelashes, red nail polish or trick hair do's anywhere around. (He can't stand 'em.) Dance divinely. (Because so does Helmut.) Play some outdoor game well. (Because he plays several.) Have a brain. (Because he has his serious moments.) Own a funny-bone. (Because he loves to laugh.) Have good taste and good manners. (To match his own.) Be honest, and direct—a chick with no tricks.

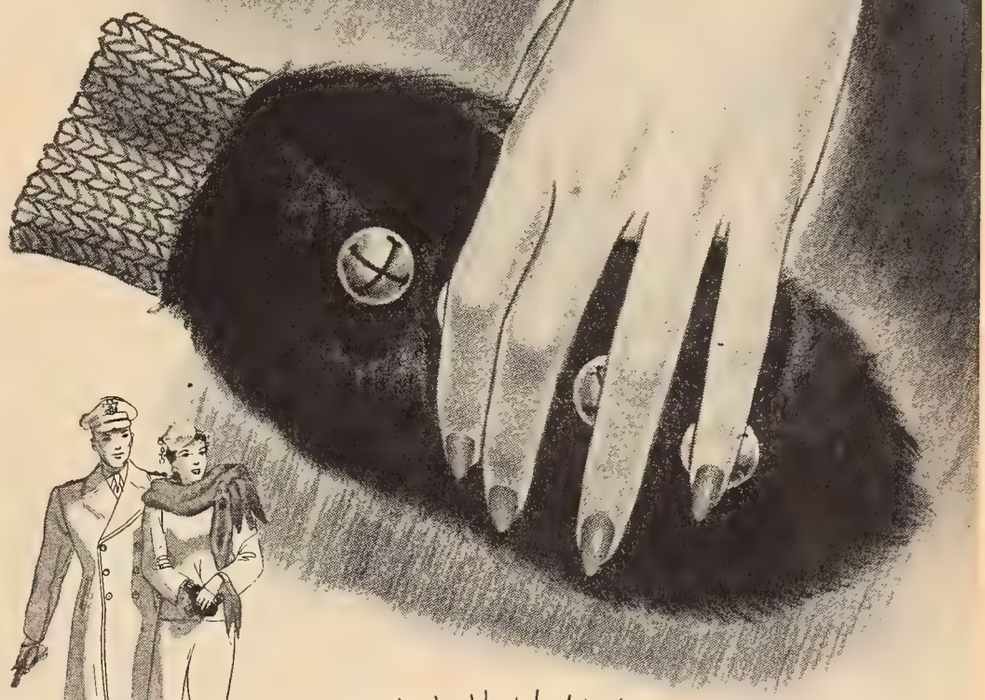
If that adds up discouragingly to Miss E Pluribus Unum, the All-American Girl—well, what have I been telling you? If Helmut Dantine is in love with anyone, she's the lucky lady. For one thing, he knows that it was the girls of America who made him the Hollywood hero he is today. He knows he owes the death of Helmut the Heavy and his big romantic chance in his next picture, "Hotel Berlin," to the ardent feminine clamors that swamped Warners' from Seattle to Savannah. So he's faithful to all of 'em.

Besides, being a wary "wolf," Helmut Dantine believes there's safety in numbers.

Fashion Recipe:
Take a pair of woolen mittens—
sew tiny bells down the back for
conversation-making gloves!

Mittens and Pretty Hands

are being worn this season!



Use a "BRIGHT IDEA" to show off your

CAMPANA LOVELY HANDS

It's fun to pull on wooly mitts, a-jingle with tiny bells IF your hands are *Campana-lovely!* Try Campana Cream Balm—massage a bit of this creamy lotion into your thirsty skin. Right away you've silken-surfaced, soft-skinned hands you're proud of.

Scientists say lanolin duplicates the functions of the *natural* oils of your skin better than anything else!

No wonder Campana Cream Balm, which contains lanolin, helps keep your hands soft and pretty... guards against dryness, roughness—even in winter weather.

Look for the yellow and white package at any cosmetic counter.

25¢, 50¢ and $1



Campana Cream Balm

RICH IN LANOLIN

***Hands badly CHAPPED?* Use ORIGINAL CAMPANA BALM for instant relief!**



Original Campana Balm is the richer, heavier Campana lotion that thousands change to in chapped-skin weather. Ask for *Original* Campana Balm in the *green* and white package.
25¢, 50¢ and $1.

Now try the kind that's easy to use!



FIBS Tampons have rounded ends to make insertion easy!



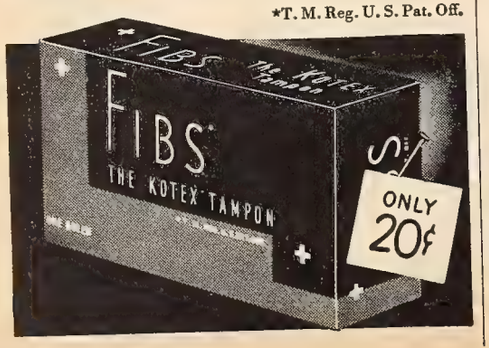
"I never dreamed there could be such a *difference* in tampons . . . that *any* tampon could be so *easy to use* . . . until I first tried Fibs Tampons!"

Instantly YOU will appreciate this difference between Fibs and ordinary tampons. For only Fibs of all leading brands have gently *rounded ends*—tapered to make insertion easy.

And only Fibs are "quilted" to give you greater comfort, greater safety.

So change to Fibs. You owe it to yourself to try the kind of tampon that's so easy to use!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



MARRIAGE IS STRICTLY OKAY!

(Continued from page 67)

For one thing, there was David. Although he turned out not to be a complication after all. David was Dana's son by his first wife who died soon after the boy's birth. Maybe, Dana worried, Mary wouldn't like the idea of a ready-made family. But Mary thought it was wonderful. She met David, and they adored each other immediately. Dana let out a long sigh of relief. That was one hurdle cleared.

The next one was tougher. Dana was being backed financially by some men who had faith in his ability. They were "staking him" to his training at the Playhouse.

"I can't ask them to stake me to marriage, too," he told Mary. "When I get married, I want to be able to support my wife myself. Then I can boss her around and make her like it!" He grinned happily. He was always happy when he was with Mary.

So they went on being engaged, and waiting for something to break. And break it did, at last. Sam Goldwyn signed Dana to a contract! That was the kind of moment you dream about—when the moon comes down out of the sky and slides into your pocket. Dana flew to tell Mary.

"The waiting's over, baby!" he said exultantly. "Now we can get married." Mary laughed and cried and kissed him, and everything was beautiful. For about twenty-four hours. Then Dana had a little talk with Goldwyn's representative. "By the way," he said, trying to sound casual, "I'm planning to get married. Very nice girl named Mary Todd."

The representative impaled him on a sharp and icy glance. "Look here, Andrews, I'm afraid that won't do. We signed you as a single man. We've got a lot of plans for building you into a glamour boy. Romances witn your leading women, that sort of thing. You've got to be seen around town with the right people."

"But listen, I'm engaged to Mary. I'm—I'm in love with her. Terribly. We want to get married right away." Dana's heavy brows drew together in anxiety. This was bad.

"Sorry," said the representative with finality. "Mr. Goldwyn wouldn't like it."

Reluctantly, Dana went off to tell Mary. Usually she was calm about things, but she wasn't calm about this. She was furious.

"Those—those *people!*" she cried, pounding the arm of her chair in rage. "Telling you how to run your life! Trying to make you go out with other girls!"

"They can't make me do that," Dana told her grimly, thrusting out a very determined chin. "And listen, darling, if you say so, I'll tear up this contract and throw it in their face."

"Oh, fine." Mary was bitter. "Then we'd be right back where we started from. Backed by those men, and we couldn't get married that way either. No, listen, Dana, the only thing to do is to make Mr. Goldwyn see it our way. After all, he's an intelligent man."

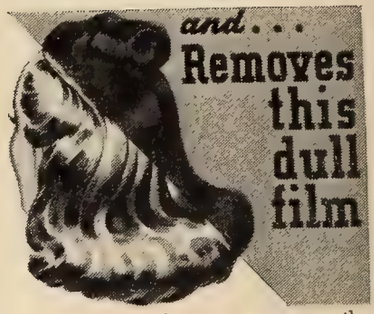
sit-home strike . . .

"Yeah, but Mary, I don't get to *see* Mr. Goldwyn. I mean, he signed me to a contract and all that, but that doesn't mean he comes around inviting me to his house for dinner."

"Well, *go* and see him." Mary said stubbornly.

But it wasn't as simple as that. Dana

New—Hair Rinse *safely* Gives a Tiny Tint



1. Does not harm, permanently tint or bleach the hair.
2. Used after shampooing—your hair is not dry, unruly.
3. Instantly gives the soft, lovely effect obtained from tedious, vigorous brushings . . . plus a tiny tint—**in these 12 shades.**

1. Black	7. Titian Blonde
2. Dark Copper	8. Golden Blonde
3. Sable Brown	9. Topaz Blonde
4. Golden Brown	10. Dark Auburn
5. Nut Brown	11. Light Auburn
6. Silver	12. Lustre Glint

4. The improved Golden Glint contains only safe certified colors and pure Radien, all new, approved ingredients.

Try Golden Glint...Over 50 million packages have been sold...Choose your shade at any cosmetic dealer. Price 10 and 25¢—or send for a

FREE SAMPLE

Golden Glint Co., Seattle, 14, Wash., Box 3366-B-33

Please send color No._____ as listed above.

Name_____

Address_____

GOLDEN GLINT

FREE ENLARGEMENT Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge your favorite print or negative, photo or picture to 8x10 inches — FREE — if you enclose this ad. (Pictures should be clear and sharp; negatives give best results). Information on hand tinting in natural colors sent immediately. Your original returned with your free enlargement. Send today. Limit 1 to a customer.
GEPPERT STUDIOS, Dept. 263, Des Moines 2, Iowa

EASY PAYMENT PLAN LIFE INSURANCE

AS LITTLE AS 5¢ WEEKLY

New low-cost "buy-by-mail" Budget Plan enables you to own Life Insurance backed by Legal Reserves, to suit your pocketbook! You don't have to pay more than you can afford for reliable protection. Policy provides **full** benefits for as little as 5c a week! 10c a week pays **double** benefits; 15c pays **triple** benefits, etc. So economical, so easy to own, you and every member of the family can afford an individual Pioneer Life Insurance Policy! No Red Tape—NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION! No agent will call. Get complete details FREE! Write today.

Policy Provides
DEATH BENEFITS Due to Sickness or Natural Causes
DOUBLE INDEMNITY For Accidental Death
TOTAL DISABILITY
CASH SURRENDER VALUE
EXTENDED INSURANCE Other Liberal Benefits

PIONEER LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
1481 Pioneer Building • Rockford, Illinois

tried and found that Mr. Goldwyn was always in New York or Washington or in conference. So he thrust his chin out farther and adopted a policy of passive resistance. When the studio dreamed up romances for him, he just smiled pleasantly and forgot to show up for the dates. When he was invited out without Mary, he politely declined. Mr. Goldwyn's representative called him over and said irritably, "Are you still going around with that girl? I notice they don't seem to be able to link you up with anyone else."

"I told you," Dana said, "I'm in love with her. We want to get married."

The representative sighed. "If this wasn't Hollywood, I'd believe I'd met true love at last. Maybe I have, anyway. I give up, Andrews. You'll have to talk to Mr. Goldwyn." He even made an appointment for Dana. The appointment was the next morning at eleven, so Dana told Mary to meet him at noon. By then they'd know. By then the waiting would be over. The night before the appointment, Dana rehearsed a lengthy and—he hoped—convincing speech. It began "Mr. Goldwyn, you're a man of common sense." It pointed out the pitfalls which awaited an unattached young actor in Hollywood. It spoke of the energy wasted in long rides to Mary's house, and of the nervous strain of long engagements. It went—touchingly, Dana thought—into the happy marriages combined with high box office rating of various male stars. It was undoubtedly a honey of a speech, and he learned every word of it by heart.

Next day he showed up at eleven o'clock and was told to wait. He waited, biting his nails. This meeting was damned important. It was, Dana was convinced, a lot more important than anything else Mr. Goldwyn happened to be doing at the moment. After all, it meant the happiness of two people, didn't it?

psychological moment . . .

Just then all hell broke loose outside the window. There was a scream of a fire siren, followed by shouts, general commotion and the shrieking of engine wheels. Two large fire trucks arrived, disgorging firemen like rabbits from a hat. Also rather like a rabbit from a hat, a small, grey-haired man popped from an inner office.

"What's going on here?" he demanded.

"It's just a little fire, Mr. Goldwyn," said the receptionist hastily.

Mr. Goldwyn stalked to the window and peered out at the lines of hose being unrolled. He snorted.

Dana approached him hesitantly. This was definitely not the setting he'd had in mind for his speech. In fact, he'd forgotten the speech entirely. But here was

(*Continued on page 106*)

QUIZ ANSWERS

(*Continued from page* 92)

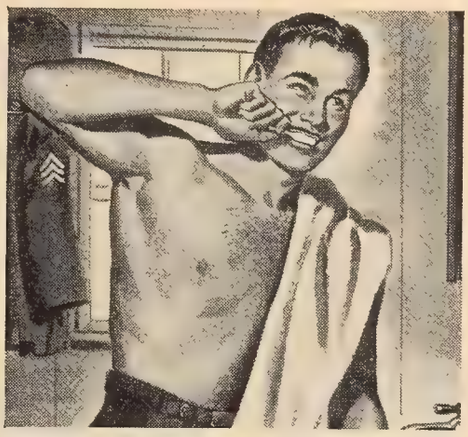
1. Ann Sheridan
2. John Garfield
3. Diana Lynn
4. Cary Grant
5. Alexander Knox
6. Esther Williams
7. Alan Ladd
8. Dick Haymes
9. Sonja Henie
10. Clark Gable
11. Erich von Stroheim
12. Susanna Foster
13. Dick Powell
14. Lana Turner
15. Edward G. Robinson
16. Paul Lukas
17. Rita Hayworth
18. William Bendix
19. William Eythe
20. Eddie Bracken

The Word for the Sergeant is "Toothsome"!



One look at that dazzling grin and the girls are putty in his hands. And don't think the Sarge doesn't know *why!* He writes poetry about it:

"O Pebeco, to thee I owe—my standing as a Romeo.
Wash right away? Not Pebeco. It's *super-fine* to make teeth glow!"



What he means is: Pebeco cleans teeth better because its *micro-fine* particles stick with your brush, cling to your teeth while you polish. Contains a special combination of polishing agents—cleans teeth thoroughly but gently, leaves them gleaming.



So any Romeo (or Juliet) can have a brighter, fresher smile with *super-fine* Pebeco. See how super its flavor is, too. See what a kick you get out of that *extra* clean, polished feeling. How popular you are with that delectable Pebeco smile!

Pebeco Pete says:



60% MORE POWDER FOR YOUR MONEY, FOLKS, THAN AVERAGE OF 6 OTHER LEADING BRANDS



PEBECO
TOOTH POWDER
Super-fine for Super Shine

GIANT SIZE ONLY 25¢
Big 10¢ size, too

Copyright 1944, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

ALSO PEBECO TOOTH PASTE—CLEAN, REFRESHING FLAVOR—10¢, 25¢ AND 50¢



what's cookin, kids?

Peggy Ryan gives out with the sort of fanfare and party plans the younger set will go for in a big way!

■ Special occasions coming up soon! Days—like Washington's and Lincoln's Birthdays, Valentine Day and St. Patrick's Day—which can so conveniently serve as pegs on which to hang plans for festive and appropriate parties.

Not that you really need any such excuse or inspiration, claims Peggy Ryan, if you go in for the kind of strictly informal shindigs her particular crowd prefers.

"Any Saturday night in any month of the year is oke with us, especially if we're entertaining boys in the service who are stationed hereabouts or are back home on furlough," declared Peggy, with Irish eyes a-smilin'. "Sometimes we have a gathering just of girls . . . to plan for and talk about our boy friends overseas. But whatever the date or the doings we always have good times and good food!

"What do we do and what do we eat? Well, that depends on the occasion, the number that get together and the place where we meet. F'r'instance . . .

"When we go to Jane Withers' house it's sure to be a swimming party because she has the pool. Marcie McGuire gives living room parties with guessing games and the like. Cora Sue Collins features outdoor barbecues. Johnny Pironne —because his mother, Mary, makes the best spaghetti in the whole wide world—goes in for spaghetti dinners. Me, I have



Mrs. Ryan lends a helping hand whenever her dancing daughter asks the gang to their house . . . and the resulting dishes are simply super! "Here Come the Co-eds" is Peggy's next picture.



At her recent homecoming party, Peggy's pals—including Marcie McGuire and Virginia Weidler—gathered around as she imitated Winchell, on whose broadcast she appeared while in New York.

By Nancy Wood

a Whoopee Room, where the fireplace makes indoor barbecues possible—although, mostly, we have buffet suppers.

"What do we do at our house? Dance, of course." (Can you imagine Peggy *not* dancing, after seeing her with Donald O'Connor in those merry Universal musicals, the latest of which is "Bowery to Broadway"!) "Then we play games," she went on, "and do stunts. But suppose I describe some of these get-togethers for you. And," suggested Peggy, "maybe you would like to know what we serve."

Would we like to know! Can you imagine . . . when that was what we had come to see her about, having heard tell that it's fine fare they'd be featuring at the Ryans'.

But let's get back to the party. To any one of several different types of parties, to be exact—with a brief outline of the foods Peggy provides. It's "herself" that will be describing them for us.

PROVING PARTY: "Someone's always saying 'I make the most deevine cake' . . . or 'You should just taste my Welsh Rabbit!' To which we reply, 'Well, we'll get together and you can prove it.' Gives everyone a chance to cook and—although the combinations sometimes are odd—the all-over effect is nothing if not interesting. Once people *prove* their culinary skill they become members in good standing and are often called on to turn out their specialties.

FURLOUGH PARTY: "As the name suggests, this is for fellows home on furlough. They can bring their friends in uniform, too; and they can even issue invitations to others who, for good and sufficient reasons, are not in the services. But to us girls, admission is 'by serviceman only'! Or else we can come unescorted as the boys never seem to think there are too many girls. Quite the contrary, they claim the more 'femmes' the merrier!

ITINERARY PARTY: "A welcome-home affair, where the returned traveler has to put on an act as he or she describes the highlights of the recent trip. I threw that kind of a party at my house when Mom and I got back from our New York jaunt." (The picture on the opposite page was taken on that particular occasion.)

PROXY PARTY: "Strictly a feminine gathering—and downright sentimental, composed as it is chiefly of married and engaged girls or those who are 'promised' or 'going steady.'

"We tell our favorite absentees, well in advance, that we're having such a get-together and tell them to be thinking of us on that certain night, as we'll all be thinking of them. Then, at the party, we write them round-robin letters on long rolls of paper, tell them the latest news of Hollywood doings and send them our latest snapshots. We've had flocks of letters saying how much this has meant to them.

"Why don't you give such a party, too?" was Peggy's final suggestion to our readers.

But before signing off in this helpful manner, the "Pride of the Ryans" gave us some swell suggestions for party fare. It's her very own recipes that we're offering, FREE, this month. And what a collection for a collation! Two salads—both simple: Macaroni, and Carrot and Raisin. Meat Loaf—a point saver if ever we saw one. Frosted Bread Loaf—dressy looking and delicious. Peanut Butter Cookies—toothsome morsels for casual crunching during the long evening of fun. And finally the Devil's Food Cake that Peg's grandmother taught her how to bake. Want 'em? Well, you can have 'em. Just mail your request to: THE MODERN HOSTESS, Dept. P. R., MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y. (and be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.)



Our Number One 'Lab.

The Fels-Naptha Plant maintains an imposing Research Laboratory, equipped with the usual testing paraphernalia— and the usual staff of 'experts'.

Here, every day, Fels-Naptha Soap goes on trial. When the experts, with their test tubes and charts, report 'up to Fels-Naptha Standard', we know we haven't been bragging.

But our Number One 'Lab'. is an ordinary home laundry. The 'staff' is the Lady of the House. Her equipment is a washtub or washing machine and a bundle of soiled clothes. When *she* puts Fels-Naptha Soap on trial, it has to be good—or else.

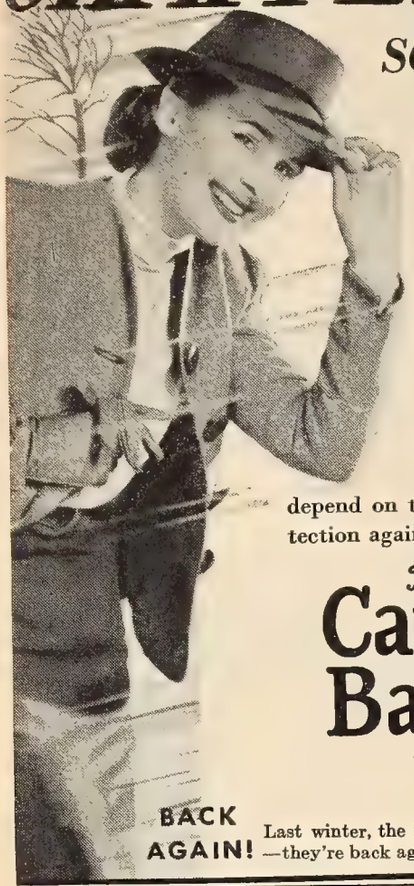
There are millions of these 'Home Laboratories' in the United States. According to voluntary reports, they use Fels-Naptha because, for practical daily purposes, they find it's the best laundry soap on the market.



We'd like to see Fels-Naptha Soap tested in your laundry. And we'd also like to have *your* 'Laboratory Report'.

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

CHAPPED HANDS



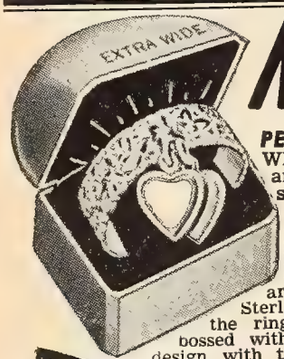
SOOTHED INSTANTLY
with this famous
cold weather lotion

Richer, heavier, concentrated—this lotion, designed specifically for protection against raw, biting winds and for instant relief from chapping. Even cracked . . . smarting . . . *painfully* chapped skins show wonderful improvement overnight. Even *extra* dry, *extra* sensitive skins respond instantly to this soothing, softening lotion. Get your Original Campana Balm today —see why thousands of women and children depend on this richer lotion for real protection against raw winds and bitter cold.

The Original
Campana Balm 25¢, 50¢ $1



BACK AGAIN! Last winter, the ingredients of Original Campana Balm went to war. This year —they're back again, just when you need this wonderful protective lotion most.



NEW True-Love and Friendship RING

PENDANT HEART DESIGN and Matching EARRINGS

What makes both the ring and the matching earrings so unusual and attractive is the twin, Sterling Silver Pendant hearts that dangle daintily like sentimental and charming settings. Either the ring or earrings can be worn separately but together they are truly captivating. The precious Sterling Silver ring is extra wide. Both the ring and earrings are beautifully embossed with the very newest "Forget-Me-Not" design with two pendant hearts suitable for engraving initials of loved ones.



Sterling Silver

$1.95 EACH Send No Money

Your package sent immediately and you pay postman only $1.95 each plus a few cents mailing cost and 20% Federal Tax for either the ring or earrings on arrival. Wear 10 days on money-back guarantee.



Hollywood Photo Folder GIVEN FOR PROMPTNESS

If you order *BOTH the Ring AND Earrings* and send your order *PROMPTLY*. Beautiful, genuine leather photo folder. (Comes with pictures of two popular Movie Stars.)

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 90-EP Jefferson, Iowa

MAKE MONEY COLORING PHOTOS

Fascinating occupation quickly learned at home in spare time. Famous Koehne method brings out natural, life-like colors. Many earn while learning. Send today for free booklet and requirements.

NATIONAL PHOTO COLORING SCHOOL
1315 Michigan Ave., Dept. 2362, Chicago 5



★SONG POEMS WANTED To Be Set to Music

★Publishers need new songs! Submit one or more of your best poems for immediate consideration. Any subject. Send poem. **PHONOGRAPH RECORDS MADE**
★**FIVE STAR MUSIC MASTERS**, 475 Beacon Bldg., Boston, Mass.





New FOOT RELIEF!

Relieves Pain Quick, Prevents Pinching, Pressing and Rubbing of Shoes

Try Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX—the new velvety-soft, flesh color, soothing, cushioning, protective foot plaster. When used on feet or toes, it quickly relieves corns, callouses on bottom of feet, bunions and tender spots caused by shoe friction or pressure. Helps ease new or tight shoes and "breaking-in" discomfort. Prevents corns, sore toes and blisters if applied at first sign of irritation.

Cut Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX to any size or shape and apply it. Ever so economical. Splendid for preventing blisters on the hands of Golfers, Tennis Players, etc.

Sold at Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ Stores. For **FREE** Sample and Dr. Scholl's Foot Booklet, write Dr. Scholl's, Dept. K, Chicago.



Dr Scholl's KUROTEX Soothing – Cushioning FOOT PLASTER

Mr. Goldwyn—and a golden opportunity.

"Mr. Goldwyn," he said cautiously, "I'm Dana Andrews."

"What?" By then the firemen were making so much noise you couldn't hear yourself think.

"*I'm Dana Andrews!*" He shouted it this time.

"Yes. What do you want?" Mr. Goldwyn didn't look at him. He was still staring out of the window.

"Well—I—uh." It was awfully hard to put such a personal question to someone who was absorbed in watching a fire. Especially when you had to yell it at the top of your lungs. But it was, Dana decided desperately, now or never. "*Mr. Goldwyn, I want to know if I can get married!*"

Outside the window, the firemen suddenly reeled in their hose, climbed back on the trucks and drove off. The fire was over. Mr. Goldwyn looked at Dana absently. "I'll think it over and let you know," he said, and darted back into his office.

A month went by after that. Six weeks. Two months. Mr. Goldwyn was obviously thinking it over very hard indeed. Mary worried so much she lost all the weight she'd gained the summer before and more, too. Dana was too upset to appreciate her new slimness. Finally, he saw Mr. Goldwyn again, by accident, this time in the projection room. And suddenly, Dana got mad. There had been time and to spare for thinking things over.

"Mr. Goldwyn," he said loudly, "what did you decide about my getting married?"

Mr. Goldwyn peered at him in amazement. Everyone in the projection room held their breath, including Dana. Then the great man spoke. "I guess I forgot to tell you, my boy," he said amiably. "It's strictly okay. Go ahead."

So, just like that, everything was settled. Dana could hardly believe it, after all the months of waiting. He was so happy that he felt as if he were drifting around in a balloon. He came down to earth in a hurry though, when he got his father's letter. Dana's father was a minister, and strict. He had always considered the stage and motion pictures inventions of the devil and had preached against them for years. When Dana was a kid, he used to get a whipping every Wednesday night regularly. Because Wednesday was prayer meeting night, and was Dana at prayer meeting? He was not! He was sitting in a "two for a quarter" movie house down the block, chewing gum and watching with utter absorption whatever was happening on the screen. Yeah, he knew he would get a licking when he got home. But he figured it was worth it.

Dana's father had been pretty bitter over Dana's becoming an actor. And when he heard his son was going to marry an actress, you should see the letter Dana got.

It said a lot, and among other things was this: "My son, I am older than you and know more of the world. Take my advice and forget this infatuation. Actresses are handled goods."

"Handled goods." Dana thought of Mary, her background of culture, her demure gaiety, her charming parents. The whole thing struck him funny. This was a riot. This was the joke of the season. He tore off in search of his fiancée, waving his father's letter in his hand. As you might imagine, Mary didn't think it was funny at all. No girl likes to hear that her future father-in-law considers her practically a Scarlet Woman. She refused to join in Dana's laughter, and when she told her mother about it, Mrs. Todd almost called off the wedding. Her precious daughter, who had gone to the best private schools, been protected by a devoted fam-

ily, being referred to as "handled goods"! Of course, eventually everything was straightened out. Mary wrote to Dana's father and got a very courtly letter in return, which said he could see he had been entirely wrong about her, and he was delighted that Dana was getting such a sweet wife.

all or nothing . . .

The day of the wedding the local society columnist ran a large picture of Mary and Dana with the caption, "Mary Todd gives up career to marry actor." And that was just what Mary was going to do. They had talked it over seriously, sensibly. Mary was a darn good actress. She might quite possibly have a real future ahead of her in that field. She could get more out of a comedy role than any girl at the Playhouse, and in a lot of ways she hated to give it up.

"But being married to you will be enough, Dana," she said positively. "We both want a family, and there's David, and your career is going to be terribly important from now on. I don't want to be just half a wife." Dana kissed her, hard, because he knew how much it meant to her to make this decision. And Mary rested her head on his shoulder and felt a happiness that she had never known.

So the wedding came off on schedule, and Dana was the handsomest groom in history. They had two heavenly days together, and then he had to leave for Tucson on location for "The Westerner." It was his first part for Goldwyn, and he was pretty excited.

Mary, meanwhile, was busy as a whole hive of bees, learning to cook. A lot of people had told her what a big eater Dana was, and she was going to be prepared. The first morning after he got back, they had bacon. Mary put a large griddle on the stove, and conscientiously fried one pound of bacon. It wasn't a gag—she just wanted to be sure Dana had enough.

Then there was the affair of the Apple Brown Betty and their first quarrel. Brown Betty was Dana's favorite dessert, and Mary had taken enormous pains to get it right. She cooked it in a casserole, and was bringing it triumphantly through the swinging door into the dining room when the holder slipped. The casserole was steaming hot, and when Mary tried to grab it, she burned herself, shrieked and dropped the whole thing on the brand new dining room rug. Dana watched hilariously, while expressions chased each other across her face—surprise, panic and anguish in rapid succession. It was too much for him. He burst into wild shouts of laughter, as she gazed hopelessly down at the appalling mess on the new rug.

"I hate you!" Mary announced in cold fury, and went upstairs and slammed the bedroom door.

On the whole, though, they lived in a state of idyllic happiness. Dana developed an acute interest in gardens. He'd never raised as much as a sunflower before, but now suddenly, he was absorbed in seed catalogues and books on perennials.

"He won't even use plain, ordinary earth," Mary told their friends plaintively. "It all has to be mixed by hand, in the proper proportions, like a Martini!"

Dana was using the garden as a sort of safety valve. Because for seven months he didn't work in pictures at all. After "The Westerner" he made "Sailor's Lady" and "Cisco Kid." He had good parts in both of them. Everyone congratulated him on his quick rise. But after that—nothing. For seven long months.

Then came "Two Men and a Girl." Dana had the second lead in that. He was all set now, everyone said. He'd be a star any day. Oh sure, but still nothing hap-

"Our husband belongs to us again!"



Julie: Can it be true? Jack has fallen in love with me again! He's *mine*—just like in the beginning!

Her Other Self: Of course it's true, darling—except you mean he's OURS. It's US he's in love with, this time! I'm your smarter self . . . remember? *I'm* the one who told you to go see Dr. B. when *you* wanted to go home to mother after that big quarrel.

Julie: Yes, that was wise—seeing the doctor.

H.O.S.: Wise! That's a prize understatement! Dr. B. turned out to be a one-man rescue party for your . . . *our* marriage when he explained about the "one neglect".

Julie: But I never even *dreamed* that a wife can lose her husband's love by being careless about feminine hygiene.

H.O.S.: Well, Dr. B. set you straight on *that*—and he told you what to do about it, too.

Julie: Yes. He told me to use Lysol disinfectant for my feminine hygiene care. "An effective germ-killer that cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes"—that's what he said.

H.O.S.: Correct! And it doesn't harm sensitive vaginal tissues, either. All you have to do is follow the simple directions for douching.

Julie: How right he was! I've found Lysol so easy to use—so quick and economical.

H.O.S.: And . . .

Julie: And it works wonderfully!

H.O.S.: AND . . .

Julie: All right, Mrs. Smartie—since you love hearing it. I'll say it: *Our husband belongs to us again!*

Check these facts with your Doctor

Douche *thoroughly* with *correct* Lysol solution. Its low "surface tension" means greater spreading power which reaches more deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. **Non-caustic**—Lysol is gentle in proper dilution. **Powerful**—Lysol is an efficient *germicide*. **Economical**—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use. *Deodorizes effectively.* **Lasting**—keeps full strength even when uncorked.



FOR FEMININE HYGIENE USE Lysol Disinfectant

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter to Dept. A-44. Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

Copr., 1944, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

RUG "MAGIC" by OLSON



Your **OLD RUGS** *and Clothing* **SAVE to 1/2**

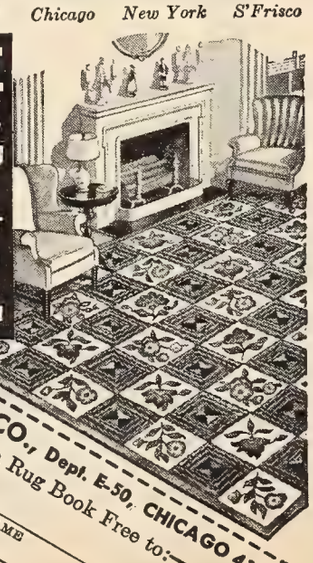
It's all so Easy! Free Catalog tells how material is picked up at your door by Freight or Express at our expense—how we shred, merge, and reclaim valuable materials, picker, bleach, card, spin, redye and weave into lovely, deep-textured ***Broadloom Rugs*** woven Reversible for double wear and luxury. Sizes to fit all rooms.

CHOICE: of popular solid colors, rich tweed blends, 18th Century floral and leaf designs, Early American, Oriental patterns, ovals.

FACTORY-to-You! You risk nothing by a trial. Over two million customers. We have no agents. Do as thousands of beauty-loving housewives have done—Write for Free Catalog.

Our 71st Year! *Chicago* *New York* *S'Frisco*

FREE
Rug Book, Decorating Guide
In Full Color
Mail Coupon or 1c Postcard



OLSON RUG CO., Dept. E-50, CHICAGO 41, ILL.
Please mail Olson Rug Book Free to:—
NAME
ADDRESS
TOWN
STATE

©1944

pened. More gardening. Then "Kit Carson." Dana liked his part—it had a lot of possibilities.

"This'll do it," his agent said, rubbing his hands gleefully. "They'll be fighting over you for romantic leads now, kid."

So did Dana's name go up in lights? It did not. He set his square jaw determinedly and worked harder than ever on his next picture, "Swampwater." Then he got a nice gangster part in "Ball of Fire." By now, Mary was so proud of him she almost burst. But Dana wasn't satisfied. Finally, along came "The Ox-Bow Incident," and Dana clicked in a way he never had before. You know how good he was in "Up In Arms" and "The Purple Heart." Dana was going places, and no one could stop him.

Meanwhile he and Mary built a new house.

something new will be added . . .

"It's really right," Dana said in complete satisfaction, a month or so after they had moved in. "David is nuts over that room of his, and our quarters are wonderful, and—well, the whole thing is *right*, that's all."

There was a silence from Mary. He looked at her, surprised. "I thought you liked it, darling. Something wrong?"

"Gosh," Mary said, her blue eyes pleading, "it's so silly you won't believe it. But—look, I know it seemed as if we weren't going to have any family except David, so we didn't build a nursery. And now we are, and there isn't any place to put him—her—it." Her voice trailed off into a wail. She sounded positively guilty.

Dana reached out a long arm and grabbed her exultantly. "We'll *find* a place, you crazy, adorable moron! Have I mentioned lately that I adore you?"

So the Andrews family eventually acquired a daughter called Kathie, who was undoubtedly the most beautiful baby ever born. David was so excited he could hardly stand it, and went around boasting to everyone about his baby sister. But when Mary came back from the hospital with Kathie there was still no nursery. Dana took David aside and put matters up to him. He could either move out of his room and sleep downstairs, or they'd put the baby's crib in his room with him.

"Sure, put her in with me," David said grandly. "I'm not getting out of my room for anybody." Then he reconsidered. "I don't know, though. She's awful cute, and I guess she ought to have her own room. I'll move downstairs, dad."

So that was that, and Kathie grew to her present two years with young David watching over her in a most proprietory way. Kathie, of course, adores him, and follows him around at every opportunity. She's an active youngster and Dana had a wall built around the whole yard, so Kathie could wander safely. Now, of course, she spends her entire time devising new methods of getting over the wall.

The stork is flapping his wings over the Andrews ménage again, and David is hoping for another sister. Dana and Mary will be happy with either a boy or girl—Mary is convinced that she is the luckiest wife in the world and when you look at Dana, you agree with her. It's—well, a sort of feeling you get that here's a guy you could really go for. A guy that's solid and dependable, and yet terribly exciting. It's an odd combination, and you think about it, and say to yourself that it can't all be there, you must have imagined it. Then you see Dana again, and you think "Gosh, he *does* have everything. No wonder Mary is so happy." And it gives you a pleasant sort of hunch that maybe somewhere in the world is another guy like Dana—for you!

PAZO RELIEVES THE TORTURE OF SIMPLE PILES



Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

How PAZO Ointment Works

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

Special Pile Pipe for Easy Application

PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment!

Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

The Grove Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

Make Any Article GLOW IN THE DARK with Magic New Discovery!



Don't pay big prices for luminous articles. Make your own! Sell at big profit or keep for your pleasure. With our complete outfit, and confidential instructions, it's easy! A stroke of the brush — any article glows in the dark like magic! Lasts indefinitely. Absolutely harmless. Over 100 uses. Use on ties, flowers, jewelry, house numbers, furniture, pictures, statues, toys, etc. Order NOW! Supply limited. Money-back guarantee.

$1.00 Send No Money

Complete LITE-GLO Kit, $1.00! Send name, address, pay postman $1.00 plus postal charges. Send cash. We pay postage.

LITE-GLO Dept. 365-LG Topeka, Kansas

Do YOU Need More SHAPELY CURVES?



If you are too skinny, flat and run down, you can use this safe way to gain attractive pounds and friends and make yourself more desirable. Take Wakita 711 Compound. Full easy directions are on your package. Also eat plenty of good nourishing food. 711 Compound is a special formula for skinny women. It is an excellent hematinic and stimulates the gastric juices for skinny women. Increase your appetite with this special formula and then let your mirror be the best proof. Use it until you are completely satisfied. Write now. Just send your name and address. Pay only $1 plus postage on delivery or mail a dollar and save postage. Write today. You must be absolutely satisfied or your money back!

Wakita, Dept. 33-B, Box 22, Station Y, Bklyn 4, N. Y.

SWEET AND LOVELY

(Continued from page 75)

ing test, not giving it much thought. She was still remembering Sunday in which she had entered another camera contest and had been declared Camera Queen. Contests were affairs she understood and conquered; screen tests were quaint forms of defeat. She wasn't going to let this one bother her, however. Nor those other two if she decided to take them.

She never did. She signed her contract at 20th. And, still dazed after a preparatory lapse of a few months, she was put on a train with a Fox company eastbound to film "Home in Indiana."

Not only was it her first train ride, it was her first trip out of California, and the third long trip of her life.

crain's tour of u. s. . . .

She wrote to Rita, "After the war, if someone should say to you, 'Let's have dinner in London', you'll feel exactly the way I feel about this trip. I'm beginning to feel very worldly and traveled. Now that we're established in this town to make the picture, mobs of girls and boys hang around and ask for autographs. They even ask *me* for autographs. And I give them, even though I know my name doesn't mean much."

Those kids who got Jeanne's "Home In Indiana" autographs are probably shaking hands with themselves twice a day, after having seen the picture.

After "Indiana" Jeanne won the lead in "In The Meantime, Darling," which she didn't like because she can't stand herself in black and white. She likes Technicolor much better and is happy her next, " State Fair," will be rainbow-reeled.

While Jeanne was working in "Victory," director George Cukor remarked one day, "You've shown remarkable progress in a short time, Jeanne. You should begin to study with some good teacher."

The next thing Jeanne knew, she was taking a daily two-hour drama lesson from Madame Ludmilla Pitoeff, formerly one of the great European actresses.

Don't think, though, that contests—or the memory of them—have completely gone out of Jeanne's life. When the Hollywood post office issued the first of the three cent commemorative stamps in honor of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Motion Picture Industry, a representative from each studio was sent to the post office for a ceremony. Each person was given five commemorative stamps, and two "first day" covers. Jeanne took them home with pride to add to her stamp collection.

She told Rita, "Do you realize the last time I bought home stamps for my collection, I won them at school?"

They dragged out the huge album—"Here are the stamps I won in that contest. . . ." Jeanne started to say, then stopped in horror. The stamps were Japanese commemoratives.

Rita saved the situation. "They'll be twice as valuable after the Empire has been licked to a frazzle," she said staunchly.

Jeanne had one more thing to say about the day. "I met one of the prettiest girls in Hollywood," she confided. "Diana Lynn. I thought she was wonderful in 'Our Hearts Were Young and Gay.'"

Rita, a freshman in University, agreed with a sigh. "It must be wonderful to go around, meeting movie stars."

Jeanne nodded. She uttered her final words on her career: "I never thought it would happen to me."

See THE DIFFERENCE! Feel THE DIFFERENCE!



My one cream instantly beautifies your skin — and the "Patch Test" proves it!

See and feel your skin become fresher, clearer, younger-textured!

I don't just SAY that Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream does wonderful things for your skin. I PROVE it—prove it by means of the "Patch Test"!

Just choose a part of your face that is too oily, or too dry—or where you have a few blackheads or big pores. Rub Lady Esther Face Cream on that one part of your face, and wipe it off. Wipe it off *completely*. Then see how that patch of skin takes on new freshness and clarity! Touch it—feel it! Feel how the dry rough flakes are gone!

What happens to that one patch of skin will happen to your *entire face* when you use Lady Esther Face Cream. *For it does the 4 things your skin needs most for beauty!* **(1)** It thoroughly *cleans* your skin. **(2)** *It softens* your skin. **(3)** It helps nature *refine* the pores. **(4)** It leaves a smooth, perfect *base* for powder.

Make the "Patch Test" Tonight!

See *with your own eyes* the difference Lady Esther Face Cream makes in your skin! Make the "Patch Test"—and compare the results with the results you get from any cream you've ever used, regardless of price! The proof's in your own mirror. Make the "Patch Test" and *compare!*









a MONTH is SO SHORT!

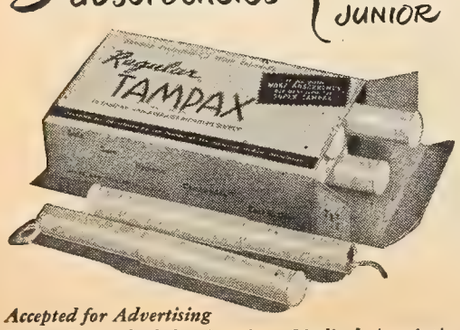
(PITY TO TAKE OUT SEVERAL DAYS)

Yes, it is indeed a nuisance to be bothered several days each month with pins, belts and external pads...Especially when you can join the millions of women who use *Tampax* for sanitary protection. This Tampax is *worn* internally and it absorbs internally, so it can cause no odor, no chafing and no wrinkles or ridges in the clothing.

Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure, long-fiber surgical cotton, compressed into dainty throw-away applicators. Insertion is quick and easy; the hands need not even touch the Tampax ... And when in place the user is actually unaware of its presence!

Tampax is sold in *3 absorbency-sizes* (Regular, Super, Junior), providing a choice for early days and waning days, as well as for varying individual needs. Ask at drug stores, notion counters. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. *Economy* box contains 4 months' average supply... Buy Tampax today—quick to change, easy disposal. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies { REGULAR SUPER JUNIOR



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

JENNY MADE HER MIND UP

(*Continued from page 43*)

don't ask for details of that evening. It was just one great big beautiful daze.

Her father didn't want her to be an actress. She never wanted anything else. As owner of a string of Texas theaters, he had nothing against the stage except it was tough, and he didn't want his only child to have her ears knocked down. She understands that now, because she feels the same way about her own children.

Dad's line used to be, "It's cheaper to hire an actress than to raise one." Jennifer's line was, "I'm not getting any younger." She started giving it to Dad when she was seventeen. Later, she handed Mr. Selznick the same line—

"When am I going to work? Am I *ever* going to work? I'm getting older by the minute—"

"Just cool your heels," he'd say. "We're waiting till the right thing comes along—"

Of course he was right. He's always right. *Bernadette* came along, and "Since You Went Away" and now "Love Letters." It's a beautiful story. Mr. Selznick's lending her and Joe Cotten to Hal Wallis of Paramount for that one—.

cup of kindness . . .

When she's not on a picture, her time's divided between the children and working as a Nurse's Aide. Nursing seemed the best thing she could do for the war effort. Her attitude toward it's professional, not romantic. Men suffer and die, which isn't a happy thing. But it's life, and you don't hide away from life.

Up at 5:45, she stays at the hospital till noon. Till they got to know you, patients feel a little dubious about Nurse's Aides. There's one old man Jennifer won't soon forget. He was pretty grumpy—

"Are you going to bathe me? Well, you don't have to put my head down. Leave my glasses alone. Don't pull the blanket off. You go about this funnier than anyone I ever saw, and I've been here five years—"

She humored him, and the crust began to crack. When he found out later that she was Jennifer Jones, he asked to see her. She hoped he wasn't going to apologize—.

Well, she needn't have worried. It *was* an apology, but the cutest one she'd ever heard. For a minute he looked at her, the way Lionel Barrymore looks in "Dr. Gillespie." "Next time," he said, "you don't have to be so gentle with me. I'm an old desert rat—."

The rest of the day belongs to the children—from lunchtime till she reads them to sleep with their current favorite, Mr. Milne's tale of stout Mr. Edward Bear. They love teddybears above all animals except maybe live dogs. The burning question of the moment is: "Will the new nurse like dogs?" The old one didn't. She said, "Either the dog goes or I go." At the time they needed the nurse more, so J. J.—the dear little cocker spaniel named by Bob after Jennifer's initials—went away. If the new nurse likes dogs, Dad's promised them a new dog who'll never go away—

Jennifer talks simply and without constraint of her happy days with Bob Walker. The only thing she won't talk about is their separation. Both boys look like their father. Robert, the 4-year-old, is an extrovert, friend to all the world. Michael's a year younger and romantic-looking—with long lashes shading Charles Boyer-eyes. Despite these undeniable points, Jennifer worries more about Michael. He's a moody little dreamer, and she's afraid



REDUCE with V-TABS!

Anti-Acid . . . .
Anti-Fatigue . . .
Vitamin Tablets

"Lost 17 lbs. in 14 Days". .

"Lost 17 lbs. in 14 days and feel as good as ever" says Mrs. E. F. "Reduced 15 lbs. and never felt better in my life."—J. V. "Used to wear size 42 . . . now wear a 20."—R. M. "Doing me a world of good. Don't have gas . . . losing weight . . . and more energy."—Mrs. R. S. "Most amazing . . . lost 7 lbs. in 1 week . . . can't thank you enough."—Mrs. L. I. "Lost 14 lbs. and feel so much better . . . don't bloat and have gas."—Mrs. O. K. These are but a few of the many letters in our files. Why don't YOU see what V-Tabs will do for you?

NOT A CATHARTIC

V-Tabs are not a cathartic. They help reduce fat by supplementing your regular diet when taken instead of a heavy lunch, and also tend to take away that abnormal appetite caused by over-acidity or fatigue. If you are overweight, always tired, full of acid and yet like to eat, try V-Tabs. As fatigue and acidity disappear, your normal appetite will return and you will no longer crave the quantities of food that cause the excess fat deposits.

QUICK . . . HARMLESS . . . PLEASANT

With intake curtailed, the body feeds on its own surplus fat, and weight goes down . . . quickly! Mail coupon today with $1.98 and save postage or order C.O.D. plus postage. Take the full month's supply according to directions in the booklet. If not satisfied with results . . . if you do not lose weight and feel better . . . we will refund the cost. Act NOW!
V-TAB CO., Dept. D-13, P. O. Box 205, Times Sq. Sta., N.Y.

MONEY BACK AGREEMENT

V-TABS CO., Dept. D-13,
P. O. Box 205, Times Square Sta., New York

Send me one month's supply of V-TABS (120 tablets)
☐ I enclose $1.98.
☐ I will pay postman $1.98 plus postage.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
No Canadian Orders Please print plainly

Be as BLONDE as You Please!

Lighter, Finer Beauty . . . *Overnight!*
Lighten your hair to the most flattering and glamorous Blonde shade! So easy—economical—just shampoo with Lechler's "569" Hair Lighteners. NO fuss—NO bother—NO brush application. At Drug or Dept. Stores or PIN A ONE DOLLAR BILL to this "ad"—sent by return mail in plain wrapper.
HOUSE OF LECHLER, Dept. 332
560 Broadway New York 12, N. Y.



"The Work I Love"
AND $25 to $35 A WEEK!



"I'm a TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSE, and thankful to CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING for training me, at home, in my spare time, for this well-paid, dignified work."
YOU can become a nurse, too! Thousands of men and women, 18 to 60, have studied this thorough, home-study course. Lessons are easy to understand and high school education not necessary. Many earn as they learn—Mrs. R. W. of Mich. earned $25 a week while still studying. Endorsed by physicians. Easy payments. Trial plan. Uniform and equipment included. 46th year. Write now!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 232, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.
Name_____Age_____
City_____State_____

life may be rough on him. She carries pictures in her wallet, but of course they don't do the boys justice.

At twenty-odd, she feels she's *really* getting old, because she's no longer ashamed to confess her childhood vanities. Chief among them was a longing for brown eyes. Hers *looked* brown sometimes, but sometimes they looked gray or green —especially when she turned toward the light. So, in talking to people, she'd maneuver her face toward the shadows. That went on for years—till somebody said her eyes were nice, even if they weren't brown. "Who wants brown eyes anyway?" she asked her mirror that night. It's a story she'd have blushed to tell until recently.

She was Phylis Isley in those days—Phylis with one l, and she can't think why unless Mother didn't know how to spell. (That's a joke, Mother, in case you should read this.) Maybe brown eyes would have given her more self-confidence, but probably not. There was no special reason for her to be shy, she just was. Certainly her background had nothing to do with it. Home was a happy place—Mother and Dad gave her all the love and encouragement a girl could want, not to mention material things. But Jennifer lacked assurance, except when she was acting. Acting released her. Dad didn't know what he was storing up for himself when he had her take lessons in expression. "Don't make an actress of her," he told the teacher. "I just want her to say little pieces for me and my friends—"

He might as well have said, "Give her wings, but don't let her fly."

It was the same way at school. They moved from Oklahoma City to Dallas to Tulsa. Every time Jennifer changed schools, she'd feel she didn't belong till they put on a play. After that, she was in. At Montecassino, where she boarded for a year, it was awful at first. Her roommate was one of those gay, colorful girls whom everyone loved. For a while Jennifer tried to pattern herself after Betty, but that was a flop—

"What d'you expect?" she'd apostrophize herself scornfully. "You dull, colorless creature, all arms and legs—!" Then she'd soften a little. "Never mind, poor child. Just wait till a play comes along—."

too good to be true . . .

The play always worked wonders—brought her inward assurance and applause from her little world. But when the girls got together and talked about after-school plans and asked Jennifer what *she* was going to do, she'd say, "Oh—get married, I guess, or be a nurse." She could no more have said actress than queen. The goal was too glorious. Who did she think she was, anyway?

To herself, though, she never stopped saying actress. Finally, she started talking to Mother about it. Even to Dad in a kind of experimental way. The experiment didn't take. Because when she came right out with it shortly before graduation, Dad put his foot down.

It was her high school dramatics teacher who precipitated the crisis. "You ought to go to New York to study," she told Jennifer.

"New York's no place for a girl of seventeen," said Dad. "Besides, we thought you were going to Vassar."

That's where shy little Jennifer's foot came down. First, she'd never be able to pass the exams. And even if she could, no more girls' schools for her. If New York was out, she'd go to a co-ed college—

They compromised on Northwestern. At least it had a good speech department. Jennifer joined a sorority, and she must have attended classes, but all that's vague background for one outstanding event. She played *Jessica* in "Merchant of Venice."

Lovely Grace Moore

Star of the Metropolitan Opera Company *says:*

"I never met a charming woman who wasn't also a well-groomed woman. An under-arm deodorant is essential to being well groomed.

"I have used Arrid for years and like it immensely . . . and I notice that Arrid is used by many other friends in the stage, screen and radio world."

Grace Moore



NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT

which Safely helps

STOP *under-arm* **PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN, REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY

39¢ a jar (Plus Tax)

Also 59¢ jars

At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

IT'S HERE! A New SECURITY PLAN



Pays Both HOSPITAL & DOCTOR BILLS

CASH BENEFITS INCLUDE

Hospital Expenses for Accident up to **$540.00**

Hospital Expenses for Sickness (beginning 7th day) up to **$540.00**

Doctor Expenses for Accident up to **$135.00**

Loss of Time from Work up to **$300.00**

Accidental Death **$1000.00**

War Coverage & other valuable benefits.

***Protection in case of* SICKNESS or ACCIDENT**

Here's a real Security Plan ... designed to give the protection you need against expenses resulting from Hospitalization. In case of unexpected sickness or accident ... go to any Hospital in the U.S. or Canada, under any Doctor's care. We pay your expenses in full accordance with Policy provisions.

Individual or Family

You are eligible for this low cost Protection from birth to age 70 ... without Medical Examination. The famous North American Plan is sold direct ... at a saving to you. The Company is under the supervision of the Insurance Department. Sickness and accident strike suddenly ... BE PREPARED! Mail coupon. No Agent will call.

FULL DETAILS FREE!

NORTH AMERICAN MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
Dept. MM5-2, Wilmington, Del.

Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3c A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

David Bruce played *Bassanio*. He's in pictures now. Then, he was merely dreamman of the world to every co-ed on the campus.

Jennifer thought she was good, despite the constructive criticism of a young doctor who was courting her at the time. "If you'd hold your head differently," he complained, "your neck wouldn't look so long. Personally, I *like* long necks, but after all, there's a limit."

"What do necks have to do with acting?" she demanded loftily, and never really forgave him till she met David Bruce in New York a couple of years later.

"You've certainly improved," he said kindly. "Remember that singsong business you gave us at Northwestern?"

How she got to New York was by arguing. One year at college was all she could stand. Why waste her life on liberal arts? What did liberal arts have to do with acting? As long as she wasn't acting, she'd be unhappy, and the years were passing, and she wasn't getting any younger. Other girls started acting at four. Look at Shirley Temple—

juliet on 57th street . . .

"You should have been a lawyer," sighed Dad, and capitulated. He and Mother escorted her to New York, settled her at the Barbizon Hotel for Women, watched her do a scene from "Romeo and Juliet" for the director of the American Academy. She was still up in heaven with *Juliet*, when Dad brought her down to earth with a bang—

"She's never been away from home alone before," he was saying to Mr. Deistel, "and the traffic's pretty heavy around here—"

He couldn't understand why she was so upset. "Juliet!" she kept muttering darkly. "Being led by the hand across 57th Street—"

School was thrilling that first year. There was a boy named Bob Walker, a marvelous actor—all the girls died to have him in their class. So when he was cast as *Browning* to Jennifer's *Elizabeth* in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," her cup ran over. The only bad thing was, he didn't *want* to do it—

"But why not? It's such a wonderful part—"

He wouldn't tell her at first. Not till they got to know each other better. Then one day he broke down. "Because the pants are so tight, and my legs are so skinny," he confessed.

Jennifer went home for the summer. First day she got back, Bob phoned. He wasn't going back to school. He was putting on "Springtime for Henry" at the Cherry Lane Theater down in Greenwich Village—

"But that's almost professional!—Can I work there too?—Then I won't go back to school either—"

The letter, announcing their ewe lamb's decision, brought her parents tearing East. Dad didn't like the sound of Greenwich Village. Nor was he reassured by the sight of it. His daughter coming down there alone! Going home alone at night!

"But I'm *not* going home alone," said Jennifer softly.

So they met Bob and—well, you don't have to spell the words out for Mother and Dad. When a girl's in love, you've got to call her grown-up, even though she still seems a baby to her father. Seeing them off for Tulsa, Jennifer's heart yearned over them like a mother's. "They're resigned, poor darlings—"

When the telegram came, she wasn't so sure—

"Radio station wants you to star in series of dramatic broadcasts. Forty a week. Bring along any actor you like to play opposite. Dad."

BEAUTIFY YOUR BUST LINE (Instantly)



An attractive full Bust Line is a short cut to glamour, poise and self-assurance. If your Bust Line makes you self-conscious, try the new (special up and out) Peach Cupbra. Use it for a week. If you are not delighted, send everything back and your money will be refunded. Write now. SEND NO MONEY. Send only your name and address and size of your old brassiere. (State whether small, medium or heavy.) When you get your Peach Cupbra with direction booklet, pay postman $1.98 (plus postage). (Plain wrapper.) Read your direction booklet and wear your Peach Cupbra for a week. If you are not absolutely delighted with your new lovelier figure, send it back. It is positively guaranteed to please you. Join the hundreds of women who enjoy a lovelier figure with Peach Cupbra. Please print name and address clearly. Write today to **Party Peach Co., Dept. 9B, 72 5th Ave., N. Y. 11, N. Y.**

Be a Designer of Smart Fashions



EARN GOOD INCOME. LEARN AT HOME! Prepare now for thrilling career. **Profitable field.** Originate your own clothes. Many openings with style salons and manufacturers. Or start your own smart shop. **Practical personalized** home study **training** under guidance of skilled Designers and Stylists. Send for free booklet **"A Career in Dress Designing"** and requirements.

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF DRESS DESIGN
1315 S. Michigan Avenue - Dept. 2362 - Chicago, U. S. A.

Write Like This!

Wonderful, new device, guides your hand; corrects your writing in few days. Big improvement in three hours. No failures. **Complete outline FREE.** Write C. J. Ozment, 37 St. Louis, Mo.

Hollywood Locket GIVEN AWAY

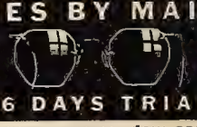


Smart, new yellow gold finish, sweetheart design, Hollywood Locket GIVEN for selling just 10 boxes of our wonderful Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each and returning the money collected. We trust you. Write today giving your name and address for order. Nothing to buy. Premium supplies limited. Don't delay.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. 71-L, Jefferson, Iowa

BUY FROM THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED FIRM IN THE UNITED STATES SELLING EYE GLASSES BY MAIL

GLASSES as LOW as $1.95 PAIR



16 DAYS TRIAL

Choice of the LATEST STYLES—remarkably LOW PRICES. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or your money back. If you are not satisfied—they will not cost you a cent.

SEND NO MONEY Write for FREE catalog today showing all of our many styles and LOW PRICES!

BROKEN GLASSES REPAIRED AT LOW COST

ADVANCE SPECTACLE CO.
537 S. Dearborn St. Dept. MM-2 Chicago, Ill.

Cute, but transparent. Especially the part about bringing an actor along. Jennifer strongly suspected that Mr. and Mrs. Phil Isley would be footing the salary. As an actress of integrity, she really ought to spurn the offer. Before spurning it, she talked it over with Bob. They decided it might be fun. So-o: They went to Tulsa, saved their money, were married the following January and departed for Hollywood to seek their fortune—this time strictly on their own.

Hollywood viewed them with a lackluster eye. They did get a few auditions. Bob wanted them to showcase their talents in "Our Town." Jennifer, convinced she was no ingenue, insisted on Ibsen and, since they'd been married only a couple of months, her word was law. Looking very young and stringy, they offered scenes from "Ghosts," and the agents thought, "Who *are* these characters?" So the charactors took themselves back to New York.

Robert was born, and a year later—Michael. It was the only non-working period of her life that Jennifer didn't regard as a waste of time. Then, as Jennifer prepared to return to work, an obsession hit her.

The obsession was, that she'd been born to play "Claudia". Dorothy McGuire was wonderful, but she could do it, too. David O. Selznick had bought the screen rights. Without being aware of it, he was probably just waiting for Jennifer to come along. She had a Rendezvous with Fate.

MARCH ISSUE

We come and practically go on February 13th. So hie to your dealer in the early a.m. for your March MODERN SCREEN.

Fate's intermediary was Katherine Brown, Mr. Selznick's representative. In New York that summer, they were wearing what amounted to a uniform—black dress, big black hat, black shoes and stockings, black gloves and a string of pearls. Thus arrayed, Jennifer kept an interview appointment. She told Miss Brown how she felt about "Claudia". She wasn't cocky about it, just terribly, terribly earnest—

claudia in soapsuds . . .

"If you're as good as all that—" said Miss Brown, and handed her a scene.

Jennifer was taken by surprise. She made a horrible hash of the scene. She knew it even before Miss Brown said gently, "You know—that was *not* good—"

If she hadn't been so sweet about it, Jennifer might have escaped with dignity. As it was, she burst into bitter tears—

"Never mind," said Miss Brown. "Come back tomorrow and see Mr. Selznick."

Bob was working, and she had to find comfort somewhere, so she fled to Mother's —Mother'd taken a place nearby on Long Island that summer.

"I'm not going back," wept Jennifer.

"Why not, if she asked you to?"

"She was just being nice. She had to get rid of me somehow."

"Maybe you'll change your mind by tomorrow—"

"I'm going to make sure I won't change my mind. I'm going to wash my hair!"

That's what she was doing when the phone rang. "Why aren't you at the Selznick office?"

Funny, how the mere question washed everything else out. Why *wasn't* she there? She must be crazy! The woebegone waif turned into a whirlwind—same clothes as yesterday—only she'd left the big hat and pearls at Mother's—just as well, maybe, not to be so done up—she'd have to blow five

Is faded, coarse, aging "TOP-SKIN" making you unlovely?



Here's Quick Way To Help "Flake Off" Dried-Up Aging Skin Cells To Reveal Underskin In All Its Natural Clear, Blushing Freshness!

This remarkable development in skin culture—Edna Wallace Hopper's White Clay Pack—does truly astounding things for dull, lifeless-looking skin.

And here's why Hopper's White Clay Pack is one of the quickest and most effective ways to help clear away muddy, faded, dried-up skin cells to reveal a top-skin with all its natural clear, blushing freshness.

Look Your Dazzling Best On Short Notice

Just spread this delightful beauty pack over your face and neck. Wash off after 8 minutes. Notice how that tired, faded look seems to vanish. The mild rubefacient or "blushing" action of Hopper's Clay Pack helps give your skin a thrilling glow—a fascinating charm men can't resist.

Use Hopper's White Clay Pack whenever you want to look especially devastating for "him" on short notice—and to help maintain an enviable "top-skin" thruout the years. At all cosmetic counters.



This 'BEAUTY-LIFT' Works Wonders For Face and Neck

Give your face and throat a thrilling 'beauty-lift' with Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream. This super-lubricating cream works wonders. Always press an extra amount of cream over any wrinkles or lines and leave on at least 8 minutes. Use every night. Also an excellent base for make-up.

Edna Wallace **HOPPER'S** WHITE CLAY PACK

"Make-Up" Your Hair

for shining lustre...
a glorious new color effect



TODAY, glamour is up to *you.* Through the modern miracle of hair "make-up," you can capture loveliness and brighten your whole appearance... with sparkling, colorful hair!

No matter what color hair you have, with Marchand's *Make-Up* Hair Rinse you can give it new lights and add an "overtone" of glowing color — *without coloring it permanently!*

So safe, so easy to use at home, this exciting new hair "make-up" helps you achieve the very color effect you want! With it, you can heighten the natural color of your hair... give it a "warmer" or "cooler" tone... even blend little gray streaks in with the original shade! A color chart on the Rinse package shows which of the 12 Marchand shades to use.

After your shampoo, dissolve a package of Marchand's Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Almost instantly, all soap-film vanishes! Your hair is gleaming with new color, softer and easier to manage!

Marchand's Rinse is *absolutely harmless.* Not a bleach—not a permanent dye—it rinses on and washes off as easily as your facial make-up.



Made by the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8 x 10 Inches
on DOUBLE-WEIGHT PAPER

Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture.

Original returned with your enlargement.

57¢

3 for $1.25



SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo, negative or snapshot (any size) and receive your enlargement, guaranteed fadeless, on beautiful **double-weight portrait quality paper.** Pay postman 67c plus postage—or send 59c with order and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer, now. **Send your photos today.**

STANDARD ART STUDIOS
100 East Ohio Street Dept. 1335-B Chicago (11), Ill.

or six dollars on a cab—couldn't wait for the train—took a towel along, and dried her hair all the way in to town—

It was still damp when she took her place among the other girls in Mr. Selznick's office. She couldn't know, as he passed through, that hers was the only face he noted, and that one look was almost enough. She'd been right about one thing. She did have a rendezvous with fate, though its name wasn't "Claudia."

All she knew was, Mr. Selznick was so easy to talk to. Everything came pouring out—next thing, he was talking tests and contracts, and if the tests turned out as he thought, she needn't worry about leaving the family, because he'd want her to spend the next year in New York studying, with the studio paying the bills—

cook's out of order . . .

That's how the fairy tale started. Like all fairy tales, it was hard to believe, and it kept growing more and more fabulous—

"This can't *be,*" gasped Jennifer when he said she was to test for *Bernadette.* And when she got the part. And when she heard her name called for the Academy Award. Such things don't *happen,* she told her whirling brain. But they happened to Jennifer.

By contrast with her exciting professional life, her private life's quiet. That's laziness, says she. It's so much easier to say, "Sorry, I'm busy," than go to a lot of parties. Her own company holds no terrors for her. She likes to walk—takes five-mile strolls after dinner, eating fritos and gingersnaps. Or she'll read—against a musical background. Her natural taste runs toward the popular, but she's exposing herself to classical music—wants to see if her higher nature's developing. It is—in a slow and gradual way. She's beginning to go for Debussy and some of Chopin—

Nothing bores her but detail. She can't bother remembering to have the car greased and, though her book's full of coupons, she's always out of gas. By the same token, she can't cook. As a bride, she tried very hard, but all she had to show for it were dirty dishes and plates full of food they didn't eat. Bob was very kind about it—he'd say to forget it, and they'd go to the corner drugstore to eat.

In New York she loved hats. In California she never wore one till Anita Colby came into her life. Anita's in charge of grooming and fashions for Mr. Selznick. Now she's so Colby-conscious, she'll hardly step into the backyard without a hat on her head, if it's only a tam.

She won't write letters because her handwriting's awful—like a 5-year-old child's. She's also like a 5-year-old child about candy. Things she can't stand are open closets because something might pop out at her, and dripping faucets. About the latter, she's developed a mild form of insanity. First thing after hopping into bed, she starts listening for the drip. Amazing thing is, she always hears it, too!

Lin Yu-Tang thinks there's something wrong with her. Not that she's ever met him—just read in one of his books that something's wrong with you if you don't like to smoke. When the girls at school started smoking, Jennifer didn't. She wanted to be different. Not smoking caused quite a lot of comment. The boys thought it was wonderful. Obviously Lin Yu-Tang didn't, and she has a great admiration for Lin Yu-Tang, so she tried to learn, and that was a flop, too. It made her kind of sick, and the smoke got in her eyes. and she looked pretty silly, holding the cigarette way down there—

On the whole, though, she's doing all right. For a girl who can't smoke and never had brown eyes and practically wasted her life till she was seventeen. . .



Did you ever see a valentine that said— "Roses are red, and your hands are, too?"

USE

Mary Lowell

HAND CREAM

- ★ For red, rough, chapped hands and arms.
- ★ Marvelously effective for hands subject to frequent exposure.
- ★ Ideal for children's arms and legs.
- ★ An excellent powder base.
- ★ Smooth brushless shave or after-shave cream.
- ★ Will not smudge clothing or soil bedding.
- ★ Neither sticky nor greasy.



Jar, 55c plus tax at your beauty shop or cosmetic counter

Also **Mary Lowell DEODORANT**

Subtly scented, effective perspiration retardant. Protects up to three days. Skin-safe. *50c plus tax.*

HOUSE OF LOWELL, Inc., Tipp City, Ohio



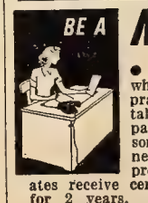
These beautiful matched bridal rings quickly turn courtship into the "real thing." Genuine DIAMOND solitaire with dazzling cut stone Darling, embossed wedding ring, rich with sparkling chip diamonds. Both 10K *solid gold.* Astonishing value. Either ring $5.57 — both for $9.57, plus 20% U.S. Tax. (You save $1.57 by buying both) Examine at our risk. SEND NO MONEY with order; just your name, ring size or string marked with ring size. Pay C.O.D. on arrival and give rings 7 day trial, on MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE Supply limited at these low prices; rush order today.

LaVERE CO., Box 1121, University Place, Des Moines (11), Iowa



ITCH
CHECKED *IN A JIFFY*

Sufferers from the torturing itch caused by eczema, pimples, scales, scabies, athlete's foot, "factory" itch, and other itch troubles are praising cooling, liquid **D. D. D. Prescription.** This time-proved medication—developed by Dr. D. D. Dennis—positively relieves that cruel, burning itch. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes and comforts even the most intense itching in a jiffy. A 35c trial bottle proves its merits or your money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. Prescription.**



MEDICAL SECRETARY
STUDY AT HOME

● Thousands of doctors need secretaries who have had *special* training. With this practical home study course *you* may soon take your place in an interesting, well-paid profession. Easy-to-understand lessons, emphasis on personality and business knowledge. Individual instruction—progress as fast as you are able. Graduates receive certificate, benefit of employment service for 2 years. Easy payments. Send coupon today!

CLEVELAND INSTITUTE FOR MEDICAL SECRETARIES, Inc.
Box A, 10525 Carnegie Avenue, Cleveland 6, Ohio

Please send me free literature and sample lesson page.

Name .....

Address .....

LON McCALLISTER

(*Continued from page 51*)

mother, grandmother and grandfather. Starting life a rich boy, son of wealthy midwest immigrants to California, later Lon was raised in harassed poverty when the Great Depression wiped out his family's fortunes. His mother and father separated. But neither of these childhood tragedies could dim the natural sunshine of Lon's young spirit. He entered and left a dozen different schools as his hard-pressed family moved from one cheap apartment to another, often just one jump ahead of the sheriff. But in every school Lon made friends—and he also made his mark.

When his family found work out Hollywood way, Lon entered LeConte Junior High, an especially movie-wise school. Half the kids there worked in pictures, made money as extras on the side. Eagerly, Lon yearned for this new chance to do his bit as a family breadwinner. Balked at first, his always widespread activities won a break. The Maxwell Choristers, a boys' singing group Lon joined, were summoned by M-G-M to sing in "Romeo and Juliet." At the studio, Lon was the last one picked of a small group to play choir boys in the Norma Shearer Shakespearean special. Riding home on the bus, his head buzzed with excitement because he would get ten dollars every day for five days. To him it was was like fifty thousand.

That was a step on the road to his major ambition—to let his frail mother and elderly grandparents quit work. Another kind of ambition—to be a star himself—was to come later.

too little and too short . . .

From the start, there was something about young Lon McCallister that caught the quick eye of the best Hollywood artists. He was small, it's true, not the type you'd ever tag to stand out in a crowd. But keen eyes invariably spotted something in Lon's face, something unusual about his fresh personality that sparked from his eyes and radiated from his smile. And Hollywood wise men have known since the beginning that what makes great stars is not great acting alone—but a personality that people instinctively like.

Lon had just slipped under the wire for his first job in "Romeo and Juliet"—the last kid to be picked from the Maxwell Choristers. But he was the first one George Cukor chose for a close-up. Norma Shearer, Lon's dream princess, found her smile beaming particularly on the cherub-faced kid in his curled wig, tights and banded blouse. Sometimes she'd stop and chat with him to the other choir kids' huge envy. It was to be that way with Lon always. Stars were instinctively to seek him out among the extras, warm up to him, become friendly, for no particular reason—like Anne Shirley when she made "Stella Dallas," and Lon was a lowly super. Anne found she had the same birthday, April seventeenth, as Lon, and they spent spare hours on the set making plans to form a birthday club.

It was a pure gift, this magnet that Lon had for other talented people. It was unconscious, unplanned and incidentally completely ineffective on those who weren't *simpatico* by nature. Maybe the worst example was much later on when he was playing an extra bit as an elevator operator in Jack Benny's picture, "The Meanest Man in Town." Lon's colossal acting feat in that was to say one word, "Seventeen!" as his car supposedly reached the seventeenth floor. He had to say it in a nasty

"I went from SIZE 40 to SIZE 14"

Loses 55 pounds, gains a sparkling new vitality

says Mrs. Gladys Altmann of Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y.

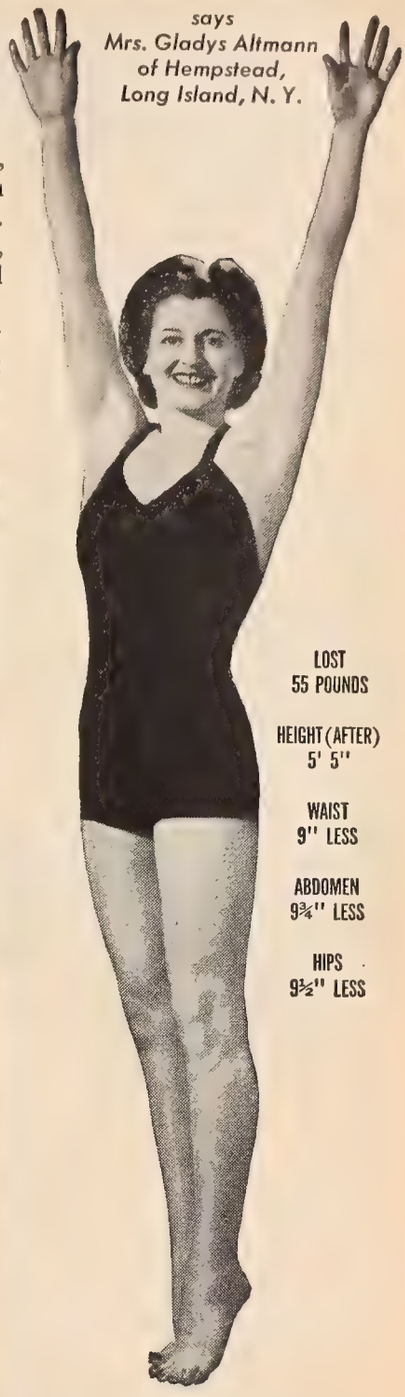
When Gladys Altmann goes into a dress shop today, saleswomen say, "Why, with that lovely figure you can wear anything!" A size 14 fits her perfectly. And yet only a few months ago she took a size 40, weighed 180 pounds and thought she was destined to be "fat for life."

What happened? She enrolled for the DuBarry Success Course and through this new way of living lost 10 pounds the first week. At the end of six weeks she weighed 158, at the end of three months 149, at the end of six months 125!

"What a thrill it was," says Mrs. Altmann, "to watch those scales go down, down, down, and feel my spirits go up, up, up." Now Mrs. Altmann knows the deep, stirring pleasure that comes with hearing the compliments of family and friends. "Through the Success Course," she says, "I lost 55 pounds and an inferiority complex. Best of all, I have the satisfaction of knowing that I need never be fat again."



Before *After*



LOST 55 POUNDS

HEIGHT (AFTER) 5' 5"

WAIST 9" LESS

ABDOMEN 9¾" LESS

HIPS 9½" LESS

HOW ABOUT YOU?

In these days it is important to be at your best, ready for strenuous wartime living. More than 160,000 women have already found the DuBarry Success Course the way to new beauty and vitality. Through the Course you bring your weight and figure proportions to normal, learn to care for your skin and hair, and to use make-up subtly, for glamour. You follow at home the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

When this Course has meant so much to so many, why not use the coupon to find out what it can do for you? Just paste it on a penny postal.

DuBarry Success Course

ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*



With your Course, you receive a Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations.

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON,
Dept. SP-59, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

ACCEPTED FOR ADVERTISING IN PUBLICATIONS OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone No., If any_____ State_____

IT'S NOT SMART TO "FOOL AROUND" WITH LAXATIVES!



Some Laxatives are Too Strong-

It doesn't pay to dose yourself with harsh, bad-tasting laxatives! A medicine that's *too strong* can often leave you feeling worse than before!



Others are Too Mild-

A laxative that's *too mild* to give proper relief is just as unsatisfactory as none at all. A good laxative should work *thoroughly,* yet be kind and gentle!



But— EX-LAX is the Happy Medium!

Try the

"HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

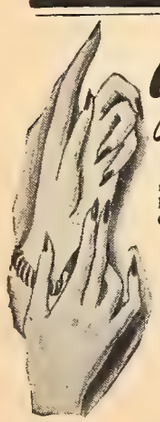
Ex-Lax gives a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is *gentle,* too! It works easily and effectively at the same time! And remember, Ex-Lax *tastes* good — just like fine chocolate! It's America's favorite laxative, as good for children as it is for grown-ups. 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD —

Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle.

As a precaution use only as directed

EX-LAX The Original Chocolated Laxative



Glamour at your FINGERTIPS!

When he fondles your hand and turns it over in his, what does he see? Are your nails exquisitely groomed, glamorous, FLOWERY TREATED?

Get the FLOWERY habit. These manicure products have been standard for more than 30 years. Glamour is right at your fingertips! Simply make regular use of Flowery Emery Boards, Orange Sticks and other aids to beautiful hands. Flowery Emery Boards are 5c, 10c, 15c and 20c for a box of 12. Get Flowery products at leading drug, chain stores, department stores and beauty parlors.

SENT FREE: Color illustrated booklet "Your Hands," crammed full of beauty secrets.

Flowery MANICURE PRODUCTS

Dept. "B," 3636 Park Ave., New York 56, N.Y.

tone of voice, and it wasn't nasty enough to suit the director. He made Lon do it over and over again until the whole set stirred with impatience. Finally, he ordered him away from the camera. "One thing's certain, boy," he raved, "*you'll* never be an actor!"

But after "Romeo and Juliet" there was no burning Hollywood question one way or another about whether Lon McCallister would ever make an actor. Certainly none in busy M-G-M's mind and very little in Lon's. He took his mother to see the premiere of "Romeo" from a fifty-cent seat in the bleachers erected along Peacock Alley where the big stars would parade in. Lon craned his neck eagerly and pointed out to his mother the ones he knew. He finally saw the picture in a little neighborhood theater for twenty cents. His close-up went by so fast he had to sit through three times to remember it.

But the fifty dollars he earned in "Romeo and Juliet" was not forgotten by Bud McCallister—far from it. He had uncovered a treasure trove in Hollywood which could let him play a man-sized part contributing to the family exchequer.

His first "credit," small as it was, made Lon McCallister officially a child actor. He got his picture and description printed in Wells' Casting Book, which studio casting offices gleaned whenever they needed unknown youngsters, bit players, kid extras. Lon knew what riches showered on a kid who clicked. Jane Withers, for instance, had moved from her Sunset Boulevard bungalow court out to an estate in Westwood. But Jane still attended her old church in Hollywood. That's where Lon worshipped, too, and one of his first "dates" was to go out to Jane's house with some Sunday School kids one Sabbath. He noticed how her parents beamed with happiness at Jane's great success. Why couldn't something like that happen to him?

Lon registered at all the casting offices. He had a look-in at Selznick's when "Tom Sawyer" was casting. Lon was even promised a part supporting Tommy Kelly, but the picture dragged out preparing so long, that by the time it started, Lon had grown too big to play it. The same thing, by the way, happened to a girl in that same picture, named Gloria DeHaven.

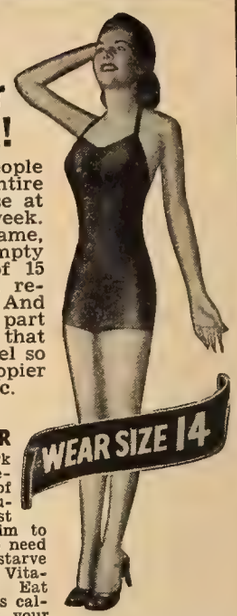
So Lon had to content himself with playing kid extras. He was in most of the early Mickey Rooney, Freddie Bartholomew and Jackie Cooper pictures such as "Lord Jeff," the "Spirit of Culver," "Babes in Arms." He got $8 a day, as a rule, and he worked almost every day. Pretty soon Lon could afford to blow $25 on a tuxedo which qualified him to make the price back in two days at $16.50 as a "dress extra" in kid party scenes. By the time LeConte Junior High was over, Bud McCallister, as casting offices knew Lon, was so busy as a studio extra that the principal of Hollywood High had to lay down the law. "You'll have to give up extra work on week days if you start school here," he told Lon. "You won't have time for both." Lon knew that was impossible. He looked around for another school.

birds of a feather . . .

The Mar-Ken professional school on Franklin and Gower Streets was a hotbed of the Hollywood sub-deb actor group. Lon's school mates were the Mauch Twins, Billy and Bobby, the Dead End Kids, Mary Lee, who was Gene Autry's leading lady and already a star, and who was to win a slice of Lon's puppy love. There was Ray Sperry, Freddie Bartholomew's stand-in, soon to become Lon's best friend. Bobby Breen, Jackie Moran, June Carlson, Gloria DeHaven—all were Mar-Ken kids, plus several others too numerous to mention.

EXCESS FAT

LOSE 5 LBS. or MORE PER WEEK or MONEY BACK!



Most over-fat people who follow the entire Vita-Slym plan lose at least 5 pounds a week. YOU may do the same, or return the empty box at the end of 15 days and we will refund your money. And the most amazing part of the plan is that people say they feel so much better — peppier and more energetic.

PRIVATE PLAN of N. Y. DOCTOR

A well-known New York physician first prescribed this method of reducing for his exclusive clientele. At last we have persuaded him to release it for YOU. No need to over-exercise or starve yourself. Nor are Vita-Slyms a cathartic. Eat plenty of food, but less calories and supplement your meals with Vita-Slyms. They not only contain Vitamins, A, B_1, B_2, C and D Niacin, Amide, Iron Calcium, Phosphorus and Dextrose to make you feel better, but also help take away that abnormal appetite due to low blood sugar.

4 WEEKS' MENUS FREE!

With every box of 75 Tablets and 30 Capsules, we *give* you a convenient chart of menus for one month . . . a time-saving help in planning your meals. Try the Vita-Slym plan for 15 days—see for yourself how quickly you lose weight and how fine you feel. You risk nothing. If not delighted you return the box and we refund your money. But don't delay . . . Act NOW! Mail coupon TODAY! Order C.O.D., or, if you send cash, we pay postage.

VITA-SLYM CO., Dept. M-3, Box 159, Times Square Sta., New York.

MONEY BACK AGREEMENT

Vita-Slym Co., Dept. M-3, Box 159, Times Square Sta., New York.

Send me 15 days' supply of Vita-Slyms (75 Tablets & 30 Capsules) If not delighted with results, you will refund my money.

☐ I will pay postman $1.98 plus postage.

☐ I enclose $1.98. Send postage prepaid.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

No Canadian Orders — Please print plainly

SONG POEMS WANTED

TO BE SET TO MUSIC

Free Examination. Send Your Poems to

J. CHAS. McNEIL

A. B. MASTER OF MUSIC

510-R So. Alexandria Los Angeles 5, Calif.



Easy as A-B-C



If You Can Read English

You can learn to play your favorite instrument

Yes, if you follow our clear home study instructions for only a half hour each day, you should soon be playing simple melodies. Easy as A-B-C! No tedious scales. You learn to play real tunes by note right from the start! Study any instrument you like for *less than 7c a day!* If interested, send for Free Booklet and Print and Picture sample. See how *easy* it is to learn music at home without a teacher.

Mention your favorite instrument.

SUCCESSFUL 47TH YR.

U. S. School of Music, 1442 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

U. S. School of Music, 1442 Brunswick Bldg., N.Y. 10, N.Y.
Please send me Free Booklet and Print and Picture Sample. I would like to play (Name Instrument).

Have you Instrument?.....

Instrument.....

Name.....
(Please Print)

Address.....

Mar-Ken concentrated lessons into a morning so the specialized student body could scurry out afternoons to their singing and dancing lessons, their studio, theater and radio jobs and rehearsals. A professional job was as important as textbooks at Mar-Ken, and if a big break came along, it took precedence. You could make up high school lessons on week-ends or afternoons between jobs. The tuition wasn't high—$10 a month—and Lon could handle that out of the studio jobs that piled up on him.

paging fame . . .

Sometimes he'd have a line to say (and that meant extra money, $25 at least)—as in "Yankee Doodle Dandy" where Lon never even faced the camera but stood on the sidelines and yelled, "Second Act curtain going up! Curtain going up!" Sometimes the line would really be an important bit, like the one that introduced the star in "Gentleman Jim." There, dressed as a bell boy, Lon led the camera around from set to set as he strode through the Olympic Club set crying, "Paging Mr. Corbett—Mister Jim Corbett!" The nearest Lon ever got to a real part in a picture was in "Joe and Ethel Turp Call on the President" at M-G-M. He played his first "character part," a young thief who stole a mail bag. The studio planned to enlarge the sequence with added scenes, and for a while Lon thought he'd get some notice that would boost him up to bigger jobs. But the scene involved Walter Brennan, a Sam Goldwyn star, and Sam happened to be having one of his fights with M-G-M. He called back the star, Brennan, and that ended that.

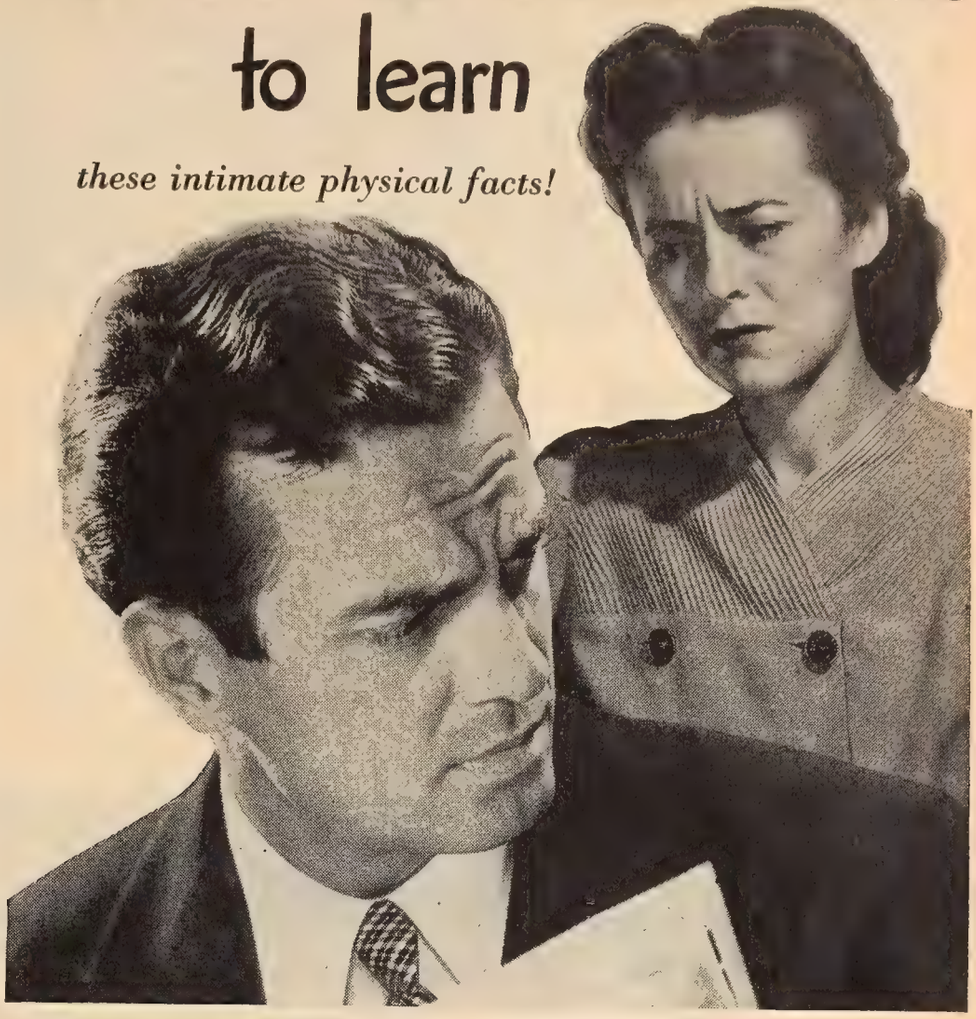
There were lots of disappointments. Once, in particular, he was interviewed along with fifty other young hopefuls for the good part of Jackie Cooper's buddy in a Deanna Durbin picture. On the stage, a smiling, smallish man passed Lon and playfully slapped him on the back. Lon slapped the man right back and noticed that everyone gasped. Turned out to be Joe Pasternak, the picture's producer. He took it good-naturedly, though, and picked Lon as one of the ten boys for consideration. But in the end it was like all the rest. "Looks too young," was the official verdict.

When these exciting moments flopped—as they always did—Lon found he wasn't dismayed. He didn't really care. Fifty-odd pictures he was to play in the extra ranks before his own break came. But in all Lon McCallister's eight years as an extra, never did he become bored or cynical or blasé about Hollywood. Maybe because the studios were never his whole life—but only a means of self-support. Lon had other interests, just as vital and twice as real.

All the time he was acting his age at school and in the few spare hours he had for fun. The first day at Mar-Ken Lon had met Ray Sperry and Betty. One became his firm friend, the other the object of his affections—shared sometimes with Mary Lee. Ray and Lon chased down to the beach after school when they weren't working. They tramped up Mount Hollywood or behind Pasadena to Switzer's Camp for all-day outings. Another chum joined them often, Chuck Trowbridge. Chuck was the brother of a girl who worked with Lon's mother at Dr. Butler's, the Hollywood dentist's. They became a trio, inseparable for the teen-age recreation spots with which Southern California is dotted. They went to the Rollerbowl on Sunset, to the bowling alleys, horseback riding out in the Valley. They worked out together at gymnastics and swimming at the "Y" and Hollywood Athletic Club. They packed off on week-ends in somebody's jalopy to Lake Arrowhead to sail boats or

It's never too late for a wife to learn

these intimate physical facts!



Is something "lacking" in your marriage? Is your husband growing "indifferent" lately? Then don't sit home and brood about it. DO something about it! The fault often lies with the wife herself — her carelessness and neglect of *proper* intimate feminine "cleanliness"—her ignorance of *what* to put in her douche.

Many wives "think" they know and foolishly use old-fashioned, weak, home-made mixtures of their mothers' and grandmothers' time — or over-strong solutions of harmful poisons which may burn, severely irritate and damage delicate tissues—in time may even impair functional activity of the mucous glands.

If only you'd use this *newer* scientific method of douching with *modern* Zonite—how much happier your life might be!

Discovery of a World Famous Surgeon and Renowned Chemist

Your own Doctor will probably tell you no other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to delicate tissues as Zonite—discovery of a world-famous Surgeon and Renowned Chemist.

Zonite actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances, it helps guard against infection—it *instantly* kills all germs it touches. Of course due to anatomical barriers it's not always possible to contact all germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE OF THIS! No germicide kills germs *any faster* or *more thoroughly* than Zonite! It kills all *reachable* living germs and keeps them from multiplying.

Yet Zonite is absolutely safe to delicate tissues. Zonite is one antiseptic germicide you can buy today that is POSITIVELY *non-poisonous, non-caustic, non-irritating, non-burning.* Use Zonite often as you want without the slightest danger.

Buy a bottle of Zonite today from your drugstore — enjoy the advantages of this newer feminine hygiene. Follow label directions.

Zonite
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

FREE!

For Frank Intimate Facts of Newer Feminine Hygiene — mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. 504-A, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and receive enlightening FREE Booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____



3 Main Deodorant Troubles—
WHICH IS YOURS?

"ARMPIT PIMPLES?"
(Due to irritating chemicals)



You don't need to offend your armpits to avoid offending others! A new-type deodorant—Yodora—is made entirely without irritating metallic salts! Actually soothing to normal skins.

CREAM GOES GRAINY?



Now you can end this waste! Yodora never dries and grains. Yodora—because it is made with a cream base—stays smooth as a fine face cream to the last!

TOO STIFF TO SPREAD?



Such creams are outmoded forever by Yodora. Soft, delicate, exquisite—Yodora feels like whipped cream. Amazing—that such a fragrant, lovely cream can give such effective powerful protection.

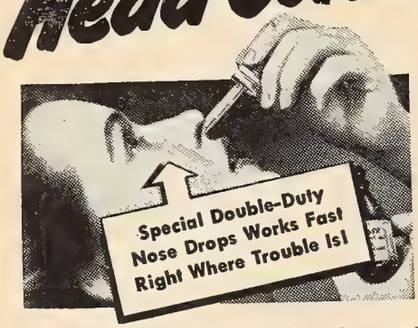
Frankly, we believe you won't even finish your present supply of deodorant once you try *different* Yodora. So much lovelier! Yet you get *powerful protection*. Yodora never fades or rots clothes—has been awarded Seal of Approval of the Better Fabrics Testing Bureau, Inc. In tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢. McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.



YODORA *deodorant cream*

Quickly Relieves Distress of

Sneezy, Stuffy Head Colds



You will like the way a few drops of Va-tro-nol up each nostril promptly, effectively relieve distress of head colds. It soothes irritation, reduces swelling, helps clear cold-clogged nose and makes breathing easier. (NOTE: Also helps prevent many colds from developing if used in time!) Try it! Follow directions in folder.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

paddle canoes on the lake. They got each other out of tight places, as Lon did once when the canoe overturned at Arrowhead, and Ray needed fishing out. And as Ray did when Lon knocked himself out with a shallow dive at Pop's Willow Lake, a favorite resort of theirs in the hills behind Hollywood. (Lon was later to duplicate that accident, almost exactly, in "Home in Indiana.") Jack Sennett, a Mar-Ken boy, was another of Lon's pals, and usually along. Chuck and Jack are both in the South Pacific now, hunting Japs, and Ray is a defense worker at Lockheed. They're still as thick as thieves, because once Lon makes a friend he never lets him go.

hang-dog puppy love . . .

No wonder Lon was popular wherever he went. Although plainly he was no typical extra, the other extras and the stars, too, found themselves liking Lon. Once on a Henry Aldrich picture his birthday came around. Lon was just an extra, member of the mob scene. But suddenly, in the middle afternoon, the director called a halt, and the whole gang, camera crew, other extras, director and stars, broke into "Happy Birthday" and pulled out a cake and ice cream. That doesn't happen often to a mere extra. At Mar-Ken, Lon was voted vice-president of his class while his girl friend, Betty, was named president. They had an election at school, and Lon carried off the "most popular boy" title while Betty was named "most popular girl."

Somehow, it seemed Lon had been thrown with Betty from the day he started Mar-Ken. So naturally she became his first sweetheart. She's happily married now, so she can laugh with Lon at his first serious encounter with puppy love.

It happened on Betty's birthday party which the gang decided to celebrate with a hayride out in the San Fernando Valley. All of Lon's gang at Mar-Ken were along, plumped down in the soft hay, looking up at a round, creamy California moon. The night was warm, and the orange groves gave out with a perfume. The build-up was perfect. Lon found himself leaning nearer to beautiful Betty. But he didn't know what to do from then on. Finally he summoned up his courage and in a wavering voice, croaked, "Betty, may I kiss you—on your birthday?"

Only Lon happened to strike one of those twenty-minutes-after moments of dead silence. Everybody on the ride heard him, and in the roar of laughs and razzes Lon turned scarlet. They kidded him for days about the "romantic moment" he could tell interviewers about when he became a star. Becoming a star was part of the rib, of course.

Lon liked to dance and to run around to Hollywood's young set fun spots. He passed through a typically hey-hey period—wore loud Hawaiian shirts, spouted slang, raced around in other kids' jalopies and swilled Pepsis. Most of all he liked to walk hand in hand with his girl down Hollywood Boulevard, the glittery, tawdry alley that is still romantic to Lon, and window shop, dropping in Brown's ice cream parlor for a hot fudge sundae or sipping a jumbo malt at the Melody Lane. But he had his serious side, too, always. The bookworm habit he'd acquired as a lonely kid stuck. Still moving around, Lon's family landed in an apartment at Santa Monica Boulevard and Vine Street, right near the John C. Fremont Public Library. Many a spare afternoon when he had his choice between books and some outing with Ray and the gang, Lon chose the library.

Particularly he liked poetry. Lon had composed the class poems for graduation

at Junior High, and he was to be class poet at Mar-Ken, too. He was always to nurture a secret ambition to write, one he still has. Lon buried himself for hours in the volumes of D. H. Lawrence, Robert Frost, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Archibald MacLeish and Walt Whitman. Nor did he neglect the spiritual side of his young life. Grandmother Hocking taught Sunday school wherever the family happened to move, and Lon, growing into his own age of reason, decided to sample all religions. One Sunday he'd attend the Christian Church in Hollywood, the next the Presbyterian and the next the Blessed Sacrament Catholic church. He joined and soon became president of the Vacation Bible Club, and one summer he joined their summer camp up in the mountains.

Lon was never embarrassed, as most kids would have been, by this strong spiritual side of his life. At one time he even considered training to be a minister or a missionary. Nor did he see anything inconsistent in staying a clean, wholesome youth, and at the same time making his living as a studio extra. Most of his pals smoked and occasionally experimented with alcohol, but Lon just wasn't interested. He could laugh at a joke and have a swell time with the girls, but he never came near becoming a juvenile wolf. He has never seen any reason to abandon his high personal ideals, even though the direction of his life's work steered a new course during two hours he spent in a Hollywood Boulevard movie house.

One day Lon walked into the old Egyptian Theater with some of the gang just to see a movie. He'd heard "A Star is Born" was good—the touching film story of a little Hollywood extra girl. He sat in the dark theater, in the place where once Sid Grauman's premieres had packed in the great stars of another Hollywood era. He watched Janet Gaynor in her great comeback bring to life the realities of a star's life in Hollywood. Breathless, Lon watched the little extra girl marry the great star, pass him in the struggle, try to hold his love against his own destroying pride. To Lon, Fredric March and Janet Gaynor were real people. What they made him feel by their acting, he suddenly recognized as great art and a worthy goal. If he could only do that—make people feel something deep inside. It would be—like—like preaching in a way.

Lon walked out of the Egyptian strangely silent while the rest of the kids chattered away. He strolled over to Brown's for the usual fudge sundae, but he didn't say much. They knew something was wrong. "Come on, Bud, snap out of it."

Lon smiled, tried to shake off the spell. 'Sorry, fellows," he said, "Gosh, that was a swell picture!"

"Yeah. That's Academy."

"I'm going to be a star some day," Lon suddenly blurted out fiercely. "I'm going to do pictures that—make people feel like I feel now. I don't care how long it takes. I don't care what I've got to learn. That's what I'm going to be now, I know it. An actor. And I'm going to live at Malibu, in a house by the ocean." He grinned happily. "Think I'm crazy, don't you?"

They laughed, "Not any crazier than every other crazy extra," somebody said.

VAN JOHNSON'S CUTE

So are those sailor's babies you help feed through our NAA Fund. You can get Van's *autograph* plus 155 others if you turn to page 62.



Have lovely, smooth cuticle without any cutting. Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover quickly softens dead cuticle, so you can wipe it off with a towel. You'll love the "professional" look it gives your nails. Wonderful for cleaning under nail tips, and removing stains. Only 10¢, or 35¢ (plus 20% Federal tax).



CUTEX

The choice of more women than all other cuticle removers combined

ADVERTISEMENT



"There ya' go again, Johnson—always thinking of a post-war job."



to Set His Heart on Fire

"All women are fair by candlelight," runs an old saying . . . and in the golden aura that spreads from tall and graceful Taperlites, your beauty will become lovelier, warmer, more sweetly appealing.

Because candles are important to your appearance and to the decorative effect of your table, buy only Taperlites. They are definitely superior to most . . . in shape and grace and color . . . in longer burning . . . and in freedom from smoking and dripping. They will not tip—the FIRM-FIT end holds them proudly erect.

At department, drug, housewares, grocery and gift stores.

● Write for free "Guide to Lovelier Table Settings."



Taperlite by

WILL & BAUMER CANDLE CO., INC.
802 Liverpool Rd., Syracuse, N. Y.
Candle Makers Since 1855

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

FIT... WITHOUT ELASTIC

Pedees cling to *every* curve of your feet...yet there's *NO* irritating, binding elastic. With or without stockings they cushion your feet. and absorb perspiration. Perfect with every shoe style, for they're practically invisible. Get *genuine Pedees!*

Pedees
REG U S PAT OFF



NOW 25c PAIR
At Leading Stores

HERBERT HOSIERY MILLS, INC.
Norristown, Pa.

"They all say that."

Lon laughed, too. But he said stubbornly, "You'll see!" He wondered himself if maybe he was a little touched.

Until now Lon had never exposed himself to much instruction in the fundamentals of acting. Now he began to hang around behind the camera crew and creep up close, watching the stars do what they did and listening to the director instruct them. From now on every extra job turned out to be a lesson in screen dramatic technique. But Lon wasn't satisfied. He enrolled in his spare hours with Mrs. Josephine Dillon Gable, famous dramatic coach of Hollywood.

And there was an even more practical school for voice and dramatic reading—one that paid off in checks, right up the street from Lon's apartment at Santa Monica and Vine—the Hollywood broadcasting studios, CBS and NBC. Radio had moved big shows from New York to Hollywood by then; Hollywood-originated shows crowded the air. In his browsings around the John C. Fremont library, Lon had run onto the published radio writings of Norman Corwin, and they clicked with him. Until then all radio had meant to him was a portable to take to the beach and tune in on Benny Goodman.

ridin' the waves . . .

Lon took a brief course in radio technique and acting from a Hollywood radio school. Then he haunted the studios and the agency offices which put on the coast-to-coast shows. He had another reason to push him in his job hunt. After years of working beyond the capacity of her frail body, Madaleine Hocking had suffered a physical breakdown, mostly exhaustion and nervous depletion, the doctor said—but she mustn't work for a long time. Lon thanked his lucky stars he was a money-maker now. But he knew he had to make more.

His ether debut wasn't very grand and glorious. Lon was a grocery clerk selling soup behind a counter in a commercial with Bill Hay, the announcer of the Amos 'n' Andy program. On a Lux Theater show he was an elevator boy, just as he'd been in pictures, shouting a floor to start a show with Myrna Loy and William Powell, right after Cecil B. DeMille said, "on with the show." On the Screen Guild Show he was a newsboy, hawking papers while the mike faded him out. But, as he had on the sets, Lon kept his eyes open and his ears cocked.

As he had at the studios, Bud McCallister became a popular little guy along Radio Row. Producers liked his alert brightness. He never made fluffs. He was always prompt at rehearsals. His likeable personality was to pay off when he had a favor to ask.

That time came soon. The spring of his seventeenth birthday, Lon graduated from Mar-Ken. He was valedictorian of his class, and he delivered the graduation speech at commencement in the Beverly Hills Hotel. Lon's subject was "Tolerance," a subject he believed in. That night Lon lay awake a long time in his room with the light on, staring at the ceiling and thinking "What next?" He knew he wanted a college education, and by now he felt confident he could earn one. But why? He didn't want to study for any profession. You couldn't learn to be an actor at any college. Still he knew he would never be content to break off the academic learning, the learning that would make him appreciate the larger life he already thirsted for.

Next morning Lon talked it over with his mother and grandmother. He told them he wanted to go on to college, but, sensibly enough, he thought he was too young to appreciate college. He was seventeen.

GUARD YOUR NAILS WITH SEAL-COTE



Busy hands deserve protection for beauty's sake. More and more smart women are finding SEAL-COTE an amazing beauty aid. SEAL-COTE protects the nails and the polish — adds lustre! Make your manicures last longer—"SEAL-COTE your nails today and every day."

SEAL-COTE
25c at Cosmetic Counters

SAVE as never before!
Genuine Fine-Cut
DIAMONDS



Not chips, but genuine, fine-cut sparkling diamonds poised in superbly styled 14 kt. solid gold settings! At amazingly low prices made possible only by our wholesale diamond connections. Engagement rings, handsome men's rings, men's and women's matching wedding rings. Don't miss this chance to SAVE!

Write today for **FREE** *illustrated booklet*

BOND DIAMOND CO. Dept. M 7
562 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

WHOLESALE DIAMOND DEALERS SINCE 1887



WOMEN—Earn Money
Sell TRU-FIT HOSIERY
Write for Outfit and Stocking FREE!

Make money, build steady business, prepare for return of NYLON HOSIERY by taking orders now from friends for **Tru-Fit Rayon Hosiery.** Sensational Customer-Fit Service provides exact leg-pattern for every type customer. Your personal hose FREE AS SALES BONUS. Outfit and sample stocking FREE. Write

AMERICAN HOSIERY MILLS
Dept. G-205, Indianapolis 7, Ind.

PREPARE FOR nylon

LEARN NURSING AT HOME



High School not necessary. No age limit. Send for FREE "Nursing Facts" and sample lesson pages. Earn while learning. Act now!

Post Graduate Hospital School of Nursing
125 N. Wacker Drive Chicago 6, Illinois

PRETTY LEGS



BEAUTIFY CONTOURS, EASILY, QUICKLY!

New, lovely proportions for your legs: hips, thighs, calves, ankles, etc.—in this healthful, new, astonishingly easy way. **Only a few minutes per day in your own home.**

EFFECTIVE, LASTING RESULTS!
Used successfully by hundreds of smart women everywhere.

WRITE FOR FREE LITERATURE TODAY!
Surprise everyone: get started now, without obligation, by mailing coupon immediately to

ADRIENNE
915 SHREVE BLDG., Salon H. SAN FRANCISCO, 8, CAL.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....

Loses 40 lbs. Listening to Music



"In 3 months I lost 40 lbs. Now I weigh 125 lbs.," says Mrs. B. Blazek, Chicago.

Without Starvation Diets or Drugs

Give me just 7 days and I'll prove *free of cost* that I can help you take off 10, 20—yes, 40 or 50 pounds of excess weight. Banish "Spare tire" waistline, reduce bulging hips. Reproportion your figure to slender, attractive lines. Once you are reduced, you can wear clothes many sizes smaller.

"GET THIN TO MUSIC"

with WALLACE REDUCING RECORDS



It's fun to reduce this new, easy way. My method works hand in hand with nature. That's why it brings such gratifying results. You'll feel better the first day, and thrill to noticeable results the first week! Here's my amazing offer to you. I'll take all the risk, if you'll make the test.



WALLACE
Creator of "Get Thin to Music" Radio Program

FREE on 7 days' trial

Don't send a penny. Simply mail coupon. By return mail, postage prepaid, I'll send you my reducing phonograph record and lesson on 7 days' FREE trial. Sent in plain wrapper. This offer is open only to women over 18 years of age. No obligation. Address

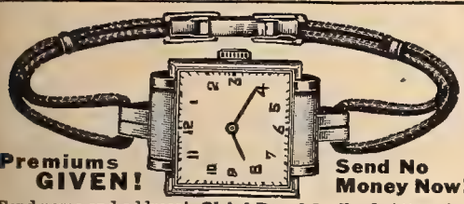
WALLACE Records, Suite 910,
154 E. Erie St., Chicago 11, Ill.

WALLACE, Suite 910
154 E. Erie St., Chicago 11, Ill.

Please send me free and postpaid the reducing record for 7 days' free trial. This does not obligate me in any way. I am over 18.

Name_____

Address _____



Premiums GIVEN! **Send No Money Now!**

Send name and address! **Girls! Boys! Ladies!** Attractive Wrist Watches with face about size of a dime, rings, jewelry; other personal and household premiums or **CASH COMMISSION** easily yours! **SIMPLY give** colorful pictures with **White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE** for chaps and mild burns sold to friends at 25c a box (with popular picture) and remit amounts stated for premium wanted, as explained in catalog sent with order, postage paid by us. Our 50th year. Write for trial order of salve and pictures on trust to start.
WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. 10-50 TYRONE, PA.

PICTURE RING $1.



Made from Any Photo or Picture! SEND NO MONEY!

Exquisite Onyx-like Picture Ring—made from any photo. **Send No Money!** Mail photo with paper strip for ring size. Pay postman only $1.00 plus postage. Hand tinted 25c extra. Photo returned with ring. Money back guarantee. Send photo and ring size now.
PORTRAIT RING CO., Dept. E 25 CINCINNATI, O.

Help Kidneys If Back Aches

Do you feel older than you are or suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, scanty or frequent passages? If so, remember that your Kidneys are vital to your health and that these symptoms may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles—in such cases Cystex (a physician's prescription) usually gives prompt and joyous relief by helping the Kidneys flush out poisonous excess acids and wastes. Get Cystex from your druggist today. Take it exactly as directed and see the results in your own particular case. Under our guarantee unless completely satisfied you simply return the empty package and get your money back. So get Cystex today. Three guaranteed sizes: **Only 35c, 75c, $1.50** at your druggist.

Cystex Helps Flush Kidneys

He'd lived a life bound close to Hollywood. What he really thought he should do was see something of the world. If he ever wanted to act, he must broaden himself. "Mother," he said suddenly, "I think I'll go to New York."

But before he left for the East, he attended classes at L. A. City College and then quit after six weeks because they didn't teach him the things he wanted to learn. The rest of that autumn and the next spring he worked to finance the coming trip. New York is the Big League, and Lon knew it. As his own high school graduation gift he had made a down payment on a Chevrolet—typically Lon, buying it more for the enjoyment of his mother and grandparents than himself. There were the payments. There were the Radio Actor's Guild dues, too. His mother was over her illness now but not ready to resume her job. Things had been slow that year both at the studios and along Radio Row. Just the same, Lon made his plans.

Lon's dramatic lessons paid off. Up until that summer the highest check Lon had received was $66 one week for a bit part with Deanna Durbin in "That Certain Age." Now, out of the blue, came another bit in another Henry Aldrich picture at the fabulous salary of $100 a week, and it lasted seven weeks! There was a stake. Now to find a way to earn his freight.

Lon had an idea. A simple one, it's true, one a more experienced actor would have scorned for its simplicity. He canvassed all the producers of Hollywood radio shows he'd worked in. Because they liked him, they wrote letters recommending him as an experienced radio actor, although at that time Lon knew he was really just a radio extra. He pasted these all in an impressive book. It would be his "open sesame" to Radio City in New York.

But Lon had no fears. He found a friend who was driving East to take a job. New York was a wonderland to Lon. He saw a show every spare night from then on, buying standing room. And as Lon alone knew it would, his book of letters opened the gates of Radio City. He got a job right away.

penny-pinching wonderland . . .

His Hollywood list of shows was impressive—Lux Theater, Guild Show, Silver Theater. Lon found himself in the Big Time, with far better radio chances than he'd ever had in Hollywood. On "Pursuit of Happiness," the Campbell Playhouse and other coast-to-coasters, he handled small roles easily. In a few weeks Lon could write home for his mother to come on and join him. They took a small apartment in Greenwich Village, on University Place, and to Lon McCallister in his eighteenth year, one of his greatest dreams had come true. He was bringing happiness to his folks who had done so much for him. The temptation was strong to stay on and carve a permanent place for himself in Radio City while he sopped up the marvels of acting on Broadway. In those months he grew up several years in dramatic appreciation and with growth came confidence. "I can do it, too," he promised himself. "I can be an actor as well as anybody else. I know it."

But there were a couple of items coming up—college and money. His trip had expanded into more expense than he had planned. The $700 stake he started with was melting fast. There was barely enough left to buy coach seats to Illinois and meet Grandfather and Grandmother Hocking and then drive back home—to Hollywood. Lon came back home broke again—and he must start college that fall—or he'd never start, he knew that.

SCALP ODOR— Not you?



YOUR HAT HAS THE *inside story*

It's so easy to have scalp odor—*and not know it!* But if you want the real truth as to whether *you* offend, just consult your hat.

Your scalp perspires, you know—just as your skin does. But with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo at hand, you needn't risk offending with scalp odor. There's pure, medicinal pine tar in this gentle, thorough shampoo. The delicate pine scent does its work, then disappears. Oily hair, which so quickly collects unpleasant odors, particularly benefits from Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo.

Don't take a chance. Assure yourself soft, lustrous hair . . . a clean, fresh scalp. Get Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo today at any drug, department or ten-cent store.

PACKER'S *Pine Tar* SHAMPOO



MOVIE STARS PHOTOS

12 for only $1.00

Thrill to the exciting glamour of your favorite screen stars. Special, individually posed, glossy photos. Latest shots. Most complete assortment. Order today.



JUNE ALLYSON
MGM Star In
"Music For Millions"

FREE! Catalog of over 200 fascinating miniature photos with each order. (To avoid delay indicate 2nd choice.)

Also STUNNING PIN-UP PHOTOS - 12 for $1.00

GLAMOR-TONE PHOTO SERVICE
1233 Sixth Avenue, Dept. E-2, New York 19, N. Y.

REDUCE FAT

Pounds Off Hips, Etc. Positively Safe, Easy

Science now shows that most fat people don't have to remain overweight any longer. Except a comparatively few cases, every one of these thousands of persons can now reduce quickly and safely—without unwarranted exercise, discomfort or diets.



REDUCE Chin, Neck, Abdomen, Arms, Hips, Thighs, Calves, Ankles

Something New & Quick

Are you one of these thousands, most of whom have tried to reduce by following food fads, menus, etc.—and failed? If you are, here's something new, what modern science has discovered on reducing foods, drugs and devices. Here's how you can reduce scientifically, with new health and attractiveness—and without unnecessary exercise, dieting, massage, etc.

Simple Directions Guaranteed Harmless

The "Complete Weight Reducer," a wonderful new book, has just published these marvelous reducing revelations. No matter how overweight you may be from non-glandular dysfunctions, these measures will help slim you considerably in a few short weeks. Just follow the simple directions on general reducing and spot reducing on abdomen, double chin, hips, neck, thighs, arms, legs, etc., at once and your reducible pounds and inches of excess fat will go down, down, down . . . until you soon feel like a different person, with new pep and popularity.

Endorsed In Medical Journals

Illinois Medical Journal says: "Can be used quickly and easily." **Michigan State Medical Journal** says: "Gives positive advice and instructions." **Medical World** says: "Should be read from cover to cover before starting any treatment." **Mississippi Valley Medical Journal** says: "Physicians can recommend to their overweight patients."

Also praised by many editors and columnists all over U.S.A.

Send No Money—Examine It FREE



HARVEST HOUSE, Dept. B-675
363 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me at once in plain package, for 5 days free examination, the COMPLETE WEIGHT REDUCER. When it arrives, I will deposit $1.98 plus postage with the postman. If within 5 days of following its simple reducing instructions, I am not completely satisfied, I may return it and you will refund my full deposit of $1.98. Otherwise, I will keep it and the deposit will be considered payment in full.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

☐ Check here if you want to save postage by enclosing $1.98 now. Same refund guarantee.

Canadian orders, $2.50 in advance

Lon did. He tackled both the studios and Radio Row again. He stirred up extra calls and uncovered the best radio role he had yet had. Bob Hope was off the air. A summer show, "A Date With Judy," was set to take his place. With his Radio City record, Lon snagged the part of Judy's boy friend. It was worth $55 a week, and it lasted all summer. The folks went back to work, and Lon piled up his salary. When school opened, he was all set. With the extra work and occasional radio calls, he could make it.

He entered Chapman College, a small church-endowed school few people have ever heard of. Mostly ministers' sons went there, studying to be reverends or missionaries. Lon wanted a larger life out of his college education. He always had a theological, philosophical turn to his nature. Okay. He would separate acting entirely from his curriculum. He would try to find out what life was all about from a spiritual view.

He would join the "divines" at Chapman. He went straight in to see the president, Dr. Cheverton. Lon laid his case before him. He was an actor, a movie extra, a radio player. He would have to keep working to stay in college. He might have to be absent from classes, rush from his make-up kit to his desk. But he wanted a sound education along with his work. Would it be possible for him to do it at Chapman?

Dr. Cheverton was an understanding man. "I'll admit I'm surprised," he said. "We've never had an actor here before. But that's the reason I'm all the more interested in you."

Lon started his college course with The Life and Teachings of Jesus, English, Man of the Western World (history) and Beginnings of Philosophy.

At first, in Lon's words, he "felt like a devil in a flock of angels," at Chapman. And, conversely, he felt like an angel in a flock of—well—not exactly angels on the studio sets. But then, they'd long ago tagged him "the angel extra" because of his innocent way and youthful, cherubic face. Now, lugging his Bible to every set, Lon lived up to his studio nickname. He had no time to waste, and every extra has plenty of spare hours waiting around sets between scene and script changes.

Lon made life-long bosom pals, as he had at MarKen. He joined a fraternity, Phi Alpha Chi. It had only thirteen members, it wasn't a big national, the brothers were all poor. So poor, in fact, that the frat existed without dues. Alpha Chi's "fraternity house" was the room Lon shared with his best college chum, Ben Bohnhorst. Ben was president, and Lon was secretary. The room was at Chapman's new quarters in Whittier, a town near Los Angeles, where Lon became a boarding student. The Navy had taken over the old campus on Vermont Avenue. Because suddenly, unbelievably, tragically, something had happened which was to change the lives not only of Chapman College students, but of every young man capable of bearing arms—Lon McCallister included.

He had been on a Catalina Island excursion boat that Sunday. Banners on the squat, white boat announced, "In all the world no trip like this." The scat band tooted away with "Avalon," and the blue channel waters parted with white foam and startled flying fish.

Eagerly, he watched the prow head into the dock at the storied bay of Avalon. But the gang of Islanders who usually line the piers to razz incoming vacationers were strangely absent. People seemed to be running around the pier in anything but a lazy holiday mood. Just then a loudspeaker aboard called, "Attention—all passengers! Attention all passengers!" Came

BLONDES

All Ages... All Shades



New 11-Minute Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter Safely

This special shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded blonde hair. Called Blondex, its rich cleansing lather instantly removes the dingy film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair lustrous highlights. Safe for children. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and dept. stores.



FOAMY MEDICATION...

Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Soap is a *special* soap containing the same costly medication as 104 year proved Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Ointment. Whip up the rich cleansing, *FOAMY MEDICATION* with finger tips, washcloth or brush and allow to remain on 3 minutes. Amazingly quick results come to many skins, afflicted with pimples, blackheads, itching of eczema, and rashes externally caused that need the scientific hygiene action of Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Soap. For your youth-clear, soft loveliness, give your skin this luxurious 3 minute foamy medication-treatment. At toiletry counters everywhere 25c or from E. T. Browne Drug Company, 127 Water St., New York 5, N. Y.

RHEUMATISM

• ARTHRITIS - NEURITIS •

Get Mendenhall's Number 40 from your druggist or by mail postpaid for $1.25. Money back if first bottle fails to satisfy.

J. C. MENDENHALL MEDICINE CO.
Dept. 154 - - Evansville, Indiana



BUNIONS

QUICK PAIN RELIEF

Fairyfoot quickly relieves terrible stinging itching bunion pains . . . Swelling goes down. — No special shoes. Apply soothing **Fairyfoot** and get blessed relief quickly.

FREE SAMPLE.—Write Today! It's Free. No cost to you.

FAIRYFOOT, 1223 So. Wabash, Dept. 2712 CHICAGO 5, ILLINOIS

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST



Use **DERMOIL**

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and **Dermoil** with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent **FREE.** Write for it.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. **Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c** (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. **Write today** for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. **Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores** and other leading Druggists. **LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547 Northwestern Station, Dept. 6409, Detroit 4, Mich.**

the fateful words, "The Japanese are bombing Pearl Harbor. We are at war with Japan. Enemy submarines are probably in these waters. We are returning to port immediately."

The band switched from "Avalon" to the proud strains of "The Star Spangled Banner." Lon and the other vacationers came solemnly to attention. On the way back, gray Coast Guard cutters churned the channel anxiously. At San Pedro they lifted the submarine net to let the excursion steamer in.

home-front g.i. . . .

Lon knew what war meant to him. Eventually, he would be in uniform. The official news came—"Carry on whatever you are doing." Unless they had military training, students were advised to remain at their studies until the Army knew what was what, and selective service got organized. Lon returned to his Chapman classes. He knew what war eventually would mean to his generation—a fight. But there was no way Lon could foretell that indirectly it would also break the way, suddenly, dramatically, to the acting opportunity he had never dreamed of arriving for years to come.

The Chapman students got a day off to help the labor-shy grove owners harvest their orange crop. Lon played hookey. Instead of picking oranges he hurried to Hollywood. His agent—he had one now—had called the night before to tell him about the picture Sol Lesser was starting to cast. "There's a tailor-made part for you, Lon," he said. "I've arranged an interview with Lesser tomorrow. Get in here, if you have to walk!"

For the first time in his life, Lon had a hunch. "This is it," he told himself. Everything added up. "California"—the part his agent said was a young West Coast kid, naive, unsophisticated, angelic, a kid who'd never kissed a girl. That was funny. If anybody was a California kid, it was himself. How many times had he been razzed about his boyish, naive looks and manner? Didn't they call him "the angel extra?" As for kissing a girl—Lon remembered his "romantic moment" on the hayride. He never had kissed Betty. Lon guessed he about filled the bill.

So did Producer Sol Lesser and the director who walked in during the interview, observed Lon silently and strolled out. After Lon left, Frank Borzage was to come back and say, "That boy has a rare personality. He could be a star. I'd like to do Dick Barthelmess' old hit, 'Tolable David,' with him."

Lon didn't know about that, of course. All he knew was what they told him. "You certainly have the looks for 'California.' But we'll have to test you. We'll call you." Then they added the line Lon had heard, oh a hundred times before in his young life. "Don't you call us!"

He wasn't cynical about that. Now, particularly, when Lon felt the way he did, there wasn't room for any feeling but confidence. He took the script home and read it to his mother and Grandmother Hocking. He took it on over to Whittier and tried it out on his roommates. They caught his enthusiasm. It became a kind of Phi Alpha Chi crusade.

At fraternity meeting the phone rang. It was Lon's mother. "You have a test this Friday," she told him. A test! In all his six years as an extra, in all the fifty-odd movies he'd made, Lon had never actually come to the point of an actual camera test. You can't call a guy an extra when they test him for leading parts. He's an actor then, any way you look at it, Lon exulted. Friday was four days off. That same night Lon caught the worst cold he'd had since a case of childhood pneu-

FREE! ENLARGEMENT OF YOUR FAVORITE PHOTO





JUST TO GET ACQUAINTED! WE WILL MAKE YOU A BEAUTIFUL 5 x 7 ENLARGEMENT OF ANY SNAPSHOT, PHOTO, OR NEGATIVE ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Be sure to include color of hair, eyes and clothing, and get Our Bargain Offer for having your enlargement beautifully hand colored in oil and mounted in a handsome frame. Limit 2 to a customer. Please enclose 10c each for handling and mailing the enlargements. Originals returned. Be sure to include all information. Act Now!

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS • 7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.

MAIL TODAY

LOOK THRU YOUR ALBUM SELECT YOUR FAVORITE SNAPSHOTS

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. 547

7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.

Enclosed find _____ snapshot or negative. [specify number, limit 2]

Please make _____ free enlargements. [specify number, limit 2]

Handling and Mailing charge of 10c each is enclosed

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zone _____

Fill out description below. Mark back of picture 1 & 2

COLOR - Picture No. 1

Hair _____

Eyes _____

Clothing _____

COLOR - Picture No. 2

Hair _____

Eyes _____

Clothing _____

NEW Beautiful TRUE-LOVE BRACELET



Sterling Silver



Everyone who sees this rich, solid Sterling Silver, seven-inch Bracelet in the exquisite True-Love, Heart-Link design, immediately wants one. Each link has floral design and heart suitable for engraving initials of loved ones and friends. Safety Clasp. Ten links. The bracelet of love and romance. The newest style from New York to Hollywood

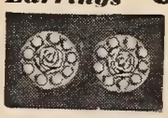
$2.95 TEN DAYS TRIAL



SEND NO MONEY

Wear on 10 Days' money-back guarantee. Just send us your name and address. Your package sent immediately and you pay postman only $2.95 plus a few cents mailing cost and 20% Federal tax, on arrival. This bracelet becomes more attractive and sentimental the longer it is worn.

Perfume Earrings GIVEN



GIVEN for promptness if you send you order immediately. NEW, exotic (screw type) perfume earrings that exude delicate perfume and come in bright flower colors

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 27-BP, Jefferson, Iowa



MEET YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE STAR via BRAM STUDIO PHOTOS

FREE Pin-Up & Movie Star Folder with 1st order

The finest selection of PHOTOS of all MOVIE STARS . . . SCENES of recent photoplays . . . and a sparkling collection of enticing PIN-UPS! All photos finest quality 8 x 10 gloss prints. Mail your order TODAY! We'll RUSH them to you, at 4 photos for $1, or 12 for $2.50. Foremost firm SPECIALIZING in movie stars . . . since 1912. Send M. O. or U. S. 3c stamps.

BRAM STUDIO (580)
306 West 44th St., New York City

High School Course at Home — Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H.S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.

American School, Dept. H214, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

Why risk cutting cuticle?

— when it's so easy to keep cuticle trim with Trimal!

NEGLECTED CUTICLE

The safe, gentle way to remove cuticle is the same method used by professional manicurists. Simply wrap cotton around manicure stick and apply Trimal. Then watch dead, loose cuticle soften. Wipe it away with a towel. You'll be amazed and delighted with results! Ask for the 10c or 25c size now — at drug, department or 10c stores.



Use TRIMAL ...keeps cuticle trim without cutting

WELL-MANICURED CUTICLE

TRIMAL LABORATORIES • LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

IT'S NEW!...

"Color-Control" when you Lighten your Hair



● Today, you can be sure of the final result *before* you lighten your hair! Whatever shade your hair is—blonde, red or brunette... whatever degree of lightness you wish, from a mere accent of blondeness to an all-over, golden shade...you can get the very effect you want with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash!

The *new* Marchand's has been perfected by experts in hair care. Not a dye, not an expensive "treatment," it's complete in itself for use at home... easier than ever to apply!

And Marchand's Golden Hair Wash won't leave your hair streaked or dull-looking. It allows you to achieve the *exact degree* of lightness you desire and to keep your hair glistening with golden color. You'll like it, too, for lightening arm and leg hair. Ask for Marchand's at your favorite drug counter.

MARCHAND'S Golden Hair Wash



Made by the Makers of Marchand's "Make-up" Hair Rinse

MATCHED BRIDAL PAIR

WEDDING AND ENGAGEMENT RINGS SEND NO MONEY



Just to get acquainted we will send you smart, precious, Sterling Silver engagement ring or wedding ring. Romance design engagement ring set with flashing, imitation diamond solitaire in sentimental orange blossom mounting. Wedding ring is deeply embossed, rich, Sterling Silver in exquisite Honeymoon design. Either ring only $1.50 or both for $2.79 and 20% Federal Tax. **SEND NO MONEY** with order. Just name and ring size. Pay on arrival, then wear ring 10 days on money-back guarantee. Rush order now!

$1.50 EACH 2 FOR $2.79

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 681-BN, Jefferson, Iowa

America's Finest



WAGNER

KOMB-KLEANED SWEEPER

Better, Easier "PICK-UP"

E.R. WAGNER MFG. CO., Dept. MM, Milwaukee 9, Wis.

monia sent him to the Arizona desert.

He was in bed all four days. He crawled out just in time to make the studio for his test at two o'clock. He sat around all afternoon coughing and sneezing. He was the last boy tested for the part, late that evening. Fate was certainly saying "I dare you!" The test, when it came, was over, it seemed, in a minute. Just one take. "We'll call you." Lon went back home and to bed over the week-end. Monday he went back to school. He had to study his philosophy hard to keep down the jitters. He'd never been excited like this before. The suspense lasted ten long days.

bud, you're it . . .

Lon was in study hall when the telephone rang that evening. He knew who it was. "Hello," he said, "Mother?"

"Bud," greeted his mother in a strange voice, strange because it was choked with tears, and Madaleine McCallister never cried. Lon's heart dropped.

"Mother," he said, "you're crying. Don't worry, it's not that bad."

"I'm not crying because things are bad," she said. "It's—it's—Bud—you're going to be 'California'!"

After he hung up the receiver, Lon made his room in nothing flat. At the door he stopped and tried to stroll in casually. His buddies, Ben and Jimmy and Bill, were boning over the desk and sprawled out in chairs. "Break it up," grinned Lon in a voice he tried to make calm. "Let's go down to the Spinning Wheel for a soda."

They yawned. "Okay." The trio lined up at a table at Chapman's favorite hangout. The sodas came, and Lon reached for the check. Eyebrows raised. Things were always strictly Dutch. "It's on me tonight, fellows," grinned Lon.

"You got the part!

"Yes!"

They jumped up and pounded him on the back until he yelled for mercy. The great day for Lon and Phi Alpha Chi had arrived. Lon had a hard time pulling himself away from his pals that night, but he had to get home. He had to be with his folks. In Hedda Hopper's column he read, "Who says Cinderella days are gone in Hollywood? Bud McCallister, grandson of a studio gateman, has won the part of 'California' in 'Stage Door Canteen.' He'll do a scene with Katharine Cornell."

The great days of the Angel Extra began. They reeled off like an exciting movie. Rehearsals, fittings, make-up tests, a new girl, Marjorie Riordan, for Lon to fall for as he did every girl he ever played with. A trip back to New York to shoot the picture, hansom cab rides with Marjorie through Central Park and dances at Roseland. Meeting in person the great stars he'd peered at from the third balcony—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, Katharine Hepburn, Helen Hayes. Playing a scene from Shakespeare with the greatest actress of them all, Katharine Cornell, in the first movie she had ever made!

Lon piled up a million memories. Strange the ways of fate, he marveled, that a Hollywood extra should hear a great actress whisper, "I'm nervous!" to him when she faced the camera. Oddly enough, Lon wasn't.

At the end of the first big scene of his life, when the extras were watching him instead of the other way around, Miss Cornell was to hand Lon an orange. "I'll keep it forever," he blurted impulsively. Then he began to cry, and he couldn't stop. Applause burst from all around him on the set—they were applauding him, too, the big Broadway stars who had gathered to watch a Cornell movie debut.

Naturally, Katharine Cornell is Lon's favorite actress. True to form, he fell for her. She invited him to her home on

HAIR OFF FACE



LOVE at Last!

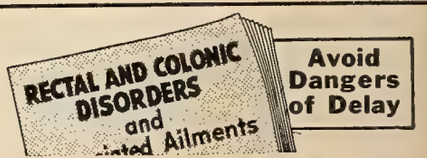
NOW... a unique way to avoid embarrassment of unwanted hair. Painless, easy, effective, inexpensive... without shaving, pulling or harsh chemicals. Gives a smooth, dainty appearance. It was developed by a young woman cursed for years by ugly unwanted hair. It worked charmingly. Her poise, love and happiness returned. She has helped thousands who voice everlasting gratitude. Now, no one need know you have a superfluous hair problem.

FREE... Send No Money

Accept FREE WONDER METHOD booklet **"How to Overcome Superfluous Hair Problem."** Gives complete facts and **proof** of results. Sent with TRIAL OFFER in plain envelope. No obligation. *Write* **ANNETTE LANZETTE, Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 65. Chicago 54, Ill.**

COLON TROUBLES

FREE BOOK Tells Facts



Learn about Colon troubles, Stomach conditions, Piles and other Rectal ailments. Causes, effects and treatment are explained in a 122-page book, sent FREE. McCleary Clinic, H259 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo.

SLIM HIPS and BEAUTIFUL LEGS!

These are the two dominant beauty requirements of the day.

Modern styles call for trim, prettily contoured hips and legs, and you must possess them to look attractive.

My Course in Contour Control solves the problem for you, helping to mould your body over into the graceful proportions all women desire.

Full details sent upon request.

WANDA YOUNG, Box 1208, Tucson, Ariz.

POEMS WANTED

Collaborate with the nationally famous hit composer of "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles", "When the Bloom is on the Sage" and over 300 others. Send your poems today for free examination and liberal offer.

SCREENLAND RECORDERS

Dept. M Hollywood 28, Calif.

FREE



Beautiful Sample Enlargement, also a De Luxe Studio Folder—both absolutely free. Just send this ad with any photo. Enclose only 10c for mailing. Canada also. Two Oil Tinted sent C.O.D. for only 58c ea. plus post. Negs. 59c.

New York Art Service, 200 W. 72 St., N. Y. C.

New Glamour!

ORCHID that GLOWS IN THE DARK $1



This lovely, life-like creation captures the delicate beauty of the exotic orchid. It lends intriguing charm—worn on dress, coat or hair. In darkness, the petals **actually glow** with soft, entrancing radiance, adding new glamour to the impression you create. Mysterious glowing properties are enduring.

Wear this sensational luminous orchid with telling effect. Send $1 now—we mail postpaid. You'll be delighted, or we refund, of course. Send also for our luminous gardenia, $1. Matching gardenia earrings, $1 a pair postpaid.

THE LUMINOUS FLOWER SHOP

8 West 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y., Dept. 22

Beekman Place, told him about her career and listened to his. She sent him tickets to her play, "Three Sisters," and Lon took Marjorie, going around back to Cornell's dressing room afterwards to send the note in, "Romeo is here," and getting one back "Juliet Awaits!" Lon lived in a dream making "Stage Door Canteen."

But the dream didn't go to his head. In fact, back in Hollywood he went through all the early-day agonies of a first picture part. He'd had to stop his studies at Chapman to take the New York trip. Now he sat around fretting.

In fact, the worst blow of all was the preview. It was a sneak and none of the actors were invited. Lon stood on tiptoe in the rear with Marjorie and peered around shoulders and necks. He missed half the picture, but what he saw dismayed him. The print was bad, the audience was mostly high school kids, and they were noisy and rude. Lon and Marjorie didn't say much on the way home. But when Lon sat with his mother at the opening in New York's Capitol theater and watched the finished picture unreel, he saw a hit—no doubt about it.

What happened, of course, is Hollywood history. From the start, "Stage Door Canteen" was all and more than its producers and galaxy of stars had hoped for it. Soon the coffers of the USO swelled from avalanching profits. But on the personality side, there was just one item of important news. The actor who had stolen the picture from the greatest collection of great actors ever assembled in one movie was an extra boy who had never had a part before! Lon McCallister.

And so, one morning, in a house on Malibu beach, the same boy sat up in bed and smiled to himself the same shy smile that had made him famous. He couldn't sleep. He was too happy. He tiptoed into the front room, bare of furniture, and piled driftwood in the big fireplace

A very great deal had happened to Lon McCallister in a very short time. He had a contract to star at two studios. He had a bonus in trust at the bank—enough to take care of his folks when he joined the Army. He had his first starring picture, "Home in Indiana," all finished and in the cutting room, and he knew it was right. And, naturally, he had a new leading lady to fall for, an especially sweet and pretty one, Jeanne Crain. He had a score of new and good friends, Bill Eythe, Van Johnson, Nancy Walker, Marjorie Riordan, Gene and Betsy Kelly—and he still had his old ones, too. He had his induction orders. He felt that whatever he became—a four-star general or "dean of the latrine"—everything was going to be all right. He had the people he loved, his mother and grandmother and grandfather Hocking, living with him in the new house he'd found and bought, just as he'd dreamed he would.

Lon thought of all these things until the wet nose of his big Dane, "Mac," nuzzled his cheek and brought him to. Then he touched a match to the firewood and watched the flames leap high.

Lon heard a soft step and looked up. It was his mother. A door creaked. Grandmother Hocking and Grandfather, too, came out. Granny made some coffee, and they all sat beside the fire while the sun rose out of the Pacific, bringing with it a new day, packed with hopes and promises. Promises that Lon knew now could and very often do come true, impossible as they sometimes seem. He was twenty. A lot had happened, but a lot more was coming up with every dawn like this. After all, a man's life is just starting when he's twenty.

Lon smiled around the firelit circle of faces he knew and loved so well. They smiled back. Nobody said much. They didn't have to. It was all pretty perfect.

REDUCE 3 to 5 Pounds a Week Yet EAT Plenty!



USERS SAY

Physician's Wife: "I lost 15 pounds in 24 days.

Mrs. C. M., Ithaca, N. Y.: "My hips were 53 inches; now measure 43 inches. I feel like a new person. I like the taste also. MY DOCTOR SAYS IT WAS O.K."

Mrs. P. M., Fresno, Cal.: "I lost 18 pounds in 3 weeks."

Miss H., Wash., D. C.: "Had to tell the wonderful news! Reduced from 200 to 136 pounds in 3 months following your plan. It's great to be able to wear youthful clothes. My friends are amazed, and many of them are following the plan now."

MEN and women all over this country are reporting remarkable results in losing weight easily. Many lost 20 pounds a month and more. They are following the Easy Reducing Plan of Dr. Edward Parrish, well-known physician and editor, former chief of a U. S. Military hospital and a state public health officer.

Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan makes reducing a pleasure because it has NO STRICT DIETS, requires no exercises. HARMLESS, too, because it calls for no reducing drugs.

Here is Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan EXACTLY as given over the air to millions: for lunch take 2 teaspoonfuls of CAL-PAR in a glass of juice, water of any beverage. Take nothing else for lunch except a cup of coffee, if desired. For breakfast and dinner EAT AS YOU USUALLY DO, but eat sensibly. Don't cut out fatty, starchy foods—just cut down on them. By following Dr. Parish's Easy Reducing Plan, you cut down your daily caloric intake, thus losing weight naturally. You needn't suffer a single hungry moment. CAL-PAR is not a harmful reducing drug. It is a special dietary product; fortifying your diet with certain essential minerals and vitamins. Most overweight people are helped by Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan. Try it and you and your friends will marvel at the vast improvement in your figure. Get a $1.25 can of CAL-PAR at health food, and drug stores.

- NO EXERCISE!
- NO REDUCING DRUGS!
- ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS!

If your dealer hasn't CAL-PAR a special can containing 18 DAYS' SUPPLY will be sent you postpaid for only $1.00. This $1.00 can is not sold at stores. Money back if not satisfied. Fill out coupon, pin a dollar bill to it and mail today. We will also send you FREE Dr. Parish's booklet on reducing containing important facts you ought to know including weight tables and charts of food values.

CAL-PAR, Dept. 73-B
685 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
I enclose $1.00 for a special CAL-PAR can to be sent postage paid, and Dr. Parrish's booklet on reducing. If not satisfied I may return unused portion and my $1.00 will be refunded. (C.O.D. orders accepted)

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY .....

REMOVE UNWANTED HAIR—INSTANTLY!

VELVETY SMOOTH Lips, Cheeks and Legs!

No more embarrassment—just smooth it on—and it's gone! VELVETIZE is clean, quick, odorless. Nothing to wash off—just erase the hair. At Drug or Dept. Stores, or PIN A ONE DOLLAR BILL to this "ad"—get VELVETIZE by return mail in plain wrapper.



HOUSE OF LECHLER
Dept. 322, 560 Broadway N.Y. 12, N.Y.

TUFFENAIL*

Scientific, proven aid for Brittle, Splitting or Thin Nails. Acts to tuffen nails and help cuticle. Quickly applied, non-staining, does not affect polish.



25c and 50c AT TOILET GOODS COUNTERS THROUGHOUT AMERICA

Vogue Products, 1151 Seward St., Hollywood 38, Calif.

HOSPITAL and DOCTOR BILLS PAID!



HOSPITALIZATION PLAN

3¢ costs about A DAY

POLICY PAYS
Hospital and Doctor Bills up to:

$6.00 Each Day $1080.00 **HOSPITAL**
Maximum Benefit for Room, Board, General Nursing for each insured adult. Includes up to 90 days per year for Accident and up to 90 days per year for Sickness.

$25 Each Week **LOSS of TIME** $300
From work, by Accident up to 12 weeks.

DOCTOR $135.00 EXPENSES
Maximum benefit for additional Medical or Surgical care while in Hospital due to injuries.

$1000.00 Accidental Loss of Life, Limbs or Entire Sight

Many other liberal benefits. All as plainly stated in Policy.

Don't go into debt when Sickness or Accident strikes. Be prepared—protect yourself NOW! This dependable Hospital and Doctor Expense Policy PAYS YOUR BILLS FROM THE VERY FIRST DAY of Hospitalization, exactly as provided. Also included are additional benefits for LOSS of TIME from work while in hospital, due to accident disability. Any recognized Hospital and any Doctor may be selected. Policy issued to Individual or Family. No red tape — no medical examination — no agents. Write today—NOW!

George Rogers Clark Casualty Co., Rockford, Ill. Dept. 3194

MAIL COUPON NOW!

George Rogers Clark Casualty Co. Dept. 3194
Rockford, Illinois

Please rush FREE information about Hospital and Doctor's Expense Policy.

Name .....
Address .....
City & State.....

UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in SECONDS with VACUTEX BLACKHEAD EXTRACTOR $1.00

EVEN THESE ..EASILY



SAFE • SURE
SANITARY
DAINTY
FAST
PLEASANT

Blackheads are ugly, offensive, embarrassing. They clog pores, mar your appearance, invite criticism. Now your blackheads can be removed in seconds, scientifically, and easily, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around the blackhead, cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden hands never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over your blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out. Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection, order today!

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Ballco Products Co., Dept. 1902
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

☐ Enclosed find $1.00. Send me Vacutex postpaid.
☐ Ship C. O. D. I will pay postman $1 plus postage.

My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....



For Magnetic Lips

LIKE YOU SEE IN THE MOVIES

. . . take a tip from Hollywood . . . fashion your lips with TIPSTIK. You'll find the clever, pencil-pointed, unbreakable applicator wonderful for precise lip lines. No more messy fingers, smears, ragged edges! And the rich, creamy rouge, concealed in the black plastic case, is just right in texture . . . stays on for hours, too. Yes, with TIPSTIK you can be your own make-up artist.

DO AS HOLLYWOOD GIRLS DO USE



25c (PLUS TAX) AT DRUG AND 10c STORES

Choose from 5 Glamorous Hollywood Reds

RUMOR RED dark ☐ ROOKIE RED rich-red ☐ RALLY RED light ☐
RIVAL RED medium ☐ RENO RED blue-red ☐

TIPSTIK COSMETICS, Dept. MO-2
3424 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 26, Calif.
My favorite store is out of TIPSTIK. Enclosed is 30c (25c plus 5c excise tax). Please send TIPSTIK postpaid in shade checked.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____



A CANARY Thrills FRANCES LANGFORD

Popular Songstress on the Bob Hope Radio Show

And you, too, should know the heart-warming thrill of owning a canary. Like the stars, you'll want to feed it FRENCH'S Bird Seed and Biscuit—the largest selling brand in the U. S.



OWN A CANARY—*THE ONLY PET THAT SINGS*

"DER BINGLE"

(*Continued from page 41*)

ooh-la-la, "I am de chanteuse de American" routine, Bing was the only one in his troupe who could speak French at all. He admits he'd had just a year or so in school, and that sometimes he would get stuck and have to "keep punching around until I got it. You'd be surprised, though, how quick it all comes back to you," he says, "when you want that egg."

On top of the stack of mail on his desk was a letter from a milling company in Indiana saying they'd heard his broadcast about General Eisenhower wanting hominy grits and were forthwith sending the General some.

Bing pulled a little slip of paper out of his pocket and proudly showed it to us. On it was General Eisenhower's autograph, "Dwight Eisenhower . . . To remind you of hominy grits." Bing grinned and said he guessed the General would be walking around up to his four stars in hominy grits ere now.

Then he began tossing off notes to the G.I.'s. One to a likewise hoss-crazy captain from New York and his gang of gallant guys at the front who'd wanted Bing to find out whether or not Discovery had ever beaten Cavalcade in a race. They'd had a big argument about it over there one day when Bing was there. Nobody knew. Then they'd had to push on before they could settle it.

So to number 0399746 went Bing's answer that he'd checked with sports scribes here, and that Discovery had beaten Cavalcade at Belmont in 1935, when Cavalcade unseated the rider at the start. "Hope this doesn't cost you too much dough."

One of the letters from a G.I. to Bing quit in mid-air—"We've just received a rush call. Sorry to close so abruptly, Bing, but you understand—"

Yeah. He understands. Guys like that one are the reason you get nothing but an amazed look from Der Bingle when you speak of his own job over there. But if Bing is forever pooh-poohing his own sweetness and lighting, he's generous in praise of others in his troupe. Pretty Jeannie Darrell, brunette singer, formerly one of the Music Maids on his own Kraft show; curvaceous, blonde Darlene Garner, dancer and singer; droll-faced, chubby comedian Joe De Rita; and the musicians; Earl Baxter and Buck Harris.

Their ten weeks U.S.O. tour, arranged by the Hollywood Victory Committee, took them to England and clear across France, mostly trying to keep up with General Patton's Third Army during their drive toward Metz.

Bing makes his part of the trip sound as casual as though it's just another clambake of the fish and chowder circuit. But this singing half of the Rover Boys in the Paramount "Road" pictures got into many a situation he couldn't "patty-cake" his way out of on the "Road to Metz."

It takes Jeannie and Darlene to really tell about them. "But you couldn't get down or scared at all," they say. "Bing just wouldn't let us. He ad-libbed us clear across France."

Going over on the troop transport, they did three shows a day in the mess hall, and G.I.'s aboard were constantly surprised to suddenly look up on deck and see the Old Groaner standing there beside them, calmly puffing away at his pipe.

As one boy, a private from South Carolina, wrote home to his mother later, "Gee, Mom, Bing's such a regular guy. He was just like another G.I. to the rest

THIS EASY WAY TEACHES PIANO WITHOUT MUSIC!



YOU MAY PLAY the PIANO in 3 Weeks without being able to read a note . . . .

IF YOU want to quickly learn how to play the piano . . . if you want to play song hits, waltzes, marches, hymns, two-steps and even red hot numbers . . . here's amazing news. Mr. Dave Minor perfected a wonderfully easy play by ear piano course that must teach you piano-playing in only 3 quick weeks or no cost. No scales, no long exercise. You start playing songs from the first lesson and so soon it's amazing—you're playing the piano surprisingly well. Mr. Minor's course is complete. It contains all the pictures, all the instruction, everything you need. The complete course sent for your inspection, trial and approval.

FREE OFFER!

Send No Money

MAKE THIS CONCLUSIVE 10-DAY TEST

Paste this ad on a penny postcard and mail it today. Send no money. When Dave Minor's Play-Piano-by-Ear course arrives just deposit $1.49 plus postage thru postman. There's nothing more to pay. Inspect your course carefully, see how simple yet thorough it is. Follow it for 10 days. Then if you aren't actually beginning to play the piano and playing it well, if you aren't entirely satisfied and delighted with your discovery, return the course and get your money back. Piano playing is more popular than ever. DON'T WAIT BUT WRITE TODAY! If you act now you will receive free of all extra charges the wonderful, big, 72-page Dave Minor Piano Song Book of 50 songs you quickly learn to play the Dave Minor Play-Piano-by-Ear method or money back. Get in on this FREE offer!

DAVE MINOR 230 East Ohio Street, Dept. 4-BB, Chicago 11, Ill.

Weary Feet Perk Up With Ice-Mint Treat

When feet burn, callouses sting and every step is torture, don't just groan and do nothing. Rub on a little Ice-Mint. Frosty white, cream-like, its cooling soothing comfort helps drive the fire and pain right out . . . tired muscles relax in grateful relief. A world of difference in a few minutes. See how Ice-Mint helps soften up corns and callouses too. Get foot happy today, the Ice-Mint way. Your druggist has Ice-Mint.

"Birthstone Ring" GIVEN





Mail us $1.05 and we will send you 4 boxes of ROSEBUD Salve (25c size) and will include with salve this lovely Solid Sterling Silver **Birthstone** Ring, your size and month. You can sell the 4 salve and get back your $1.00. The 5c extra is for U.S. Sales Tax on ring, so make remittance $1.05.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO, Box 78, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.

TAG-A-LONG

. . . the New Solid Perfume Concentrate

"FOR THE LURE OF THE AGES"

Famous Beauties like Cleopatra and Helen of Troy knew the allure of fragrant perfumes and oils and used them lavishly. YOU need only smooth a little Tag-A-Long behind each ear, on your throat or wrists to give you an unforgettable allure. Handy compact contains a generous supply. Send $1.00 today (including Fed. Tax) to **Ali Perfume Co.**, P. O. Box 151, (Station N), N. Y. C.

DRAW for MONEY



Be An Artist!

Trained Artists are Capable of Earning $30, $50, $75 a week

Learn to draw at home In Your Spare Time for a Fascinating Hobby and Profitable Post-War Career! Study Art the pleasant and interesting WSA way. **Commercial Art, Designing, Cartooning** all in ONE complete course. No previous art experience necessary — hundreds have profited by our practical step-by-step methods since 1914. TWO ART OUTFITS FURNISHED. Mail coupon NOW.

FREE BOOK gives details!

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
Studio 802P, 1115 15th St., N. W.
Washington 5, D. C.

Send your booklet with full particulars.

Name.....

Address..... Age.....

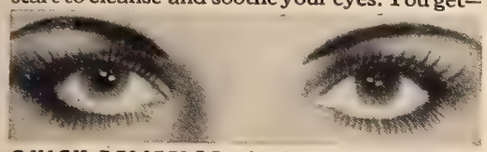
City..... State.....

How to give QUICK REST to tired eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY



EYES OVERWORKED? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away you feel it start to cleanse and soothe your eyes. You get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine's 7 scientifically blended ingredients quickly relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Safe, gentle Murine helps thousands—let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES



SOOTHES · REFRESHES

★ *Invest in America— Buy War Bonds and Stamps* ★

Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a **free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co. **117-R Frontier Bldg.**
462 Niagara Street, **Buffalo 1, New York**



GENE KELLY

MOVIE STAR PHOTOS

Introductory Offer—Get one NOW

All the latest stars and poses

REAL PHOTOGRAPHS— GUARANTEED

List decorated with MOVIE STARS mailed FREE with each photo. Send name of your FAVORITE with ten cents to cover handling and mailing.

HOLLYWOOD SCREEN EXCHANGE
Box 1150, Dept. 2
Hollywood 28, Calif., U. S. A.

YES, YOU CAN HAVE LOVELY Curves



Don't let your life be spoiled by shame or embarrassment over a flat, undeveloped or sagging form. Help develop a glamorous, alluring contour of high youthful rounded fullness! Tested, proven, easy-to-use methods given in the wonderful, scientifically authentic book, "Approved Methods for Care and Development of the Form." Experience the thrilling joys of having your contour appear shapely, rounded, romantically beautiful. Proven successful by thousands of women. Lifetime results, safely, easily, positively. If not satisfied, return within 10 days and money will be refunded.

SEND NO MONEY!

Benefit by this extraordinary reduction. Formerly more than DOUBLE this price. Now only $1.00. Order now C. O. D. plus postage. Pay postman on arrival. To save Postage send $1.00 with order, and we ship prepaid in plain wrapper.

NOW ONLY $1.00

(NEVER BEFORE SO GREATLY REDUCED!)

SUCCESS STUDIOS • BALTO., MD., BOX 895-D

of us. And one morning at early mass, he came in and knelt beside me. Bing's always been a favorite with me, and it was surely a big thrill to be kneeling beside him."

Bing got a thrill himself when he arrived in Scotland. This despite the fact that he's been "libeled" over there by Bob Hope who'd told them Crosby was a "short, fat little fellow."

When they got to the station the women Red Caps in khaki slacks, skirts and little billed hats, dropped the luggage they were carrying, let baggage carts go A.W.O.L. and made a dive for Bing.

They surrounded him on the station platform and soon had him joining in with them on a Scotch song . . . "I belong to Glasgow . . . old Glasgow town, I belong to Glasgow—When I get a couple in me . . . Glasgow belongs to me . . ."

And Glasgow did indeed belong to Bing.

"Aye, aye . . . wonderful people. Bonnie lassies. They gave me a wee sprig o' heather for me hattie," he burrs at you.

They knew him in England, too. Really jamming the Queensbury All-Services Club when Bing appeared on the Armed Forces program there. One London paper, commenting next day, said that Bing had done more for international friendship than anything that had ever happened. "More than a hundred speeches," it said. (Which Bing would tell you is really stretching it a spell.)

When he got up before the mike for one of those "hundred speeches," they presented him with a pipe by way of welcome. And roared when Der Bingle, all dead pan, picked it up calmly and said, "Well . . . isn't that nice? What is it?"

After the show, Bing went to Kutner's Restaurant in Soho, and before he knew it, some 2000 Britishers were gathered in the blacked-out street below the restaurant, chanting, "We want Bing . . . we want Bing . . ."

It was dangerous for them to be there. A perfect target for the Krauts. So Bing went out on the balcony and said, "If I sing a song, will you go home?" "Yes," they yelled.

"So," he says, "I sang one and they WENT. Hey, maybe that's a bad sign!"

And talking of bad signs: They were still sweeping up smashed glass from a building just behind the Mayfair Hotel where Jeannie and Darlene were to bunk, when the girls checked in.

"Don't worry, kids. Nothing'll happen," said Bing, when he said good night and ambled off to his own quarters at Claridges.

Around seven a.m. both girls jumped straight up in bed as they heard a robot bomb explode not too far away.

"Hey, did you hear that, Jeannie?" quaked Darlene, diving under her bed.

"Yeah," whispered Jean.

They didn't know what they were whispering about. Everything else was mighty loud.

The all-clear sounded. Almost immediately, the alert started shrilling away. About eight of them near, and as they report, "all in different keys."

Down they went under the beds again. Listening to the bomb, hearing it cut off, then the glide, the long swish, as it cut through the air. Then the explosion.

Soon the phone rang, and they picked it up to hear Bing's calm drawl, "Are you kids okay?"

"Yes-s-s," they answered shakily. "How are you?"

"Couldn't be better," said Bing. "Well . . . that's all. I just thought you might be a little worried." As casually as though it was all just target practice on a dart board back home.

In France they felt they *were* the dart board, playing, as they were, near enough to the front to get a noisy razzberry from

HAIR Reborn!

Yes! Reborn every minute of your life! . . . Take advantage of your hair's continuous rebirth. Keep it young-looking, pliant . . .



—not "abused". One refreshing Admiracion Shampoo treatment floats away dirt, dandruff, dulling soap film. Leaves hair alluring!

ADMIRACIÓN Shampoo





MATCHED BRIDAL PAIR

$5.95 EACH OR BOTH FOR $9.95



GENUINE **DIAMOND RINGS**

Just to get acquainted we will send you smart, new 10K yellow gold engagement ring or wedding ring. Romance design engagement ring set with flashing, Rose cut diamond solitaire in sentimental, sweetheart mounting. Wedding ring is deeply embossed, 10K yellow gold, set with 3 genuine chip Diamonds. Either ring only $5.95 or both for $9.95 plus postage and 20% Federal tax. SEND NO MONEY with order, just name and ring size. Pay on arrival, then wear rings 10 days on money-back guarantee. Rush order now!

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 760-DS. Jefferson, Iowa

Money Back If Blackheads Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, muddiness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, fairer, smoother looking skin. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug toiletry counters. 30 million jars already used. Ask for Imperial size.

CLIP AND MAIL THIS

GOLDEN PEACOCK CO., INC.
Dept. MM-16, PARIS, TENN.

Please send me a free sample of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme. I want to try it.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

YOUR PEARL-GLOW FINISH

Excitement

CAKE MAKE-UP



ANOTHER

Eisenberg Original

CREATED BY THE FAMOUS DRESSMAKER FOR YOU



Excitement Cake Make-Up will give your skin the lustrous glow of fine pearls. In three luminous skin shades. Purse size container, $1.50 plus 30¢ federal tax.

Exclusive with one store in a city or

EXCITEMENT, INC.
222 West North Bank Drive, Chicago 54, Ill.
Enclosed is $1.80 to cover mailing, cost and tax on Excitement Cake Make-Up.

Name_____

Address_____

CHECK SHADE Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark ☐

Pimples Disappeared Over Night



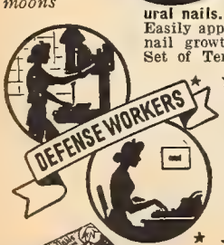
Yes, it is true, there is a safe, harmless, medicated liquid called **KLEEREX** that dries up pimples over night. Those who followed simple directions and applied **Kleerex** upon retiring were amazingly surprised when they found their pimples had disappeared. These users enthusiastically praise **Kleerex** and claim they are no longer embarrassed and are now happy with their clear complexions. Don't take our word for it, use **Kleerex** tonight. If one application does not satisfy, you get your money back. **There Is No Risk** so do not hesitate. Send only 60c for full size package or $1.00 for 2 packages. (Few cents extra for C. O. D.) Write today to:
KLEEREX CO. Dept. 83 2005 S. Michigan, Chicago 16, Ill.

NOW! Beautiful NAILS AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE



So natural they even have *half moons*

NEW! Smart, long tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with Nu-Nails. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. **Will not harm nor soften natural nails.** Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c. All 5c and 10c stores.



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

To protect your nails against injury—infection, breaking or discoloration, always wear NU-NAILS! Marvelous protection for defense workers, housewives — women everywhere.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

NU-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS

5251 W. Harrison St., Dept. 15-B, Chicago

the Jerries who, it seems, didn't like the show.

One day they were giving a show outside Nancy when two German scout planes came over.

As they circled closer, Bing looked up anxiously, then sighed, "Oh-h-h," he murmured, "I thought it was the stork again!"

On another occasion when the Jerries came uninvited to the show, Bing and the gang were parked in a convoy of jeeps and recon trucks ready to go winding up a hill to do a show. The Colonel of the outfit had come out to meet them, and they'd just gotten under way when they heard the familiar drone of a plane.

"That's a Jerry!" yelled the C.O. "Spread out, everybody. Get these cars apart!"

The jeeps and recons fairly flew apart, and everybody got under them but fast. The plane continued on its way.

Cracked Bing as he crawled back on top of the truck again, "That Sinatra'll go *anywhere!*"

There was one German plane that flew over the bombed village of Commercy at ten o'clock every night. Flew so regularly that they called it "Bed Check Charlie." Just Jerry coming over to be sure they were all tucked in for the night. He came over the first night Bing and the bunch landed there, and when the ninety millimeter ack-ack guns opened up all around the hotels, they weren't sure just how long they'd stay "tucked" anywhere.

YOU GO FOR JUNE ALLYSON?

Well, why not go get her *autograph* on an NAA card? Page 62 Tells All.

They were supposed to learn the password when they left in the morning, as it was usually blacked out pitch black when they came back in. They were simple little ditties like "Harvard" and you were supposed to say "Yale" or "Black," and you'd say "Berry."

On one occasion when Bing hadn't learned the password, they wouldn't let him go on.

"Hey, fellows, don't you know me? I'm Crosby," Bing bellowed.

The bayonets didn't budge.

Then the lieutenant with him said to a guard, "Hey Mike, you know ME. I'll vouch for him, boys."

Bing learned every signal from then on.

An even funnier experience occurred during the "mind reading act" in one of the shows they gave near Metz. During this act Joe DeRita, the comedian, would go sit among the G.I.'s and heckle Bing, while Crosby gave forth with an elaborate lecture on the science of the mind.

"I can read your mind," said Bing. "Tell your past . . . your present . . . your future. Please feel free to call upon me, fellows, if there's anything you want to know. ANYTHING."

"You know all about the past, present and future, eh?" heckled Joe.

"Dat I do, boy. Dat I do," blackfaced Bing.

"What a phony, this guy," smirked Joe. "Anything to make a franc."

"Go ahead, brother, and try me," insisted Bing. "I know . . ."

About that time the truck began to rock, and the whole ground around them shook as some 240 millimeter guns opened up a barrage over them. Then a blast as the Germans tossed a shell right back.

"Brother—I'll bet you didn't know about *that!*" shrieked Joe.

But if dodging Jerry was nerve-wracking, the laughs they always got from the



NEW HAIR GLAMOUR TREATMENT

Men love to run their fingers thru a woman's long wavy beautiful hair—one of the secrets to a woman's charm in winning the one she loves. Now you, too, can use this NEW AMAZING "HAIR GLAMOUR" TREATMENT. Its SECRET FORMULA helps retard dry, brittle hair from breaking off due to lack of natural oils. Therefore, this formula may help HAIR GROW LONGER if other hair, scalp conditions are normal. And if you also like your HAIR WAVY, beautiful and soft you shouldn't miss trying this sensational treatment!

READ WHAT A FEW SATISFIED USERS SAY:—". . . it is good. My hair really looks better and has more life than before . . ."—Mrs. M.L.S., Williamsport, Pa. ". . . I can't thank you enough. It did my hair so much good . . ."—Miss R. H., Carlsbad, New Mexico. ". . . It really worked wonders for me . . ."—R. C., New York, N. Y.

SEND NO MONEY! FREE 10 Day Trial!

Don't send a cent. Try this "HAIR GLAMOUR" TREATMENT at our expense for 10 days and then see if he will notice and thrill to the new glamour of your hair. Also FREE PERSONAL DIRECTIONS. Just deposit with postman on delivery 98c plus postage, or send only $1 and we pay postage. 2 treatments $1.69. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE if not completely satisfied. Every day you delay—romance passes you by! WRITE NOW!

FREE "HOW TO SET YOUR HAIR in LATEST STYLES by YOURSELF"

This new hair improvement guide is yours free with order of "Hair Glamour" Treatment. Contains many latest hair styles—some used by movie stars. Each style has simple step by step illustrations instructing you how to set your own hair beautifully, quickly and professional like! Hair styles that help you appear glamorous, sophisticated, casual, demure, etc. Remember, LONGER, SOFTER HAIR is easier to manage when setting your hair. Limited copies—get yours now!

GUARANTEE SALES, 21 West 45th St., Dept. 642, N. Y. C.

Asthma Mucus Loosened First Day

For Thousands of Sufferers

If choking, gasping, wheezing, recurring attacks of Bronchial Asthma rob you of sleep and energy, accept this liberal trial offer. Get Mendaco, a doctor's prescription, from your druggist; take exactly as directed and see for yourself how quickly it usually helps loosen and remove thick strangling mucus, thus promoting freer breathing and refreshing sleep. You be the judge. Unless delighted and entirely satisfied with results, simply return the empty package and your money back is guaranteed. Don't suffer another night without trying guaranteed Mendaco—only 60c.

Beautiful Simulated BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN AWAY



Smart new, dainty, Sterling Silver Ring set with sparkling simulated **Birthstone** correct for your birth date — **GIVEN** for selling only 5 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each. Send name and address today for order. We trust you. Premium supplies are limited. Don't delay.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-269, Jefferson, Iowa

SHORTHAND in 6 Weeks at Home

Famous Speedwriting system, no signs or symbols. Easy to learn; easy to write and transcribe. Fast preparation for a job. Surprisingly low cost. 100,000 taught by mail. Used in leading offices and Civil Service. Write for free booklet.

Speedwriting, Dept. 802, 274 Madison Ave., New York 16

ASTHMATICS!

If you find it difficult to get relief TRY

Let Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR help reduce the severity of your next asthmatic attack, notice how its aromatic fumes aid distressed breathing. Use it and see how dependable it is—potency rigidly standardized through strict laboratory control—quality always uniform. Ask for ASTHMADOR in powder cigarette or pipe mixture form at your favorite drug store.

Get ASTHMADOR today!

ASTHMADOR



WHEN functional nervous disturbances such as **Sleeplessness, Crankiness, Excitability, Restlessness,** or **Nervous Headache,** interfere with your work or spoil your good times, take

DR. MILES NERVINE

(Liquid or Effervescent Tablets)

Dr. Miles Nervine is a scientific combination of mild but effective sedatives. Buy it at your drug store—Effervescent Tablets **35c and 75c,** Liquid **25c and $1.00.** We guarantee satisfaction or your money back. Read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

14 Karat GOLD Wedding Band

Set with 5 Genuine DIAMONDS



Greatest Value →

$5.95

Diamonds have risen in price—and they're going even higher! Think of a genuine 14K **Gold Wedding Band,** in beautiful new modernistic style, with chip diamonds at the unheard of price of $5.95! Don't be confused by this sensational **Low Price.** We guarantee the elegance and beauty of this **Wedding Band** will thrill you beyond your fondest expectations. We defy you to match this value anywhere else at this low price. If after wearing and examining this Ring you don't feel it is positively the greatest value you've ever seen, return it within 10 days and we'll refund your money in full.

GET YOURS TODAY!

SEND NO MONEY! Just name, address and ring size. We'll ship C.O.D. Pay postman only $5.95 plus postage and 20% Federal Tax. Rush order now!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART
500 N. Dearborn St., Dept. 7007-C Chicago 10, Ill

CORNS

also Callouses. Ingrown Nails relieved. Quick and easy. Just rub on. Jar, 30c and 50c. At your druggist. *Economical!*

REMOVED BY *Your money refunded if not satisfied.* The Moss Company, Rochester, N.Y. **MOSCO**

LARGEST COLLECTION MOVIE STAR PHOTOS IN THE WORLD

Roy Rogers, Republic's "King of the Cowboys", congratulates Irving Klaw, "King of Movie Stills", on his great collection of Hollywood Star Photos.



FREE Rush name and address today for illustrated *Movie Star News.* Lists thousands of unusual photos of Hollywood Stars, Band Leaders, Vocalists, Stars in Color, Bathing Beauties, Latest Movie Scenes, Old Time Stars, Pin Up poses, etc. Original glossy prints—8x10 ready for framing or album. Send 10c to help cover cost of mailing. Dime refunded on first order.

IRVING KLAW
212 East 14th St., New York 3, N. Y., Dept. 304

boys as they drove up more than made up for it. The roars the G.I.'s had at just the sight of Bing with his fatigue hat turned up, hands in pockets of his field jacket, puffing away on his pipe, climbing out of the jeep as casually as though he'd just gotten a lift to Hollywood and Vine.

Then scrambling up on the truck, nonchalantly throwing open his field jacket and revealing the wildest civvy tie you've ever seen. With yellow moons and blue stars all over it. The G.I.'s fairly whooped.

They always asked him about Frank Sinatra, and Bing would tell them what a really good guy Frank is, but he kidded about him a lot on the show.

He'd say to Jeannie, "Say, Jeannie, how'd you like to sing a duet with Sinatra's father?"

"You're not kidding," said Jean. "I have only the highest esteem and admiration for him. A singer like Sinatra only comes once in a lifetime!"

"Yeah," mourned Bing, "but why did he have to come along in MY lifetime?"

He always sang "San Fernando Valley," "Sweet Leilani," "Easter Parade," and tried to duck "White Christmas," but they always yelled for it and it soon was first on their Hit (or Miss) Parade.

His little speech at the end of the show always came a little hard for Der Bingle. It seemed so insufficient, somehow. There was no way you COULD say it. And he felt it so very, very much. You go mighty deep to find the real Crosby. Deeply religious . . . kind . . . compassionate . . . and humble.

As they wound up every show he'd grab a deep breath and take off, "You know, fellows, it's really something for a ham actor like myself to come out here and have you applaud me, when I'm the one who applauds you. Not just me—but everybody at home applauds you and what you're doing. A great job. We're so very proud of you all, and our only prayer is that we'll be getting this thing over and you'll all be coming home. . . ." Then his voice would go a little offpitch with feeling, and he'd close in fast with "Swingin' On a Star," to leave them feeling as happy as possible.

He would have loved to have had a star to swing on himself when he invaded the country of the Krauts. It happened one Sunday when they'd finished doing a show in the pouring rain not far from the front lines near Metz. They had mass after the show before an altar set up on two trucks pushed together, the priest wearing a German parachute to help keep off the rain. And Bing and the G.I.'s kneeling below the truck in the mud.

Right after mass he was to meet the others about a mile on down the pasture for the next show. So what should happen but that he and the lieutenant who was driving the jeep, got lost and made their sashay into the limits of a town the Germans were still holding! Bing clamped his helmet on, scrouged down into the jeep, making himself as small as possible, and they got the heck out. Arriving back at the show Bing had the boys howling telling them that it wasn't that he was scared exactly— But . . . well . . . he came over to entertain Americans—not Germans. The rest of his own gang kept kidding about trying to get a Purple Heart and win the war all by himself. They kept asking him, "How is it in Munich?" or "Hey, Bing, how many bows did ya' take in Berlin?"

One day he went to one of the "Hopeless" tents in a field hospital all by himself. Most of the kids were head casualties. He came back to the truck some hours later, climbed up, flashed his blue and yellow tie and went on with the gags. That night he told the gang, "You know, I didn't even remember doing that show.

You can have ★ GLAMOROUS HAIR OVERNIGHT!



Overnight—you'll *see* and *feel* the difference! One application will convince you! Glover's famous 3-Way Medicinal Treatment leaves your hair softer, radiant, sparklingly high-lighted, with **added** loveliness, no matter what style hair-do you like best. Try **all three** Glover's preparations—Glover's Mange Medicine, famous since 1876—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress! Try them separately, or in one complete treatment. Ask at any Drug Store, today!

TRIAL SIZE—Send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, packed in special carton, complete instructions for 3-Way **Overnight** treatment, useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."



Apply with massage, for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR.

★ GLOVER'S ★

Glover's, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 682, New York 1, N. Y.

Send "Complete Trial Application" in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative booklet, as advertised in plain wrapper by return mail. I enclose 25c.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

☐ Sent FREE to members of the Armed Forces on receipt of 10c for packing and postage.

STAMMER?

GET THIS FREE BOOK!

This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 44 years. **Benj. N. Bogue, Dept. 2268, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.**

Beautify Your FORM Contour

Don't be embarrassed by a flat, undeveloped or sagging bust. Do as thousands of other women just like yourself are doing. They have learned how to bring out the loveliest contours of their figures, whatever their bust faults. Now you, too, can do the same . . . **safely, easily, and positively.**

HIGHLY ENDORSED BY MANY DOCTORS



Your flat bustline can be miraculously beautified into full and alluring contours. Or, if you are the pendulous type, it can be rounded into high and youthful loveliness. All you have to do is follow the easy directions on exercise, massage, brassieres, diet, etc., given in the great **medically-endorsed** book, "The Complete Guide to Bust Culture." Adopt these simple, self-help measures at once and **your bust will positively appear full, firm and shapely . . .** the proud glamorous curves which make you more desirable than ever.

OUR OFFER
SEND NO MONEY

You can now obtain this unique book by A. F. Niemoeller, A.B., M.A., B.S., at a remarkable price reduction. **Formerly $3.50. Now only $1.98.** Guaranteed harmless. Amazing lifetime results. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just mail coupon now.

HARVEST HOUSE, Dept. B-397, 363 Broadway, N.Y.C. 13
Send the COMPLETE GUIDE TO BUST CULTURE in plain package. On delivery I will pay postman $1.98 plus few cents postage. If not satisfied I may return it within ten days and my $1.98 will be refunded.

Name.....

Address.....

☐ CHECK HERE if you want to save postage. Enclose $1.98 with coupon and we ship prepaid.
Canadian orders, $2.50 in advance

TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy it from your druggist today

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

Bottle Colic guard your baby against it

EXCLUSIVE Pyrex Patented Air Vent prevents nipple collapse, guards against your baby swallowing air. GUARANTEED chill-and-heat-resistant.

PYREX BRAND NURSING BOTTLES

NOSE AND THROAT CONGESTION

FREE CHART

Why start the day with hawking, caused by colds, sinus and catarrh? Try this "old stand-by method" that thousands for 69 years have used... HALL'S 2-METHOD TREATMENT. Loosens and helps clear up phlegm-filled throat and nasal congestion or money back. Ask your druggist. *Write for FREE Vitamin & Health Chart today!*

F. J. Cheney & Company Dept. 112 Toledo, Ohio

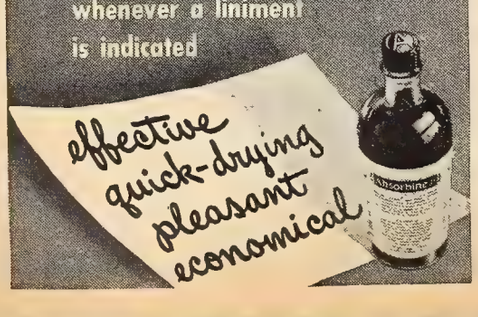
WHY DON'T YOU WRITE?

Writing short stories, articles on homemaking, decorating, business, human interest stories, local activities, etc., will enable you to earn extra money in your own home, on your own time, the New York Copy Desk Method teaches you how to write—the way newspaper men learn, by writing. Our unique "Writing Aptitude Test" tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities essential to successful writing. You'll enjoy this test. Write for it without cost or obligation.

NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
Suite 571-B, One Park Avenue New York 16, N. Y.

Use Absorbine Jr.

whenever a liniment is indicated



Did I do okay?"

Funny how surprised the G.I.'s would look when they glanced up from their chow lines early in the morning and spied Der Bingle, standing there calmly holding his own mess kit. How they'd rub their eyes sleepily, look again, and yell, "It's Bing! Hi, ya, Bing! Oh, me bloody back, me achin' back!" He was almost the first one up in any camp. About six a.m. or so, you'd see him wandering along the road or pasture looking the situation over. He slept in a bed roll, usually in a tent, in mud. And shaved by means of a little German heater on which he would heat a canteen cup of water.

He did his own laundry, socks, handkerchiefs, etc., in a helmet in his tent at night. Usually a pretty dim tent. Or blacked-out quarters. Although he dressed in G.I. togs, he had his luxuries—the two wild ties with the moons and stars on them and some really killer-diller socks.

Like the rest of the G.I.'s, Bing usually gave the chocolate in his rations to French kids. "They're so sweet," Bing says. "So grateful for any affection. They just take hold of your hands and want to go with you wherever you go."

Bing carries a little snapshot around that means an awful lot to him. A picture of a family of six French boys.

They're the grandsons of Felix Moreau, colorful Mayor of Vezelise, at whose home Bing and the gang stayed a few days.

Bing will never forget the night he walked into that old French home. He was a little homesick then and missing his own brood a lot. So when he walked into the living room later and saw the six boys scrubbed so clean and waiting politely to meet him, Bing felt right at home. They were, Bertrand, 13; Xavier, 10; Claude, 8; Christian, 6; Dominique, 4; and Ives, aged 2. It was a case of a mutual-admiration society, and from the first you could always see Der Bingle in the early morning and evenings wandering around the courtyard with all six kids hanging onto him for dear life.

The Mayor's daughter, who'd been to Paris now and then, was the only one who could speak English. But they really swapped languages around before Bing left. They had his bunch speaking a smattering of French, and he had the kids reeling off American jive.

One night after dinner, the gang went into Mayor Moreau's study and put on a show for the family. And the Mayor, who boasted that no Germans had ever crossed the threshold, dug out some very fine liqueurs he'd been saving.

Bing sang nearly everything he knew. Then by way of a finale, Bing and Jeannie and Darlene did a jive from "Here Come the Waves," that they'd rehearsed while jolting along in trucks and jeeps. It was Johnny Mercer's "You Gotta Accentuate the Positive . . . Eliminate the negative . . . Don't mess around with Mr. In-Between. . . ."

It was his meeting later on with Eisenhower near Paris that took the military cake. Bing was staying at the Ritz Hotel and answered the door one day to a G.I. who told him that General Eisenhower wanted to welcome him personally.

Bing, who knew how busy the General was and figured he was just being polite, told the soldier to thank the general for him and tell him he hoped they'd have an opportunity to meet some day.

The next day the same G.I. was back at the door saying, "Look, Mr. Crosby, you've just *gotta* come. It's an ORDER!"

The General was wonderful to him and offered him the use of his own car and driver. He'll never forget the amazed G.I.'s in Paree who stood at attention whenever they saw the General's car ap-

No Matter What Your Age No Need Now to Let GRAY HAIR CHEAT YOU



Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old!" To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly only once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

MAKE THIS TRIAL TEST

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay back your money.

FREE Buy KOLOR-BAK today, send top flap of carton to KOLOR-BAK, Dept. 4BB, Box 1723, Chicago, Ill., and receive FREE and POSTPAID 412 page Webster's Dictionary, War Atlas and Service Insignia Guide.

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



Latest Styles EYE GLASSES ORDER BY MAIL 16 DAYS TRIAL

AS LOW AS $1.89 A PAIR

MONEY BACK Guarantee Yourmoney refunded if not entirely satisfiedwith Glasses.

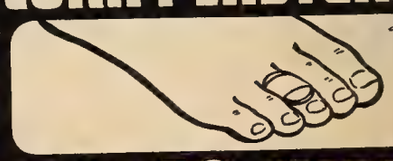
Save money by ordering glasses in your own home. Many handsome new styles. Low Prices.

SEND NO MONEY

Just write for FREE Catalog. Take advantage of *big money savings*. We repair broken glasses. Fill prescriptions.

MODERN STYLE SPECTACLES, INC.
53 W. JACKSON BLVD., Dept. 114, CHICAGO 90, ILL.

CRO-PAX CORN PLASTERS



AT ALL 10¢ STORES

FOREST CITY PRODUCTS, INC., CLEVELAND, OHIO



Do Men Admire You, Women Envy You?

Science has discovered the facsimile of Nature's substance which gives skin its youthful quality! TRUM contains this costly and amazing young-skin ingredient called Estrogen, which is **actually absorbed** by your skin to do its work under the surface to help **firm, freshen** and strengthen tissues. Let your mirror be the judge of its **amazing benefits!** Have this "vitalizing" substance bring "bloom" to your skin. **APPLY ON THAT PART OF YOUR BODY WHERE YOU WANT THE MOST GOOD DONE,** or your face, neck or hands. With each order for TRUM we will include **FREE** a Doctor's brochure for

"Bust Development and Care"

Send $3.00, which includes Federal tax and postage. (If C.O.D. $3.50). TRUM, "BUST DEVELOPMENT AND CARE" and complete directions sent in plain wrapper. We are so sure you will be pleased that we GUARANTEE to refund the purchase price if you are not more than satisfied with results after using. Order yours NOW! TRUM, 220 Broadway, Dept. BVA, New York 7, N. Y.

Remember Your Loved One!



Wear This Genuine

STERLING SILVER PHOTO RING

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Custom Made Design with Your Photo Hand-Painted in Oil, Permanently Sealed in Magnified Dome Crystal. WATER-PROOF—WILL NEVER FADE. SEND NO MONEY! Simply mail a photo or clear snapshot which will be returned in good order. When your Photo Ring arrives, pay the postman $4.49 plus a few cents postage. LIFE-TIME GUARANTEE. Mass production and direct sales to you make this value possible. **$4.49** $7.50 Value

Send in a Paper Strip with your ring finger measure for correct size. All Federal Taxes, Inc.

FISK INDUSTRIES, Dept. D-2
Fisk Building, 250 West 57 St., N. Y. C.

Ladies' Set Ring "GIVEN"





Mail us $1.05 and we will send you prepaid 4 boxes of **Rosebud** Salve (25c size) and will include with the salve this ladies sterling silver sparkling **White Stone set** ring, your size. You can sell 4 salve and get back your $1.00. The 5c is for U.S. Sales Tax on ring, so make remittance $1.05.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO, Box 56, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.

LUCKY in NUMBERS — LUCKY in LOVE

Stop worrying and wondering. Get the facts according to numbers. Send me your complete birth date. Get your new personalized forecast on Love, Business, Finances, Travel, Pleasure, Health, Home, Responsibility, friends and associates. I send you your *PERSONAL NUMBERS* forecast taken from your full birth date. Formerly a $5.00 service. All for only 25c. Rush birth date, a 3c stamp and 25c in coin. FREE—Mail your order promptly and get a dictionary of 300 Common Dreams. Satisfaction guaranteed.

APPLIED NUMBERS, Dept. 82
3833 Applegate, Cincinnati 11, Ohio

With FALSE TEETH



Use **EZO** *Dental Cushions*

Here is a comforting aid for lower plate users. Ezo Dental Cushions relieve sore spots on tender gums; stop lower plate from raising and clicking; prevent seeds from lodging under plate; make plate fit snugger; help you wear and become accustomed to new plates; enable you to eat meat, tomatoes, pears, celery. Is not a powder, is not a paste, will not stick to plate. Send 50c for 10 Ezo Dental Cushions. (No stamps please.) EZO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Box No. 9306, Dept. H-63, Phila. 39, Pa. Advt.

proach, only to spy Bing climbing out of it. Oh, me achin' back!" they'd roar.

And talking about the streets of Paris, Crosby got a big bang out of seeing French women who'd ride on bicycles and wear wooden shoes "with no stockings and a h - - - of a fancy hat with a settin' hen or something on top of it."

But settin' hens or not, Jeanne and Darlene wanted a chance to snap up some of the sharp French chic and since they couldn't speak French, Bing had promised he'd go on a shopping trip with them and interpret. Both the girls wanted some of the quaint wooden wedgies with the high spike heels.

Bing explained to the woman that Jean wanted some red wooden shoes. "Très petits and très rouges." (Jean wears a 3.)

But the saleslady wasn't to be dealt with that easily. She insisted on making a production of it, starting at the largest thing they had.

After about five trips she came out with some small and red enough. Bing sighed and started getting ready for Darlene's blue ones. "Okay, Bubbles . . . let's have with yours."

Yes, they had theirs, all right, and then, almost without warning, it was all over. The tour was over and they were heading home. Some of the war came home with them, though. In the shape of men without shape, men without arms and without legs, hundreds of boys who'd been in France and done their jobs. As they inched nearer and nearer land, the idea spread and took hold, having the kids who couldn't walk brought up on deck; and so slowly, in a never-ending stream of wheel chairs and stretchers and sometimes on strong backs, the kids got updeck. And then, maybe because they'd been praying for this moment for so long, when they saw it, it didn't seem quite real. Home. The U. S. A. The practice parachute jumping tower in Brooklyn! Strangely, there were no gags, no roughhousing. Just a sea of set faces with the masks men wear when their hearts are overfull. The silence was so big it seemed to swallow even the sounds of the heavy, uneven breathing and the scraping of wheel chairs. It swallowed everything but the faint, far-away lap of water slapping against the side of the ship and the thin, high wail of the kid propped up against the rail. "Jeez, jeez, jeez, fellas, we're home! Je-e-e-ez. . . ." Over and over again. And then suddenly, hell broke loose. Cheering and whistling and back-slapping, the sounds of men coming back to life. And off lounging over a rail, Bing waited. Sucking at his pipe, blinking a little, his eyes riveted far out, his crazy blue and yellow tie whipping in the breeze, listening to the skinny kid softly talking to himself, "Jeez, jeez, jeez, we're home—swe-e-e-l . . ."

Swell, too, to Bing to be back in Bel-Air with his wife, Dixie, and the boys.

"Did you see any GERMANS?" said Gary.

"Any LIVE ones?" came from Philip.

Then Bing started fishing out all the stuff he'd brought. Souvenirs the boys had given him. All kinds of epaulets . . . German insignia . . . pieces of planes . . . stuff that's solid gold to junior G.I.'s.

And a life that was once so simple has grown mighty complicated. Once it just meant mostly croonin' a little, golfin' a little, actin' a little. Or maybe looking in on his own production, "The Great John L." But no more. Not with all that overseas loot. The word has gotten around somehow. He's a big man.

And every evening now finds him mentally mapping some new line of strategy that will get him home without facing the Bel-Air barrage.

"Oh, me achin' back!" says Bing.



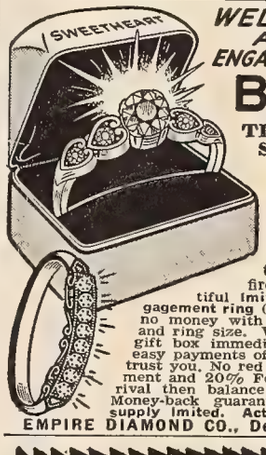
The action-lather cleanses thoroughly, leaves hair easy to manage—and no other shampoo gives your hair such gleaming highlights.

Does Not Change Color of Hair

10c 25c 45c
At Drug and 5 & 10c Stores



Hennafoam Gleam Shampoo



WEDDING AND ENGAGEMENT **RING BARGAIN**

TEN DAYS' TRIAL—SEND NO MONEY

Introductory offer: With every order for smart, new, Sterling Silver Solitaire engagement ring we will include without extra charge exquisite wedding ring set with eight imitation diamonds matching in fire and brilliance the beautiful imitation Diamond solitaire engagement ring (the perfect bridal pair). Send no money with order. Just name, address and ring size. We ship both rings in lovely gift box immediately and you make just 2 easy payments of $2 each, total only $4. We trust you. No red tape as you make first payment and 20% Federal tax to postman on arrival then balance any time within 30 days. Money-back guarantee. War conditions make supply limited. Act NOW.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. ST-309, Jefferson, Iowa

PAIN



WEARS YOU OUT . .
. . DRAGS YOU DOWN

When Headache, Functional Monthly Pains, or Simple Neuralgia interfere with your work or your enjoyment, try DR. MILES ANTI-PAIN PILLS. Get them at your drug store. Read directions and use only as directed. **Regular package 25c, economy package $1.00.** MILES LABORATORIES, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.



HELP YOURSELF to a **SOFT SMOOTH SKIN** *the kind Men Admire*

WASH daily with the pure, fluffy, distinctive lather of mild Resinol Soap—so cleansing and lastingly refreshing.

If skin is pimply, dry or rough, from external causes, just apply medicated Resinol Ointment. It quickly relieves the irritation and so hastens healing.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

"America's Biggest Bargain Book Club" Makes This Amazing Offer To New Members Only!

YOURS FREE
if you accept this amazing offer
—Your Choice of these Best-Sellers

And ALSO FREE
to new members of the Book League of America
—Your Choice of these Great Classics

THIS EXTRAORDINARY OFFER TO NEW MEMBERS is first of kind in history of "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club"! YOURS ABSOLUTELY FREE—choose any one of FOUR modern best-sellers at left . . . and any one of FOUR masterpieces at right! TWO FREE BOOKS—Best of Old and Best of New—both fine library volumes.

THE BEST OF THE NEW and THE BEST OF THE OLD

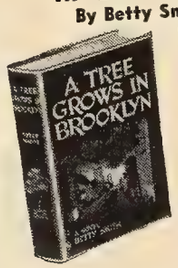
THE RAZOR'S EDGE
By W. Somerset Maugham



Women did everything to give Larry Darrell happiness. Yet he *turned down* love, riches, career! And why was he fascinated by drunken Sophie, plaything of Paris?

Over 1,000,000 copies published! By master story-teller who gave you "Rain," "Of Human Bondage," etc. $2.75 in publisher's edition.

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN
By Betty Smith



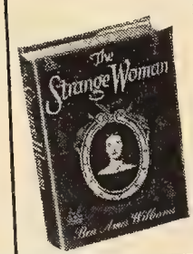
The great, teeming story that has clutched America by the heart! Greatest fiction best-seller of all time — sold more copies in its first year than any other novel ever published.

HUNGRY HILL
By Daphne DuMaurier



Fanny-Rosa was only 17—but men and money were her playthings! A powerful, passionate tale of "wild love and wilder killings" by the famous author of REBECCA! Over 535,000 copies published.

THE STRANGE WOMAN
By Ben Ames Williams



To the New England world, Jenny Hager was a charming, righteous woman. But to eight men who really knew her — father, husbands, sons, lovers — this Maine Cleopatra was a shameless, passionate she-devil!

JANE EYRE
By Charlotte Bronte

Full text of the most banned book of the 19th Century—now smash-hit movie, starring Orson Welles, Joan Fontaine! A passionate, daring love story of a woman's love for a married man with an illegitimate child and insane wife.



SHORT STORIES OF DeMAUPASSANT

Over 50 tales of love, passion, madness, jealousy — complete, the frankest stories of their kind ever written! Ball-of-Fat, Love, Mademoiselle Fifi, Story of a Farm Girl.



BEST KNOWN WORKS OF ZOLA

Contains, together with other Zola masterpieces, the famous novel which Parisians bought secretly, carried home under their cloaks—scarlet story of NANA!



BEST KNOWN WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE

Greatest writer of all time — foundation stone of every library! This exciting 432-page edition contains all most famous dramas — *Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet, Othello, Merchant of Venice, Midsummer Night's Dream, Julius Caesar,* and others.



Accept FREE MEMBERSHIP *in the Book League NOW!*

GIFT CERTIFICATE GOOD FOR 2 FREE BOOKS

BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA
Dept. MM2, Garden City, N. Y.

send me—FREE—these 2 books: (write Titles below):

.....
(Choose one from best-sellers at left above)

.....
(Choose one from classics at right above)

Within 5 days I may return them if I wish, without cost or obligation. Otherwise I will keep them as a gift and continue to receive forthcoming monthly double-selections for a year—at only $1.39, plus few cents postage, for BOTH books.

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....
(Please print plainly)

Address.....

City..... Zone No. (if any)..... State.....

Occupation..... If under 21, age please.....

☐ **HANDSOME DE LUXE BINDING:** Check box if you wish your masterpieces (one each month) in simulated leather, silver stamped, for only 50c extra monthly. We will then send you, in this same binding your FREE copy of the classic you choose.

Slightly higher in Canada. Address 105 Bond St., Toronto

NOW is the most opportune moment of all to begin your membership in the Book League of America! Because NOW for the first time in Book League history — New Members are entitled to a FREE COPY of any one of FOUR widely acclaimed best-sellers (above, left), and at the same time, ALSO A FREE COPY of any one of FOUR recognized world masterpieces (above, right). TWO BOOKS FREE—just for joining "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club"!

The Best of the New —AND of the Old

Each month ONE of the Book League's selections is a modern best-seller by a famous author like John Steinbeck, Somerset Maugham, Ernest Hemingway, Ben Ames Williams, or Ilka Chase—a book selling for $2.50 and up in the publisher's edition.

The OTHER book is a masterpiece of immortal literature. These volumes of the world's classics are *uniformly bound* in durable cloth. They grow into a handsome, lifetime *matched* library. The great authors in this series include Shakespeare, Poe, Oscar Wilde, etc. (Since they are great classics which you will always cherish in your lifetime library, you may prefer the beautiful DeLuxe Edition bound in simulated *leather* with silver stamping. Just take your choice.)

This is the ONLY club that builds for you a library containing the best of the new best-sellers AND the best of the older masterpieces! TWO books sent you each month are valued at $3.50 to $4 in the publisher's edition. But you can get BOTH for only $1.39!

5-DAY TRIAL—No Obligation

Send the coupon without money. Simply write on the coupon your choice from EACH of the two groups of books shown above. Read the modern BEST SELLER you have chosen AND read the CLASSIC you have chosen—for five days. If these two books do not convince you that this IS "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club," simply return them; pay nothing. But if these volumes DO demonstrate that subscribing to the Book League is the wisest move a reader can make today, then keep them as a gift; your subscription will begin with next month's double-selection. Mail coupon for your TWO FREE BOOKS Now! BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. MM2, Garden City, N. Y.

Women MAKE MONEY THIS EASY WAY

—and as a bonus Get Your Own Dresses FREE!



The lumberjacket goes feminine in this two-piece dress of rayon crepe in black, blue and coral.
Style 607

HERE is an amazing opportunity for you to make money quickly and easily, and get your own dresses FREE besides. Because our national advertising has so increased the demand for famous Fashion Frocks we need more ambitious women for demonstrating and taking orders for these lovely dresses at remarkably low prices. The work is pleasant and dignified, and pays up to $15, $18, $20 and $25 in a week for just your spare time. Besides you get your own dresses FREE of cost. You need no experience and no money is required. Mail coupon below for full information. There is no obligation.

Start at Home—No Canvassing Necessary

All you have to do is to invite your friends and neighbors to see your gorgeous portfolio of new spring and summer Fashion Frocks which we furnish you FREE. The smart, original styles, the beautiful fabrics and colors, plus the astonishing values, will prove so irresistible that these women will gladly give you their orders season after season. We deliver and collect and you get paid immediately. It's like having a permanent dress shop of your own, and all without investing a penny.

Millions of Women Know Fashion Frocks!

For many years Fashion Frocks have been extensively advertised to millions of American women and are recognized as fine quality, highly styled, popular priced dresses. They have the approval of leading fashion editors and prominent stars of stage and screen. And these lovely dresses were worn by the famous Powers Models at a Television Style Show. When you represent Fashion Frocks you show dresses that are well-known and wanted.

Send No Money, Everything Furnished *FREE!*

The elaborate Style Presentation Portfolio, featuring over 120 of the last-minute dresses, will be sent you absolutely FREE. Included will be our special plans to help you make a brilliant success. We will show you how thousands of other women succeed—how you can, too—and enjoy as much as $25 weekly for part-time work. The coupon brings you all the details. Rush it to us by return mail. There is no obligation.

MAIL COUPON!
Get Gorgeous Style Portfolio of Advanced Spring Dresses



The brief bolero and its unusual baroque print in spotlight colors of Pink with Black.
Style 653

as low as **$2.98**

Dramatic black rayon print enhanced by a wide side ruffle and cap sleeves lined in red!
Style 605

Fashion Frocks, INC.

Desk 92054, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

JUST MAIL THIS COUPON!

Our 37th Year in Business

Fashion Frocks, Inc.
Desk 92054, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

● Yes—I am interested in your opportunity to make money in spare time and get my own dresses Free. Send me full information, without obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

Age..... *Dress Size*.....

Give Yourself a Glamorous PERMANENT WAVE At Home!



SIMPLE AS PUTTING UP YOUR HAIR IN CURLERS

Cool . . . Comfortable . . . Lovely, Long-lasting Results



Charm-Kurl 59¢

PERMANENT WAVE KIT

NOTHING MORE TO BUY

Soft, *natural-looking* waves and curls . . . that's what every woman wants from a permanent. And that's what you get when you give yourself a CHARM-KURL Permanent Wave—right at home! Here is a permanent that you don't have to coax for months in order to get a natural-looking wave. A CHARM-KURL Permanent is lovely . . . soft . . . *natural* from the very beginning! Treat yourself to this new home permanent wave sensation. Thrill to soft curls and shimmering waves . . . hair that gleams with life and beauty. CHARM-KURL gives just as lovely a wave to bleached and dyed hair, too . . . is absolutely safe because it contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia. Try this machineless, cold permanent wave . . . and see for yourself new, dazzling curls and waves that sparkle with bewitching highlights day and night.



JUNE LANG

Glamorous Movie Star praises Charm-Kurl

IN 3 QUICK EASY STEPS

Just shampoo, put up your hair in curlers and then set. That's all there is to your CHARM-KURL PERMANENT WAVE. All curlers, permanent wave solution, shampoo and wave set are included in your kit! You need no hair dressing experience—yet you get a professional looking, beautifully soft wave.

CHARM-KURL Gives Children's Hair a Beautiful Wave, Too!



If your dealer is at present out of stock or if you prefer to order . . . send coupon. CHARM-KURL CO., Dept. 246, 2459 Universit St. Paul 4, Minn. Canada: 107 Richmond St., East, Toronto, Ont.

IF NOT AT YOUR DEALER—USE THIS COUPON

CHARM-KURL CO., Dept. 246, 2459 University Ave., St. Paul 4, Minn.

Please send me one complete CHARM-KURL Permanent Wave Kit. When it c I will pay 59c to my postman (69c in Canada). If, for any reason, I am n oughly satisfied, you agree to refund purchase price on my request. If yo more than one kit, check below:

☐ **2 CHARM-KURL KITS, $1.18 plus postage**
☐ **3 CHARM-KURL KITS, $1.77 plus postage**
(C. O. D. *Charges the same as for only one KIT*)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

☐ I want to save postage charges, enclosed is remittance.

(Canadian address 107 Richmond St., East, Toronto, Ont., Canada

MAKE THIS EASY CHARM-KURL TEST TODAY

Know the Joy of a Glamorous Permanent Wave . . . By Tonight!

You can now get CHARM-KURL PERMANENT WAVE KITS *at* DRUG STORES, DEPARTMENT STORES *and* 5-10c STORES. Be sure to ask for CHARM-KURL by name—it is your assurance of thrilling results. CHARM-KURL is always sold on the positive guarantee of satisfaction or money back!

Modern Screen

ARCH
5c

A DELL MAGAZINE
DELL
A DELL MAGAZINE

X

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



ALAN LADD

JUNE ALLYSON'S LIFE STORY



Her lovely hair shines just like jet, No wonder she's the brunette threat!

No Other Shampoo

LEAVES YOUR HAIR SO LUSTROUS, YET SO EASY TO MANAGE!



Smart, new combination . . . checks and stripes worn together! A blouse of crisp rayon over a sweater of soft, warm cotton and wool. Her lovely hair, swept up from her face in an unusual new center-part arrangement, owes its shining smoothness to Drene with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Does your hair look dull, slightly mousy?

No wonder—if you're washing it with cake soap or liquid soap shampoo! Because soap of any sort leaves a *soap film* which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Change to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Drene never leaves any dulling film. That's why it reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Does your hair-do require constant fiddling?

Men don't like this business of running a comb through your hair in public! Fix your hair so it stays put! And remember Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair wonderfully easy to manage, right after shampooing! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to arrange!

Sssssshhhhh! But have you dandruff?

Too many girls have! And what a pity. For unsightly dandruff can be easily controlled if you shampoo regularly with Drene. Drene with Hair Conditioner removes every trace of embarrassing dandruff the very first time you use it!

MAKE A DATE WITH Glamour

Tonight . . . don't put it off . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Get the combination of beauty benefits only this wonderful improved shampoo can give! ✓ *Extra lustre*. . . up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoos! ✓ *Manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! ✓ *Complete removal* of dandruff! Insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, or ask your beauty shop to use it.



Drene Shampoo

WITH

HAIR CONDITIONER

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Product of Procter & Gamble

"Rather hold their hats than their hands, Honey?"





GIRL: Cupid dear... isn't that a sort of silly question?

CUPID: Silly? Listen, Child: My business is Romance. And the way you let those boys skate off without you... well, it isn't so good for business.

GIRL: *Let* them skate off? How could I *stop* them? I'm no glamour girl!

CUPID: You could have tried smiling at them! Even a plain girl can be pretty when she smiles.

GIRL: Not *this* plain girl, Cupid. My teeth—honest, I'm a one-woman dimout. I brush my teeth every—

CUPID: Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: Well, yes, but...



CUPID: ...you ignore it! By the Everlasting Double-Ring Ceremony, Child! Don't you know that tinge of "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist right away?*

GIRL: But—

CUPID: ...because he may say your gums have gotten tender, robbed of exercise by soft, modern foods. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: But we were talking about *my smile!* Not my—

CUPID: Listen, Child... Ipana Tooth Paste and massage were *born* to help your smile! Massaging a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth helps your gums to healthier, ruddier firmness. And healthier gums mean sounder teeth, a brighter smile... and somebody to hold *your* hat while you skate! Get started on a brighter smile today, Baby!



Product of Bristol-Myers

For the Smile of Beauty— **IPANA AND MASSAGE**

By Jean Kinkead



Co-ed

If you want to make 1945 V-year, here's what you can do to carry your share of Victory!

■ So you think soldiers win a war? Sure, soldiers, sailors, marines *and* civilians behind them at home. That's *you*. Without you, there wouldn't be any ammunition, any morale . . . any victory. To make 1945 V-year, you'll have to give with everything in your power. You've got to make one big, fat resolution that will touch everything you do, and this is it: "This year I resolve to reach for the moon." Resolve to pull down a couple of A's instead of straight C's; to look your best all the time, instead of just on special occasions; to snag a beau who's top-notch, instead of just any sad sack.

You know, whether you're a pretty smooth somebody or simply a slow drizzle depends exclusively on how high you've been reaching for beauty, brains, chic. If you've been reaching way up there, your hair is bright, your lessons are done, your sweater's whistle-clean, and you're on top of the world. If you haven't been, don't cry in your Pepsi about it. Get busy, and here's how.

Beauty-wise: We won't go into specific beauty stuff, because our beauty (*Continued on page 10*)



KATIE... who forgot that loving a man was thinking with your heart!



JOHNNY... who sang 'cause singing was the laughter of the angels!



FRANCIE... the little girl who dreamed... with her eyes wide open!

WHAT A TREMENDOUS MOMENT AWAITS YOU...

When each beloved character of this great book becomes a living reality for you on the screen!

BETTY SMITH'S

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

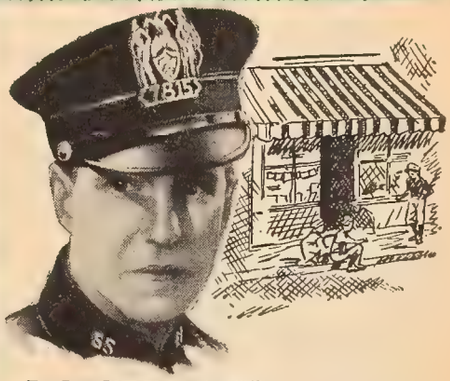
30TH ANNIVERSARY 20th CENTURY-FOX



AUNT SISSY... who wasn't bad... she was only friendly!



NEELEY... whose world was Brooklyn... and "alla candy you can eat"!



McSHANE... and wasn't it an officer's duty to look after the ladies?

DOROTHY McGUIRE as Katie · JOAN BLONDELL as Aunt Sissy · JAMES DUNN as Johnny
LLOYD NOLAN as McShane · PEGGY ANN GARNER as Francie · TED DONALDSON as Neeley
and JAMES GLEASON · RUTH NELSON · JOHN ALEXANDER · B. S. PULLY · Directed by ELIA KAZAN · Produced by LOUIS D. LIGHTON

Screen Play by Tess Slesinger and Frank Davis · Adapted from the Novel by Betty Smith

She's very very...

SHE'S VARVACIOUS!



Her presence is dynamic ... her attraction undeniable ... her impression unforgettable. In a word—a new word—she's varvacious, with Varva's exciting perfumes "Follow Me" and "Nonchalant." They've made her very *very* ...

Varva extracts—$1 to $15 • Bath Powder, $1
Face Powder, 6 guest puffs, $1 • Bubble Foam, $1
Sachet, $1 and $1.75 • Talc, 55c
(plus tax)



NONCHALANT
The Devil-May-Care Perfume

FOLLOW ME
(*Suivez Moi*)
The Perfume That Leads and Lasts

VARVA

Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y.

CO-ED

(*Continued from page 6*)

charts do exactly that, and they're yours just for a stamped envelope. (See page 26.) However, we do want to goad you into action. If you know you'd look slick with Dutch-boy bangs or a sleek center part or a straight-to-the-shoulder bob—okay, so be it. If you think a blue-red lipstick is your ticket, a deeper powder the answer to your sallow puss, well go blow yourself to same and see. Reach, kids. Don't just sit around and hate your face and get an inferiority complex.

S'posing your complexion is really a problem, but you don't think you can afford a doctor's advice. Go and talk to the doctor, anyway. Ask if there's a free clinic within train or bus distance. If there isn't, ask him if he can arrange to let you pay him for his care gradually. Maybe your teeth are your greatest cross, but having them straightened is so impossible financially you don't even consider it. Get over to the dentist and work out a deal. You'll type for him after school and on Saturdays. You'll answer the phone, straighten up the office, run errands. Don't think he won't be interested, but *he's* not going to make the first move.

Brain-wise: First of all, do marks matter? If you're dreaming of college, of a cadet nursing school, they can mean a scholarship. If you want a career in business, they may make the difference between a routine job and one filled with excitement and responsibility. Marks matter ever, ever so much, so hit the books, chums, hard and often. Maybe going to the library right after school will be the best system for you. Maybe having someone over to work with you will help. Most important rule is this: Don't get behind in things. Get your themes in right on the nose, chem note-book all up to date, outside reading going along on schedule. Oh, that good feeling of being all caught up! Another thing. Don't underestimate your tools. A good pen, a sharp pencil, a bright light, a comfortable chair—all these are studious making. So is time out for a Pepsi now and then, or a listen to you-know-who on Wednesday nights. Concentration, tossed well with relaxation, and you've got something. Could be an A.

About Grooming: You *know* all about keeping your shoes shined and your skirts pressed. You do mean to tub your sweaters the second they look bleary. And gosh, you really hate a not-quite-fresh white blouse as much as the next person. You want to be well-groomed, but your reach isn't so hot. This year, kiddie, please want to very, very, very much. Enough to make Saturday the day you get lifts and a shine—but faithfully, not just every third week. Make Saturday the day you fetch and carry clothes from and to the cleaners. How about Monday nights for a little light laundry? Or make it Tuesday. Any time as long as you stick to it. Get yourself some system, and you'll get yourself some grooming.

About Men: Granted, you can't just toss an eye at the biggest shot in town and expect him to fall. Still you can start paving the way for it. How? Well, from your very first date, waste no wiles on undesirables. Lads with unsavory reputations, lads the other gals scorn, lads who are just plain dull. These aren't for you. Set your cap for someone who *is* someone, and "being someone" in the way we mean has nothing to do with money or social position. He may be the shy guy who writes the smooth editorials for the school paper, the unattached, undiscovered hunk



Peace terms every man should make NOW!

The war is still on . . . and will be for some time to come.

But right now—before the war ends—every man in America has an unprecedented opportunity to make terms with himself for his own peace . . . his peace of mind.

For *now,* as never before, a man should look at his wife and family and say, "What can I offer them for the future?"

And now, as never before, a man in America has a chance to answer this question—an opportunity to provide for the future.

That opportunity is War Bonds. No doubt you are buying War Bonds through the Payroll Saving Plan. Arrange to buy *more* War Bonds. All you can afford.

What's even more important—don't cash in those War Bonds before they mature. Stick them away in a safe place—and forget about them till you can reap the full harvest on them.

Now is the time to make your plans for peace of mind. Buy War Bonds and hold onto them!

MODERN SCREEN

This is an official U.S. Treasury advertisement —prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council

of muscle on the hockey team. He may be the kid who delivers groceries after school, or the one with the Beiderbecke album. Any one of the nice joes who *do* something, are interested in something, are going places. Sight him, sink him, and if or when your little session goes poof by mutual consent, pick up the pieces and move on to something even fancier.

Do you understand a little better about reaching high? And do you see how important and all-inclusive a resolution it is? It even takes in clothes. This year, chickens, you get 'em good. You get one honey instead of a group of crumbs. This year you read a significant book now and then. A worthwhile piece of non-fiction that will give you something to think about. Something to talk about. You use a four-dollar word occasionally instead of the hackneyed, easy nickel jobs. You spend your leisure being a blood donor or a Nurse's Aid. Up till now you've just thought about it. This year it happens.

We'll be watching you little co-eds, proudly and confidently. Start reaching today. This very minute.

Co-Ed Question Box:

All the boys who know me think I'm strictly okay, but I never make an impression on those casual "hello" acquaintances. How can I make them interested in knowing me better? D. C. F., Lansing, Mich.

Best thing to do is to let them observe you in action. Make up your mind which ones you're anxious to know better, and then pursue them quietly to their lair. Maybe it's the chem lab after school. Could be it's Room 303 where the literati put out the school paper. Or is it the dramatic club? It's up to you to discover what they do after three o'clock, then *be* there. Let them take a good long look, enchant them with your line of patter, contrive to be there every day until you're one of their crowd, and they're part of yours. That's all there is to it.

I'm an average boy with a few girl friends. I used to consider myself lucky to have a date, but this year all the girls are flocking around. All but one, that is, and she's the one I'm crazy about. She, in turn, loves my best friend who doesn't give two hoots about her. The really sad part of it is that she thinks I've told my best friend bad things about her, and that's why he doesn't like her. Imagine me *saying anything bad about* her! *How can I make her like me? Bob M., Philadelphia, Pa.*

Couldn't you and your friend cook up a double date? He'd ask the girl you like, and you'd ask some other nice girl. In the course of the evening the girl you like would see what a good guy you are—especially if you could get your best friend to play you up a bit, cue you for bright sayings. Bet you wouldn't have any trouble getting her to date you after that.

This summer I went steady with a boy from another part of the state. When he first went back home, I received a letter or phone call every day. Then the phone calls stopped, and finally the letters. In the meantime, another boy has asked me to go steady with him, and though I like him, I can't seem to forget the first one. I wrote and told him that another boy had asked me to go steady, and he answered asking me not to. I wrote back saying I wouldn't, and that was the end of the correspondence. Should I write and ask him what's wrong? I. D., Boston, Mass.

Gosh, no. You know, we gals have a way of wanting to make a long-term proposition of every summer romance, and it's not a bit smart. Of course, the boy's to

Sandra found shopping packed plenty of punch...



—But HOLD-BOB pins kept her hair stylish till lunch!

• Why is a bobby pin? To *hold* your hair —smoothly, firmly, invisibly. And that's the way HOLD-BOB bobby pins are made: for longer-lasting, springy power. Remember, only HOLD-BOBS have those small, round, invisible heads. Add satiny finish and the rounded-for-safety ends ...and you have the advantages that make HOLD-BOBS America's favorites! Look for, ask for, the HOLD-BOB card.





Copyright 1945

Gaylord Products Inc. Chicago 16 Illinois

HOLD-BOB

"The bobby pins that HOLD"



Brilliant

AS A DIAMOND

Your figure can be as flawlesss as your jewels. Perma-Lift helps you achieve that perfect grooming that a smart bra can give. In Perma-Lift a miracle happens at the base of the bra cups where an exclusive cushion inset gently supports your bosom—never becomes limp through countless washings and wear. Latest styles at all fine stores. Bras and Bandeaus—$1.25 to $2.50. Trust Perma-Lift—the trademark that has stood the test of time.

For Fashion Fit and Corset Comfort—you'll also like Hickory Juniors, Girdles, Panties, "The Foundation of Loveliness"

A. STEIN & COMPANY

Chicago • New York • Los Angeles • Toronto



blame a bit for not making it clear that, come August, we've hit the end of the line, but it's up to us to realize that. Separation, unless you are very deeply in love, invariably terminates a romance. Forgive us, if that sounds harsh, and file that first boy away until next summer. Meanwhile, have fun with the material at hand.

I'm fifteen years old and have been going with a boy of eighteen for nearly two and a half months. I like him ever so much, and I thought he liked me, too. A few weeks ago, our class—which is all girls—gave a wiener roast, and we were to invite boys and pay their way. I invited my guy, and he went, but since then I've only had two dates with him. I can't figure out the sudden chill, unless it could be that I paid for his ticket to the class party. What do you think? Marie, Toronto, Canada.

I can't imagine any sensible boy being offended because a girl paid for his ticket to her class party, so the reason for the coolness must lie elsewhere. It may be that he's afraid you're getting sort of possessive. The minute you ask some boys to something, they get panic-struck. Possibly he thinks he's using good tactics. Keeping you guessing, so to speak. Perhaps, being young and male, he's on the fickle side and is wearying of the close companionship. In any event, don't let him know how anxious you are. Be your joshy, friendly self when you meet, don't let it get around that you consider yourself jilted, and under no circumstances act huffy or hurt. If anything will bring him back, it will be this quiet, undemanding tack, and if he is really lost, hold your head high and go after another lad.

I am a teen-age girl who wanted to have fun, but made the mistake of having it in the wrong way, with the wrong people. Now my reputation is so poor that the nice young people don't want to have anything to do with me, even though I'm very anxious to behave myself. Is it wrong to neck in the movies? How can you ask a boy not to kiss you good-night without making him angry? The only place in our town for people to have any fun is a tavern. The boys all want to go there, and if the girls say no, they're considered complete flops. What to do? G. S. Canton, Ill.

You *can* live down a bad reputation, but it takes a little while. The best way we know is by completely cutting yourself off from the old crowd and by plunging into some worthy activities with all your energy. Red Cross, USO work, church activities. You'll make new contacts there with which to replace the old. And gradually, if you don't push too hard or work too fast, you'll find yourself accepted by the town, with all the old memories of you completely erased from people's minds. Now, to your questions. Some people have always considered the back row of the movies a sort of unofficial lovers lane, but we don't think public love-making is ever in very good taste. When your date tries to kiss you good-night, and you don't want him to, try giving him your best smile and shake your head slowly and decisively. Or else say, "Not tonight, Bill," leading him to believe that maybe next time—We guarantee he won't be angry with you; just very, very intrigued. About where to go in a town like yours to have some fun. Couldn't you appeal to one of the churches or to the school to let you have a couple of rooms? If necessary, go to the mayor and ask him to think up something for you. Get the townspeople interested in a club for the young people. A place where you can dance and play ping pong and have fun. Work on it, and you'll get it—and that very activity may bring you into contact with all the people you've been longing to know.

AUTOGRAPHS!

You don't have to lurk in drafty hotel lobbies or chase through deserted streets or stand on line to get these precious autographs. Uh-huh. We do it the easy way. All you do is send in a quarter to help the work of the NAVAL AID AUXILIARY FUND and in return, you get the official NAA emblem card autographed by whatever star you pick from the list below! And if you send in that extra dollar you have floating around, you get an EXTRA signature as a bonus—which makes 5 autographs **for the price of 4!** We sure do it the easy way!

June Allyson
Don Ameche
Mary Anderson
Dana Andrews
Jean Arthur

Lynn Bari
Lionel Barrymore
Anne Baxter
William Bendix
Joan Bennett
Ingrid Bergman
Turhan Bey
Janet Blair
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
Charles Boyer
Eddie Bracken
Barbara Britton
Jim Brown

Eddie Cantor
Claudette Colbert
Ronald Colman
Gary Cooper
Joseph Cotten
James Craig
Jeanne Crain
Dick Crane
Bing Crosby
Xavier Cugat

Helmut Dantine
Linda Darnell
Bette Davis
Laraine Day
Gloria De Haven
Olivia de Havilland
Tommy Dix
Brian Donlevy
Tom Drake
Jimmy Durante

William Eythe

Jinx Falkenburg
Alice Faye
Errol Flynn

John Garfield
Judy Garland
Peggy Ann Garner
Greer Garson
Paulette Goddard
Betty Grable
Farley Granger
Cary Grant
Bonita Granville
Kathryn Grayson
Sidney Greenstreet

Alan Hale
Dare Harris
Signe Hasso
June Haver
Dick Haymes
Susan Hayward
Rita Hayworth
Paul Henreid
Katharine Hepburn
John Hodiak
Bob Hope
Marsha Hunt
Walter Huston
Betty Hutton
Bob Hutton

Richard Jaeckel
Harry James
Gloria Jean
Van Johnson
Jennifer Jones
Brenda Joyce

Danny Kaye
Gene Kelly
Kay Kyser

Alan Ladd
Hedy Lamarr
Dorothy Lamour
Carole Landis
Priscilla Lane
Joan Leslie
John Loder
Myrna Loy
Ida Lupino
Diana Lynn

Roddy McDowall
Lon McCallister
Dorothy McGuire
Irene Manning
Trudy Marshall
Marilyn Maxwell
Ray Milland
Carmen Miranda
Thomas Mitchell
Maria Montez
George Montgomery
Constance Moore
Dennis Morgan
George Murphy

Lloyd Nolan

Jack Oakie
Merle Oberon
Margaret O'Brien
Virginia O'Brien
Donald O'Connor
Maureen O'Hara
Dennis O'Keefe
Michael O'Shea

John Payne
Gregory Peck
Susan Peters
Walter Pidgeon
William Powell
Tyrone Power

George Raft
Ella Raines
Martha Raye
Ronald Reagan
Donna Reed
Ginger Rogers
Roy Rogers
Rosalind Russell
Ann Rutherford
Eddie Ryan
Peggy Ryan

Randolph Scott
Ann Sheridan
Dinah Shore
Phil Silvers
Ginny Simms
Frank Sinatra
Red Skelton
Alexis Smith
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck

Shirley Temple
Gene Tierney
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Sonny Tufts
Lana Turner

Robert Walker
John Wayne
Cornel Wilde
Esther Williams
Jane Withers
Monty Woolley
Teresa Wright
Jane Wyman

Loretta Young
Robert Young

Enclosed please find 25c in ☐ stamps, ☐ paper-wrapped coin, for an NAA card autographed by

.....

.....

.....

I understand I am to enclose 25c for each additional autograph I request but that only $1.00 will now pay for 5 autographs.

My name is.....

I live at.....

City .....

State .....

NAA EDITOR, MODERN SCREEN
9136 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

Valentines! from Warners!

62 HOLLYWOOD STARS!
3 SENSATIONAL BANDS in
"HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN"



Songs! "DON'T FENCE ME IN"
Songs! "SWEET DREAMS, SWEETHEART"
Songs! AND MANY MORE!

It's a wonderful, wonder-filled love story too!

That very sensational woman's very sensational debut!

HUMPHREY BOGART
with
LAUREN BACALL
and
WALTER BRENNAN
in Ernest Hemingway's
"TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT"
A HOWARD HAWKS PRODUCTION



Full of big surprises-- and thrill upon thrill!

ERROL FLYNN



OBJECTIVE BURMA

with WILLIAM PRINCE · JAMES BROWN
GEO. TOBIAS · HENRY HULL
WARNER ANDERSON

Roses are red,
Violets are blue
WARNER BROS.
made these hits
for you!

Jack L. Warner, *Executive Producer*

(Continued from page 8)

at Acapulco. Those beauties in bathing suits give him ideas. Hey, Donald, come back here! *Donald!* Oh, well . . .—*RKO.*

P. S.

One of those all-too-few full length Walt Disney pictures. But this one is entirely different from any he's done before. It's a combination of cartoons and real action that is fascinating and beautiful to watch. Disney has worked for five years to perfect this process. It is as new and revolutionary as the advent of sound and color. This process enables Señor Donald Duck to do the Samba-Jongo with glorious Aurora Miranda of Brazil and enables the Flying Serape with the three Caballeros aboard to swoop over the famous beach at Mexico's Acapulco, teeming with dozens of pretty señoritas . . . You'll love Panchito. This is his debut in films, and we hope Mr. Disney will bring him back many times. Jose Carioca, the Brazilian parrot who played in "Saludos Amigos," does his second bit for the screen. Donald Duck is already established in the hearts of all Americans. Those are the three Caballeros . . . Aurora Miranda of Brazil, Carmen Molina and Dora Luz of Mexico—three of Latin America's most famous musical stars —are introduced to American audiences in this film . . . The running time of "The Three Caballeros" is seventy-two minutes —at the end you'll wish it were twice seventy-two . . . We'd like to bring you more notes about the production but, as you no doubt realize, Mr. Disney's process for this filming is one of the biggest and most closely guarded secrets in Hollywood!

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

Some pilots call it luck—the thing that brings them through on a thousand to one chance. But after a dozen years of flying a man may come, as Colonel Robert Scott does, to the conclusion that it's God. The story of the years that lead up to that conclusion is also the saga of American aviation, and the men in it. It will make you proud, and it may also make you cry.

Dennis Morgan plays Colonel Scott with warmth and real sincerity. From the time he's a boy, Scott is determined to be a pilot. He decides that the best way to get a permanent commission in the Air Corps is to go to West Point. He gets there not by a political appointment, but the hard way—by enlisting in the regular Army and passing a competitive examination.

He is then assigned to Randolph Field for flight training. That's all very fine except that his fiancée, Catherine (Andrea King) lives thirteen hundred miles away. Which doesn't stop Scott from seeing her—he commutes twenty six-hundred miles on weekends till she marries him. In 1934, Scott is assigned to the job of flying the mail. Those are tough years. The routes are dangerous, the planes inadequate, and the weather is the worst in history. But when Scott is through, he knows more about flying than most pilots learn in a lifetime.

The Japs attack Pearl Harbor, and Scott wants to get in on the fighting. He's thirty-four now, and that's too old for combat duty, or so everyone tells him. He keeps on asking and at last is assigned to a B-17 and sent off to the Far East. There he manages to attach himself to the staff of General Chennault and to the company of the Flying Tigers.

They are a great bunch, particularly Tex (John Ridgely) and Ed (Dane Clark). There is a missionary priest, too, called Big Mike (Alan Hale), whom Scott likes a lot. Scott becomes known as the "one man air force," and the Japs duck for cover when they see him coming. One day he is flying Big Mike over to Kweiyand, and . . . But I want you to see that flight for yourself. It effectively demonstrates the truth of the picture's title.—*War.*

P. S.

The best seller, "God Is My Co-Pilot," had its beginning some twenty-six years ago when Robert Lee Scott, Jr., took his umbrella in hand and made his first crash landing from the roof of the family barn . . . But Colonel Scott didn't actually get the idea and the title for this autobiography until some twenty-four years later in the room of a flight surgeon in China. The Colonel had been out for his afternoon of Jap hunting and had collected five rivet heads in his right shoulder. A Jap twenty-seven mm. cannon shell hit the back of his armour plate and knocked the rivet heads loose and installed them in the flyer's hide. The Colonel had been taken to the flight surgeon to have the metal removed. Since there was no anesthetic, the doctor kept talking to keep his patient's



mind from the pain. The doctor found it hard to believe that one man could handle a fighter ship alone—fire the guns, drop the bombs, navigate, change fuel tanks and keep the radio operating. But the surgeon answered his own question, "No, you're not up there alone. You have the greatest co-pilot in the world." And there was the idea for the book and the title . . . forty-three sets for the picture, more than 10,000 different items—pipes, spectacles, swords, etc. This job fell on Lee Sheldon of the prop department. Exteriors and aerial scenes were done at Luke Field, Arizona . . . Colonel Scott wrote to Gen. Claire Chennault requesting photos of the village which had been headquarters of the Flying Tigers. From these pictures the little village was faithfully reproduced at Warner Bros.

MUSIC FOR MILLIONS

Umbriago—that's my boy! Or, in other words, Jimmy Durante's here again. "Music For Millions" comes to life with a bang every time he appears, and he steals scenes from Jose Iturbi without half trying. "It's Toscanini, Iturbi and Me!" according to one of Durante's songs, and I'm only surprised that he gives the other two top billing.

He doesn't steal any scenes from June Allyson or Margaret O'Brien, though. As Babs Ainsworth and her baby sister, Mike, they'll walk right into your heart. Babs, who plays the bass viol in Iturbi's symphony orchestra, is faced with the same problem as lots of American girls today. Her husband is in the South Pacific, and she's going to have a baby. She is delighted when little Mike drifts in from Connecticut and announces that she wants to stay with her big sister. But the situation does present difficulties. The club where the orchestra girls live has a "no children," rule, so they have to smuggle Mike in and out and pop her into the bass viol case when the landlady comes around. Then at rehearsal Mike is apt to interrupt one of Mr. Iturbi's most complicated numbers by lugging a stool across the platform for sister Babs to sit on. After all, it's hard work standing there holding that big bass viol. "And you don't want to be sick in bed when the baby comes," Mike tells Babs wisely.

Andrews (Jimmy Durante), the symphony's manager, swears that he and Mike are deadly enemies, but that doesn't prevent him from seeing that she gets her favorite kind of ice cream and even tucking her into bed on occasion.

Babs' particular friends, Rosalind (Marsha Hunt), Marie and Helen are worried about Babs. She hasn't heard from her husband in months, and it's getting her down. So they dream up a scheme to fix things, at least temporarily. It involves Marie's disreputable uncle (Hugh Herbert), and he's the funniest character in the whole picture.

The cast includes Harry Davenport, Marie Wilson, Helen Gilbert and Larry Adler. The music, of course, is magnificent.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

The music in this is really for the millions. Under the able direction of Jose Iturbi, the music includes Grieg's "Piano Concerto," the Fourth Movement of Dvorak's "New World Symphony," The Hallelujah Chorus from Handel's "Messiah," Debussy's "Claire de Lune" and Victor Herbert's "March of the Toys" . . . Blond, vivacious June Allyson marks a milestone in her promising motion picture career with this role, for it is her first straight dramatic part. June was signed by Metro eighteen

Are you in the know?

Try this often, if you aim to be—
- ☐ A good skate
- ☐ A pretty Kitty
- ☐ Queen of the Ice Follies



You're on thin ice, complexion-wise, without a daily workout. If you'd be a pretty Kitty, get that out-of-doors glow . . . it makes your skin look smoother, clearer. And you needn't skip those skating sessions on certain days. Moderate exercise is helpful—and *comfortable*, with Kotex. For Kotex gives you the kind of softness that doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch. Unlike flimsy napkins, Kotex *stays soft while wearing*. You get hours of chafeless comfort with Kotex sanitary napkins.



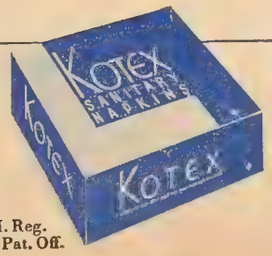
Would you say this character was—
- ☐ Slightly balmy
- ☐ Learning sign language
- ☐ Getting glamour-hands

Time on your hands is well spent. Glamour-hands can be yours by faithfully massaging each finger with a softening cream. (Pretend you're smoothing on a snug glove.) Shrewd grooming helps to banish self-consciousness. So, too, on calendar days, self-consciousness departs when you're shrewd enough to choose Kotex. Kotex is different from thick, stubby napkins because Kotex has *flat, tapered ends* that don't show. So no revealing lines can ruffle your smoothness, your poise.

For tearless tweezing, should you—
- ☐ Soften brows with hot water
- ☐ Spread skin taut
- ☐ Use quick, firm pull

When weeding out wayward eyebrows—weep no more, my lady. Just follow the routine given above. (All three answers are correct.) By the way, did you know that Kotex offers three answers to napkin needs? Yes, *only* Kotex comes in *three sizes*—for different women, different days. There's Regular, Junior and Super Kotex. And all three sizes of Kotex have that special *4-ply safety center* that gives you *extra* protection.





*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together



months ago. She was brought to Hollywood from New York where she had been a singer and dancer in musical comedies . . . After completing his role in this picture, Jimmy Durante returned to New York for a three months' record-breaking engagement at the Copacabana Club and a personal appearance at the Capitol Theater . . . Marsha Hunt returns to her home lot for this one. Marsha has been working at Columbia since completing "Lost Angel" for Metro several months ago . . . Hugh Herbert does another terrific bit of comedy. Hugh is perfect as the inebriated old forger, Marie Wilson's Uncle Ferdinand. . . . This picture marks the reunion of the producer-director team of Joe Pasternak and Henry Koster, the two responsible for much of the success of Deanna Durbin's early pictures. It also brings scenario writer Myles Connolly together again with two of his cronies—Pasternak and Koster.

HANGOVER SQUARE

We are going to miss Laird Cregar. He was one of the best of the younger character actors, as you know from his performance in "The Lodger." "Hangover Square" is another classic of murder resulting from a twisted mind, with Cregar giving a superb performance.

Split personality has served as the keystone for many a movie plot, from the first "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde" on down. In this new picture it provides an eerie motif for a story of London in 1903. Hangover Square was a sort of London-type Greenwich Village at that time, artists, writers and musicians live there—some successful, some starving. George Bone (Laird Cregar) is halfway up the ladder. He has written classical music which has achieved considerable notice and is now at work on a concerto that should really make him famous. But George's intense concentration on his work does odd things to his mind. Sometimes his consciousness seems to take a holiday, leaving his body to carry on by itself. George doesn't know what he does during these blank periods, and it worries him. He confides his worries to his friend, Barbara (Faye Marlowe), and she goes with him to see a famous nerve specialist, Dr. Middleton (George Sanders).

The doctor is reassuring. He thinks a new interest, some hobby unconnected with the concerto, will fix George. It's doubtful if he had in mind an interest like Netta (Linda Darnell), would-be night club singer, but when George meets her the next night, he thinks she's just what the doctor ordered. Netta goes to work on him in a very thorough fashion, for she recognizes that he can help her get where she wants to go. In a month's time the concerto lies in a corner, dusty and forgotten, while George writes popular tunes for Netta. She uses him as a stepping stone to fame, and, incidentally, to marriage with a well-known producer. George's blank periods begin to come back, this time in a more sinister form. Gradually it becomes plain that murder accompanies them. The climax is inevitable—and terrifying!—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

Take one homicidal maniac roaming the foggy London streets at night, a cheap music hall singer with ambition, add murder, arson, excitement, suspense and terror, and you have "Hangover Square." . . . When producer Robert Bassler decided to put this story on celluloid, he chose Barre Lyndon to make the screen adaptation because Lyndon is a born Londoner who has written half a dozen best selling mystery novels . . . The first big problem was securing an original piano concerto—that music which is an integral part of the story. It had to be so good it could be played by the finest symphony orchestras without criticism. This assignment was turned over to Bernard Herrmann, composer and musical director for Columbia Broadcasting System. Herrmann spent six weeks writing his "Hangover Square Concerto." It has mood, melody and originality. Studio execs expect it to have, also, a future . . . New photographic effects had to be devised to give audiences some insight into the workings of an insane mind. Joseph LaShelle, A. S. C., new to the industry and one of the most progressive of Hollywood photographers, has used the camera in a revolutionary manner to capture this eeriness. To tell you how might spoil the picture for you. When you see "Hangover Square" at your local movie house, don't let the photography effects escape you . . . Last picture for Laird Cregar before his untimely death. It's a good send-off for the late Mr. Cregar—he's done some of his finest acting in it.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



It was a Saturday night, and I was doing a singing engagement at a very popular Detroit night club. The floor show had just begun when I received a phone call from New York City informing me that my two-year-old son, Billy, was dying of pneumonia and imploring me to hurry to his bedside.

As I hung up, the musical cue for my number, "Mighty Lak A Rose," sounded. The lights dimmed, the spot focused, and I stumbled out on the floor. With an effort, I picked up the melody and began singing. Suddenly, a lump came into my throat, I gulped —tried to go on, and couldn't. The orchestra was still playing.

Then from the half-darkened audience, came a girl's voice, singing my song. The spotlight swept from me to the voice and focussed upon a very pretty young lady. I stood dumbfounded. It wasn't until she'd finished that song, as well as five encores, that I recognized her.

I escorted her back to her table and thanked her for helping me. She acknowledged my appreciation by quipping, "I thought perhaps you'd seen me and become frightened."

Thanks again, Martha Raye.

William C. Lane,
Jackson, Michigan

FRISCO SAL

Turhan Bey is just the lad for this colorful, exciting story of the Barbary Coast. As the owner of the garish dive called The First Dollar, he strolls around giving orders to his gang and the eye to Susanna Foster with equal aplomb. Susanna plays Sally, a New England choir singer who comes to San Francisco in search of information on the reported murder of her brother.

Sally has a clue, such as it is. She has heard that he frequented a place which served duck stuffed with orange. This leads her straight to The First Dollar . . . and Dude Perente (Turhan Bey). Sally thinks she'll get a job there and do a little

(Continued on page 18)

YOUTH FORM LINGERIE, 38 E. 30th St., N.Y. 16, N.Y.



Your soft, gentle hands make memories... like moonlight.

So through these busier-than-ever days let Trushay help Keep your hands appealing. Always smooth it on before your everyday tasks.

Trushay's the "beforehand" idea in hand care. A rich, creamy heavenly-fragrant lotion... different from all others.

It guards soft hands, even in hot, soapy water. See for yourself... today.

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS





Rosalind (Rita Hayworth), and her story starts back before the war. She and Judy (Janet Blair) are rehearsing one day when a young man named Tommy (Marc Platt) comes in looking for a dancer's job. He makes up his steps as he goes along, and the directress doesn't think much of that system. But Rosalind and Judy persuade her to take him on, and by the time the blitz comes, he is their co-star.

There are plenty of nights when the bombing is so heavy that the audience shares the actors' shelter under the stage. It is on one of these nights that Rosalind meets RAF Squadron Leader Paul Lundy (Lee Bowman). He starts an immediate campaign for her affections, but Rosalind thinks he's just another wolf, and he doesn't make much progress. Tommy, however, sees that underneath her casual manner, Rosalind is really falling for Paul, and he is bitterly jealous.

Paul is send away on a secret mission, and when she doesn't hear from him, Rosalind is so unhappy that she realizes she is in love with him. He comes back safely, with a ten-hour leave in London, and how do you think they spend it? Walking four white horses all through the streets! Honest! You'll have to see the picture to find out the explanation, but you were going to do that anyway, weren't you?—*Col.*

P. S.

This picture is incidentally notable in that it presents the cinema's first stellar all-redhead dance team, consisting of Rita Hayworth and Marc Platt. The latter is Columbia's recruit from the cast of Broadway's "Oklahoma!" This preponderance of redheads was tough on Janet Blair. In order to avoid a measure of chromatic confusion, Janet had her red hair changed to blond for the period of the shooting schedule. She reverted right back to red again, however, as soon as her performance was concluded. . . . Marc Platt's Hitler dance should do for him what Gene Kelly's "alter ego" routine did for him. Marc can—and does—improvise dancing to anything. To the rhythm of the loom, to anything that comes in on the radio, to Hitler's rantings of the period. The dance is highly acrobatic and wholly original. . . . But with all the dancing there is in this picture, there isn't a tap step in the whole show. The studio figured that everything that could be done with taps had been done. This is different. . . . Look closely at Rita Hayworth's complexion. This time she was made up throughout with the new "one-shot" powder method devised by Clay Campbell. It consists of using assorted face powders of yellow, pink and green tints, singly and in various combinations, ahead of each shot during the day. This enables the subject's complexion to conform more closely to the lighting of each shot than is possible with all day greasepaint. . . . However, Mr. Campbell doesn't recommend his new green powder for street wear!

FLAME OF BARBARY COAST

When a gambling cowboy tries to take over the Barbary Coast just to impress a gorgeous blonde, you're bound to have excitement. Particularly when the cowboy is John Wayne. That lad is six feet five of drawling dynamite. "Flame of Barbary Coast" possesses the added distinction of being one picture where you don't know till the very end which guy is going to get the girl. The girl is Ann Dvorak, and the other man is Joseph Schildkraut, who turns in an exceptionally smooth performance as Tito Morell.

Tito owns El Dorado, the fanciest gam-

bling house on the Barbary Coast. This enables him to keep his star singer, Flaxen (Ann Dvorak), up to her ears in diamonds. Flaxen is no girl for a poor man, and Duke (John Wayne), the cowboy from Montana who falls in love with her, realizes it. After Tito cleans him out at stud poker, he goes back to Montana, sells his ranch and starts taking gambling lessons from an old card sharp (William Frawley). Then he goes back to the Coast, ready for action.

A man as powerful as Tito could, of course, get rid of Duke easily if he wanted to use force. But Tito is a suave, charming man with a sense of humor. He likes Duke—he just wishes he didn't have this unfortunate yen for Flaxen. Because Tito wants it definitely understood that Flaxen is his property. Duke has learned a lot since his last trip to the Coast, and he systematically takes over the professional gamblers until he has gotten enough money to build a de luxe gambling house called The Silver Dollar. He tries to persuade Flaxen to come and star in the floor show, but she refuses until one day when Tito quarrels with her. Then she goes to Duke to make him jealous.

So there she is on the opening night of Duke's spectacular show. Lovely, desirable and in love with Tito. But that night the earthquake strikes San Francisco, and when it's over, the whole situation is changed. The climax is dramatic, and I think you'll be happy over the outcome of the love story. By the way, there's a particularly ingratiating tune in the picture called "Here Is My Heart." I'm still humming it.—*Rep.*

P. S.

This is the first picture for Dvorak since her return from London where she has been ambulance driving for more than two years. . . . Wayne, just back from a tour of the South Pacific where he was constantly under fire, said he far preferred the danger from the Japs to the dangers around the set during the earthquake scenes. Some of the highest paid prop and stunt men in the business were hired for these sequences. The walls and ceilings had to be destroyed on split second timing to avoid serious injury to the players. . . . Larry Ceballos, who directed the dances, studied dancing of the 1906 period for weeks before he started rehearsals with his company. He was determined they should be authentic. . . . Joe Schildkraut returns to the screen in this one. Joe plans to alternate between the movies and Broadway. He will do one picture a year for Republic, then train back to New York for the remainder of the season. . . . Arlyn Roberts was hired as an extra for the picture. When studio bosses saw the rushes, they signed her to a long-term contract. . . . Much credit for this picture should go to Walter Schraf (Academy Award winning musical director) for his background music. Much of the authenticity is given the film by the old favorites which Mr. Schraf dug out of an old trunk in the Republic attic, dusted off and worked into a catchy tune.

FREE PICTURES!

Here's something for you swooners—a chance to get a picture of your favorite—and for FREE! Yup, we've got 2500 pix of Messers Sinatra, McCallister and Johnson, plus Misses Crain and Allyson. Whip over to page 22 and see how *you* can get one.

SONJA HENIE, STAR OF THE INTERNATIONAL PICTURE "IT'S A PLEASURE!"

Another Hollywood Star...with Woodbury-Wonderful Skin





Yes, one cream to do all that cleansing or cold cream can do—and much more!

Thrill to its *cleansing* power, to the miraculous new *softness, smoothness* of your skin! Use it as a *powder base* to look especially special. It works in the night *against dryness* like a charm! And *only* Woodbury has "Stericin", constantly purifying the cream in the jar, helping *protect* against blemish-causing germs.

Use Woodbury! Watch your happy skin (and man) respond! 10¢ to $1.25, plus tax.

Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream

... it's all you need!



Yes—

YOU CAN BE MORE BEAUTIFUL

AND HERE'S THE SECRET—a make-up *miracle* awaits you in the new *duo-tone* Rouge by Princess Pat. As you apply it, mysteriously and amazingly the color seems to come from within the skin—bringing out new hidden beauty. Your color looks so real, no one could believe that you use rouge at all!

LOOK IN YOUR MIRROR! There's an amazing 'lift' to Princess Pat Rouge that gives you fresh confidence in your beauty—bids you be irresistible—and if you feel irresistible, well, naturally, you *are!*

THE RIGHT WAY TO ROUGE

For the most lasting and natural effect:

- Apply rouge *before* powdering.
- Smile into mirror. Note that the cheek raises. Apply rouge to the raised area in the form of a > pointing toward the nose.
- Blend with finger tips outward in all directions. Notice that Princess Pat Rouge leaves no edges.
- Put a touch of rouge to each ear lobe and point of chin.
- Now, apply Princess Pat Face Powder.

ONLY PRINCESS PAT ROUGE has the *duo-tone* secret—an undertone and overtone are blended in each shade. See it perform its beauty miracle on YOU! Until you do, you'll never know how lovely you really can be.



And Lips to Match—

Key your lips perfectly to your cheeks—the effect is stunning! You'll love the smoothness of Princess Pat Lipstick and its amazing power to stay on. The shades are simply heavenly! Wherever you buy cosmetics you'll find Princess Pat Rouge, Lipstick and Powder. Get yours today.

$1, 25c, 10c

PRINCESS PAT

FREE PORTRAIT!

Did you read our Editorial on page 29? If you haven't, better skip over to it right now! As Al Delacorte says, we're having this fashion survey for you 'specially. We want to help you find just the kind of clothes you crave, as well as give you the complete dope on what's new every month and help you out personally with your clothes problems via our Fashion Department. But first we have to know what sort of things you like and wear. And to show you how really important this is to us, we've got a supply of **2500** pictures of your favorite stars to send you for FREE! Yes, we've got glossies of Frankie, Van Johnson, Lon McCallister, Jeanne Crain and June Allyson to send you. All you have to do is fill out the following Questionnaire and mail it off to us not later than the 20th of February, but hurry, 'cause the pix won't last long.

questionnaire

How many skirts did you buy last year?.....

Sweaters?..... Suits?.....

Blouses?..... Coats?.....

Dresses?..... Evening dresses?.....

What is the most you would pay for a dress?..... The least?.....

The amount you usually spend?.....

Do you ever make your own dresses?..... Sweaters?.....

How many hats do you have?.....

What is the most you would spend for a hat?..... The least?.....

The amount you usually spend?.....

Which of the following would you wear on a date? (check one)

skirt and sweater..... pastel wool.....

black crepe.....

Which of the following would you wear to school? (check one)

slacks..... wool suit.....

skirt and sweater..... silk dress.....

Which of the following would you wear to the office? (check one)

tweed suit..... tailored dress.....

silk dress.....

Which of the following would you wear to to an evening party? (check one)

bouffant evening dress..... slick, sophisticated evening dress.....

short evening dress.....

What kind of coat or coats do you have? Fur..... Cloth.....

Sport..... Cloth with fur trim..... Imitation fur.....

What is the most you would spend for a coat?..... The least?.....

The amount you usually spend?.....

Do you buy or read any fashion magazines? (If so, name the mag or mags)

.....

.....

.....

Which one of the following stars' pictures would you like us to send you (Check ONE ONLY)

Frank Sinatra ☐ Van Johnson ☐ Lon McCallister ☐

Jeanne Crain ☐ June Allyson ☐

My name is..... Age.....

My address is..... City..... Zone.... State.....

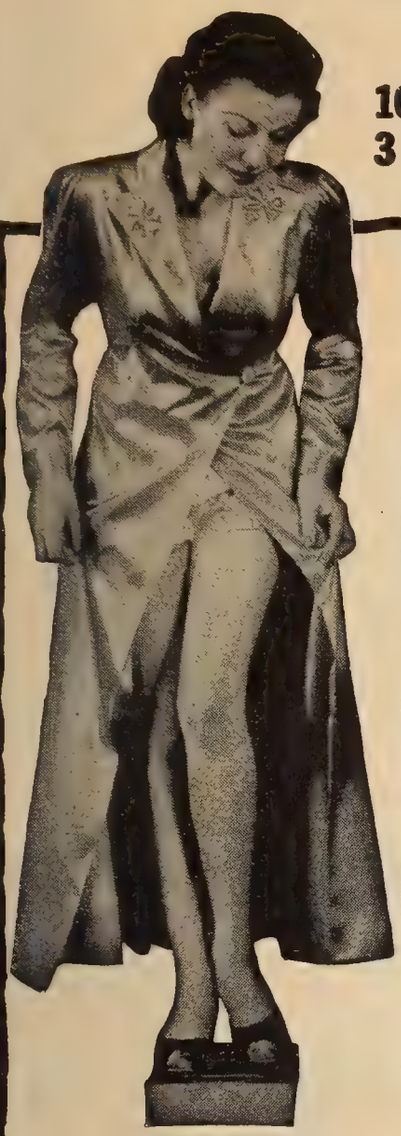
ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

IF YOU "HATE EXERCISE" AND "LOVE TO EAT"—

Here's a New *Lazy-Way* to REDUCE

—*Quickly and Safely*

10-Day Miracle Diet—Lose 10 Pounds in 10 Days!—and Still Eat 3 Delicious, Satisfying Meals a Day; Not Do a Bit of Extra Exercise!



PARTIAL CONTENTS

Showing HOW This Book Takes Off the Pounds and the Bulges

I. THE SURE WAY TO REDUCE

The "Lazy Way" to Lose Weight. How you can reduce quickly and safely—no exercise, no hunger pangs, no drugs, girdles or gadgets.

How Much Do You Want to Reduce—How Fast? Your choice of diets that reduce you rapidly or gradually, as you wish.

Exercise Is a Practical Joker. Why exercise alone is a poor way to reduce.

No Drugs, No Sweat, No Charge. Why you can ignore costly sweat baths, reducing drugs, dangerous fasting etc.

Counting Calories Isn't Enough. "Galloping calories" that slim you faster.

II. WHY YOU DON'T GET SLIM

Coffee, Tea, Cocoa, Milk, Water, Soft Drinks. How beverages affect weight control—with some surprises!

Cocktail Calories. The strange role of alcohol in building fat.

III. YOU CRACK DOWN ON CALORIES

How Proteins Help You Get Slim. Reducing without hunger or sacrificing vitality.

The Simple Arithmetic of Reducing. Easy way to set your calorie quota whether you're a housewife, war plant worker, stenographer, etc.

10-Day Miracle Diet. Safe, easy way to lose a pound a day for 10 days. Daily menus.

Heartier Diets. 3 daily diets for losing 10 pounds a month. How to substitute other foods you like better. 2 "STAY Slim" diets.

The Fastest SAFE Slimming Program. Diet safeguards that make speedy weight reduction safe.

Two-Minute Calorie-Counting Table. At-a-glance chart showing kinds of calories in 26 meat dishes, 4 kinds of milk, 13 fish, 10 cheese and egg servings, 41 vegetables, 29 fruits, 19 breads, cereals, 16 pies, pastries, 17 fats, sugars, syrups, 7 nuts, 11 soups, 18 "little things", 15 beverages.

Eat as Often as You Want. Exploding the no-food-between-meals myth and the nothing-but-coffee-for-breakfast error.

IV. YOU COUNT YOUR VITAMINS THE EASY WAY

You Needn't Pay Extra for Vitamins. How to get all you need from foods alone.

Your Daily Vitamin Needs. Complete table showing units of A, B1, C, G, D needed for Adults, Adolescents, Children, Infants, Pregnant Women.

Lightning Vitamin Calculator. Vitamin units in 78 common foods in handy chart.

Cook Them Kindly. 9 simple rules to preserve vitamins in preparing foods.

V. EAT FOR BEAUTY, CHARM AND—YES, REALLY—SEX APPEAL

No Pep, No Joy, No Friends. Is this you? How you can remedy it—at the dinner table!

Gray Hair, Baldness and the Diet. What science has learned about diet effects on hair.

Skin You Love to Touch. How Vitamin A and other elements promote clear, beautiful skin.

Teeth You Love to Brush. Food, for healthy teeth.

Diet Cure for Constipation. "Scare" warnings vs. truth.

VI. EATING FOR "OOMPH"

Food and Glamour. Relation of what you eat to personal appearance, vitality, sex appeal.

Anemia Wins No Love Prizes. Red-blooded "romance" minerals: how to get them.

YES, it's *true*—this new 10-Day MIRACLE DIET—thanks to latest discoveries in weight control! Now—WHETHER A MAN OR A WOMAN—you can lose 10 pounds in 10 days, 30 pounds or more within 3 months—comfortably, pleasantly, healthfully. WITHOUT strenuous, difficult exercises. WITHOUT dangerous pills or drugs. WITHOUT sweating in steam baths or spending money for massages. WITHOUT suffering the dizziness, nausea, and torture of self-imposed starvation!

You'll eat three delicious, fully-satisfying meals a day, including a big breakfast. You'll be allowed to "snack" between meals. This new *scientific* lazy-way—described in the fascinating book, *"The New Way to Eat and Get Slim,"* by Donald G. Cooley—brings you a slimmer, more attractive figure, and also greater health and beauty! Your skin becomes smoother, clearer . . . your hair softer, more lustrous . . . your eyes more sparkling. You have more energy, pep, get-up-and-go.

What Is This Amazing Secret?

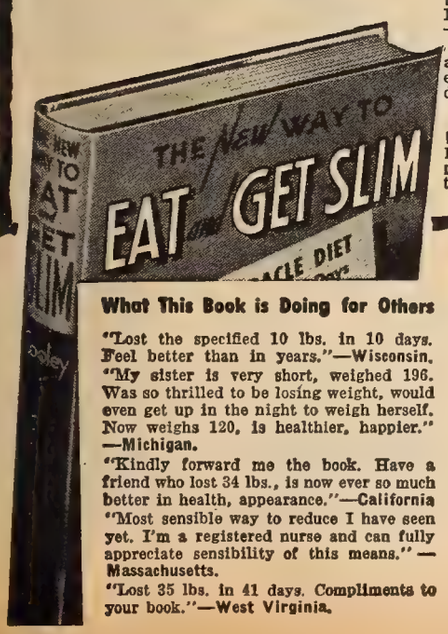
The whole secret lies in your food—not just how *much*, but also *which kinds*. And it isn't (as you may have imagined) merely a matter of "calories." It's the *kind* of calories that makes the difference! Some foods are high in *fat*-producing calories. Others are high in *energy*-producing calories. If you merely cut down the *amount* of food—without being sure to get more *energy*-calories than *fat*-calories—you don't lose weight at all. Your body simply "slows down"—and continues to store fat!

Many people think they know about calories. But *do* they? Suppose you had to choose between a large glass of orange juice and half a sirloin steak? You would probably reach for the orange juice. Actually, *the steak would give you 15 times as many precious ENERGY*-calories. Yet the total *number* of calories in each is roughly the same!

What This Book Can Do For You

Mr. Cooley's book shows you, quickly and clearly, how to apply this simple principle of selecting *energy*-calories instead of *fat*-calories. It gives you a "10-Day Miracle Diet" by which you lose a pound a day for 10 days; a diet for losing 10 pounds in 30 days; a "tapering off" diet for losing 8½ pounds in 30 days; and a "Stay-Slim" diet, so that when you reach the right weight, you STAY there.

You don't have to adhere rigidly to these diets, either. The book's Substitution Table gives you dozens of meats, and other foods you may eat instead. The partial contents, on this page, suggests only a *few* of the ways this book goes about improving your figure, health, appearance, and general disposition.



What This Book is Doing for Others

"Lost the specified 10 lbs. in 10 days. Feel better than in years."—Wisconsin.

"My sister is very short, weighed 196. Was so thrilled to be losing weight, would even get up in the night to weigh herself. Now weighs 120, is healthier, happier."—Michigan.

"Kindly forward me the book. Have a friend who lost 34 lbs., is now ever so much better in health, appearance."—California

"Most sensible way to reduce I have seen yet. I'm a registered nurse and can fully appreciate sensibility of this means."—Massachusetts.

"Lost 35 lbs. in 41 days. Compliments to your book."—West Virginia.

Examine It 5 Days FREE

It costs only a stamp to examine this book FREE. No money need be sent now. *"The New Way to Eat and Get Slim" (in a plain wrapper)* will be sent with the understanding that you may keep it 5 days. If, even in that short time, you are NOT convinced it offers you the quick, safe, lazy-way to reduce—return it without obligation. Otherwise, keep it for only $2.00, plus few cents postage.

A body that is slim, healthy, and *alive* will win admiration the rest of your life. Take the first step toward lovely, alluring slenderness *now*. Mail Free Examination Coupon at once. WILFRED FUNK, Inc., Dept. R353, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

WILFRED FUNK, Inc., Dept. R353,
354 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me—**in a plain wrapper**—"The New Way to Eat and Get Slim" for 5 days' FREE EXAMINATION. If I keep the book I will send you $2.00 plus actual postage. Otherwise I will return it without further obligation.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... Zone No. (if any) .....State.....

☐ Check here if enclosing $2.00 WITH this coupon, and WE will pay the postage. The same 5-day return privilege, for full refund, applies.



As I read his letter over and over, I could almost *hear* Jim say, "Your lovely hair won my heart the first day I met you."



And yet, a short time ago my hair was duller than any girl's in the office. Then one day I heard them talking about Nestle Colorinse. "I use it after *every* shampoo," one of them said. "Why Colorinse has made my hair really *glow* with richer color and sparkling highlights. Made it silkier, too, and gave it a soft, lustrous sheen."

Would Colorinse do that for *my* hair?, I wondered. That very night I tried it and—



What a breath-taking difference in my hair! Jim says though he's thousands of miles away he'll never forget its loveliness. Why don't you let Nestle Colorinse make your hair more glamorous, too?

P.S. For your next permanent, ask for an Opalescent Creme Wave, by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

Nestle
COLORINSE



In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. At beauty counters everywhere.

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

For that well-groomed look, whether you wear your hair up or down — a delicately perfumed hair lacquer. Just a few drops of Hairlac will keep your coif in place throughout the day. 2½ oz. bottle 25¢



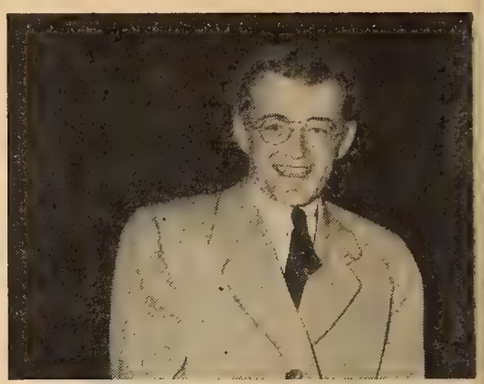
Nestle HAIRLAC

MODERN SCREEN'S PICTURE QUIZ

Something new has been added. Pictures new and old, questions simple and bold, a chance to test your memory and sharpen your wits. Pick the correct answer from the four listed under each pic, giving yourself one point for each. You're a genius if you score between 9-12. So-So if you hit between 6-9 and Pffft below 6. (Answers on page 94.)



1. Umbriago's pal keeps yelling:
   a. "I vant to be alone."
   b. "Come up 'n' see me sometimes . . ."
   c. "Everybody wants to get into the act!"
   d. "My little chickadee."



2. His ex-wife used to be known as Phylis Isley. now she's:
   a. Laraine Day
   b. Dolores Moran
   c. Jennifer Jones
   d. Cheryl Crawford



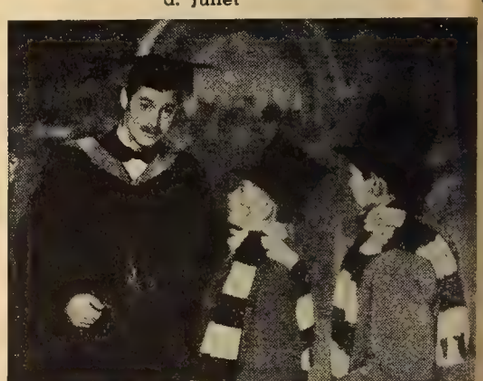
3. The Captain's given his heart and his name to:
   a. Annie Sheridan
   b. Phyllis Thaxter
   c. Belita
   d. Jane Wyman



4. Norma thrilled the world as the 14-year-old:
   a. Marie Antoinette
   b. Irina
   c. Elizabeth Browning
   d. Juliet



5. She's wed to a "Young Man With a Horn":
   a. Betty Grable
   b. Lana Turner
   c. Marlene Dietrich
   d. Ida Lupino



6. He won his Oscar in 1940 for playing:
   a. Mr. Pitt
   b. Mr. Chips
   c. Count of Monte Cristo
   d. The Ghost Who Went West



7. Lassie emotes for:
   a. $125.00 per week
   b. Love of the theater
   c. Unlimited quantities of bones
   d. Gratis



8. Melvyn Douglas' wife is a:
   a. Housewife
   b. D.A.R.
   c. Congresswoman
   d. Vegetarian

It's easy to make up

with "Pan-Cake"... just a few seconds to create a lovelier, younger-looking beauty!





★ *It creates a lovely new complexion*



★ *It helps conceal tiny complexion faults*



★ *It stays on for hours without re-powdering*

Leslie Brooks

in Columbia's Technicolor Production

"TONIGHT *and* EVERY NIGHT"

For an exciting new beauty adventure, try Pan-Cake today, tonight... you'll be thrilled with your very first make-up for your new complexion will look soft, smooth, clear and youthful. Remember, there is only one "Pan-Cake"... the original, created by *Max Factor Hollywood* for Technicolor pictures, the stars, and you.



Pan-Cake* Make-Up

AN EXCLUSIVE FORMULA PROTECTED BY U.S. PATENT NOS. 2034697-2101834

*Pan-Cake...Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

ORIGINATED BY MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD



Jack was handsome..



Cindy was lonesome...

so I told her my complexion secret





Now she has that Ivory Look..

why not take this tip for a lovelier complexion?

Start today to get that Ivory Look--a softer, smoother, younger-looking complexion. It's easy--with Ivory Soap. Just follow baby's beauty routine. Give up careless cleansings and change to regular, gentle Ivory care.



That's all! You can't buy a purer soap than mild Ivory. It's the sure way to a prettier complexion. Ivory has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin. And more doctors advise it than all other brands put together!

More doctors advise Ivory

than all other brands put together ...99 44/100% **Pure**...**It Floats**

Urgent request from Uncle Sam: Help conserve vital war materials used in making soap. Don't waste Ivory—make every cake do extra work.



TO OUR READERS...

■ Will one of you girls step up and go through my pockets? I want you all to be sure that I have none of my usual bum jokes or puns concealed about my person.

You see, this month I am in deadly earnest, because I am talking about the woman I love (one of them, anyway)—Jean Kinkead.

If you read Jean's Co-Ed (p. 6) regularly, you know a great deal about her. You know she loves people. You know, too, that she approaches your problems with a happy combination of common sense, sympathy and humor.

But you may *not* know that Jean has a husband in the Pacific; a curly-headed little son named Layng, of all things; a black dog; a big house to run; and that the Kinkead byline appears regularly in Charm, Vogue, Cosmopolitan and Colliers! (Common sense, humor, sympathy! Jean needs a full measure of all three!)

Anyway, that's your girl-friend. That's the wonderful person who last month took over Marge Bailey's fashion pages in MODERN SCREEN. And if I say so myself, something new has been added.

Yes, for a change, Jean doesn't give a hoot in hell what the Duchess of Windsor wore to the opera. For a change, her sole interest is you, (*Continued on page 108*)

Executive Editor

by Fredda Dudley

The Haymes are just folks—spaghetti dinners on the library floor, rescuing jr. from the medicine chest. housebreaking purps.



The Haymes boast the Roy Rogers and Lou Costellos as neighbors, the Jack Catsons as pals. Joanne's hoping Dick'll outgrow habit of forever touring apt. shutting doors, panning his own shows.



Baby Helen yawns when Dad yodels, croons in ecstasy over Crosby. A model hubby, Dick's a whiz at recalling anniversaries, etc., but drives Joanne nuts using neckties as belts, losing sleep in all-night poker sessions



Almost a pro, Dick pertected his fishing technique in Canada where he studied to be a Jesuit, can't bear thought of hunting. Admits dab of cologne at midday perks him up till eve.



Dick's huge steak yen has to be satisfied in eateries—wifie lost their ration books! Phone him and either Joanne or his manager answers—he becomes speechless at phone! Catch his next pic, "Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe."

SUGAR DADDY



Originally weighing 125, 105-pound Joanne loses weight with each baby, attends ballet class for mothers to tighten muscles. When son Skipper started talking, he aped the weird jabber Mom uses for kids, now has trouble recognizing real English!

■ Hang a harvest moon low in the West to indicate the tender hours after midnight. Turn your calendar back to September, 1941. Seat a boy and a girl in a car discussing their future.

Said the girl, "I've worked fairly hard to get started on as much of a career as I have. I want to go on with it after I'm married. Would you mind?"

Said the boy, "I'll say I wouldn't mind. I *believe* in careers for girls, married or single." Yes, that's what he said, but Dick Haymes confessed to Joanne about two years later that he hadn't really meant his answer as she understood it. He believed in a career for wives, definitely, but the career was motherhood.

And so in September they were married and moved joyously into their apartment. It had been an unfurnished apartment, and it remained one-third that way. Dick's mother supplied the newlyweds with a set of dishes, a table and chairs for the dinette. She furnished the (*Continued on following page*)



Shirley averages B in high school; gets A's between pics. Subjects include biology, chemistry, history, Eng. lit. and French. Wants to study science at college for 2 years.

LIFE WITH MOTHER

BY
CYNTHIA
MILLER

Mom never exactly puts the clamps on, she just looks. And Shirley knows when she's licked.



Claims sapphire ring, diamond watch come from "people." Geo. Cukor, adding scenes to "I'll Be Seeing You," napped while waiting 2 hours for her to finish school!



Gets most of her exercise from bicycling and tennis. Made "gold teams" in badminton, baseball and basketball in school. Katy, the maid, prepares cream cheese and jam sandwiches for her lunch.



Midnight's deaaline for dates—earlier during school nights. Swains average between 18 and 20, with exception of one "older man" of 22. Expects to marry at 20, have kids pronto. Will continue career only if hubby consents.



Reads all best sellers and subscribes to Book of the Month Club. She loves noisy radio serials which come on around dinner time, so takes meal in her own room to avoid disturbing family. Doesn't jitterbug, but adores J. Dorsey.

Shirley Temple was a tired girl; she and her parents and a publicity man had been working their way back from the East after the opening of "Since You Went Away." They were attending Bond rallies, giving interviews, posing for photographers, making themselves charming in the manner demanded by fans, buyers of Bonds, etc., etc. But one evening, in a midwest city, Shirley and her mother faced each other. "I'm exhausted," said Shirley.

Mrs. Temple was too tired to speak. She just looked. Then she went to the telephone. After protracted conversation she came back with The Word. She and Shirley could catch a late train to Chicago that afternoon, but there was space for only two. Mr. Temple and the rest of the party would then have to catch a later conveyance. *(Continued on page 113)*

by Hedda Hopper

"I OUGHT TO BOX HIS



One of life's most embarrassing moments came on "Royal Scandal" set when 75 visiting Marines spied Bill in Hussar's uniform, let go with whistles, catcalls. Above, with Taloo Bankhead.

■ We call him the Brash Brat. In affection, let me hasten to add, before you readers come gunning for me. Tallulah Bankhead started it, and I pretty soon saw what she meant.

"That Brash Brat'll be a star when 'A Royal Scandal' comes out!"

"Who's the Brash Brat?"

"Bill Eythe, of course. But don't get me wrong, Hedda. I adore the so-and-so—"

So I ran the item in my column; that, according to Taloo, Eythe was headed for stardom.

Next day he called. "Hi, honey! Thanks for the blossoms."

Hi, honey! And he younger than my own son! Was I sore? Are you kidding? I loved him for it.

The guy has an undeniable way with him. Lubitsch produced "A Royal Scandal," and Lubitsch, Lord knows, is no sentimentalist. But one day he stopped Bill on the set.

"Are you an orphan?"

"God forbid. Why?"

"If you were, I'd adopt you." From then on, he was Pops to Bill.

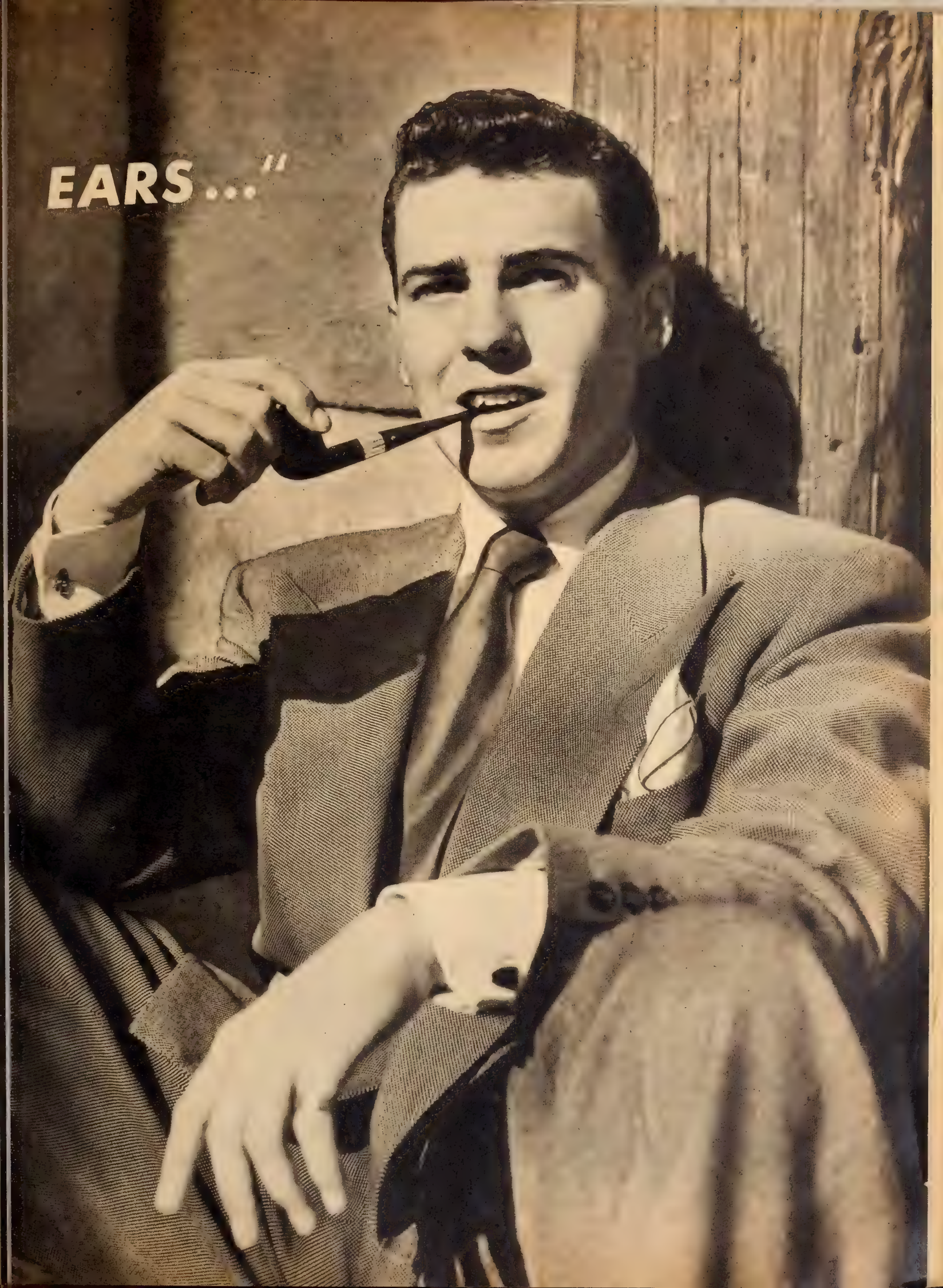
Here's the topper, though. Taloo gave a party. Bill hates big shindigs, but he went. So did Garbo. As a kid he'd seen her in "Romance" and never got over it. They were introduced. He stood like a moonstruck calf and couldn't say boo. I felt like yelling, "Hi, honey!" [hope I got credit in heaven for keeping my trap shut].

"What do you do?" she asked.

"Glug—'manactor—"

"Where do you work?" (*Continued on page 101*)

That Bill Eythe! Tells lies to his very own milkman and has the brass to "honey" Hedda Hopper . . . and make her love it!


EARS ..."

By George Benjamin



In Honolulu, she spotted sailor from home town, Detroit, promptly kissed him. When 3 Marine sergeants bragged they could date her, their company took them up on it. Invalided home, they phoned her, got date!



Winging in by Army plane to do first big show on Saipan was one of biggest thrills of 8-week tour. Took off on trip immediately after finishing "Here Come the Waves."

After one week's rest from trek, Betty started new picture at Par. Sister Marian came out to spend Christmas with her and Mom, making it first time in 7 years the whole family's been together at Yuletide.



The Marines laundered her undies; a couple thousand GI's kissed her lipstick off; a Jap sniper took a potshot . . .

HUTTON OR NUTTIN'!

■ High in the sky over the glassy Mid-Pacific a giant C-54 droned lazily along. Flights of roaring escort fighters with stars on their wings swooped across its nose and darted behind the tail, and inside the cabin a wide-eyed blonde girl you'd know anywhere perched in the co-pilot's seat. Her slightly snubby nose swung around in all directions, and her big blue eyes kept their shutters wide-open. She wasn't missing a trick.

Miles down below, a funny-shaped island ringed with white surf passed under the wings.

"What's that?" asked the girl.

"Rota," said the pilot.

"Do we land there?"

He grinned. "Not exactly. That's Jap."

"Oh, look!" she cried. "Look at those cute little clouds!" The pilot didn't even turn his head.

"Those aren't clouds," he chuckled. "They're Jap shells. Ack-ack. Flak. It comes from guns—"

"Whoopee!" cried the girl excitedly. "Who are they shooting at?"

The fellow with the wings gave her a funny look.

"Us," he said.

Maybe if Hirohito's trigger-happy henchmen had guessed that Betty Hutton of Hollywood was inside that C-54, winging her way around the scrappy, Jappy Mid-Pacific island battlefields to tote some home-made feminine fun and frolic to sweating, slugging GI Joes, they'd have turned on the heat and shot the whole Rota ammunition dump at that particular plane. A direct hit would have made a swell item for Tokyo Rose to bleat about over the radio, all right, besides providing a distinctly new experience for the step-sons of Heaven to have Hutton come tumbling down out of the blue, yelling like all get-out. *(Continued on page 86)*



Rest of troupe (Arthur Herbert, Tito Guidotti, Va. Carroll, Geo. Costa) envied mileage of Betty's short snorter. Unscratched after 50,000-mile trek, she promptly jammed arm thru car window!



Natives of Majuro brought gifts to Virginia Carrol and Betty when they landed on island. Betty's current crop of romances include Hank Dunham, Lola Lane's ex-groom, Arturo de Cordova, Eddie Norris.

By Kirtley Baskette

That blissful Grable-James marriage can't last... for at least more than a lifetime!



Jameses will celebrate Vicky's first birthday March 4th. Betty's found crackerjack nurse, and studio cooperates by providing nurse's stand-in, giving Grable days off to care for the babe.

a High kick and A hot

■ Smack in the middle of a bitter front-line battle in France recently, a Nazi bomb screamed down on a group of Yanks huddled in a slit-trench. It exploded too close for comfort, with a wicked "C-a-r-r-u-m-p-h!" and the results were tragic.

Not one of the dozen doughboys was even scratched. But Betty Grable got both legs blown off.

Betty discovered her wounds away back in Hollywood, when she stared at the powder-burned top half of her terrific torso and her famous face, still grinning gaily over her bathing suit in a certain Pettyesque pose that has won Betty fame wherever Yankee soldiers fight. It arrived with a letter from the bombed squad skipper telling Betty the sad fate of their cherished pin-up and ending with this urgent plea—

"Please rush our gang another picture, will you, Pal—a whole one? Because, what good is Grable without legs?"

Betty hustled off the replacement picture right away, you can bet, properly autographed to the



Betty wanted to sell Calif. house and follow Harry on tour this winter, but MD nixed plans. Meanwhile, transcontinental phone calls burn wires. She, mother and Vicky will join him in New York come June.


LiCK

a High Kick and a Hot Lick

gusty gang, and thrilled to the toes herself with her Purple Heart souvenir pin-up. But she sighed a little wistfully to note that her GI tribute also carried the popular (and certainly inadequate) estimate of Miss Betty Grable—"What's Grable without her legs?"

Of course, ten million GI's can't be wrong, and with thousands of Grable leg-art nifties circulated throughout Uncle Sam's hosts to make life less dreary for hard fighting Joes, far be it from us to cast asparagus at their conclusions after careful study. Furthermore, it would be downright silly to state that those glorious Grable *gambas* and dreamy body design have had nothing to do with making Betty Darryl Zanuck's box-office empress. In fact, if there is a modern Hollywood Venus, it's Mrs. Grable's little girl, Elizabeth—or else all weights and measures and camera impressions lie—and you'd better wire your Congressman.

But if you think Betty Grable is simply a decked out blonde baby doll who can sing and dance and act a little—a walking Petty girl pin-up with nothing but luscious looks on the ball—then you've got another think coming. Because there's plenty more to Betty than just lovely legs. Yes, indeed!

There's the Betty, for instance, who came out of an anaesthetic fog the morning after the Academy Awards—and the evening after the greatest performance of her life which had almost cost her that life—who learned both news flashes at the same time in her hospital bed and cracked spunkily but sincerely, "I'd rather have what I've got than what Jennifer Jones got!" There's the Betty who dashes home every noon hour and often skips lunch to have a precious ten minutes with that baby. There's a Grable who breaks her beauty rest every night at three A.M. to cheer up her lonesome husband, Harry James, when he phones after winding up his work at midnight back East. There's a Betty who worries more about her mother's (*Continued on page 79*)



After role in "Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe" (with Phil Silvers and Wm. Gaxton, above), Betty threatens to retire and stay home with Harry. Says she's blissful and doesn't want anything to happen to marriage.



Jameses want to farm, will sell Beverly Hills mansion with pool as soon as they find the house and barn of their dreams. When Harry makes recordings, Betty silently sits by for 5 or 6 hours listening and applauding.



Dick Haymes is leading man in "Horseshoe." OWI floored Fox by requesting info on Grable. Seems they're showing her pics in Europe where she's unknown! She's turned songwriter, and Harry will feature her first tune.



When Spence Tracy heard that Harry's fan mail was exceeding Gable's, he muttered, "Gosh, have I got to learn how to blow one of those things?" Betty's mourning loss of 13-year-old dog who came to H'wood with her.





ALBERT GUS

something for the boys

OTTO BILL HENRY

■ Are you surprised! Finding these two glorious portraits of Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck! And without even *asking* for them! But y'know, for four years now, *you've* been voting for the stars you like—and the MODERN SCREEN gang does have favorites! So just this once, can we play, too? U.S. Just for the record, here's how the office poll worked out: Al, Henry, Bill, Gus and Otto breathed one name in unison—Ingrid. Annette, Ann, Mickey, Sylvia and Kay—being women—did a little hair-pulling before *their* verdict came in. But all's well once more and we hereby quote:



Said the boys—"We love Ingrid for her shine and her joy and the stardust in her eyes. For the way she holds herself and her walk that is the walk of a queen and the unbelievable heart-timbre of her voice and the truth she can create out of make-believe."

Said the girls—"We choose Gregory Peck for his sincerity and his gentle passion and the huge promise he showed in 'Days Of Glory' and 'Keys Of The Kingdom.' In Gregory, there's no doubt that 1945 brought forth with it another star from the East. . . ."

MICKEY

SYLVIA

something for the girls

ANNETTE

ANN

KAY

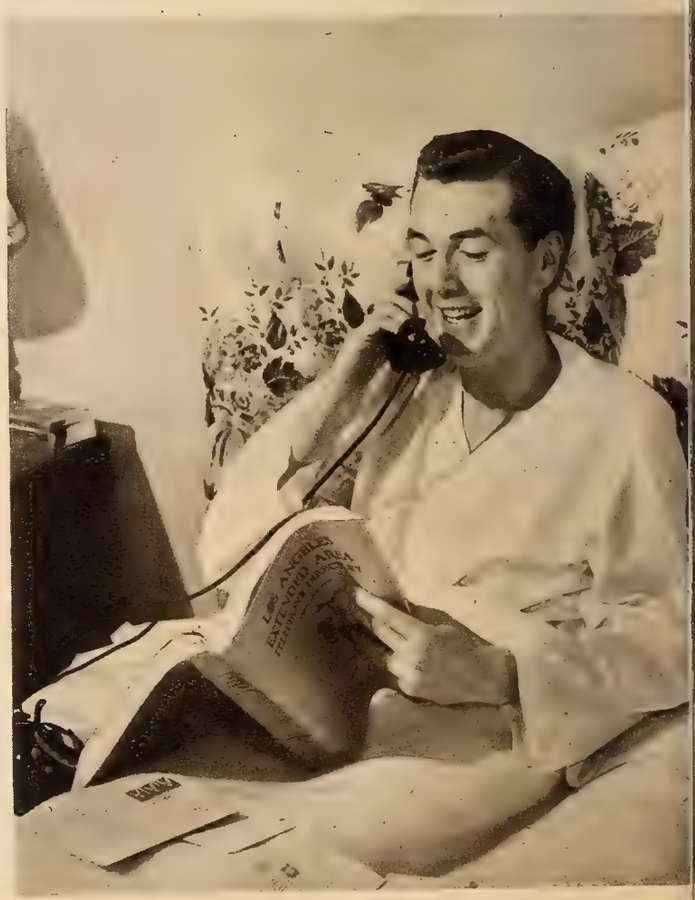
By Jeanne Karr



Juanita ("She's a jewel!") comes by the day, is teaching Mrs. H. cookery. Big job's guarding Bob's collection of miniatures and sentimental discs, also his Ma's cookies—from Natalie!



Bob didn't meet his pa-in-law, a Col., until 1 hour before wedding ceremony where Usher Cary Grant (a distant cousin of Bob's) caused a riot among femme guests. (Reliable sources report that the Hutton tie-up is going Pfft.)



Bob's a "thriller" reader unable to convert his "brainy" wife. They've just rented 5 room apt. from agent who ***hates*** actors, have to borrow Natalie's Ma's servants to polish wedding silver. He's smooth in "Roughly Speaking."

Timid Soul

He registered passion at $7.50 an hour, doused a drunk who annoyed him. Timid? Bob Hutton?



Bob's mum about source of 2 packs of ciggies per day, afraid he'll create a stampede! Though Huttons have a budget, fun and $1.00 fireplace logs throw it off. But poker sessions lasting till 3 ayem help make up difference!

■ The lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria was crowded, as usual. People rushed back and forth, wearing anxious expressions New Yorkers seem to get. By the elevators stood a handsome young man, also wearing an anxious expression, although he wasn't a New Yorker. His knees, if anyone had noticed, were shaking slightly.

"Miss Davis will be along any minute now," the dapper hotel manager beside him announced. "You say you know her well?"

"Uh—no. Not well. We—uh—we just made a picture together."

"I see. You played the lead opposite Miss Davis?"

"No—uh—no. It's kind of an unusual picture. Nobody exactly plays the lead." The tall young man laughed hollowly.

The manager's eyebrows rose. He surveyed the young man with the dawning light of suspicion in his eyes. A small crowd had gathered to see Miss Davis, and they also stared. It seemed to the young man that they, too, regarded him with suspicion. He swallowed audibly. What had ever made him say he knew Bette Davis? He *did* know her, sure, but maybe she wouldn't remember him. Just because you'd worked in a picture with a star didn't mean she would recognize you in New York. Maybe he'd better get to his room right now before she showed up.

But it was too late. The little crowd surged forward, and there she was. The manager spoke to her and she smiled politely. Someone asked for her autograph, and she turned to give it. She glanced at the handsome young man and suddenly smiled.

"Why, Bob Hutton! How nice to see you here. I haven't had (*Continued on page 96*)

By Maris MacCullers and Charis Zeigler



1. At Blair Gen. Hospital, Nurse Byrd (Alma Kruger), Dr. Gillespie (L. Barrymore) and Dr. Lee (Keye Luke) gang up on overworked Dr. "Red" Adams (Van Johnson), arrange night out.



2. Girl in the case, Ruth (Marilyn Maxwell), is in cahoots with Dr. Gillespie and greets Red at appointed night club. She's in love with him, but her proposal is turned down cold because he thinks she has too much money.



4. Previously when m.c. Tobey (Keenan Wynn) auctioned off showgirls' kisses to highest Bond bidders, Ruth offered hundred grand if Red would kiss her. Of necessity he complied, found it *good!*



5. Back at hospital, Red talks Edna out of her psychiatric case of self-induced starvation. When hospital telephone operator, Sally (Marie Blake), is suddenly stricken at switchboard, she insists Red perform serious operation.

STORY It was a very exclusive night club, which meant that the headwaiter spoke fluent French and wore a small dark mustache that looked painted on. Just now his head was cocked quizzically to one side as he looked at the tall, young man who had handed him a reservation card: "Dr. Adams? Of course. This way." Then with elaborate courtesy he led young Adams down past a small curtained alcove. A girl stepped out of the alcove, linked her arms through Adams', murmured, "Thank you, Pierre," to the headwaiter and smiled brilliantly at no one in particular.

"Hello, Red," she said.

"No," Red Adams said. "No! I fell for it again."

"You did," she said pleasantly.

"Gillespie set you up to it?"

"He did."

"I see it all now. Gillespie harping on the fact that I was working too hard. That (*Continued on page 127*)

PRODUCTION Dr. "Red" Adams is one of Van's favorite people. He thoroughly enjoys portraying the young assistant to Dr. Gillespie and confesses a desire to really be a doctor. Millions of motion picture fans are extremely thankful that Van didn't choose medicine as a career. Van has a certain charm on the screen, a special talent for being the boy next door with the banged up Ford, that puts his feminine audience right into the story with him. Every woman who

"BETWEEN TWO WOMEN"



3. During evening, one of chorus girls, Edna (Gloria DeHaven) collapses backstage, and Red is called in on case. Illness is serious, and he leaves to accompany patient to hospital in ambulance.



6. After hours of touch and go with Nurse Byrd and Red keeping vigil, Sally pulls through. When Ruth rebels at his neglect, he admits love, and she realizes hers will be the cross of a doctor's wife.



saw "Thirty Seconds Over Tokio" was Mrs. Ted Lawson for about two hours. Every woman who sees "Between Two Women" will be a Dr. Adams patient or an assisting nurse. . . . Every time a studio films a "series" picture (a picture done with the same cast and based on the same characters as its predecessor), everyone on the lot from prop boy to set designer fights for the chance to help film it. Because the actors are familiar with (*Continued on page 95*)



By Ida Zeitlin

June Allyson

Life meant little things—a dog, a hurt, a need for love. And happiness always around the corner.

■ "It's all your fault, Teddy."

June, eight years old, sat on a rock. Teddy, one and a half, looked up at her sadly. She couldn't stand it when Teddy looked sad at her, so she patted the place on the rock beside her. Next minute, the tail was going like mad, and the little red tongue was washing her cheek.

She hugged the breath out of him. "Just the same, you bad boy, it *was* your fault."

June was in disgrace. The principal had said: "I want to see your mother."

"She works in the city. She only comes home for Sunday—"

So Grandma went to see the principal. "I don't understand it," he said. "June's not a bad child, but she's always in trouble. I'm afraid we'll have to suspend her for a week."

When Mother came Saturday night, she said the same thing. "I don't understand it. You're so good with us, Junie. Why can't you be good at school?"

"I am, Mummy. I was good for a long time under the desk, but it wasn't *nice* there. So I asked Teddy—"

"Oh, honey, Teddy wasn't even *there*—"

"I know, but I closed my eyes and saw him. I can always see him when I close my eyes. And I said, is it all right? and his head went yes—" (*Continued on following page*)



At 13, she was confirmed; at 16, a featured dancer. Her big ambition now's to be a Bergman, utilizes spare time studying drama, singing, dancing, collecting miniature china pigs.



At 2, June weighed 30 pounds—has gained just 68 more in 20 years! She still hasn't outgrown habit of losing things, going on 3-day Chinese food binges!



Junie goes on book sprees, once splurged $30. She's holding out on buying home, wants to marry into one, but still sends mother some earnings for rainy day.



She shares a passion for sailing with soon-to-be-divorced Dick Powell. Says she, "I like him. I hate nightclubs, and with others I always wind up there. But *we* have fun!" (At Somerset House.)



After this scene in "Music For Millions" with M. O'Brien (who insists June's "the girl I want to look like when I grow up"), June fell through sound stage, had to be sawed out.

June Allyson

It all happened in sewing class. June was letting her nails grow long, and she stuck her hand out to show them to Dorothy. The teacher said she was passing chewing gum—

"I *wasn't.* I haven't even *got* any gum, so how could I pass it?"

"That'll do, June. Bring your sewing and sit under my desk till the lesson's over."

Under the desk, June sewed and sewed. She didn't mind being punished when she was bad, but this wasn't *fair,* she hadn't done *any*thing. Just the same, you didn't buck up against teachers. Even at eight, she knew that. So it never entered her head to try to get even. She just felt so bored under that mean old desk, and here was her needle and there was teacher's leg—

Whenever she knew it was wrong, she'd ask Teddy. Made things cosier that way, with someone to share the blame. She screwed her eyes tight. "Is it all right, Teddy?" He said yes. (*Continued on page 132*)

She's Engaged to a member of the Royal Canadian Air Force

She's Lovely!



HER RING—an upraised center diamond flanked by smaller diamonds on intricate design in gold.

FRANCES KING, of Poughkeepsie, N.Y., of the old Hudson River family—another lovely Pond's bride-to-be. Her engagement to H. Paul Richards, of the R.C.A.F., was announced last May

Pretty as a picture—and a complexion so petal-*clear* you'd think Frances' beauty was just happenstance.

But Frances herself says, very positively, she *keeps* it that way with her faithful Pond's devotions.

"Skin *needs* regular care," she declares. "I love my daily and nightly Pond's Cold-Creamings. They make my skin feel glorious."

HOW FRANCES BEAUTY-CARES FOR HER FACE WITH POND'S

First—she *smooths* snowy Pond's Cold Cream all over face and throat, pats it with brisk finger tips to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off well.

Next—she *rinses* with more luscious-soft Pond's, plying her white-tipped fingers around nose, mouth, cheeks, forehead. Tissues off. "This double-creaming is *important*," Frances says, "makes skin *extra* clean, *extra* soft."

Use Pond's Frances' way—every morning, every night. Daytime, too, for clean-ups. You'll find it's no accident engaged girls like Frances, noted society beauties, love this soft-smooth beauty care.

Get a *big* jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. You'll like being able to dip the fingers of *both* your hands in the luxurious, *big* jar.



SHE'S A DARLING! **Frances is petite, with wistful brown eyes and skin baby-soft! "I keep it nice with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's such a *grand* cream!"**



ON HIS FURLOUGHS **Paul and Frances are inseparable. While he is away she serves, too—in the Red Cross, at the canteen, the Halloran Hospital.**



TODAY—**many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.**

She uses Pond's

A few of the Pond's Society Beauties

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III
LADY BRIGID KING-TENISON
MRS. GERALDINE SPRECKELS
MRS. CHARLES MORGAN, JR.
MRS. JAMES J. CABOT





You're heavenly in

CHEN YU

Cloud silk

MAKE-UP

A totally new complexion for you—Instantly . . and wonderful protection for your skin!

Out of a dream world into yours . . .
the complexion you've hoped for . . . now you
can have it. This important new version
of cake make-up covers your skin with a flattering
veil of cloud silk to produce a lasting
illusion of complete flawlessness. But more!
Chen Yu "Cloud silk" is highly protective too.
It guards your skin . . . helps it to stay lovely for the
years ahead. Choose from nine new shades!

ASSOCIATED DISTRIBUTORS, INC. *Chicago and New York*



Modern

Why look like a frump when the doorbell catches you housemaiding? Take the blight off the chore-bore by looking cute about it!



COMFORT is your ticket in this grey flannel and plaid suit from Louis Geiger.



CLASSIC gabardine suit by Duchess Royal in melting colors. Blouse by Alice Stuart.

CASUAL Shire-Tex slacks by Davenshire with baby soft Tish-U-Knit sweater. Scarf by Kimball.



By Jean Kinkead and Ann Ward

Screen's Fashion Guide

■ Ever stop to think what a fine line there so often is between work and play? F'rinstance, we die every time we have to get down on our knees and scrub a floor, but we think it's mad, mad fun to break our back and our fingernails over a bowling alley. In muscular output, there's not much difference, but it's the spirit of the thing. Now, *we* have a theory that if people dressed up to work, corralled a chum or two in for moral support, sweeping a rug could be almost as much fun as cutting one.

Lookit. Instead of pushing a vacuum cleaner around wearing some moth-eaten horror and hating every minute of it, do yourself up fancy in a pair of good-looking slacks and a sweater. Comfortable, functional and—this is important when the doorbell rings—ever so eye-catching. Same outfit makes cramming for tests practically gay stuff. Makes running errands for your ma high adventure. And naturally, it's 20-20 for leisure pursuits like hiking and biking and just plain loafing. Best buys we've found are the all-wool gabardine slacks shown on these pages made by Davenshire, who designed the pants Merle Oberon wears in "A Song to Remember." They come in every color and can be had for less than you'd pay for a new hat. The lush classic slipover is a Tish-U-Knit. Expensive-looking as a Bermuda hand-knit, priced for gals on a budget. Colors to drool over.

Twist this wonderful looking, colorful square (comes in the new stole scarf, too) around your hair for neatness with a shot of glamour. They cost so little you'll want to keep a couple on tap. Swell for bridge prizes; sweet little gifts for cherished buddies.

Your man's on leave! You want to ring bells and let the dishes pile sky-high, and the dust likewise. Kind of impractical, that, but you can take the blight off the whole chore-bore by looking cute about it. Wouldn't (*Continued on page 141*)



CUTE and so easy to make! New knee length short suit. A MODERN SCREEN PATTERN.



Helen Riickert, whose husband is in the American Field Service, is shown in a charming room decorated with Bates' "Daisy" spread that also comes in grey, rose, or green.

A Colorful Room Says "Welcome Home"



There's always an inviting warmth . . . a happy air in a room that glows with color. Especially to a service man who's been living in a dreary, monotone environment. So if you're planning ahead for the return of your husband or son, make his home-coming twice as happy by making your home look twice as bright. It's simple to do with Bates' bedspreads and matching draperies! These beautifully styled ensembles eliminate all the nuisance of scurrying around to match things up. Moreover, they cost only a few dollars and wear for years because they're of sturdy, wrinkle-proof cotton that washes like a dream. If you can't find Bates' spreads the first time . . . try again. We're supplying them as fast as wartime limitations permit.

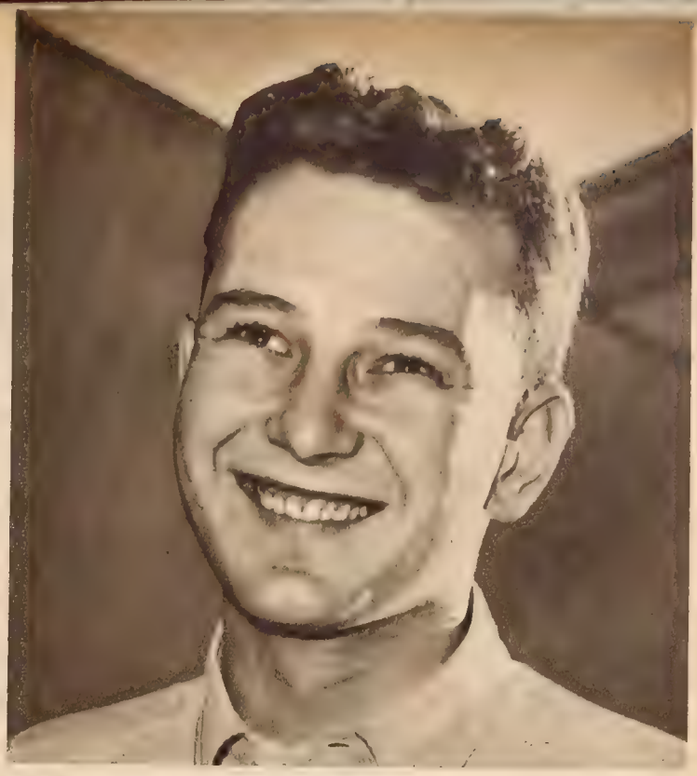
BATES FABRICS INC. • 80 WORTH STREET • NEW YORK CITY 13

Bates

BEDSPREADS WITH MATCHING DRAPERIES

By Virginia Wilson

Young Tom Drake started his theatrical career on a rigid diet of six movies a day!



Tom attended Jimmy Stewart's old high school, years later was tagged "another J. S." by discoverer Joe Pasternack! A professional song writer, his latest is "If It's Love," featured in "Janie."

DRAKE TAKES THE CAKE!

■ The road was straight, but the big Cadillac's course was erratic. It went from one side to the other, it went fast and then slow. A farmer in a nearby orchard eyed its approach cynically.

"Some city drunk," he muttered, and then as the car whizzed by, he straightened up and did the double take of all time. The Cadillac's driver was a boy of eleven or so, propped up on cushions so his chin came just over the steering wheel. His brown eyes were focused determinedly on the road. Tom Drake was learning to drive.

Of course, it's usually considered advisable to have an instructor along when you try it first. There are also silly conventions about not taking your family's car till you have a license. Tom had ignored all this nonsense. He had equipped himself with five—count em, five—cushions, and waited till his father and mother and two sisters were out of the way. Then he got in, made a couple of the motions he had seen his father make, and he was off. He was pleased, but not surprised, by the ease with which this was accomplished. It just went to show you how much fuss people made over (*Continued on page 75*)



As a boy, he sang in a New Rochelle church choir, while his speaking voice, which can be heard in "This Man's Navy," has just been dubbed "sexiest in H'wood." (Entertaining nieces Christopher and Casey.)


Greer Garson

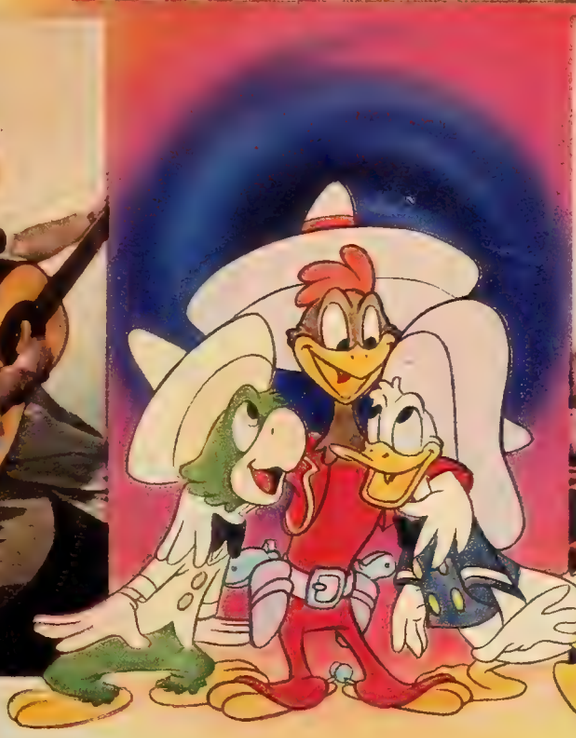
A Brand-NEW delightful dimension is added to motion picture entertainment!



Imagine, for the first time on any screen—Donald Duck and company romping, singing, dancing and especially romancing with live and lovely senoritas *in the same scenes!* It's the kind of "seeing-is-believing" magic only Disney can bring you —and wonderful!

©W. D. P.







Sixteen New Hit Tunes
including:
"THE THREE CABALLEROS"
"YOU BELONG TO MY HEART"
"BAIA"
(by the composer of "Brazil")

WALT DISNEY'S
Full-length Musical Fiesta in Technicolor

See Donald and Aurora Miranda dance the torrid Samba-Jongo together!

The THREE CABALLEROS

as 'The Three Caballeros'

DONALD DUCK · *Romantic Heartbreaker*
JOE CARIOCA · *Jiving Jitterbird*
PANCHITO · *Mexican Casanova*

and, in the flesh,

AURORA MIRANDA · *Brazilian Songbird*
DORA LUZ · *Mexico's Sweetheart*
CARMEN MOLINA · *Dancing Senorita*

Released through
RKO RADIO PICTURES

Louella Parsons' Good News

Johnny Payne and Gloria De Haven wed; stork stop-overs for Rita Hayworth, Dana Andrews; letter from Lon McCallister.

Diana Lynn's current No. 1 flame is Sailor Gray Delmar, son of Writer Viña Delmar. Diana, 18, dates Bob Walker, too, denies plans to wed Maj. Bob Livingstone, has written piano concerto.





Back at work film-making in H'wood, with Marine Corps medical discharge, Glenn Ford dropped into MODERN SCREEN office to hello Sylvia, Kay.



A rare party appearance for Bob Hope, here with wife Dolores and Jerry C. Now that Son Tony's 4 and Daughter Linda's 6, they're thinking of adopting an addition. Pop's Radio Hooper rating: No. 1.



Ginger Rogers sympathized with Walt Pidgeon tor being named one ot most uncooperative stars of '44 by H'wood Women's Press Club. She got same award couple of years ago. Here with Cugat, Johnny Green.



The new Turner hairdo's a "Napoleonic Bob." Supposed to have ringlets in front, a sculptured back. Unfazed by ciggie shortage, she smokes small, red pipe. (With Dick Haymes.)

Johnny Payne and Gloria DeHaven start married life with washing machine, his gift from Chicago radio sponsors. New home boasts redwood mirror bar. John's doing three pix at once.



■ They say men fall in love with the same type each time. Do you believe it?

At least, John Payne ran true to form—for his new mate, Gloria De Haven, is certainly like his ex-wife, Anne Shirley. The girls have the same ingenue charm, lovely figures, and I think they look alike.

I got a kick out of being the first to announce the official engagement of John and Gloria on the air. They are so frank about being in love it is refreshing.

"Yes," Gloria told me when I asked her if she and young Payne were planning to be married, "it's true. We will set the date just as soon as we both get a breather from our studios." And of course, as you know, they didn't even wait for that.

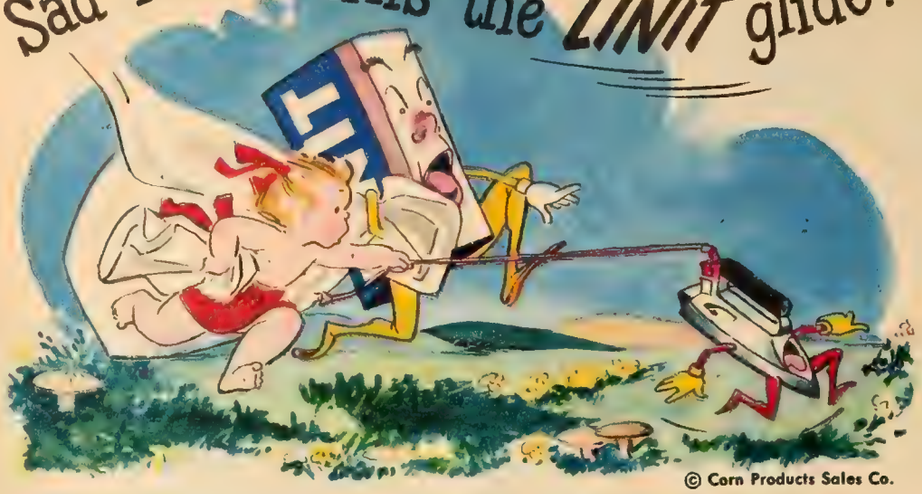
What a relief from some of the stars who hedge and stumble and say, "Perhaps I had better not say anything until I have informed my studio"—etc, etc, etc!

* * *

I hate to argue with the ladies of my own profession, but I just can't see how they hit on Sonja Henie and Walter Pidgeon as last year's "least cooperative" stars.

First off—Sonja doesn't spend much time in Hollywood —so it's hard to see (*Continued on following page*)

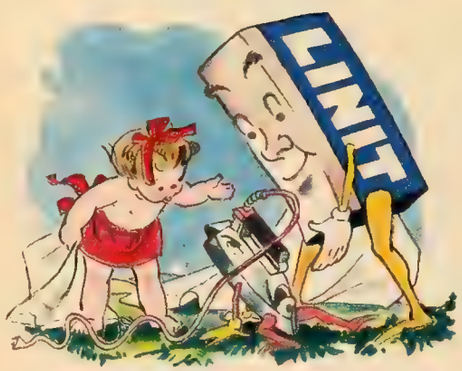
Sad Iron learns the LINIT glide!



© Corn Products Sales Co.

"I strike!" hisses Sad Iron, "See if I don't!
Me iron those sheets? I simply *won't!*
Your pillow-slips can keep their crinkles
Before I'll beauty-treat their wrinkles!"

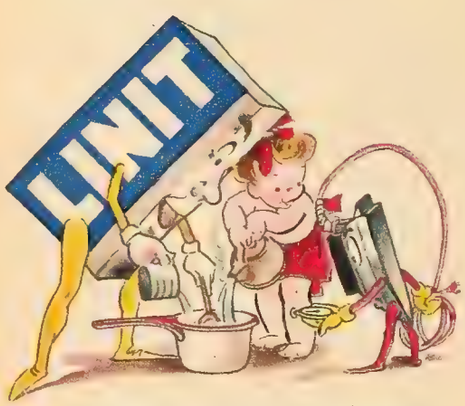
"Come meet Master Linit!" says Miss Sunny Monday,
"a fine, speedy starch who makes washday a fun day!



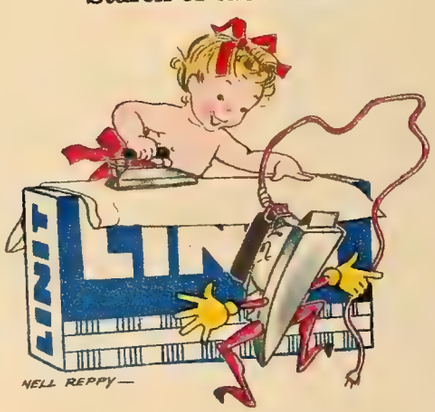
"We'll whizz through our work
with the greatest of ease
With Linit to glide us!
Attention please!



"I suds and I rinse—then
here's Master Linit!
I'm proud to present the
Starch of the Minute!



"He blends water and Linit,
each half in a cup.
Then adds boiling water.
Just a minute is up!"



Sad Iron, now happy, says,
"My work will be bliss!
60 seconds with Linit makes
a wash fit to Kiss!"

LINIT
PERFECT LAUNDRY STARCH
MAKES COTTON LOOK AND FEEL LIKE LINEN

LIGHTENS LAUNDRY LABOR

At all grocers

GOOD NEWS Continued

how she could have annoyed the Hollywood Women's Press Club to the point where she was handed the booby prize. Personally, I've always found her very helpful and willing to cooperate.

As for Walter! Well, anyway, he is getting a lot of laughs out of it. He now calls himself "the Non-Coop Pidgeon."

Betty Hutton and Alan Ladd won the honors for being the "nicest" stars of the year.

* * *

Frankie Sinatra got back to Hollywood with a terrible cold in his "haid." He could barely talk. But that didn't keep him from wanting to hear some good records, so he called up his favorite shop.

"This is Frank Sin'ata," he said the best he could with his sniffles.

"Sonata?" said the voice at the other end.

"Sin'ata," repeated Frank doggedly.

"Which Sonata?" demanded the voice peevishly. "'Sonata in A-Minor'?"

"No," snapped Frankie crossly, "'Sin'ata in A-Chill'!"

"Sorry," said the voice, "we don't have that number."

So Frankie listened to the radio instead.

* * *

Rita Hayworth has named her baby Rebecca for no particular reason except that she likes it, and it sounds "old fashioned." The full title, of course, is Rebecca Welles.

When she gets to grade school age, don't tell me she won't get a lot of "Rebecca-at-the-well" ribbing from her schoolmates.

* * *

If there was ever a time when Dick Powell wasn't "popping the question" to June Allyson because he thought her career was zooming ahead of his—he can forget that argument.

He not only has a new air show, but he's out of this world as a Humphrey Bogart character in "Murder, My Sweet." He plays the same detective Bogart plays in Raymond Chandler's "The Big Sleep." When Bogey heard about it, he cracked:

"If he doesn't stop playing me, I'm going to start crooning."

* * *

With Deanna Durbin these days and evenings it's Steve Crane. But the lady says she ain't going to marry anybody for years and years. Maybe Deanna's theme song is, "Don't Fence Me In."

* * *

I've been a sick girl for a couple of months, and at first I thought I might not feel well enough to attend Lana Turner's nice cocktail party. But I'm glad I went.

The real star of the party was her daughter, Cheryl, who made a curly-headed appearance for just about fifteen minutes. How that baby loves her mother! She actually goos and gurgles every time Lana comes in sight. You can't fool a baby. Lana is an enchanting mother, so gay and happy.

Another surprise was Turhan Bey. If you read my newspaper column (and I hope you

do, you must know I've taken a few potshots at Turhan—particularly about his pipe smoking and what I felt was a slightly smug attitude on his part. I've said far less about other actors who get furious and look the other way when I am around.

But not Turhan. When he saw me, he came over immediately, spoke charmingly and said he was sorry I had been ill.

My face was a little pink. I admit it.

* * *

It's wonderful how the war brings out the real worth in a man.

John Shelton, husband of Kathryn Grayson, had the reputation for being "very difficult" when he was a Hollywood actor. Now he has received a citation for rescuing a B-29 from an incendiary bomb.

Lt. John Howard is another boy who is making us proud. He is wearing the Navy Cross for extraordinary bravery when his boat was torpedoed.

And Sabu, if you please, is a gunner in a bomber unit in the South Pacific!

* * *

Two deaths rocked Hollywood within a week of one another. The first was Laird Cregar. The second, Lupe Velez.

In many ways, perhaps Laird's was the most tragic of the two—because, in spite of the mental turmoil that brought on Lupe's death, she had lived and lived fully. She had been a bright flame that attracted much happiness and laughter, fame and fortune to herself as well as the dross and heartache that unfortunately overshadowed everything else at the time of her death.

But I remember her best as a laughing girl. A modern pagan who had loved life greatly even though she sought her own death.

But Laird was different.

He had never really lived at all.

At 28 years of age, Laird was a young giant who had never known life or love or marriage or home or mental peace and happiness.

He joked about his great weight and size, but it made him unhappy. That's why he dieted so strenuously to lose 100 pounds.

He once told me, "No matter how nice people are to me, I'm still something of an oddity to them. And being an oddity—isn't fun."

* * *

There was plenty of family opposition to the marriage of cute little Gracie MacDonald and Lieut. Ralph Green. There is something of an "Abie's Irish Rose" angle here since the kids are of different religious faiths. But sticking by Gracie through thick and thin was her brother, Ray, who is in the Air Corps.

Fact is, it was Ray's wire to his sister that he was standing by her and that he would bring his mother around to seeing it their way that settled the matter for Gracie.

Now I understand Mrs. MacDonald is completely reconciled. You can understand her side, too. She lost her husband last year through death, then Ray married and now her baby, Gracie.

* * *

Speaking of parental objections, I understand the hitch in the John Hodiak-Anne Baxter romance is that her mother has not

Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton

Beautiful Mrs. Hamilton, one of New York's most dynamic society leaders, is admired for her fine work as executive vice-chairman of the famous Lewisohn Stadium Concerts . . . for her delightful entertaining at home . . . and for her perfect style sense and faultless grooming. "Three or four times a week I give myself a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream," she says. "It's the ideal quick beauty pick-up . . . so easy and so effective!"

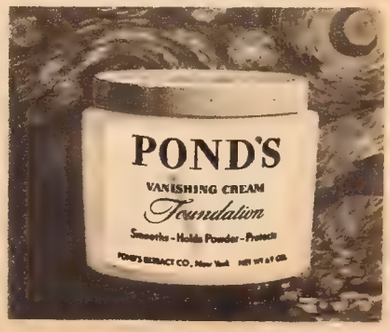


Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton—devotée of the 1-Minute Mask

How to "re-style" your face—quickly!

Slather a fragrant, pearly-white coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your cheeks, chin, forehead—everything but eyes. *Leave this creamy-cool Mask* on your face for one full minute. Then tissue it off. *Results of the Mask* show right away! "Keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream has loosened and dissolved powder-scuffing little skin roughnesses and beauty-dulling dirt particles!

Your "re-styled" complexion feels blessedly smoother. *Just* right for make-up! And it *looks* so much prettier! Clearer . . . fresher. Even *lighter!* But see for yourself—have *your* 1-Minute Mask today!



For extra-quick powder base . . . Slick on a *very* light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—and *leave it on.* Smoothing . . . protective . . . non-greasy. Takes make-up beautifully!

Get the luscious BIG jar!

HOLLYWOOD STARS YOU KNOW

USE *Overglo*
BY WESTMORE





FROM HOLLYWOOD...WESTMORE'S SENSATIONAL NEW LIQUID-CREAM FOUNDATION MAKE-UP

NOT A CAKE... NOT A CREAM
DOES NOT CAUSE DRY SKIN

TONIGHT... today... in just one minute... look your loveliest. Apply one drop of Westmore's new liquid-cream Overglo before you powder and rouge. See how it camouflages large pores and little lines. Never gives a mask-like appearance. Watch it add youthful radiance. Enjoy a smooth, well-groomed, flawless-looking face-do all day or night. *Non-drying, definitely!* Overglo has an emollient lanolin and oil base. Protects against dust and weather, too. One bottle lasts months. Six flattering shades. *$1.50, plus tax.*



WALLY WESTMORE, Director of Make-up at Paramount Studios, who with his brothers Perc and Bud, comprise the famous Hollywood-Westmore trio of make-up artists.

COMING SOON! Westmore's new Overglo Face Powder. A *one-shade* powder to end your "*wrong shade*" worries. Created especially for use with any shade of tinted cake, cream or liquid foundation. Some stores already sell it. Soon available everywhere. *$1. plus tax.*



Complete your make-up with Westmore's famous Lipstick, Rouge, Face Powder and Creams.

70 PRODUCTS OF THE HOUSE OF WESTMORE

yet given her consent.

* * *

If there ever was a little rough sledding for Mickey Rooney after he went into the Army, I hear it is all over now because of the job he is doing overseas. He is very popular with the G.I.'s with only a little kidding going on now and then.

One story is that a young Lieutenant called Rooney in one day and said, "Sit down, I want to talk with you just like Lewis Stone!"

* * *

Ran into Gary Cooper, operating in full capacity as the producer of his next, "Along Came Jones," and he invited me in to see his swanky new offices. Are they something!

There was a big grin on Coop's face as I looked around at all the elegance—a tomato red divan, the green chairs and the bright lemon colored rug. "Pretty fancy," he laughed. "I never rated anything like this being an actor."

Everything about the picture has to be brought to Gary for initialing—even including the sketches of the nightgowns Loretta Young will wear.

"Those are the moments," he smiled, "when I can't understand what producers have to gripe about."

* * *

Such a nice letter from Lon McCallister, who—at the time it was sent—was en route to St. Louis with the "Winged Victory" company.

"I heard what you said about me in the picture in your broadcast over the air," he wrote, "and I am grateful and proud. But I am sure you will understand when I say that my life is so different since I've been in the Service—that somehow it seemed like you might have been talking about some other fellow. I haven't thought of myself as an actor for so long it's hard to get used to the idea again. We're heading for points East—and a special performance for the President—but the biggest and realest part of the job to me is being a part, even a small part, of the Air Force."

* * *

Hey, fellas! Take a tip. Betty Hutton says the four things she can't stand in a man are:

GOSSIP: "Some of them are ten times worse than women!" opines la Hutton.

HOUR-BY-HOUR INQUISITIONS: "'Where were you at lunch, at two o'clock, at cocktails, at six when I called, etc.' That routine drives me crazy," she says.

SPOTLIGHT-HOUNDS: "Men who take you out conspicuously just to attract the candid camera boys."

SORRY-FOR-THEMSELVES: "These are the worst of all. They get maudlin about why they were turned down for the Service, or why they aren't getting better breaks in pictures, or about how many responsibilities they have supporting old aunts or uncles. I'd say give 'em back to the Indians—only the Indians wouldn't have 'em."

* * *

While Paulette Goddard is waiting for her first baby, she isn't going to make another picture.

She is spending her time completely redoing the new house at the Beach which she and Buzz Meredith just bought.

"I'm doing it all myself," she told me.

"Now that we are going to have a baby and a real home, I want to personally select everything from the drapes to the ash trays that come in and not be so busy that I have to turn the fun of making a home over to someone else."

* * *

It's a boy named Stephen Todd for the Dana Andrews. The Todd is Mrs. Andrews' maiden name. The Stephen is for nothing.

* * *

If you don't think Robert Walker has it bad for Shirley Patterson, listen to this: He'll accept no social engagements unless she's "included in." Of course, this doesn't go when Bob goes to Jennifer Jones' to visit his sons.

* * *

Now that I'm not going to see you again for another month—I'm anxious to know, meanwhile, what you think about some of the new young people. Particularly Tom Drake, who comes into his own, I think, in "Meet Me in St. Louis." Or Richard Crane. Or cute little Joyce Reynolds. I'm really interested—so drop me a note.

INFORMATION DESK
(Questions of the Month)
By Beverly Linet

Hello again:

I've just been gazing at those three little monkeys on my desk and thinking how lucky I am that I'm not like them. 'Cause I can see things, hear 'em and tell 'em, too. Here are some tid-bits right from my little black book: FLASH! Jane Withers is just about the most envied girl in town with two such stunners as Johnny Grant and Stan McCune escorting her around. . . . FLASH! The title of Frankie's new pic, "Bar of Music," was formerly the title of der Bingle's latest, "Bells of St. Mary" . . . FLASH . . . but heck, if you want to know more, you know the way. Just a stamped, self-addressed envelope, sent to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C. 16, will do it. Make it soon? Bestus—

Bev.

Mimi Black, Baltimore, Md.: HOW CAN I JOIN A JUNE ALLYSON CLUB? . . . Easy! Just drop a note to Gwen Littlefield, 1900 Sherbourne Dr., L. A., Calif. Dues are 75c a year, and you get pix, snaps, club news and everything. June and Gwen are great friends, and it's one of the best clubs out.

Grace Spinella, Garfield, N. J.: MAY I HAVE SOME INFO ON ELLIOTT REID WHO WAS ANDY IN "DR. WASSELL"? Edgeworth Blair Reid was born in N. Y. C. on Jan. 16, 1920. He has blue eyes and brown hair, is 6' 2½", 165 lbs., unmarried, an excellent mimic and in the Navy. His only other pic was "Young Ideas." Drop him a line at Paramount, Hollywood, for a pic.

Ruth Sampson, Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . WHO WAS THE SAILOR IN THE BOWLING ALLEY SCENE OF "SINCE YOU WENT AWAY"? That was 23-year-old Guy Madison. He's in the Navy now, too, and that was his only pic. He's unmarried and can be reached at Selznick Studios, Culver City, Calif.

How *Powers Models* bring out *natural* sparkling beauty in their hair



Miss Exilona Savre—whose lustrous, shining locks are so typical of Powers Models who wash their hair with Kreml Shampoo

John Robert Powers' Advice to His "Million Dollar" Models



John Robert Powers is one of the greatest authorities on feminine beauty in America. And to every Powers Model he says: "Use only Kreml Shampoo if you want your hair to be naturally silken-soft, easier to set and aglow with its own brilliant highlights.

Leaves Hair Silken-Soft With Glossy Brilliance That Lasts For Days

So exquisitely lovely are Powers Models that one of the foremost illustrators in this country called them "long stemmed American Beauties."

And how smart Powers Girls are to have discovered the remarkably beautifying action of Kreml Shampoo!

Thoroughly Cleanses Hair and Scalp of Loose Dandruff

Kreml Shampoo washes hair and scalp "spanking clean." It thoroughly washes out dirt and loose dandruff and leaves hair so much softer, easier to set—just gleaming with natural brilliant highlights and glossy lustre.

Kreml Shampoo actually "unlocks" the natural sparkling beauty that lies concealed in *your* and *every girl's* hair

There are no harsh caustics or chemicals in Kreml Shampoo. Instead it's a *mild, gentle* Shampoo with a beneficial oil base which helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. It rinses out like a breeze and never leaves any excess dull, soapy film.

Also excellent for shampooing children's hair. So buy the large family size.

Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Hot coffee never blurs the beautiful lips of Judy Garland!





A lip-brush makes for a clean outline.



Now you happily wield your lipstick!



Cleansing tissue to blot your lip-art.



Clearly outlined, brilliantly colored are Judy's lips. Judy is the pride of M-G-M.

by Carol Carter

You have your lipstick problems? How to apply the beautifying stuff?

What color to wear? Read on . . . here all your problems are solved!

LIPSTICK

■ Judy smiled at me! When I was leaving, she held my hand and said, "Oh, must you leave? Please stay and let's have fun." What could a lady do in a case like that . . . and, too, I had just caught sight of George Murphy entering the party. True to the MODERN SCREEN tradition in the face of parties . . . yes, I stayed!

What G.M. said to me and what I said to G.M. has nothing to do with the story (the Beauty Department, you know), but when Judy turned the talk to lipstick, I whipped out a stubby pencil and quickly jotted down some notes on the back of an envelope. Seems when the coffee was served, some of the other femmes moaned that the steaming hot java was ruining their lip art. But Judy's lips were perfect. "How, how, how?" was the question. Explained Judy, "I always give myself a re-take when I'm making-up my lips!"

Girls, that isn't technical studio talk. You can give yourself a lipstick "re-take" that will keep your lips smooth and bloomingly red no matter how much coffee you drink or how many G.I. Joe's you enthusiastically welcome home! Like any *artiste*, you begin with a clean canvas (only your lips won't have a canvas-like texture if you use cream every night!). You first clean your lips with cream and tissues because you know how caked and unappetizing lipstick-on-stale-lipstick can become.

After the cleaning, Judy says your lips are ready for the art work. And, again, like an artist, you wield a brush . . . but one that has been stroked over your lipstick. Best thing in the world for getting a clean outline, claims Judy, and I'm inclined to agree with her. Here's where you can induce a bit of camouflage. Lips too thin? Then widen the effect a bit with a flick of the brush. Just the tiniest bit because, you realize, the early-Crawford watermelon-rind effect is definitely passé. Here's another hint: Studios find that in making lips fuller it's best to work on the upper lip and to leave the lower one in its original state. If your problem is too-broad lips, then keep your coloring within the outside borders . . . though too-wide lips is not very often a problem. Girls seem to like full lips . . . and boys seem to like them on girls! Only thing to beware is the watermelon-rind effect that I spoke of earlier.

Now's the time to fill in your brush-made outline with lipstick. Then a blotting with cleansing tissue (that's wonderful stuff isn't it? . . . good for everything from lip make-up to jewelry polishing). And here goes for the "re-take." At this point Judy likes to re-apply her lipstick. Yes, she goes through the lipsticking routine all over again. This way her lipstick stays and stays . . . and stays neat!

There's another trick that I like for making lipstick as permanent as possible. That's to powder my lips before the second application. Just flip a powder puff over the first layer of lipstick, brush off the excess powder and behold . . . a smooth, mat-like surface for the second coloring job. Incidentally, speaking of powder, if you like a really thick-fringed effect for your eyelashes, powder over the first layer of mascara and then make with the mascara brush a second time. You'll get a terrifically dramatic eyelash make-up, but remember this is a strictly party-going trick. Unless your eyelashes are definitely pale, better stick to a single mascara-ing.

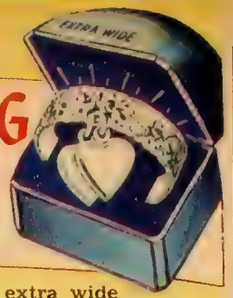
To return to our lipstick. I know you're interested in color, but just a minute. Judy has some extra ideas about lipstick selction! When you're standing before the toilet-goods counter with your lipstick money clutched in your hand, give a thought to the consistency of the stick you're buying (*Continued on following page*)

New Style to Sweep The Country In Years

Quite The Loveliest



GIVEN TRUE LOVE and FRIENDSHIP RING



To Make New Friends among readers of this magazine who order the matching Bracelet and Necklace promptly for 10 days' examination. Just send the coupon today and accept this valuable ring as our get-acquainted gift.

Precious, sterling silver ring is extra wide and has two pendant hearts. Richly embossed with Forget-Me-Not design that harmonizes beautifully with the necklace and bracelet.

Wear 10 DAYS TRIAL

TRUE LOVE and FRIENDSHIP NECKLACE and BRACELET



Sentimental, sterling silver hearts are richly embossed and have space for the engraving of initials of loved ones. Ring given with your order for both the necklace and bracelet. Wear on ten days trial. If not satisfied, return the necklace and bracelet within 10 days and your money will be refunded, **BUT YOU ARE TO KEEP THE RING AS OUR GET-ACQUAINTED GIFT.**

SEND NO MONEY When your package arrives you pay the postman only $1.95 each for necklace and bracelet plus a few cents mailing cost and 20% Federal Tax. Supplies limited, send the coupon today.

The latest thing for afternoon or evening wear is precious, sterling silver charm rings, necklaces and bracelets.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO.
Dept. 4-Y, Jefferson, Iowa

Supplies limited, send the coupon today.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 4-Y, Jefferson, Ia.

I want to examine the precious, sterling silver heart charm ensemble. Please send me:

☐ Necklace ☐ Bracelet

I can return my purchase in 10 days and you will refund my money but I am to keep the ring as your get-acquainted gift. I am to receive the ring without cost if I order both the necklace and bracelet.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

☐ Check here if you want the ring only sent at $1.95, C.O.D.

New PERFUME COSTUME ENSEMBLE

Colorful Necklace, Bracelet and Earrings $1.00 Each or all 3 for only $2.79



Here is Romance Glorified. Now you, too, may have a choice of 6 lovely colors in a necklace, bracelet and earrings all matching in beauty of rich, exotic color and perfume that attracts lovers and mystifies friends. Each bead is artistically designed like a miniature rose bud and exudes a delicate, intriguing perfume at all times. Think of wearing this ensemble of matching necklace, bracelet and earrings that glow with fascinating and intriguing perfume and at the same time are so attractive in delightful matching colors.

Exact size of Rosebud Design Perfume Beads in both necklace and bracelet shown at right in colors.


Orchid


Fern Green


Tulip Pink


Forget-Me-Not Blue


Daffodil Yellow


Rose Red

SEND NO MONEY
Ten Days Trial

Let us know what color you want and we will send your choice in the Perfume Costume necklace, bracelet or earrings practically "ON APPROVAL" since your money is refunded in 10 days if you are not satisfied. Simply send the coupon below, giving us your choice of colors. Your package sent immediately and you pay the postman only $1.00 each or all three articles are only $2.79 plus 20% Federal Tax and a few cents mailing cost on arrival. See how friends admire their sheer beauty and are mystified by their subtle perfume. When not in use, keep them with your dainty handkerchiefs as a sachet. Our supply is limited so send the coupon today.



GIVEN For Your Promptness

Purse size, Plastic case of exotic, solid PERFUME given for promptness if you order the complete ensemble of earrings, bracelet and necklace.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO.
Dept. 44NL, Jefferson, Iowa

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 44NL, Jefferson, Iowa

Please send me the New, Perfume-Costume Jewelry as marked:

..... Necklace ..... Bracelet ..... Earrings

If I order all 3 of the above I am to be given your purse size, Plastic case filled with solid perfume. I understand I can return my purchase any time within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

COLOR

Name .....
- ☐ Rose Red
- ☐ Tulip Pink
- ☐ Fern Green
- ☐ Forget-Me-Not Blue
- ☐ Daffodil Yellow
- ☐ Orchid

Address .....

City ..... State .....

LIPSTICK

(Continued from page 73)

as well as to its color. Be sure that your final choice is neither too dry nor too oily. Too dry means puckered lips and caked lipstick. Too oily means smeared and blurred lip art. Plunk your money down for a happy medium. And now that the sordid subject of cash has arisen, let's give it a thought. Money doesn't necessarily mean quality. You can get a fine lipstick for 10c . . . and fine ones in exquisite cases for lots more. You pay your money, and you take the lipstick of your choice. "Cases" brings to mind the happy news that many metal cases are now on the market. Not interfering with the war effort, either. Uncle Sam has flashed the "all clear" signal for them.

Color-cues are important for really super make-up. Judy and I put our heads together and came up with this beauty dope-sheet. The wisest system: Let the basic tones of your own skin give you an unerring guide to color-right lipstick. Your skin has underlying tones of ivory, cream, gold, tan or brown? Then invest in lipstick of the clear red or orange-red range. Could be your underlying skin tones are blue, white, pink or one of the florid family? You'll look best in one of the blue-red lip rouges. If you're an unswerving neutral as to skin, hair and eyes, true red-reds will bring out hidden high-lights!

It's a good idea to collect a lipstick wardrobe for yourself in your own particular color range. (Judy has a famous lipstick collection.) Fr'example, if you're strictly a red or orange-red lipstick type, have lipsticks in light and dark orange-red. Comes the day you're wearing black, you reach for the dark lipstick. Comes the evening you're wearing a floral print, you choose the lighter one. Speaking of light prints, you know that Spring is on its way. Don't be one of those goons who keep buying the same Wintry shade over and over. A seasonal make-up, that's for you!

Seasonal . . . and cooperative. You simply shudder at the thought of cerise lips with orange-tinted cheeks. Or at least I hope you do! Remember to team rouge and lipstick.

Now for a touchy subject . . . but being brave I'll plunge right into it. Nearly every mail brings a note from one of the younger generation. "Miss Carter, how old must I be to wear lipstick? My mother's a bit strict on the subject." I don't say the younger, the better. But lipstick is now a universally accepted make-up. When the rest of the gang begins, would seem to be the right time. Usually this is about the age of fourteen, but could be a bit later. And of course you'll start out with a lighter-hued lipstick just to prove to Mother that you really know what you're about!

As I say, lipstick is among the "accepted." No one now tries to pretend that their lips naturally bloom such a brilliant red. Wear lipstick gaily, proudly, beautifully. And it helps lots if your lips are often curved in a happy smile. Judy Garland's pert grin is a fine example!

* * *

You want to know about a definite lipstick? You're hankering for some extra beauty dope about skin care, hair-do's or figure-fitting? Drop me a note, the answer will pop up in your mail almost immediately. But, pretty please, do write your own return address distinctly. Nearly breaks my heart when I have to leave a friendly letter unanswered. Carol Carter, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*

DRAKE TAKES THE CAKE!

(Continued from page 63)

nothing. He waved airily to the gaping farmer as he went by.

But pride goeth before a fall, and five minutes later Tom pressed the wrong pedal or something. He wasn't sure just *what* he did, but anyway the engine gave a couple of tired coughs and expired. Tom pushed the gear shift around some, stepped on another pedal, and hurray, he was off again! The only trouble was he was going backward.

"Oh, well, saves turning around," Tom observed. He was the philosophical type. He backed along the road and waved again at the farmer who promptly disappeared into his barn in search of some applejack to restore his shattered nerves.

There was a reception committee waiting in the yard when Tom backed the Cadillac along the street to his house. The committee consisted of: (item) one hysterical mother, (item) two sisters who hissed "Are *you* going to catch it!" and (item) one father—complete with switch.

"I'll teach you to run off with the car and scare your mother half to death!" Pop thundered. "You must be crazy."

"Yes, sir," said Tom obediently. He didn't think he was crazy. It was just that he always got caught. Other people got away with murder, but Tom never got away with *anything*. At school, the other kids could throw spitballs by the hour, and the teacher never looked up. But let Tom throw just *one* and the teacher whipped around and said, "You stay after school tonight!"

putting on the eye . . .

Of course if it was one particular teacher, Tom knew how to deal with the situation. This man was the nervous type, and after he'd say "Stay after school," Tom would go to work on him. The kid would sit there staring with an unwavering, nerve-shattering gaze, until the teacher would begin to fidget.

"Alderdyce, get to work!" (Tom was born Alfred Alderdyce, you know.)

"Yes, sir." But the Alderdyce eyes would go on staring hauntingly for the rest of the period. By the time the last bell rang, the poor man had the leaping meemies and couldn't get rid of Tom fast enough.

Life was a lot of fun in those days. Still is, for Tom's the type that *gets* fun out of things. He wasn't any problem child, but he did get into a lot of mischief. The trouble was that the fascinating things were always the ones that parents frowned upon. Like the time in the dead of winter when Tom and his sisters stumbled across the concrete foundation of a half-finished house. It was full of dirty water.

"Hey, get a load of this!" Tom cried exultantly. "Our own private swimming pool, just like the movie stars in Hollywood!"

"You can't swim in winter time," one of his sisters informed him.

"Who can't? I can, too. Girls are sissies. Boys aren't." And swim he did, in the dirty, icy water, puffing and blowing like a porpoise and having a wonderful time. He made it look so enticing that his sisters jumped in, too, and the whole lot of them eventually arrived home, dripping, shivering and looking like walking invitations to double pneumonia. But they all survived, in fact, didn't even get the sniffles, and their parents were so relieved that no punishment was forthcoming.

Tom's father was a linen merchant in New York, and the family lived in a house in Westchester County. Tom went to the Iona school in New Rochelle and played

New type ink protects pens ...keeps them trouble-free!



Copr. 1945, The Parker Pen Company

1. No clogging . . . no gumming

Does ink gum and thicken in your pen? Then try Quink—it can't gum, can't clog! Every drop contains *solv-x*, an exclusive fluid that keeps Quink always free-flowing. There's no other ink like it, for Quink is

THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X



2. Cleans pen as it writes

You'll see the difference in the way your pen writes! Quink's *solv-x* cleans off ink that has hardened on the nib! Many businesses, where ink is a big expense item, insist on Quink . . . it's

THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X



3. Dissolves, flushes away sediment

Sludgy deposits that so often cake in a pen dissolve when Quink with *solv-x* is used. For *solv-x* is to ink sediment what soap is to dirt. *Solv-x* keeps Quink fresh to the last drop in the bottle. Remember, Quink is

THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X



4. Ends rubber rot, metal corrosion

Ordinary ink causes 65% of all pen breakdowns. But that needn't worry *you*. You can keep your pen in tip-top shape with *solv-x* protection. Get a bottle of Quink today. It costs no more than ordinary inks! 9 colors. Regular size, 25¢. School size, 15¢. Specify Quink . . . it's

THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X



Make Your Dollars Fight—Buy War Bonds!

PARKER Quink THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X!



In the bright new world of tomorrow, smartly groomed women will depend more and more on Victory hair aids for flawless "head-lines."

The new VICTORY AIDS are worth waiting for!

Invisible Hair Curlers.

Improved Hair and Bobbie-Pins.*

Revolutionary new Hair aids.

SMITH Victory CORP.

ROY S. BAIN, Pres. Buffalo 14, N. Y.

VICTORY SETS THE HEADLINES OF THE WORLD

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

hookey almost more than he went to classes. The attraction was the shows on Broadway and the movies. Sometimes he used to go to six movies a day! Not because he was thinking of becoming an actor, but because he just liked them. He used to get feeling romantic about some pretty girl in High School, and he would look at the movie and the face of Joan Crawford or Claudette Colbert would sort of dissolve into his girl's face. It was wonderful.

Leave us face it, Tom was known as something of a wolf in High School. Not because he dated so many different girls, but because he would "go steady" with one for a while, and then switch to another, then another.

"I wouldn't fall for you. You're too much of a philanderer," one girl told him. Tom looked up philanderer in the dictionary and was righteously indignant.

"Listen," he said, "I'm the faithful type. I never even *look* at anyone else when I'm going with one girl. Of course after she and I break up, I get another girl, but that's not philandering.'"

"You'll do till a philanderer comes along," said the girl acidly. Women were so darned unreasonable!

golden rule days . . .

About this time Tom was sent to Mercersburg Academy in Pennsylvania. It was a fine school, and it sort of specialized in athletes. Tom had, up till then, been quite a scrapper. He used to average at least one fist fight a day. Not because he had a bad temper—his disposition is really out of this world—but because he got a kick out of fighting. When he got to Mercersburg, this came to a sudden halt. Practically every other guy in school was six feet tall and weighed a couple of hundred pounds. Tom weighed ninety-eight. No one would fight "the shrimp," and it was probably just as well they didn't, or Hollywood would be minus one of its brighter new luminaries. He made the swimming team, however, and used up his excess energy that way.

Tom smoked a pipe, at this point, and one night that led to his most embarrassing moment. He was in a room with the entire football squad, all of whom were in training and not supposed to smoke. Tom, puffing happily away on his pipe, aroused their envy.

They said, "Hey, fella, give us a drag on the old brier." They said, "Don't be a louse—we're human even if we do play football."

"Now listen, you guys, I don't want to get in any trouble—"

"Oh, so you're afraid!"

Well, that did it. Tom's pipe was passed around as solemnly as the pipe of peace at an Indian ceremonial. Until in walked the coach!

It wouldn't have been so bad if he had been really nasty to Tom. But he wasn't. He just said how things like that could prove whether a boy was loyal to the school or not, whether he was a real guy or just a phony. And as he talked along quietly, Tom's ego deflated and deflated till he could have crawled under a rug with a top hat on. Well, it just proved what Tom always contended—he never got away with anything!

After graduation came the problem of a career. Tom had a girl friend—as usual—and the girl friend had an idea.

"You know, darling," she said thoughtfully one evening, raising her head from Tom's shoulder so she could look in his face, "you're awfully handsome."

"That routine will probably get you places, sugar," Tom said, "but not with me. I *know* how I look."

"No, be sensible. You *are* handsome, and you have a wonderful personality. I mean, everybody's crazy about you. So why don't you be an actor?"

"An actor!" Tom laughed. "Listen, baby, that's very funny. I tried out for a play once at school because I thought it would get me out of studying. I was terrible. They wouldn't even give me a walk-on."

"I still think you should be an actor." A stubborn wench, this one, for which Tom now thanks his lucky stars. She finally talked him into trying for a part in summer stock at Poughkeepsie. To his open-mouthed astonishment, he was accepted.

After that he went to New York and studied for three years under Alice B. Young, playing stock in the summer. He loved it. He was doing juveniles mostly, but he did get a couple of good character parts—Albert in "Ladies In Retirement" and Danny in "Night Must Fall."

Then he got his big break. He was offered the juvenile lead in "Janie." It turned out to be more complicated than you might think. For one thing, he was scared half out of his wits. For another, he had no chance to rehearse with the cast onstage. The only practice he had was reciting his lines in a little back room with the director. So his entrances and exits were a complete mystery to him. When his cue came, the stage manager pushed him on and told him which door to make for after his last on-stage line. Somehow he got in and out the right places at the right time, and somehow he was a hit! Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer tested him, and before Tom could get that surprised look off his face, he was in Hollywood.

Things happened fast from the minute he got off the train. He arrived on Monday, was tested for a leading role in "Two Girls And A Sailor" on Tuesday, and Wednesday he was given the part of a young American soldier in "The White Cliffs of Dover." Then came "Meet Me In St. Louis." He is now making "This Man's Navy."

Of course, he's nuts about Hollywood. He had been there before, and he knew flocks of people. His first date there was with Frances Rafferty. Gloria De Haven introduced them. Now he plays the field. His best friends are the Jack Haleys and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cookson. Tom's favorite spot is the House of Murphy.

He's a take-it-easy kind of guy. Hates routine and having to plan things ahead. Maybe he's got something there. Maybe if you just go along doing your job and having fun on the side, you get just as far as if you knock yourself out planning and worrying. Anyway, it seems to work for Tom, because there isn't a happier actor in all of Hollywood!

TOO LITTLE AND TOO LATE

That's how some of the boys are getting their mail, and it just isn't fair! Sure, you're busy and tired and worried and tense, and the idea of sitting down and writing a long letter gets you down. Well, how do you think your G.I. feels? Gay?

And supposing you do dash off a 3-page Valentine greeting, chances are your Joe'll receive it come next July 4th. So hie off to your corner store or five-and-ten and buy a dime's worth of V-mail, or pick up a free batch at ye locale poste office—but get some.

Mebbe you won't be writing such lengthy epistles, but think of how many more you can get done! And p.s.: Seein' as how you won't be tired when you write your snappy V-Mail, maybe, perhaps you'll let up on the woes? Betcha our fellas are every bit as uncomfortable as we are—so what say we don't keep reminding them, eh?

Anticipation!

Everything is ready, you see him coming—eager to get home. You're glad you planned his meal so carefully . . . so glad you remembered his bottle of SCHLITZ.



Today more than ever when men are working especially hard, a bottle of SCHLITZ brings welcome relaxation at the end of the day.

JUST

THE *kiss*

OF THE HOPS

. . . no bitterness



Copr. 1945, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Barbara Hale in "WEST OF THE PECOS" *An RKO-Radio Picture*



Tru-Color Lipstick

...the color stays on through every lipstick test

Dramatize the appeal of your lips with the Color Harmony shade for your type. Glamorous reds, lovely reds, dramatic reds...all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and all based on an original, patented* color principle discovered by *Max Factor Hollywood*...one dollar.



Max Factor - Hollywood

*U. S. Patents No. 2157667 2211465

Complete your make-up IN COLOR HARMONY...WITH MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD FACE POWDER AND ROUGE

A HIGH KICK AND A HOT LICK

(*Continued from page 46*)

comfort than her own; who has deeded her big Bel-Air home with all its prized collection of antiques, lock, stock and barrel, to the lady who stuck by her over the early rough spots of her career.

There's the Betty Grable, too, who took on the toughest USO Army camp circuit she could find—down in the remote hills of the Carolinas—and risked wrecking her famous legs hoofing encore after encore in the rain on bumpy plank stages in high heels and long evening gown so the glamour-starved GI's could have fun. There's a Grable who still holds the Hollywood Canteen record for jitterbugging with 300 rugged cut-in dance partners in one hectic hour; the Grable who dragged home after her first Canteen night with her formal in shreds, her shoes busted, the knees out of her best nylons and her hair looking like something the cat had got hold of and startled her mother by sighing, "Gee—did I have fun!"

There are a double dozen different Betty Grables you'd never know in a million years if all you cared to hear about was lovely legs. The Betty, *par exemple,* who has personally plugged three of her unknown studio pals into picture parts and contracts. The Betty who stands up staunchly for the little guys and gals who work on her sets and never forgets a round of gifts when the picture closes. The Grable who prefers home to any night club ever built, Pepsis to the best giggle water ever brewed and her husband's musician friends to Hollywood "Society."

You must climb Coldwater Canyon above Beverly Hills to catch Betty Grable without her make-up in the place she prefers to any spot in the world—home. That's an unpretentious English cottage, beamed and gabled and snugly tucked in a three-acre grove of avocado and lemon trees. Inside it's wood paneled, cozy with chintzy chairs, copper on the hearth and antiques scattered around.

dream for sale . . .

She went to a party there, years ago, came home and raved to her mother about the perfect house she'd visited. "Some day," said Betty, "I'm going to own one just like it!" Later on, Bert Lahr, her pal of "Du Barry Was A Lady," bought the place, and often Betty dropped by to see Bert and his wife Mildred. Last year when the whirlwind romance and marriage with Harry James posed a housing problem, Harry had rented a huge Beverly Hills mansion to shelter all the members of his band, so for a while the newlyweds rattled around there. Then they moved over to Mama Grable's, but independent Harry was touchy about that. He thought people would say he was "Mr. Grable" who'd moved in on Movie Star Betty, so house-hunting was in order. When the very first house a real estate agent took them to see was Betty's long cherished ideal, she thought that must be an omen straight from heaven for happiness. She wasn't just dreaming, either.

Because today the very best times of Betty Grable's life take place right there—with her husband, Harry, a certain Miss Victoria Elizabeth Grable and her family and friends. The first improvement Betty made in her new home was to fix up a cozy, up-to-date nursery for Vicki. The first party she had was an open house for the members of Harry's band. Her first house guest was her mother.

Betty's idea of a grand evening of fireside fun is to have the orchestra gang in for a session of poker. She has always been crazy about cards and as lucky as a rusty horseshoe. Most evenings when she and Harry are home alone, they buck horns at gin-rummy late into the night (almost always Betty takes Harry to the cleaners, too). But her real love is the grand old American game of bluff 'em and bet 'em. She's good, too, because she's an old hand at it.

The best Grable poker story I know happened the day Vicki was born. Baby Victoria was impatient about arriving in this world, you know, and her premature debut was a surprise to Betty as well as the doctor. So, the night before the event, Betty and Harry had a gang from the band in for the evening with a couple of red hot poker games going, and it was 4 A.M. before they broke it up. That's when Betty began to feel a little queer, and next morning the verdict was an ambulance and the hospital *immediately.*

After it was all over later on that night, Betty's mother tip-toed into her famous daughter's hospital room where Betty was just emerging from the fumes of the anesthetic and woozily out of this world.

Betty recognized her through the mist. "Hello, Mother," she mumbled. "S-h-h-h—I've got four kings!"

When they kidded her about it afterwards, Betty decided that was another omen. From then on she has bet the limit whenever four kings showed up.

Since her marriage, Betty's best friends are the members of Harry James' band and their wives. She fits like a glove right into the musical set, because at heart Betty's one of them. She can even qualify as an old instrument gal herself. When she was toddling around in St. Louis, aged six, Betty spied a lovely brass saxophone in a music store window one day and didn't stop howling until her folks bought it for her. It was a big alto sax, taller than Betty herself, but she got pretty hot on it for a moppet and even bleated on the stage and over the radio.

Upstairs in one of the dressing rooms off their boudoir suite, Harry has a huge music machine and stacks of records miles high (he gets complimentary platters from all the disc firms). Usually the changer is working overtime, just as Betty's radio in her car is always kept warm with some dance band wherever she goes.

melody lane . . .

You can spot the musical motif all through Betty's house. She dug up a beautiful old chased cornet (yep, that's what they used to call them before they were trumpets) in a Hollywood swap shop a while back. It probably would never rally to Harry's red hot modern triple-tongue tremolos, but Betty had other ideas anyway. She had it made into a lamp for the den and surprised Harry with it when he came home from his last trip. When you pick up a book match at Betty's, too, you find a picture of a neat calf kicking over a hot trumpet and the legend, "A high kick—a hot lick," running up and down a musical score. Her favorite jewelry doo-dad is a gold pin, an exact replica in miniature of Harry's famous trumpet. Betty wrote Santa for it last Christmas, and—surprise!—she found it on her tree.

In fact, Betty's so wrapped up in Harry's musical career that for a while after they were married, she planned spending all her studio layoffs traveling with his band. She tried that out on her first vacation—but it



Before . . . SELF-CONSCIOUS!

BEFORE Diane Parker of N. Y. began her Powers Course. "I felt dull, listless—I was *so* underweight." Diane's "Photo-Revise" helped her achieve new loveliness.





Now . . . SELF-CONFIDENT!

Diane Parker's personalized Photo-Revise showed her a new hair arrangement, little make-up tricks that gave her real glamour!

In 7 Short Weeks—

new loveliness, new confidence in your charm!

If *you* think good looks, a stunning figure, a *new personality* are out of your reach, discover the thrilling benefits of Powers training. Now *right at home* realize your own loveliest possibilities! Simple daily assignments in figure control, make-up and grooming make the entire course fascinating. The cost? So little you're amazed!



Diane's alluring new "model" figure. "In the first 4 weeks I gained 12 lbs.—and in the right places, too!"

Real "POWERS GIRL" training—right at home . . .

Your Figure—How to streamline it. *Your Face*—Photo-Revise, drawn by an expert over your own picture, shows you make-up secrets to bring out *your* beauty highlights. *Your Style*—Shows you how to be "best-dressed" yet save dollars! *Your Grooming*—Complete, time-saving beauty schedule. *Your Voice*—Exercises to make your speech more attractive. *You*—Mr. Powers' formula for charm and magnetism.

Clip the Coupon NOW

John Robert Powers will send *free* your confidential questionnaire, illustrated booklet, "The Powers Way," and details of famous Powers training.



John Robert Powers Home Course
247 Park Ave., Suite C205, New York 17, N.Y.
Dear Mr. Powers: Yes, I'm really interested. Please send me details of your Home Course.

Name_____
(PLEASE PRINT)
Street_____
City_____ State_____
Occupation_____ Age_____



How to describe TAMPAX to a friend

AMONG your friends one or two may still have vague ideas or wrong ideas about *Tampax*. You will be doing them a kindness by explaining the real facts about this internal method of monthly sanitary protection.

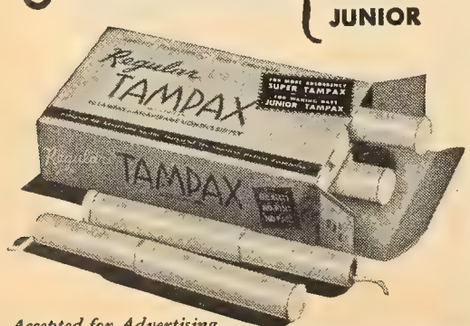
BEGIN BY TELLING your friend how Tampax banishes pins, belts and external pads—how odor cannot form and sanitary deodorant is not needed.

ALSO EXPLAIN how Tampax can cause no bulges or ridges under any costume—how it is really invisible in use and can even be worn in a tub or shower.

THEN SHOW HER WHY Tampax brings about all these improvements—its invention by a doctor, its *internal absorption* principle, its all-cotton construction, its tremendous absorbency, its patented applicator that makes insertion so quick and easy.

SEND HER OUT TO BUY Tampax at a drug store or notion counter, where it is sold in 3 absorbency-sizes—Regular, Super and Junior. A whole month's supply will slip into her purse, while the Economy Box contains 4 months' average requirements. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies { REGULAR SUPER JUNIOR



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

didn't work. Betty discovered (she might have known) that she was far too famous a person herself to have any rest or relaxation. It turned out to be a personal appearance tour of Betty Grable, because of course, the newspapers discovered her pronto wherever Harry went, and when she pleaded that she was just traveling incognito as Harry James' wife—well—you know how *that* went over.

"Are you kidding?" they scoffed.

Even in Manhattan, Grable didn't dare appear at the Waldorf where Harry trumpeted for fear of causing a riot. She had to crouch in the wings to watch the band work and blow kisses at Harry from afar. After that, she gave up the idea. Now Harry 'phones every night when he plays his last number, wherever he is, and Betty hops out of bed in the middle of the night to report on home and Vicki. If she wants to hear Hot Lips Harry give out with his latest melody, she has to play his records, sneak in with the band when he has a Hollywood Palladium engagement. Because he won't play around the house.

closed shop . . .

When Harry and Betty were married, they made a pact about that, and they've stuck to it sternly ever since. "At home, Baby," suggested Harry, "we won't ever talk business, what do you say?"

"I say fine," agreed Betty. "I don't like studio chatter or Hollywood gossip."

"And how I hate musician talk and music gossip!" sighed Harry. "Is it a deal?"

"Okay," confirmed Betty, "and the first one who breaks it has to cook dinner on the maid's night out."

Betty may hug her home, but that's no sign she's domestic. She summed up her kitchen craft like this, "I can make pretty good toast—if the toaster's automatic!" She can barely sew on a button, either. As much as Bets adores to play with Vicki and feed her, she's nervous as a witch unless the nursemaid prepares the formula. Truth is, Betty just doesn't know anything about these things and doesn't trust herself.

This domestic helplessness has an explanation. Betty's no moron, but during the years most girls learn all those things, she was out singing and dancing, making movies, traveling all over the land working like the trouper she is and getting along in show business. She toured incessantly with her mother, who took care of what housework—like getting breakfast—had to be done and guided all Betty's thoughts, talents and energies to her career. Betty's older sister, Marjorie (Mrs. David Arnold), on the other hand, who's married to a businessman and has led a domestic life completely apart from show business, is a swell cook and housekeeper. It's not an acute problem at the James house, however. Betty's mother is around a lot (she's still very close to Betty) to see that things tick off all right, and when maid's night out rolls round, Harry and Betty simply eat out.

Betty likes good food, but maybe because she can't prepare it, she's not a fussy gourmet. She'll eat anything in the world but liver or bananas. She has a typical diner-out's preference for steaks and rich pastries. She keeps a necklace of her favorite doughnuts, "raised-glazed," strung across her dressing room mirror to munch between takes. But she never gets fat, even though she pooh-poohs any attention whatever to figure care or exercise. She's just lucky that way. Betty never has played tennis or golf. She used to ride horseback a little, but when her sister, Marjorie, had a bad riding accident, Betty even stopped that. She spends her spare hours lying beside her tiny pool back of the house, but hardly ever takes even a dip. She sops up a swell tan, by the way, never blisters or peels—in spite of her pure peaches and cream complexion. After Betty had been in the hospital several weeks with Vicki's emergency Caesarian arrival, she recuperated lying in the sun beside her pool for hours and never even turned pink.

Betty's famous figure, incidentally, hasn't varied a fraction of an inch in any department since motherhood. Yet she hasn't had a massage or body beauty treatment of any kind. All her old clothes still fit perfectly. The only things she's had to turn over to the Red Cross are the maternity numbers she bought, the butcher-boy outfits and such. Betty's relaxed about her looks. But she adores yummy clothes and has closets packed with them, especially shoes. She's had a weakness for fancy footgear ever since she was a kid. Once when Betty was only ten, a friend of the Grables' came back from Europe and toted along presents for both the Grable girls. Betty got a bottle of Parisian perfume, and her sister, Marjorie, drew a pair of French-heeled red snazz slippers. In no time at all Betty had worked a deal with her sister, trading the scent for the glamour dogs. They were living in a St. Louis hotel then, and promptly Betty squeezed into the extreme shoes—her first stilt-heeled pair—and paraded through the lobby. But she wobbled so badly that her ankle gave way and—boom—she stayed in bed for a week with two sprained joints.

She has flocks of formals, too, lovely dresses of all types, coats, furpieces—everything. Mostly they just hang in the closet, tantalizing moths, because the only time in the world Betty ever gets gussied up is when she goes out at night, a blue-moon deal these days. Around the house she's strictly a slack girl, and the piles of these trousers, all smartly tailored and usually in pastel shades, clutter up her dresser drawers. Her favorite coat is a camel's-hair wrap-around, worn campus style, no hat, no stockings. She likes expensive jewelry, and that's the kind she has, lots of it in novel designs (like Harry's gold trumpet pin). Betty's strictly feminine in her personal fix-up, tastes and habits. She sleeps in slinky silk night gowns, loves perfume cologne, powder and scented tub baths. She's got a bad weakness for trick hairdo's (Harry hates 'em) although her studio hairdresser, Marie Brasselle, has to do all the work. She likes flowers in her hair, and even when she's slacking around the house, there's always a gay ribbon somewhere. Betty's hair is not naturally platinum like she wears it. It's more of an ash blonde, even darker. But she's never questioned her studio's decree that she keep it lily-white. It's naturally curly, by the way, but to Betty that's a bother; she has to keep it straightened out for her period picture hairdo's.

Betty has always adored doing Gay Ninety and period musical movies, because she loves the frilly furbelows, the hour-glass gowns, the bustles, pompadours, elegant bonnets and such in pictures like "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" and "Coney Island." (Her favorite picture of all is "Sweet Rosie".) In fact, Grable's loaded with all kinds of ladylike longings—

(*Continued on page 82*)

APRIL JEWEL

That's the next issue of MODERN SCREEN—glittering, sparkling, chock-full of rare value.

So off you go March 13 to pick up your precious copy—and beware the crowds!

"Love is a lot of Little things!"

Famous Star gives advice on how to win romance and hold it!

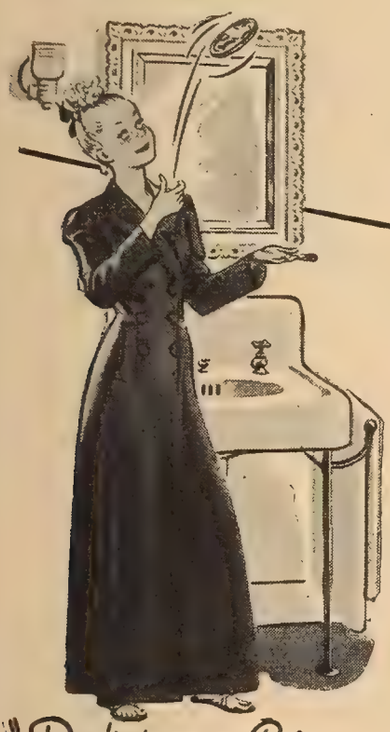
"Every girl knows that in love *everything*'s important! What you wear, what you say, how you *look*," says charming Anne Baxter. "So don't be careless, don't risk losing the loveliness that wins Romance and *holds* it!"

IN RECENT TESTS of Lux Toilet Soap facials, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!



Starring in
20th Century-Fox's
"A ROYAL SCANDAL"

ANNE BAXTER



"Don't toss a Coin

to decide whether or not you take a Lux Soap beauty bath before your date. Make daintiness *sure*."



"Don't believe a word of it

when temptation whispers: You're much too tired for beauty care tonight. Regular Active-lather facials with Lux Soap take just a few moments—and they really make skin softer, smoother—*lovelier*."



"You get your Man

—and you *hold* him, too, when you take the *right* beauty care. I use Lux Soap every single day —for my complexion, and as a *bath* soap, too."



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it—*This Beauty Care really makes skin lovelier!*



Like wearing a star on your finger... MULTI-FACET* diamond rings sparkle in radiant brilliance. MULTI-FACET* forty-extra-facet diamond rings bring you brilliance, color, radiance never before possible — priced to your fiance's budget!

MULTI-FACET* DIAMOND RINGS with matching wedding bands $90 to $7,500 *tax included, at leading jewelers.

Send for the romantic: "STORY OF A DIAMOND".

Roselaar MULTI-FACET Co. MS3
551 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
I'd love to read "The Story of a Diamond."
I enclose 10c postage for the booklet.

MY NAME_____

MY ADDRESS_____

RINGS ENLARGED TO SHOW DETAIL.
*PAT. U. S. PAT. OFF. & FOREIGN COUNTRIES . . .
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. ENTIRE CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED

craves candy, loves antiques (she had a beautiful collection in her old house which she gave to her mother), likes to sleep late, changes her mind frequently, smokes cigarettes with two puffs and tosses them away. (Thank goodness Harry works for Chesterfield!). Betty also goes for romantic books (Right now she's deep in "Forever Amber," wistfully sighing that she'd love to play *Amber*) and likes reading them in bed. She has no idea of cash money values. She took her mother out for dinner on her birthday last year and had to borrow twenty bucks from Mrs. Grable to pay the check when she found her own bag bare. And the next day she strolled into a Westwood Village book store and handed them a $100 bill for a $2 book!

But at heart Betty's a man's girl. No doubt about it. She's happiest when she's with men and she adapts herself readily and happily to their tastes and wishes. Betty has stopped wearing make-up of any kind around home, for instance, because Harry doesn't like it. She used to adore pompadours, rats and fancy hair-do's, but she threw all the transformations in the wastebasket when Harry allowed he admired her locks best hanging free in the breeze. She found out quickly what Sir Harry's favorite perfume was, and now she uses nothing else but. Even when her head man's away Betty clings to the things he likes. She seldom drives her big Cadillac convertible when Harry's on tour. Instead she herds Harry's station wagon around, with the name, "Bay-Bee," emblazoned on the outside (that's what he calls her, with the accent on the *Bee*), with his favorite French poodle "Punkin," perched in the front seat.

ego-booster . . .

I don't mean that Grable is any clinging vine—not by a long shot. But she's got a blessed streak of one-man girl backer-up femininity in her (it's a mighty lucky thing for a girl to have, the best booster in the world to a gent's ego) which always pays off in romantic harmony. When Betty and Jackie Coogan were married, Betty did everything possible to help "the Kid" make a comeback on his career, which is what he wanted most then.

Betty went with George Raft, too, for three years without one date with another man. George, of course, is a sports nut, so Betty tagged along to all the prize fights, horse races, baseball and football games—everything that George liked best. She still lugs around a sports interest hangover from those days, especially in big league baseball. Last fall, when Betty's two home town teams, the St. Louis Cards and the Browns, tangled in a World Series at Sportsman's Park, Betty cancelled all dates to sit glued to her radio every afternoon.

It follows that Betty's not the nagging type to make over or reform a man. Whatever Harry does is okay with her, right down the line. They've never had even a spat in a couple of years of married life. Only time Betty even faintly suggested a change in one of her beaux, it ended up comically to be a joke on her—maybe because she picked a comic guy to pick on. Before she was married, Betty had a few dates with funny man Phil Silvers. The first time she went out with Phil, Betty told him, "Phil, I think you'd look a lot better without your glasses. Why don't you take them off?" She knew pronto that she should never have stuck her neck out. Because the next time Phil called, he came tapping along with a white cane behind a Seeing-Eye dog! That was his way of telling Betty he wore glasses because he needed 'em.

So it's no accident, maybe, that Betty's staunchest army of fans are men. Of all the 90,000 letters that pour in on her every months, the greatest number by far comes from admiring males (most gal stars draw the majority of their mail from other girls) and, of course, Betty's still the GI's Hollywood super dream girl by miles. She'd be the last to deny that a lot of her fervent service loyalty stems right from her own divine stems. Betty's not bashful that way, either. When she made her barnstorming Carolina camp tour a couple of years ago, Betty fought with the USO powers to wear a short, sketchy dancing dress that exposed plenty of scenery for her opening show. But there was a rule and regulation about that, it seemed—all entertainers had to wear long dresses or get shot at sunrise or something. So Betty dolled up in the slinkiest formal she could dig out of her trunk, put on French heels and darned near killed herself trying to off-to-Buffalo on a routine in that wrap-up.

But there's another side to Betty's appeal for the soldier boys—the good sport, *simpatico* side that every Yank seems to read in Betty's face, and which I've a hunch is just as important an item as "cheesecake" to a lonely GI who remembers the good sport girls back home.

On that same camp tour, Betty picked up a paper one day and read an item like this, "GI's picket Betty Grable." She read on to discover that a little out-of-the-way camp was sore as a boiled owl because they'd been by-passed by Betty's glamour tour. So they'd paraded up and down the barracks with signs, "Betty Grable is Unfair to Camp So-and-So." That got Grable. She put in long distance calls to Washington and shot wires to Hollywood asking permission to straighten things out. The answer was that there weren't any facilities there for a show, and it was too remote and just too bad. But that didn't satisfy Bets. She kept plugging until the USO trip routers let her skip over to the camp and scatter those pickets personally.

That's what Grable thinks of GI's, and here's an example of what they think of her. A year or so ago, a salty Guadalcanal Marine got in touch with her through the Hollywood Canteen where she and Harry James were still entertaining the guys. (Incidentally, that's where their romance really got started, you'll remember if you read our story about them in the October, 1943, issue of MODERN SCREEN.) This leatherneck said he had something he wanted to give Betty. It turned out to be a picture of her—not a pin-up picture—just a modest portrait. It was creased and dirty, and through the center was a bullet hole rimmed with dark stains. "My Bud," explained the Marine. "He always carried this one right over his heart—and when they got him, that's where they got him."

Betty hauled him right up home with her to dinner with her mother in their Bel-Air house where she lived then. And if you think Grable doesn't shed tears, you should have seen her dissolve that evening. Duty took that particular Marine through Hollywood four separate times, and each time he called Betty, and each time she had him up to the house. When he shipped out again, he wrote her once a month regularly, from wherever combat action took him, for over a year. She hasn't heard from him for several months now, and knowing what a pal he was, Betty is afraid to think why.

Yep, there are plenty of sentimental tie-ups Betty has with the boys that aren't all hey-hey and pin-up glamour. In fact, most of her intimate contacts with soldiers have been much more on the heartbreak side. There's the boy in England, for instance, who wrote her just the other day. He'd lost his eyes in action, and what he wrote was this: "I guess I won't ever be seeing you again, Betty, and that's not so good. But the last picture I saw you in

(*Continued on page 84*)

Light up with the Stars

It's Hi-Style... Different

THE NEW HOLLYWOOD *Matching* CIGARET LIGHTER AND PLASTIC CASE



Pat Desmond and Wanda McKay
Popular Hollywood Players

Glamourland contributes this newest of smart accessories–a dainty, streamlined, sure-fire lighter with companion cigaret case. Lighter is all-metal, plastic finished in brilliant color. Matching plastic case is light as a feather yet exceptionally sturdy and practically moisture and air-proof. Ideal for men and women, particularly for those in the Armed Forces. Your choice of colors: *Sophisticate Red, Nile Green or Azure Blue.* The set only $1.49 plus postage if you act at once.

MATCH YOUR COSTUMES AND YOUR MOODS AS THE STARS DO

Be the first in your set to enjoy the distinction of matching or contrasting your cigaret Lighter and Case with your attire. Yes, and match your mood, too! In your more daring moments carry your SOPHISTICATE RED Set; for times of enchantment choose NILE GREEN; or AZURE BLUE when you are demure. All three sets–three Lighters and three Cases can be yours for the special price of only $3.98 plus postage.



SEND NO MONEY — JUST MAIL COUPON

Examine the NEW HOLLYWOOD color-matching Lighter and Cigaret Case . . . fashion accessories of the Stars. Try the Lighter, use the Case . . . let your friends admire their vivid beauty. Then, if you can bear to part with them, return the set within 5 days for prompt refund. DON'T DELAY!... Mail the coupon at once. The supply of these combination sets is limited. Act today!

L. PRICE & CO., Dept. E
5537 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28 Calif.

NO RISK 5-DAY TRIAL OFFER

Send me The New Hollywood matching set (s) of Cigaret Lighter and Case in color (s) indicated: ☐ SOPHISTICATE RED ☐ NILE GREEN ☐ AZURE BLUE. On arrival, I will deposit with postman $1.49 plus postage charges for each set (see special offer below) on the iron-clad guarantee that if I am not completely satisfied, I may return the set (s) in 5 days for refund without question.

☐ **MONEY ENCLOSED (If Money With Order, Package Comes Postpaid)**

Name_____
Print Plainly

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

☐ **SPECIAL! Send me 3 sets, Sophisticate Red, Nile Green, and Azure Blue for $3.98.**
(Due to demand and limited supplies, only 3 sets per customer.)

THIS GIFT PACKAGE COMPLETELY PACKED FOR OVERSEAS AND CAMP SHIPMENT
Weight less than 8 ounces so no Government permit or Soldier's request necessary



Pond's "Lips" stay on...



and on...



and on!



6 scrumptious shades
in a BIG metal case! 49¢, *plus tax*

was 'Coney Island,' and I'll always remember you like you were in that. I just wish I could hear you sing again." When Betty got that one, she went right over to the recording studio and sang two numbers especially for that blind hero. "Cuddle Up a Little Closer" and "Put Your Arms Around Me"—his favorites.

one little, two little, three little vickies . . .

Betty's marriage and motherhood hasn't dimmed her popularity or appeal to the Army and Navy one bit, I'm glad to say. When Vicki's birth was announced, she got herself swamped with baby gifts from every outpost where Old Glory was flying. One Fortress crew in England who'd christened their ship "The Blonde Bomber" and painted Betty's picture life-size on the fuselage, started painting tiny crawling babies for every mission they'd accomplished! There were twelve little Vickies on it when Nazi flak finally winged it.

Betty gets along well with other girls, as she does with everybody, but she has no real close girl friends. She'd be lost in a "hen party." She's not gossipy or catty or jealous at all, although it does seem that whenever she is halfway friendly to another star, some Hollywood gremlin gets busy and cooks up a phony feud or rival story, which makes Betty miserable. Next to her mother and sister, Marjorie, Betty's as friendly with Alice Faye as anyone. When Harry's in town, the Jameses see a lot of Phil and Alice, and now that both couples are family folks they have a lot to talk about besides orchestras and acting. Alice, who expected her baby the same time Betty did, had a date to drop by and see Betty and talk stork stuff the day she was carried off to the hospital, and the last worried request Betty made before she went under the ether was for Mrs. Grable to call and explain to Alice why she had to stand her up.

But because they're on the same lot and both sing—even though Alice doesn't want to any more—every time a musical role comes up, newspapers revive a tired old "feud" story. It seems a couple of the parts that brought Betty fame, "Down Argentine Way" and "Tin Pan Alley," were originally scheduled for Faye, who got ill and couldn't handle 'em.

The same catty bit of ballyhoo happened in reverse recently when Vivian Blaine, a newcomer at Fox, got her Cinderella break in two pictures ordered first for Betty—"Greenwich Village" and "Something For the Boys." The one time this year that Betty stepped out, to Xavier Cugat's opening night at Ciro's, she happened to sit near Vivian, but the tables were placed so that their backs were to each other, and they never saw each other all night. That was duly and elaborately reported as a Grable snub and laid to the fact that Betty was "jealous."

On the contrary, Betty's probably the most open-hearted, easy, non-temperamental star in Hollywood. She plugged, for instance, to get pretty new June Haver (who looks dangerously like a young edition of Grable) in a good part in Fox's super, "The Dolly Sisters." That sort of thing Betty has done time and again for newcomers. She's pushed along the screen careers of dance experts Kenny Williams, Hermes Pan and Betty's dance stand-in, Angie Blue, by getting them in person before the camera. She wangled a stock contract at RKO for Bobbie Coleman, a girl who used to work in the Café de Paris at Fox. Betty's actually the chummiest star at her studio with the little people she works with. Her table right in the middle of the room practically bans any big-shot ranked above a stand-in, and it has the reputation of being the noisiest, gayest table in the café. The first person at the studio to know Betty was wearing a madonna halo was John Harvey, a young actor who worked with her in "Pin-Up Girl." Betty was trying to keep her secret a secret then, but at the same time trying to give John some pointers on how to get more camera attention out of his part. So he was in a position to observe with what turned out to be an experienced eye.

It was still a secret when John calmly asked Betty one day, "When are you expecting your baby?"

"How did you know?" gasped Betty.

"Oh, that's easy," grinned Harvey. "My wife's expecting, too. I know all the symptoms."

temperamental as a turtle . . .

About parts, wardrobe, make-up, directors or anything else at the studio, Betty has about as much temperament as a turtle. She has never "struck" or been suspended or tried to be the *grande dame* around the set. If there ever are any kick-ups on her part, they're likely to be a plug for the little people.

Like the time on "Coney Island" when she broke up the company. I'd better explain first that extras, bit players and mobs on a set carry a standing pet peeve against eager beaver directors who get wrapped up in their art and forget to call a halt for a full noon hour. Well, on this picture the director had been a little guilty of that sort of thing, and he lined up one morning scene featuring Betty just three minutes before the clock hands went straight up. They all got set finally, the camera focused, the lights blazed, the director yelled, "Action!"

Betty opened her mouth as if to sing. But instead she rang the rafters, yelling, "LUNCH!" as loud as she could. The foiled director yelped "Cut!," the extras roared and applauded, and Betty grinned. That broke it up. They went to lunch!

Actually, Betty likes to work. Like her favorite star, Bing Crosby, it's easy as pie for her, too. She hasn't taken a script home in years. Used to memorizing song lyrics ever since she was twelve, she catches her lines in one easy lesson. Her seven-year, no option contract at Fox makes certain she'll be in there pitching for a long, long time to come, which is okay with Grable. Although she'll be a lot happier when Harry stops running off to play back East and wangles his coast-to-coast broadcasting from Hollywood. That prospect looks rosy now, too, because Harry's new three-picture-a-year contract at M-G-M is going to keep him close to home.

So far there aren't any James family plans to launch Victoria Elizabeth on a movie career, although that blue-eyed doll already has all the witching personality of both her maw and paw. Besides, she got her name, you know, from Vickie Lane, the character Betty played in "Springtime in the Rockies," the fatal picture which brought Betty and Harry James together.

Betty herself quips away any such future movie-mama suggestions with, "How can she be a glamour girl when she's bald?" She also points to the discouraging only time she brought Victoria on the set. Vicki didn't like it one bit and set up a terrific fuss with tears and tantrums.

But, after all, it's the fans who have the final word on such mighty matters. And only the other day Betty got a letter from a soldier fan which might be a tip-off.

It was addressed to Miss Victoria Elizabeth Grable, and when Betty opened it, a quarter fell out in her lap.

"Dear Vicki," penned the GI hopefully. "I've always been crazy about your mother—but it looks like I lost out to Harry James. So keep this quarter—and when you grow up to be a beautiful movie star—send me an autographed picture, will you?"



A kid to be envied—lost in the deep slumbrous comfort of his own Beautyrest! Nowadays not many youngsters are so fortunate—or many grownups either! For all of our Beautyrest facilities are still working full blast—and full time—for Uncle Sam.

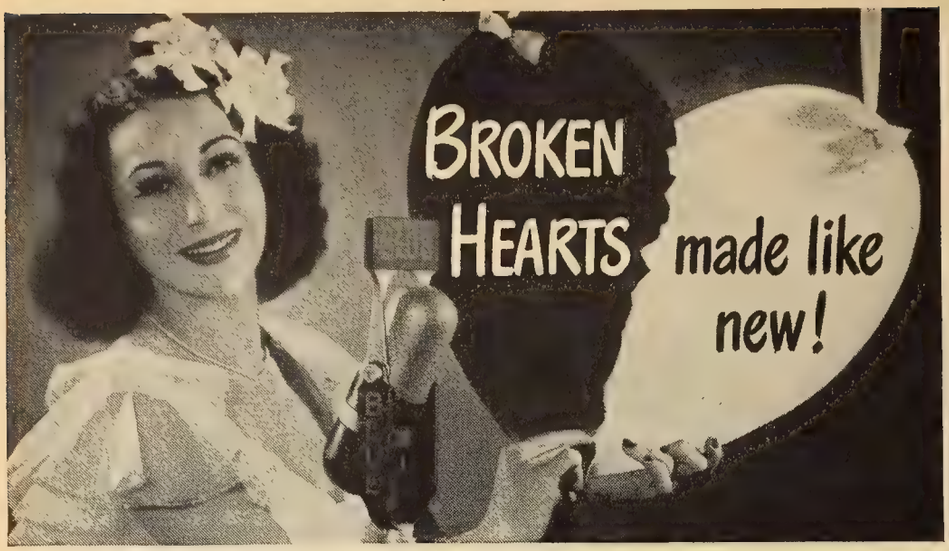
Before too long, we hope, we're going to be able to put into *your* new Beautyrest all the special skills our precision work has taught us. Then, once again, you'll relax in soft, cushioned luxury . . . that specially restful comfort provided by Beautyrest's 837 individually pocketed coils.

If you need a new mattress right away, we recommend our famous WHITE KNIGHT. Soft, durable—it's a mattress-within-a-mattress, packed with layer upon layer of fine, resilient cotton. It costs only $39.50. We can offer you, too, a limited quantity of those wonderful Beautyrest Box Springs, available at the same low price.

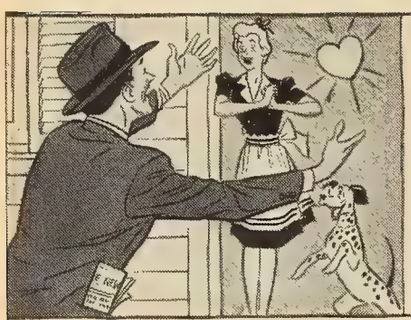
BEAUTYREST—**The world's most comfortable mattress!**

P. S. HAVE YOU BOUGHT THAT EXTRA BOND TODAY?

HANDY ADVICE *by* ARLENE FRANCIS



"It's all in your hands," says Arlene Francis,
leading lady of famous Hinds "BLIND DATE" radio show
... EVERY MONDAY NIGHT—BLUE NETWORK

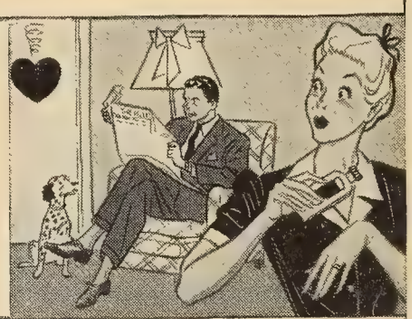


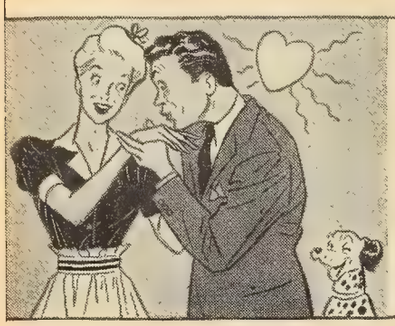
THE PERFECT MARRIAGE, UNTIL...

They were the Happy Couple who never had a cross word. *She* was a wonderful housekeeper... which started the trouble. For housework is one of the big causes of rough hands... but, unfortunately, not even the most loving husband likes rough hands!

NEGLECTED HANDS—NEGLECTED WIFE

No man can warm up to red, dry, scratchy hands...and our Little Woman put in some bad days with a very large dent in her heart. Then she used her head to help her hands, and her heart took care of itself. She got Hinds Honey & Almond Fragrance Cream.





HINDS FOR "COME HITHER" HANDS

It wasn't long before her husband ran out of adjectives, trying to describe her soft, smooth, velvety hands. Hinds contains a special softening ingredient with a particular affinity for your skin. Make Hinds *your* passport to romance-inviting hands! Begin now.

You should know this about your hands

● Wind, weather, and hard water can take the natural oils from your skin; leave it rough, dry, and tender. Here's why you should turn to Hinds: Hinds supplies a softener to help out when the natural skin lubricant is depleted. So ... for petal-soft, smooth hands, use Hinds! Ask for Hinds today at any toilet-goods counter.

Copyright, 1945, by Lehn & Fink Products Corporation, Bloomfield, N. J.



—for chapping, roughness, redness
—for children's tender skin
—for dry skin
—for a powder base

HINDS *for* HANDS

HUTTON OR NUTTIN'!

(Continued from page 41)

As for bounding Betty, it was new experience enough just getting whammed away at like a lady duck. But by that time Hutton was already hep to a flock of new delights and dangers which her little head had never dreamed about 'way back in cozy, comfy Hollywood.

Like, for instance, giving out with the glamour in spooky jungle clearings while tropic skies emptied buckets of rain on her famous figure. Like crooning and hoofing to the grim rat-a-rat of Yank rifles knocking off nearby Nips. Like snatching beauty sleeps on steel floors of bumpy cargo planes and in mud-mired pup tents. Like tripping to the powder room under escorts of MP's so a sniper wouldn't wing her, and watching Marines solemnly tub out her pink unmentionables. Like getting introduced to 105 degree dysentery fever, living on Spam and raisins, watching her clothes rot right off her fair body and sweating out eight steamy weeks without a bath. Like getting tagged a white goddess by awe-struck savages and losing a ton of lipstick to a few thousand love-hungry GI's who hadn't seen a white woman in months, let alone kissed one, and Betty Hutton at that.

When Betty got home, she'd traveled 50,000 miles by plane, boat, jeep amphtrack and what have you over the toughest front line circuit of them all, making stops no other Hollywood star had ever dared. She had felt the blast of bombs and heard the whine of bullets and smelt the smell of death. She'd trod the hallowed sands of Tarawa, Saipan, Guam, Kwajelein, Tinian and a couple dozen more spots of glorious Yank memory. And along the way she'd found the war job she'd asked for and done her derndest to give out what—Betty hoped—the boys could see in the way of chuckles and cheer.

stepchildren in the pacific . . .

Because her hot spot Pacific hops were strictly Betty Hutton's idea—or rather the idea she got from a few thousand ardent pen pals stranded out where the going's rough. "How about it, Hutton?" they wrote. "How's about a date?" And, "Saving a Jap for you, Baby. Come get him before he spoils."

Betty had only one question to ask the USO people, "Where do the boys need entertainment the most?"

"That's easy," they told her right off. "The Middle-Pacific. They've only had Bob Hope and Jack Benny over there, and they didn't make all the stops." They went on to explain that while European fighting fronts had already wallowed in the comparative entertainment heaven of some two or three hundred star tours, the rugged island clean-up guys were stepchildren, and they didn't like it. In fact, there had been complaints. But there were plenty of good reasons why: Distances were terrific, transportation was risky and rugged. Living conditions were terrible, wicked diseases all over the place, climate awful, and all the food canned. Besides, anywhere you went, you were likely to run smack into Japs. They were still all around, dug like moles in the ground and hanging like monkeys from the trees. "It's no place for a lady," they explained politely.

"Be careful who you call a lady," cracked Betty. "That's for me. When do I start?" They said any time and the sooner the quicker.

Well, there was a picture, of course. There's always a picture for Hutton these days, but this time Betty just up and said,

"It can wait." Good old Paramount put up an argument about million dollar schedules and things for Betty's next, "Duffy's Tavern," but they weren't really serious—not when they saw Hutton's jaw. In no time flat she was woozy with twelve different kinds of shots—for every foul affliction from the craw-craw to housemaid's knee. That's when Hutton first realized she was in the Army now—although maybe the light dawned a little more officially up in San Francisco, where she hopped off.

the once-over . . .

Because when a Hollywood star sets out to send overseas, she gets her orders straight from headquarters like the lowliest Sad Sack. Betty arrived at the Golden Gate full of beans and rarin' to go. She was a dazzling blue dream dish in a beautiful USO uniform creation by Schmidt, Hollywood's swankiest tailor. She sported a studio hair-do out of this world with every trick curl in place. She was showered, shined and shampooed. She dragged five big bags jammed with fine feathers and enough glamour items to stake an expedition of Earl Carroll cuties.

The bags went first. "You can take one," allowed the brass hats. "Now there's the little matter of permits and passports and—er—a few questions."

Well, Hutton stewed around San Fran four days while Uncle Sam gave her the once-over. Wires whipped back and forth to Washington, clearing her with the FBI, the IOU, the FHA, WCTU and the SPCA. Meanwhile, interviewing officers chopped down her family tree and examined the pieces. They traced her every move since the days of Public School No. 12. They wanted to know all about her intelligence quotient and her batting average in the Three-I League Ladies Auxiliary. Betty told them how she liked her oatmeal, and her personal reaction to Frankie Sinatra. She revealed that her name backwards, spelled "Nottuh," and that she was allergic to gefuelte-fish. Of course, I'm pouring it on a little. But the point is that if Betty had the impression she'd already told all to the Hollywood gossips, she was just living in a fool's paradise, that's all. By the time the Army got through with Hutton, they had her on paper for keeps. And by the time it was clear she was no Jap spy, but a nice girl with something for the boys, the beautiful USO deal was a little baggy behind, the studio hair-do was wilted, her manicure was chewed off, and the Mrs. General MacArthur outlook Betty sported when she hit Frisco had shriveled down to size—around the Mrs. Private Hargrove division.

Of course, all that's necessary and right and proper, and Hutton had no kicks. But what touched off the thermite was a parting word of wisdom breathed in her ear at the take-off.

There a USO lady, trying to be helpful, came up to Betty. "My dear," she whispered in a between-us-girls voice, "Be sure and take enough personal things along. You can't get them out there."

"Like what?" asked Betty.

"Well," said the lady, with a significant glance, "Like peroxide—for your hair."

Betty controlled the impulse. Instead she drew herself up in her best Queen Victoria manner. "We are not amused," she said icily. "For your information, my blonde hair is not out of a bottle!"

Maybe all that deglamorizing effect of Army processing is what put Betty on her P's and Q's when at last she soared out over the Golden Gate. Maybe it was the squawks that had just seeped back to the States from Pacific GI's about temperamental Hollywood stars on jungle battle front tours. Maybe, too, she was all wrong about it, but Betty felt a little on the

"Tastes best, of course!"

says **JUNE HAVER**

See June Haver in

"WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?"

a 20th Century-Fox picture



BUY MORE WAR BONDS!



"with Meds internal protection I feel so safe!"

Only Meds has the "SAFETY-WELL," only Meds can give you the extra-fast absorption of this exclusive feature perfected by a woman doctor. "Next time," why not try Meds and learn for yourself what Meds comfort and Meds safety can mean in *your* life!

MEDS only 19¢

FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS
Economy package
40 for 65c!



Meds' exclusive "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much *more,* so much *faster! Extra* protection for you!

* * *

Meds' fine soft COTTON can absorb up to three times its own weight in moisture! The scientifically-shaped insorber expands *gently* and *comfortably*—adapting itself to individual requirements.

Because of these dainty, carefully designed applicators, Meds insorbers are easy-to-use!

defensive—as if the transport crew was just watching and waiting for her to be Little Miss Movie Star.

Anyway, she sat quiet like the mouse on her little bucket seat, didn't speak unless spoken to and tended to her knitting until the boys loosened up and got sociable. That didn't take long. Pretty soon somebody trotted up with a shy grin and a cup of hot bouillon (because it's cold up high even over the South Seas). Another flyer offered his coat. Then the skipper looked over his shoulder and wondred if Betty would like to sit in the co-pilot's seat and "fly the ship." It's a long hop to Hawaii, where Hutton was headed —thirteen hours and not much scenery. And after all Betty Hutton is no scarecrow. The ice gradually thawed and finally broke wide open when the guys got up a game of black-jack. "Like to sit in, Miss Hutton?" one of them asked.

That's all Betty needed. "Sure!" she beamed, wondering dismally what her Hollywood business manager would say. She'd never played the darned game.

murder she said . . .

Who won? H-m-m-m-m—what always happens with beginners? Lousy with luck, that's what. Hutton clipped them neatly for $40. Then somebody suggested a crap game. She'd never played that either. But the galloping cubes stuffed Betty's purse with another $25. When she told the guys with that famous grin, "Honest, I never played these games before!" they rolled all over the ship howling "Murder!"

"Murder, he says," cracked Hutton happily.

"Sing, it, Betty!" somebody yelled. And that touched off Hutton's first Army show, right up there in the skies.

Nobody ever called Betty a prima donna or remembered, after a couple of grins, that she'd ever seen a studio. She never hit a lick of Hollywood hostility on the whole tour. And when the boys broke down and chummed up—Hutton knocked them on their ears, with pep and personality—regardless of altitude, speed, direction or wind drift. She had a different plane and a different crew each time, too. But whether they were C54's, converted Cats, bombers or just washing machines with wings, they all bulged at the seams when the gang really broke it up with a show. Nobody ever heard of flight fatigue on a Hutton hop, from then on.

She wasn't traveling as a one-girl show, of course. Betty Hutton was the USO group's headliner, but besides the Hutton tot there were five other merrymakers along, including Valsetz, a comedy juggler, Tito Guidotti, accordionist, Arthur Herbert, funny man, George Costa, guitar, and a cutie-pie named Virginia (Jeepers) Carroll, who did acrobatic dances.

Betty's first stop, naturally, was Hawaii. She knew that before she took off. And Hawaii was thrill enough to start off with. For one thing, it had always been Betty's dream someday to land beside Waikiki Beach, get loops of leis tossed over her neck and hear the guitars whine out "Aloha." She got all that—and Heaven, too —that is, if you call Heaven a few hundred homesick soldiers who'd heard the news and jammed the Honolulu docks to say hello. But that's putting it too mildly. They didn't just *say* hello—they kissed it.

When that rugged welcome was over, Betty thought she'd seen—and kissed—everything. But it's impossible for a Hollywood gal to realize what a sensation a famous female face fresh from home creates in an overseas khaki world. They whisked her right over to the Moana, one of Honolulu's biggest taverns, hopping these days with nobody but Yanks in uniform. Remember, Betty had never been

off the soil of the good old U.S.A. before, and while she'd made plenty of p.a. trips, she'd always traveled with her mama.

telephonitis extremis . . .

And at the Moana, Betty and Virginia Carroll were the only two sweet young things lodged in a building crammed to the eaves with fellows on furloughs. That added up to a wallflower's dream, and neither Betty nor Ginny are exactly wallflowers. The phone started clanging the minute they heaved their bags on the flooor and plunked themselves on the beds, and it never stopped. "Hey Hutton, we're down here in Room 424. How about coming on down?" Or, "My name's Joe. I met you in Kokomo, remember? Well, I've got a pal, Jim here, and we thought, if you weren't doing anything—" The calls piled up on each other, and Betty, the friendly dope, answered them all, gabbed on and on until she could barely squeak. Some wanted just to say, "Hello," others stuttered and gagged with excitement and thrills. Betty peeled off her travel clothes, smeared cold cream on her cheeks and tried to pull her tired body together with one hand while she clutched the receiver with the other. If she had collapsed in a heap that night, medical science would have had its first authentic case of *telephonitis extremis.*

But that wasn't half. Pretty soon came the foot thuds in the hall outside, the raps on the door. "Can we come in, Betty? . . . Can you come out, Betty? . . . Just for a look—gosh, can't we just *see* you a second? . . . I know a guy in Hollywood knows you. . . . Will you autograph my necktie? . . . I got a bottle of Scotch. . . . I got a present for you. . . . Can we come in? . . . Can't you come out? . . ."

Poor Hutton. All she could do was wail, "I'm sorry fellows, but I'm a mess. I'm in the hay sacked down with a hair net and grease on my face, and I look like a witch. I'm bushed and woozy and the heat's got me. See you in the morning." But of couse, that didn't work. She ended up shooting the breeze half the night through the keyhole to a few hundred affectionate guys who liked the personal touch even if it had to be through a door. And in between she worked on the telephone. She'd probably never have got to close her eyes at all if the MP's, taking pity on her, hadn't broken it up at last and stationed a couple of guards at her door.

The Hawaiian Islands are dotted with big bases, airfields, Army and Navy posts. Betty and Co. played most of them and learned a few things about making with entertainment in a GI world.

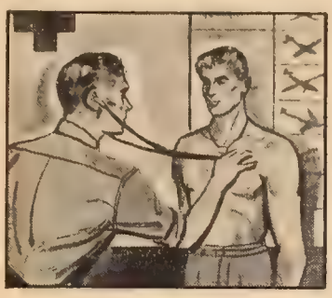
For instance: That soldiers out yonder are suckers for perfume, silk stockings, high heels, trick hair-do's, flowers, bangles and all the feminine doo-dads they used to razz back home. But they don't like a lot of body tossed at them. First thing Betty heard about was another Hollywood glamour girl who poured on the sex wherever she landed, and the nickname the guys had for her—"Old Bumps and Bones"—was not what you'd call flattering.

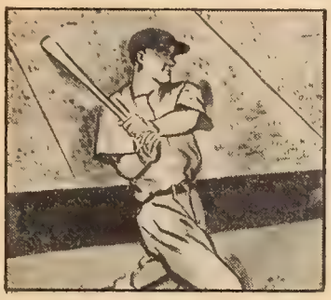
They don't go for slinky evening gowns or Adrian creations, but plain American girl clothes like they remember best. Luckily, Betty's one bag was crammed with ten dresses just like that, which were okay while they lasted, but that wasn't long. GI's don't care for dirty or suggestive songs or jokes either. They like them gay and funny but clean. Favorites Betty sang were "Murder," "His Rocking Horse Ran Away" and "Swinging On a Star." They craved laughs and music and talent. One thing Betty discovered right away, too, was that they wanted Hutton around all of the time.

At first she came on, like any headliner, late in the show. But that just didn't

HERE'S PROOF

OF WHICH VITAMINS YOU SHOULD TAKE





DEFENDER—The Indentical Vitamin Formula Issued To American Soldiers

Why be in doubt about which vitamins are best for you and your whole family? DEFENDER is exactly the same authentic multiple vitamin formula developed for the U. S. Army by many of America's leading doctors and Government nutrition experts, to help maintain the magnificent health of our fighting men. *That's proof!*

DEFENDER—The Vitamins Taken Regularly By The Champion St. Louis Cardinals and Browns

Not only the Cardinals and the pennant-winning St. Louis Browns—but many other leading figures in the sports world count on DEFENDER Multiple Vitamins to help give them that *extra something* that makes champions. They know DEFENDER gives them *all* the vitamins needed for *complete* dietary health-protection. *And that's proof!*

I TAKE TWO A DAY—THE ARMY WAY—FOR DIETARY HEALTH, BEAUTY, VITALITY PROTECTION! AND I KNOW THEY ARE NON-FATTENING.



NOW RELEASED FOR CIVILIANS

The Most Widely Used Multiple Vitamin Formula In The World

NO multiple vitamin preparation has ever been tested and proved for its health-protecting benefits, under as many widely different conditions and among as many people—as the formula used in DEFENDER Multiple Vitamins.

You can take DEFENDER Multiple Vitamins with abiding faith in the knowledge that: (1)—It is the same *authentic* formula ordered by the U. S. Army Medical Department and issued to American soldiers—the healthiest body of fighting men ever known; (2)—That it was developed by many outstanding doctors and Government nutrition experts; (3)—That no finer quality is possible at *any* price.

DEFENDER supplies you with *every* vitamin recognized as essential in fortifying the diet—the precious B-Complex and the vitally important vitamins A, C and D.

Now released for civilian use, DEFENDER is guaranteed the same formula as the U. S. Army ordered by the millions of capsules from The Grove Laboratories. On sale at all Druggists. Cost only a fraction over 2¢ a capsule in Family Size bottle (138 capsules)—only $3.00. Regular Size—nearly a month's supply—$1.25.

The Grove Laboratories, Inc.
Vitamin Division
St. Louis, Mo.

COMMENDED PARENTS' MAGAZINE CONSUMER SERVICE

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



DEFENDER MULTIPLE *Vitamins*

You can have *Glamorous Hair* OVERNIGHT!



Try Glover's Famous 3-WAY MEDICINAL TREATMENT

Overnight—you'll *see* and *feel* the difference! One application will convince you! Glover's leaves your hair softer, radiant, sparklingly high-lighted, with *added* loveliness, no matter what style hair-do you like best. Try *all three* Glover's preparations—Glover's Mange Medicine, famous since 1876 — GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo — Glover's Imperial Hair Dress! Try them separately, or in one complete treatment. Ask at any Drug Store, today!

TRIAL SIZE—send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, packed in special carton, with complete instructions for the 3-Way overnight *treatment, and useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."*

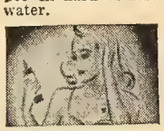
Apply with massage for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and excessive FALLING HAIR.



1—Apply Glover's Mange Medicine, with massage, for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp, excessive Falling Hair.



2 — For soft, lustrous hair, use Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo in hard or soft water.



3—Use Glover's Imperial Non-alcoholic and Antiseptic Hair Dress. The delicate scent lingers.



Glover's, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 683, New York 1, N. Y.
Send "Complete Trial Application" package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing Glover's Mange Medicine, Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative FREE booklet. I enclose 25c.

Name.....

Address.....

☐ Sent FREE to members of the Armed Forces on receipt of 10c to cover postage and packing.

work out. "How about Hutton?" the Yank audience yelped, and when Betty did come out, it was too much like a *grand entrance* —okay for Garbo or someone snooty—but not built for a Hutton. Betty solved that situation pronto by taking over the whole master of ceremonies job, from start to finish. It meant she worked twice as hard, wisecracking alone with Art Herbert, jitterbugging around while Costa's guitar throbbed, shaking hips to Guidotti's accordian—even doing a few nip-ups with Ginny Carroll. All in addition to her own gymnastic jive numbers, which you can hardly call relaxed and easy.

the jap menace . . .

The going started getting rough the minute Hutton hopped off from civilized Hawaii into the setting sun. Her first stop, Johnson Island, for instance, was just a chunk of sand dropped into the drink—no trees no animals, no nothin'—except a garrison of lonely Yanks and a few tired seagulls. They'd never dreamed of anything like a Hollywood show before, let alone Hutton. They almost ate her up.

But the butterflies didn't really flutter around inside Hutton until she boarded the plane that was to zoom her out to the Big League Jap hunting grounds. Not till she left Johnson Island did Betty have the exact dope on her own travelogue. She had a good idea, but it really didn't smack her right between her eyes until she asked this pilot, "Where are we headed?" and he rattled off a bunch of names that wrote headlines in blood only a few weeks ago—"Saipan, Kwajelein, Tarawa, Guam."

Betty's bright remark was, "But aren't there Japs still hanging around there?"

"Sure," agreed the pilot. "That's what makes 'em interesting."

The news was no gag, either. On the hop out, over the Marshalls and the Gilberts, a plane crew GI had handed Betty one of those Yank newspapers the soldiers seem to get out wherever they stop overnight. This one was strictly All-Pacific and loaded, of course, with the gripes and gaiety of guys who develop senses of humor based on things that aren't necessarily such a laugh at bottom.

She'd laughed herself silly at one cartoon. It showed two Nips perched in palm trees watching an American camp movie. Said one monkey to the other—"Nuts—it's just a 'B' picture—Let's get out of here."

The funniest part about that was that it wasn't funny—if that makes sense. On half the conquered islands of Betty's trip there were still plenty of these snakes around, ready to do a drill with a sniper's bullet—and just as close as that, too.

First night Betty played at Saipan, she'd barely got into her first number when what sounded like a giant cornpopper went off a few yards away. Nobody in the audience budged, so Betty just swallowed hard and kept on shouting. But after she ducked off, she whispered to an officer, "What in the world was that?"

"Oh," he yawned, "some of the boys found some Japs down the road."

That's why a squad of MP's had to march her around every time she budged alone outside her quarters. It was a little—er—embarrassing to have an honor guard every time she powdered her nose, but it was a lot better than a bullet.

Once, on Guam just as she was climbing up on the platform to start a show, Betty almost tripped in the dark over a bump on the ground that turned out to be a little brown brother recently gone to meet his gods, courtesy of the U. S. Marines. Somebody'd planted him, but not quite deep enough, and the rains had brought the brother to light again. Betty almost swooned, naturally, but a GI covered him up decently. "Well," he drawled, "you really can't blame the little rat. He heard Betty Hutton was here, and he wanted to come up and see the show!"

But nasty Nip stinkers weren't the worst part by far. The things that get a girl set to commit mayhem to her best friend on a Marshalls-Marianas tour are the torturing annoyances of daily life which every soldier who's served there, guy or gal, knows only too well. It's better if you can just relax and suffer in silence, but remember, Betty had to be bright and gay, night and day—because how can you expect a GI to get all worked up over a sour, Sad Sack puss?

First, it seemed, she was always landing at some new island around 3 o'clock A.M. after a bumpy attempt to sleep without a mattress on a C54 steel floor. Then she'd try to snatch some shut-eye in a tent Jupe Pluvius was doing his best to drown. It rains all the time in the Pacific, as near as Betty could figure. And the showers just make it hotter and steamier than a summer greenhouse. Before every show Betty, Virginia and the gang would have to mop their tiny plank stages so both gals wouldn't dislocate a hip when they danced. What those torrents did to Betty's beauty tricks, too, was a caution.

The first time the skies opened up in the middle of an act Hutton and Company ducked for cover. But there was such a disappointed yowl from the soldiers who had only that one chance to see Betty (remember those guys are busy) that they all ran right back, but with GI raincoats wrapped around. Well, what's Hutton sacked up in a slicker? More yowls. From then on they just rose above it, and kept singing in the rain. Of course, a hair-do wouldn't last a minute with treatment like that, and the climate steamed out everything anyway. So Betty put lacquer on her hair and swept it up to some false top curls that she could hang out and dry between shows. She used other make-up by the box-fulls, because no sooner would she get set with powder, mascara, rouge than a cloudburst washed it right off. As for lipstick—well—as I said, the boys took care of that.

But her worst casualty was clothes. No dress made can take beatings like that. Tropical rots get busy, too, and if you haven't got a dress handy, they'll go to work right on your skin. One kind of island fungus will make you grow a tree if you don't watch out, complete with leaves, blossoms and everything in no time at all. It's amazin'.

Betty's duds dropped off her like Gypsy Rose Lee's used to before she got artistic. It Betty had stayed out there a week longer, she'd have had to sing and dance in a barrel. The gorgeous USO uniform lasted just one hop after Hawaii. One by one her ten little dresses crumbled away, and you couldn't even have given Betty to the Good Will hour by the time she got home. The only time on the trip she really got sore, incidentally, was at the last island she visited, Canton, where a wise guy GI observed her last vanishing frock, ripped, tattered and mouldy at the seams, and her last pair of slippers with heels busted off.

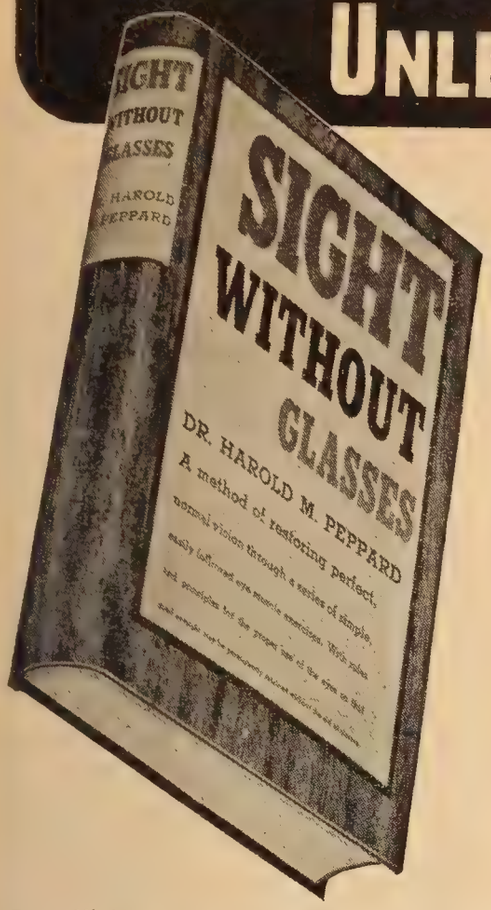
miracle girl . . .

"For gosh sakes, Hutton!" he cracked after the show. "Next time you come down here, bring along some decent clothes. You sure look crummy!"

Betty bit her lips and counted ten. She didn't bother to explain how she'd worn herself ragged. There's always one smartie like that—even in the Army.

Betty knew she wasn't half as bushed as most of the boys. She'd sing for them after they'd (*Continued on page 92*)

YOU DON'T *NEED* TO WEAR GLASSES UNLESS YOUR EYES ARE *DISEASED!*



HERE'S AMAZING *GOOD NEWS* FOR ALL WEARERS OF GLASSES!

NOW, you CAN have good sight — WITHOUT glasses! No matter whether you are young or old — or how long you have worn glasses — unless you are one of the *few* people who have some degenerative disease of the eye.

In this surprising book, SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES, Dr. Harold M. Peppard tells why wearing glasses is *totally unnecessary* for the vast majority of people. He tells how a simple, natural course of treatment has CURED the defective sight of hundreds of people — enabled them to throw away their glasses for good! He explains how this treatment has saved scores of adults and children from starting to wear glasses.

You'll be amazed when you read this remarkable book! You'll see convincing Case Histories of some of Dr. Peppard's hundreds of patients — people with faulty sight — who were made to see clearly with their naked eyes by his revolutionary treatment. You'll learn how this treatment not only cures eyestrain, near and far sightedness and astigmatism — but averts or helps tremendously such eye troubles as cross eyes, glaucoma and cataract.

NO DRUGS — NO SURGERY — JUST A NATURAL, SCIENTIFIC REMEDY!

With Dr. Peppard's Sight Correction Method, you don't have to undergo medical or surgical treatment — or wear some uncomfortable device. Your defective vision is restored to normal by a scientifically sound system of eye-muscle exercises, based on a wonderful new discovery in Ophthalmology.

Unless you have eye disease — and *very few* have — you *don't need* glasses! Glasses won't *cure* your poor sight — they only compensate for it to some degree. What you want is *normal* eyesight. Read how you can secure it in SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES!



DON'T BE A *SLAVE* TO GLASSES — READ THIS *TREMENDOUSLY HELPFUL* BOOK!

With SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES you can enjoy the benefits of Dr. Peppard's treatment *right in your own home.* Its 162 pages are written in clear, understandable language — illustrated with 15 charts, diagrams and drawings.

Order your copy NOW — fill out and mail coupon below! When your book arrives, if you aren't convinced it will help your eyesight tremendously, return it within 5 days and your $1.00 will be refunded promptly.

FILL OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON *NOW!*

SEND NO MONEY

WHITE'S BARGAIN BOOK CO.
Dept. 100 Westfield, Massachusetts

Please send me Dr. Peppard's great book, SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES. When the book arrives I will pay the postman $1 plus postage. If I return the book within 5 days, you will refund my $1.

SAVE POSTAGE — CHECK SQUARE BELOW

☐ I enclose $1 in full payment. Send book postpaid. You will refund my $1 if I return the book in 5 days.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____





climbed out of bombers, red-eyed and smelling of grease and gun powder. And she'd see them off, too, sometimes in the dawn. She'll never forget the thrill she had when she saw a flock of B-29's take off from Saipan and heard a pilot crack, "Guess I'll go lay some eggs."

"Say," objected Betty, "that's my racket."

"Okay," he grinned, "then I'll lay one for you—a very special egg." She didn't quite understand until she heard the next day that those B-29's were back from a very special place—Tokyo.

Every time Betty started a show, she'd look out over those crowds of wonderful fighting men, and she'd say, "Good evening —*Gentlemen*," very slow and emphasized. There would always be groans. "You *are* gentlemen, aren't you?" Betty'd crack in mock surprise, and the GI's would roar back,

"HELL, *NO!*"

But Betty knew better.

They almost tore each other apart to see who'd do Betty's laundry, for instance, and one of the funniest sights Betty remembers is a bunch of Marines on Tinian Island sudsing out her panties and bras with the help of a few dozen other leathernecks tossing helpful suggestions from the sidelines!

kingdom come . . .

Betty was the innocent cause of lots of gags, tricks and rivalry races along the route. Her coming was something of an event, well advertised, as you can imagine out in a land where a white woman's ten times rarer than a Republican in Dixie. Like the time she swooped down on Kwajelein at 2 a.m. to be met by a couple of grinning special service lieutenants and whisked off to a midnight welcome party and feast, complete with Spam à la Tropique (in other words—Spam) warm beer and everything. Well, right in the middle of the whoop-la, in stormed a general shaking his fists and biting the air. "Who stole my alarm clock?" he was yelping. Then he saw all the other officers clustered around Betty, and he knew he'd been tricked. Seems he'd fretted all week planning to welcome Betty personally, and then his aides had framed him. But the General was a good sport about it.

As audiences, of course, there's just not a higher grade article on the market for any entertainer anywhere than GI Joes. Betty has traveled plenty of show circuits in her 23 years, but she never ran into anything like the applause that pounded her shell pink ears in the Pacific Island Loop. Three times Marines got so worked up they tumbled right out of palm trees in the middle of her show. But the hottest tribute (and I'm not kidding) to Hutton's allure was the night the ammunition dump almost blew up.

Hutton was knocking herself out, as usual, on this big island that I'd better not name. All of a sudden the fire siren sounded, and the lights went up. The loud speaker said a fire was raging next to the ammunition dump across the way. The show would have to stop until it was put out. Well—not one of those rapt GI's budged, even though it looked like they all might be blown to Kingdom come any minute. Rather die happy with Hutton, I suppose. Of course, there came officers' orders right after that.

Yep, the GI's were great, all right. But not even a notch beneath the male heroes of the Pacific, in Betty's book, were the brave Army nurses she met. No applause for those gals, serving silently, no glamour, flirtations nor fun—just hard work and the reward of a grateful look from a wounded boy's eyes.

soldiers in skirts . . .

Half the nurses Betty met hadn't seen a bobby pin, powder, lipstick, perfume

or even soap for weeks. But there wasn't a gripe. Betty bunked in nurses' quarters at several stops, and everywhere she increased her respect. Of course, the girls were eager to gab away with Hutton all night long, and being human, they wanted to know—what are the new styles in hats and hair-do's along the Boulevard? And who's doing what and with whom in Hollywood? She did her best to give them a word picture of the wartime feminine world back home, even if it cost her some shut-eye. She never regretted it. When it came the nurses' turn to do favors, they paid Betty back with interest.

Dysentery finally trapped Betty on Eniwetok, about halfway through the tour. Her temp hopped up to 105 degrees, and there were all kinds of drastic symptoms. But that wasn't the main crisis: The worst danger was the word Betty got on her bed of pain—that she was to be shipped back to Hawaii as a casualty! Hutton wanted no part of that—sick as she was—and the two nurses who flew in from Kwajelein to keep her comfy had to think fast and work faster when tearful Betty turned on the heat. "You've got to get me well right away," she wailed, "they're gonna send me back home, and I don't wanna go!" So the nurses did everything they knew—both night and day—to fight dysentery and, believe it or not, it worked. Betty was on her feet, a little shaky, and minus ten pounds, but in there pitching, in three days, and the hospital plane that was standing by to fly her back to the States was out of luck.

All in all, Betty Hutton visited thirty-odd islands, some big, some small—a lot of them you don't hear so much about—like Namur, Roi, Antawarak, Majuro, Johnson, Christmas Island and Canton. She averaged three shows a day and a few at night, and she could have played a daily dozen if she'd had the time and the strength (they did book six for her at one place, but she lasted out only four). Her audiences ranged from a mere platoon to 20,000 GI's. She sang and danced mostly on her "hunk of plank" stages, but plenty of times in airplanes, on trucks, aboard battleship—even on a submarine.

High on Hutton's list of thrills, in fact, was the time she got invited to rub the tummy of the brass buddha the pig-boat torpedomen kept beside their tin-fish tubes. They massage it every time before they send one into a Jap boat, and this particular sub had already cluttered up the ocean with Nip ships, so Betty knew darned well her buddha-rub would pay off sooner or later. On the battleship, too, she met the only Hollywood star she found in the Pacific front lines. Lieutenant Henry Fonda introduced her to his shipmates before Betty went to work. "Fellows," drawled Hank, "I don't know how to explain this: I lived in Hollywood for years, but I had to come to this god-forsaken place to meet Betty Hutton!"

Closer home, in Honolulu, Betty found Bob Stack, a j.g. and a fellow named Lieut. Bob Crosby, who's a Marine. Bob handed her a flying jacket he wanted Betty to carry back to Brother Bing, and on the back of the thing he chalked, "Help, Bing, help—it's Hutton!" When Betty turned it over to the Groaner, he like to died laughing.

Souvenirs Betty got to keep for herself were a little more exotic. A Jap banzai flag that got itself "banzed" prematurely on Saipan. A bracelet of Jap shells with, "You keep us laughing and we'll keep the Japs frowning," engraved by the Yanks. An officer's hari-kari knife that had been working overtime lately, a hundred GI mementos, buttons, badges, ribbons and such, her very own picture taken with the "king and queen" of Tinian (they thought *she* was a white goddess out of this world)

LUCILLE BALL, STARRING IN "ZIEGFELD FOLLIES"
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE IN TECHNICOLOR



De-licious
De-lovely!
The Hands of Lucille Ball

YOU: *Such silky-smooth hands are so attractive.*

LUCILLE BALL: Yes—it's a shame for a girl to have harsh hands.

YOU: *But can any girl have nice hands?*

LUCILLE BALL: Yes! Every girl can use Jergens Lotion.

Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion Hand Care, 7 to 1.

See why! Have sure softness-protection for your hands, using Jergens. Furnishes needed beauty-guarding moisture for your skin. Rough hands—so common-looking—soon respond to 2 ingredients in Jergens Lotion many doctors use for skin-smoothing. Like professional hand care. But no bother; no sticky feeling. 10¢ to $1.00.



FOR THE SOFTEST, ADORABLE HANDS USE

JERGENS LOTION

"SOAPING" DULLS HAIR
HALO GLORIFIES IT!



Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

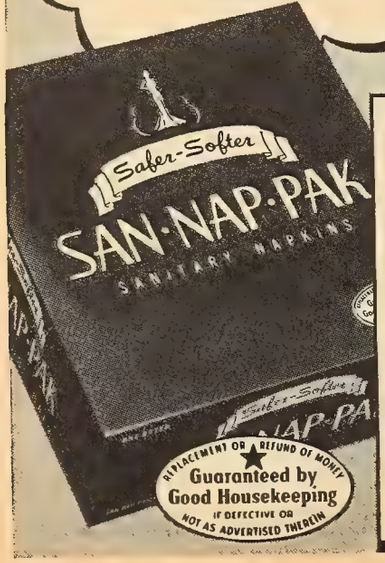
1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it . . . leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap . . . made with a new type patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film!
3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse . . . Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant!
5. Carries away unsightly [loose] dandruff like magic!
6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! Get Halo Shampoo today . . . in 10¢ or larger sizes.



REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!



SAY "Sanapak" —and be safe!



New-Design Sanitary Napkins Give You *Triple-Protection!*

SAN-NAP-PAKS are now made with special "Pink Layers"—three *zones of safety* which end all risk of accidents! Cotton faced, too—to give extra comfort. And tapered to fit without bulging! Yet these *new-design* SAN-NAP-PAKS cost no more than ordinary napkins! *Say* "SANAPAK"!

and what she prizes most—a simple plaque tendered her by the Fourth Marine Division. It just says simply, "Thanks to Betty Hutton and her troupe. Semper Fidelis." Betty wouldn't trade it for a solid gold Academy Oscar.

There's only one thing that worries Hutton about that Semper Fidelis, "Always Faithful" sentiment. Of course she's thrilled to the toes to have it tagged to her name. But Betty's afraid maybe the Marines she met out there will give a bitter, hollow laugh when they get back stateside and try to look her up. You see, Betty handed out her Hollywood address to Lord knows how many guys scattered around the Pacific, along with about five thousand photographs and, I suppose, easily that many smackeroos. She gave the boys the right address, too—132 South Spaulding—just like a Semper Fidelis gal should.

But when Betty got back to Hollywood, wrapped in her borrowed colonel's flying suit, GI boots and Bob Crosby's USMC cap, the first thing she discovered was that her mother had moved her things to a beautiful, big new mansion in the Hollywood Hills as a home coming surprise. Now, wonders Hutton, what will happen when those Marines get out their little black books on their first leaves and discover that Betty doesn't live there any more? She shudders to think.

betty in wonderland . . .

Those doubts didn't begin to gnaw on Betty's conscience, however, until a little later on. First thing Betty did, when she stepped inside her new house—a dirty, dismally disheveled, dog-dead gal ripe for an overdue crackup—was to fall flat on the floor and tenderly pat the nice, soft rugs. Then like Alice in Wonderland, she walked through the clean, white bathroom, the shining kitchen, the spick and span upstairs, just drinking it all in. She ripped off her jungle rags and soaked for a couple of hours in a steaming tub, then put on all the cologne and talcum she could find, a new silk nightie and crawled in between crisp, clean, snowy sheets on a real spring mattress, in a real bed.

Then she bawled like a baby.

"Mama," wailed Hutton to her Maw. "I can't believe it! It isn't real! It's too good to be true!"

But after she'd caught up on her rest again, Betty knew that home, or Hollywood either, would never be quite the same after what she'd seen out there. She got restless even before "Duffy's Tavern" was in the can, and if they'll let her, Betty wants to go right back out the first time she can get a few weeks off and a new show together.

To catch up with her misdirected Marine buddies and straighten out that home address matter and a few other items, Betty has her eye next on the Philippines—maybe somewhere around Manila.

She figures that's where her pals ought to be about then on their way to Tokyo.

QUIZ ANSWERS

(*Continued from page 24*)

1. c	7. a
2. c	8. c
3. d	9. d
4. d	10. b
5. a	11. c
6. b	12. b

"BETWEEN TWO WOMEN"

(PRODUCTION)

(*Continued from page 53*)

their roles and can do their parts with a minimum of rehearsals and retakes, and there's always a lot of fun on the set. Most of the fun on this one centered around Van's house-hunting difficulties . . . Once established in his new Bel Air home, Van threw a housewarming party for the members of the cast. Everyone was to come dressed as he (or she) thought he might look in fifty years. Marilyn Maxwell came as an angel, Director Goldbeck as a ghost, Gloria DeHaven as an old woman. Marie Blake walked away with the costume prize, however. Marie (who plays the part of the switchboard operator in the Gillespie series) was dressed as a little girl. She had a cardboard replica of a tombstone on one leg. Explained Marie, "I am the perennial ingenue with one foot in the grave." . . . The night he had his furnishings moved, Van came home from the studio to find the moving men seated on the living room floor pouring over the Johnson scrapbooks. They were a little shamefaced about it, confessed to being avid fans and knocked a few dollars off the moving bill for the time they'd spent perusing through Van's collection. . . . As a conscientious homeowner, Van climbed into dungarees and started out to mow the lawn with an electric mower borrowed from an obliging neighbor. Right in the middle of the job the mower broke down, so Van called his friend, Keenan Wynn, for help. Keenan came over with his tool box and tinkered for several minutes. Finally he decided it was a job which could only be handled in his workshop. As Wynn pushed the mower across the yard toward his car, the rock which had been wedged between two blades (and was causing the trouble) was released. The machine started off across the lawn and across the lawns all the way down the block with Keenan and several irate neighbors in hot pursuit. Van was no help. He was rolling on his own grass, tears of laughter streaming down his face! . . . But the hardest blow of all fell the day the telephone company came to remove the telephone. The former owners of the house had ordered it disconnected, and no amount of pleading from Van could convince the telephone company that he needed the instrument more than they. Van is now #748596832 on the new subscribers waiting list. Keenan had to grow a mustache for his next picture, "Without Love," and was then called back for additional scenes for "Between Two Women." Problem was solved by having Keenan play his latter scenes with his back to the camera. . . . Gloria DeHaven has been receiving fan mail addressed to a Hollywood Ice Cream emporium since a national picture magazine featured a layout of her having a malt in the shop. . . . During production Gloria's cocker spaniel became the mother of eight puppies. Cast and crew were all begging Gloria for the pups. She finally had a drawing for them on the set—proceeds went to Naval Aid. . . . Remember the Van Johnson birthday party pictures which appeared in MODERN SCREEN a few months ago? If you do, you will remember they were taken in the new Keenan Wynn home which was almost completely unfurnished because of the war shortages. While this picture was in production, Keenan fell heir to the entire furnishings of his grandfather's house in the East. There was enough furniture to fill the Wynn home plus some left over for friend Johnson!

Sure, I could do it better with "Scotch" Tape!





...but right now—our home-front patching jobs must wait. "Scotch" Brand Tapes have more important work . . . like sealing blood plasma cartons.



Umbrellas to mend (and shower curtains, too) . . . packages to seal (and decorate) . . . snapshots (or Kodachrome slides) to mount . . . how long is *your* list of "Scotch" Tape jobs waiting to be done?

Well, your fighting man has a "Scotch" Tape list, too...twice as long and plenty more important. And as long as *he* needs "Scotch" Tape he gets *all* he needs.

So save up all the "Scotch" Tape chores on *your* list . . . after the war is over you'll be doing them the *easy* way again . . . with a "Scotch" Cellulose Tape that's better and more useful than ever!



FOR ↑ QUALITY... look for the "SCOTCH" trademark.

It identifies the more than 100 varieties of adhesive tapes made in U. S. A. by Minnesota Mining & Mfg. Co., Saint Paul 6, Minnesota.

SCOTCH BRAND Cellulose TAPE

© 1945 M. M. & M. CO.



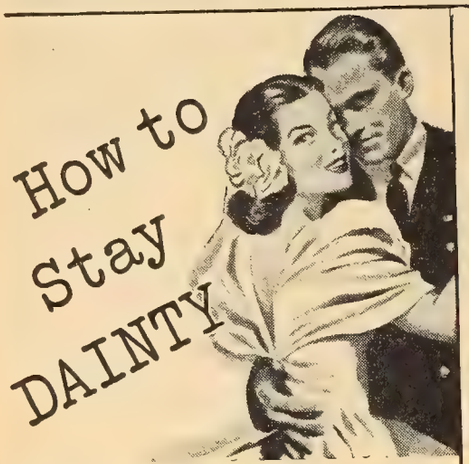
How to Keep FRESH

After you bathe dry yourself—quickly. Next, shower Cashmere Bouquet Talc over your body, into the curves and ripples, to dry up lingering moisture. Now you're fresh, divinely dainty.



How to Feel SMOOTH

Next, before you dress, treat the trouble spots to some *extra* Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Like a silken sheath it protects against chafing; lets girdle slip on easy; gives you that slick, smooth look.



How to Stay DAINTY

Use Cashmere Bouquet Talc *generously* and *frequently* for its protective sheath and haunting fragrance. Its gay, light, flower-like bouquet beckons and bewitches all evening. It's the fragrance men love.



2 Shades... Natural and Even Tan...in 10¢ and 20¢ sizes!

CASHMERE BOUQUET TALC

WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

REDUCE 3 to 5 Pounds a Week Yet EAT Plenty!



Money Back Guarantee

USERS SAY

Physician's Wife "I lost 15 pounds in 24 days."

Mrs. C. M., Ithaca, N. Y.: "My hips were 53 inches; now measure 43 inches. I feel like a new person. I like the taste also. MY DOCTOR SAYS IT WAS O.K."

Mrs. P. M., Fresno, Cal.: "I lost 18 pounds in 3 weeks."

Miss H., Wash., D. C.: "Had to tell the wonderful news! Reduced from 200 to 136 pounds in 3 months following your plan. It's great to be able to wear youthful clothes. My friends are amazed, and many of them are following the plan now."

MEN and women all over this country are reporting remarkable results in losing weight easily. Many lost 20 pounds a month and more. They are following the Easy Reducing Plan of Dr. Edward Parrish, well-known physician and editor, former chief of a U. S. Military hospital and a state public health office.

Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan makes reducing a pleasure because it has NO STRICT DIETS, requires no exercises, HARMLESS, too, because it calls for no reducing drugs.

Here is Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan EXACTLY as given over the air to millions: for lunch take 2 teaspoonfuls of CAL-PAR in a glass of juice, water or any beverage. Take nothing else for lunch except a cup of coffee, if desired. For breakfast and dinner EAT AS YOU USUALLY DO, but eat sensibly. Don't cut out fatty, starchy foods—just cut down on them. By following Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan, you cut down your daily caloric intake, thus losing weight naturally. You needn't suffer a single hungry moment. CAL-PAR is not a harmful reducing drug. It is a special dietary product; fortifying your diet with certain essential minerals and vitamins. Most overweight people are helped by Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan. Try it and you and your friends will marvel at the vast improvement in your figure. Get a $1.25 can of CAL-PAR at health food and drug stores.

- **NO EXERCISE!**
- **NO REDUCING DRUGS!**
- **ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS!**

If your dealer hasn't CAL-PAR a special can containing 18 DAYS' SUPPLY will be sent you postpaid for only $1.00. This $1.00 can is not sold at stores. Money back if not satisfied. Fill out coupon, pin a dollar bill to it and mail today. We will also send you FREE Dr. Parrish's booklet on reducing containing important facts you ought to know including weight tables and charts of food values.

CAL-PAR, Dept. 73C
685 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I enclose $1.00 for a special CAL-PAR can to be sent postage paid, and Dr. Parrish's booklet on reducing. If not satisfied I may return unused portion and my $1.00 will be returned. (C.O.D. orders accepted)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....

TIMID SOUL

(Continued from page 51)

a glimpse of you since we finished 'Hollywood Canteen!' "

Bob's heart came out of his well-polished shoes and back into his chest where it belonged. He gave a shy grin of thankfulness. "I'm certainly glad to see *you*, Miss Davis. I'm—I'm certainly glad you remembered me."

silent past . . .

An acute case of modesty plus an equally acute case of stagefright, that's what it was. Most actors are comparatively free from both. But Bob always had been modest, and he'd had attacks of stage fright from the time he first decided to be an actor at the age of eight or thereabouts. His first public appearance in the dramatic field was the flop of all time. He was supposed to recite a poem in Sunday School. It was Easter Sunday, and the attendance was large. Too large for young Robert. He got up on the platform, took one look at the audience—and forgot every single word of the poem. He made a bow, trying frantically to remember something. Anything! He opened his mouth. Closed it. Bowed again. Somebody laughed. Bob went sixteen shades of crimson and descended from the platform without having uttered a syllable.

For some years after that, he was discouraged about his future as an actor. He turned his attention to the more practical matters of baseball, arithmetic (which he wasn't very good at) and skating, which he loved. He lived in the Hudson River town of Kingston, where the winters were long. It was through his passion for skating that he encountered the fascinating field of Girls. One night when he was in the eighth grade, he went skating, not giving it his usual attention because he was worried about an arithmetic exam next day. He noticed absently that one curly-headed minx followed him around all evening.

"Skate with me, Bob," she'd implore. "You're a wonderful skater."

Bob skated with her, solemnly, his mind still on arithmetic.

"Walk home with me, Bob," she begged, when the log fire had died down and people started to unfasten their skates.

"Huh? Listen, I gotta get home in a hurry and study."

"Aw, we live in the same direction. Won't take you any longer."

"Well—okay." They walked along under the bare, icy branches of a birch grove. And suddenly, Bob found himself backed against a birch tree while Curly Head kissed him determinedly.

"Hey!" he protested feebly when he could get his breath.

"What's the matter? Didn't you like it?" She gave him the devil's own grin.

He didn't know whether he liked it or not. He stayed awake all that night, wondering. The next morning he took the arithmetic exam and got 100! Maybe kissing was a great invention. . . .

During High School his interest in girls was steady, if not romantic. Six boys and

AUTOGRAPHS

If you've got a pet movie personality, why not get his or her signature? It's simple as swooning, once page 12 gives the low-down.

six girls in his crowd went around together all the while, having fun in a brother-and-sisterly sort of way. When you got bored with the girl you were going with, you went to your best friend.

"How about switching girls?"

"Okay. Starting tonight." It was a good system. No monotony.

That, of course, was before he fell in love. Before the crowd stopped being a crowd and started being just a background for The Girl. This girl was a slick dancer, and he liked her family and she was smooth looking and—well, it was love. Until Bob went away to prep school. He invited her down to a dance, but somehow it wasn't a success. They didn't have anything to talk about any more. And Bob had a lot on his mind.

For one thing, he wanted to try out prep school dramatics, and he didn't dare. He knew he'd forget his lines and make a mess of things, and what was the use? Still, he didn't give up the idea. In fact, he was worried at the moment because he was growing so tall. Actors should be tall, but not *too* tall. Bob decided to take up smoking to stunt his growth.

At prep school you were allowed to smoke if you had your family's permission. But only in your room, and *only* if the window was open both top and bottom. If your room was smoky, you were in for trouble. One night, Bob was puffing away industriously with his head half out the window, which seemed to be the safest method. But gremlins must have gone to work on the air currents. Behind him a stern knock sounded on the door, and a proctor stuck his head in. Bob turned around and to his consternation found his room silver-grey with smoke.

"Gosh, I don't know how this happened!"

"Report to the Headmaster in the morning," said the proctor sternly. As a result, Bob spent the first week of Christmas vacation at school. After that he gave up smoking temporarily and grew at a frightening rate of speed.

From time to time he would eye the cast of school plays with wistful envy. He read all the movie magazines he could get his hands on, and could tell you what every star in Hollywood ate for breakfast. But he didn't dare take a chance at acting himself. Anyway he was pretty busy, because there were a couple of subjects he was taking that were hell on wheels. One of them was Science—and that was how he came to have his appendix out. Final exams were coming up, and Bob had a nasty feeling that he'd never pass the one in Science. He knew that if you were unable to take the exam for a legitimate reason, you were marked on your year's work. Which, in his case, had, he hoped, been passable.

flesh and the devil . . .

Science was the last exam. The day before it was due, he guilefully entered the office of the school physician.

"I don't feel so good, doctor. A little cold, I guess." He coughed convincingly.

The doctor examined him with appalling thoroughness.

"Young man, you have no cold whatsoever."

Bob's martyred expression fell to pieces. He shuffled nervously. But the doctor wasn't through.

"What you do have is a badly inflamed appendix. It must come out immediately."

In dazed horror, Bob heard the doctor telephone his father long distance to send an ambulance for his ailing son. He spent the next two weeks in the hospital, but the science teacher passed him on his year's work, so the sacrifice wasn't in vain.

He was scheduled for Dartmouth when he finished prep school, but he had been

Loving, thrilling Kisses...



Q. What wouldn't I give!

A. For satin-smooth skin that attracts kisses?

Q. Yes—but I have such dry skin.

A. This One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream helps dry skin especially.

This 1 cream does the work of 4 creams

Have smooth-skin care so complete with Jergens Face Cream—it's like an expert "treatment" every day. Real help in *preventing* wrinkly old-looking lines from dry skin. Simply use this cream faithfully . . .

1. for Cleansing **2. for Softening**
3. for a Foundation **4. as a Night Cream**

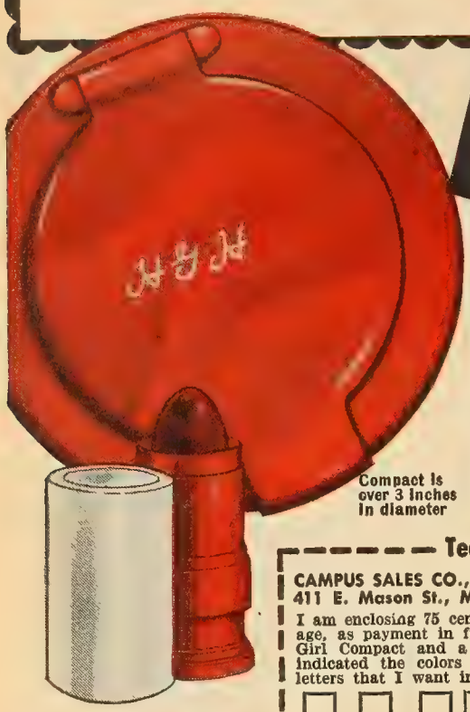
Use a skin scientist's cream! Jergens Face Cream is made by the makers of Jergens Lotion. Plenty of other girls have fresher, clear, smooth skin. Why not you? Jergens Face Cream is the only cream you need.



JERGENS FACE CREAM

USE LIKE 4 CREAMS—FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

Your initials or first name in gold on a new, beautiful plastic *Stadium Girl* Compact



Compact is over 3 inches in diameter

Featured is **Sunset Pink**, newest of six exciting shades.

Stadium Girl Compact and Cosmetics are sold individually at leading 10c stores.

. . . when ordered by mail . . . together with an alluring shade of new *Stadium Girl* Lipstick

Both for only 75¢ (tax and postage included)

A swank, plastic compact of sleek design that's guaranteed leak-proof. And it's personalized with your own monogram (3 initials) or first name on the cover in gold! You will be proud of owning this graceful compact—in the color of your choice. Take advantage of the special introductory offer and order yours by mail today, in combination with a Stadium Girl Lipstick. • Long a nationally-sold favorite, Stadium Girl Lipstick is now made from a new formula giving it a smoother-than-ever texture becoming to your lips. Packaged in a new, convenient, fast-acting, plastic push-up container. • Fill out the coupon below and mail it with your 75 cents today!

Tear out coupon and mail today!

CAMPUS SALES CO., Dept. 134
411 E. Mason St., Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin

I am enclosing 75 cents, which includes tax and postage, as payment in full for a monogrammed Stadium Girl Compact and a Stadium Girl Lipstick. I have indicated the colors at the right. The three initial letters that I want in gold are clearly printed below.

☐ First Initial ☐ Second Initial ☐ Third Initial ☐ or First Name (PRINT)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ (...) State_____

My first choice of color for my compact is:
☐ Red
☐ Blue
☐ Aqua

My choice of lipstick shade is:
☐ Cherry Red (med. lt.)
☐ Orchid
☐ Sunset Pink (med.)
☐ Tropic (med. dark)
☐ Ruby (dark)
☐ Burgundy (very dk.)



Mother of 4 Earns $1,000 On Her Writing

"I have earned $1,000 since graduating from N.I.A., despite the responsibility of four small children, home duties, haphazard health and war work. After only two lessons, I sold a garden series to Baltimore American. N.I.A. way makes writing child's play."—Gladys Carr, Annapolis, Md.

To People who want to write *but can't get started*

DO YOU have that constant urge to write but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Here is what the editor of Liberty said:—"There is more room for newcomers in writing than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene in recent years. Who will take their places? True, more people are trying to write than ever before, but talent is still rare and the writer still must learn his craft, as few newcomers nowadays seem willing to do. Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."

A Chance to Test Yourself—FREE

The Newspaper Institute of America offers a free Writing Aptitude Test. Its object is to discover more men and women who can add to their income by fiction and article writing. The Writing Aptitude Test is a simple but expert analysis of your latent ability, your powers of imagination, logic etc. Those who pass this test are qualified to take the famous N.I.A. course based on the practical New York Copy Desk Method which teaches you to write by writing! You work at home, in leisure time, constantly guided by experienced writers. Soon you acquire the coveted "professional" touch. Then you're ready to market your stories, articles and news items.

Mail the Coupon Now

Taking the Writing Aptitude Test requires but a few minutes and costs nothing. So mail the coupon now. Take the first step towards the most enjoyable and profitable occupation—writing for publication! Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925)

FREE Newspaper Institute of America
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit.

Miss / Mrs. / Mr. .....

Address.....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.) 35-C-785



Let March enter like a lion or exit like one. Your hands are protected from chapping if you

USE

Mary Lowell

HAND CREAM

- ★ For red, rough, chapped hands and arms.
- ★ Marvelously effective for hands subject to frequent exposure.
- ★ Ideal for children's arms and legs.
- ★ An excellent powder base.
- ★ Smooth brushless shave or after-shave cream.
- ★ Will not smudge clothing or soil bedding.
- ★ Neither sticky nor greasy.



Jar, 55c plus tax at your beauty shop or cosmetic counter

Also **Mary Lowell DEODORANT**

Subtly scented, effective perspiration retardant. Protects up to three days. Skin-safe. *50c plus tax.*

HOUSE OF LOWELL, Inc., Tipp City, Ohio

Copyright 1944 Newspaper Institute of America

doing some serious thinking. One night he called a family conclave.

"I want to go to dramatic school instead of college," he said.

They stared at him as if he'd said he wanted to be a pink elephant. "But you've never *acted*. Why didn't you try out for the dramatic club at school?"

"I don't *like* it," Bob said grimly. "It scares me to death. But I'm going to be an actor if it kills me."

He went. And hated it. The school was a good one in New York City, and Bob spent two years there. The most miserable two years of his life. His first stage appearance there was a night of horror. The role demanded that he appear in shorts, and even his legs were blushing.

His one really big part at school was in a play about the Brönte sisters. He played their brother, a boy of eighteen or so, who was a thorough bad hat. Drank, took dope, had an affair with a married woman and made his sisters' lives miserable. There was one terrific scene where the boy went completely berserk. It was a swell scene for an actor, and Bob loved it. He'd played it several times, with all his fellow students congratulating him on his portrayal. Then they put on a special performance, with Elisabeth Patterson, the actress, in the audience. Came The Scene! Bob's mind suddenly went as blank as a sheet of paper. He just stood there, utterly wretched. At last he said, "I'm sorry, Miss Feagin," to the directress and walked offstage. For weeks afterward he went around in black despondency, but he didn't give up.

After dramatic school, he played summer stock at Woodstock, New York, which was practically shouting distance from his home in Kingston. It was a good training ground, because it was near enough to New York so that they got Broadway actors and actresses in the group. And talent scouts showed up once in a while.

There were a couple of them there the Saturday night Bob lost his temper. The play that night was a mystery called "Cuckoo on The Hearth." Bob portrayed a minister, one of the murder suspects. He was in the middle of a big scene with the heroine, which had the audience on the edge of their seats. Was he really the murderer? Was that a gun he was reaching for? There was a concerted gasp (heaven to an actor's ears) as he brought his hand slowly out of his pocket. And then. . . .

face on the upstage wall . . .

"Whe-e-e!" hiccoughed a drunken voice behind him. The supposedly solid "wall" opened, and a strange man staggered out. He blinked at the glare of lights and eyed Bob and the heroine reproachfully. "Wha' you doin' here?" he inquired. "Get outa my way."

The audience, talent scouts and all, loved it. They went into gales of merriment, while Hutton burned. The scene, of course, blew higher than a kite. Bob's big chance was gone. He looked at the drunk, who was wearing an obviously new gabardine suit. Bob reached for a pail of water that someone had left just offstage. With a sure hand he hurled its contents.

"He didn't even sober up, but it gave me a lot of satisfaction. And it sure took the creases out of that gabardine suit!"

It was around this time that Bob began to work as a model for the Walter Thornton agency in New York. He commuted from Kingston, which is some fancy commuting since it's a two-and-a-half hour ride from New York.

One day Bob and a bee-yuit-ful girl named Mona posed for a cover for MODERN ROMANCES. Bob was the big, strong type of hero in this one, and was holding Mona as she bent half over backwards. It would

look very virile and romantic on the cover, but when you had to hold that pose for an hour it was tough going.

"There must be an easier way to make a living," he said plaintively, at last.

"Look, chum, this picture will be a work of art. It's likely to land you in Hollywood," the photographer assured him. At which they all laughed merrily.

The funny part was that it did. A talent scout who saw the cover had also caught one of Bob's performances in summer stock. "Photogenic and can act, too," he wired his studio, which happened to be Warner Brothers. So pretty soon, Bob was given a screen test in New York. They ran the result off for him a few days later, and he was in despair. Boy, was he lousy, he thought gloomily. If only the test had been good! If only he hadn't looked like a wooden Indian with occasional attacks of St. Vitus dance!

Fortunately, the powers that be at Warners' took no such dim view of the affair. Mysteriously, they liked the test. In fact, before Bob came out of the fog, he found himself with a contract and a ticket to Hollywood in his hand. He was in!

You would have thought he'd be in a rosy delirium of happiness, wouldn't you? But not Hutton. Worries flew around his head like a swarm of mosquitoes. "Here it starts all over again," he thought miserably. "The stage fright, and making a damn fool of myself." When his friends congratulated him, he looked at them with a graveyard expression and said, "I'll be back in six months. Eating at the Automat."

He wasn't, of course. He made "Destination Tokyo," and he was a hit. He played the soldier in "Janie," and fans began asking for more Hutton. Gosh, they raved, he's so good looking! He looks like Jimmy Stewart, only younger and handsomer. He was shy and sort of sweet, and when he looked at you, you melted into a romantic daze. You wanted to give him the world, and a spoon to eat it with.

When he was making "Janie," little Claire Foley, who played the demon kid sister, adored him. She got in the habit of spending most of her time between takes sitting on his lap. Then, quite suddenly, she stopped speaking to him.

"Say, what goes with Claire?" Bob asked her mother, puzzled.

She laughed. "She's found out you're married. She thinks you've been trifling with her affections!" Even at Claire's age, a girl wants no rival for Hutton. Of course, after she met Natalie, his charming bride, things were different, but Claire never went back to sitting on his lap.

By the time Bob married Natalie, a Beverly Hills socialite, he had really arrived. He went around in a dreamy state of unbelief at his own luck. Gosh, what a change from those days in New York when he used to munch crackers and milk (nice and cheap) at a lunch counter and watch wistfully through the window while a crowd of autograph hunters mobbed Sinatra. Now they asked Bob for *his* autograph when they saw him, and his hand shook so he couldn't even write straight.

forever broke, forever blondes . . .

"Didn't you ever have any *fun* in New York?" his wife would ask incredulously. "Were you broke *all* the while?"

"No. It just *seemed* like all the while. Sure, I had fun now and then." He grinned mischievously. "Like the time I took out that gorgeous blonde."

The gorgeous blonde had been the receptionist at dramatic school. Bob, absorbed in dreams and worries, hadn't noticed her particularly, till one day he happened to be sitting in the reception room. She was standing in front of the wall

DURA-GLOSS nail polish will win your ♡ and his says Cupid



Got a date tonight?
Let Dura-Gloss help make it gay and sparkling.
And the Dura-Gloss you put on for tonight's date will stay on for days. A smooth-flowing, lustrous polish that adds romance and beauty to all your nights and days. In demand at beauty counters everywhere. 10¢ plus tax.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD BUY WAR BONDS

Cuticle Remover Polish Remover Dura-Coat

LORR LABORATORIES, PATERSON, N. J. • FOUNDED BY E. T. REYNOLDS



BE BRIGHT about your hands—use Campana Cream Balm to keep them smooth and soft. Use a bright idea like these made-at-home gauntlets *to dress them up!* Campana Cream Balm is the new lotion with lanolin that guards your skin so effectively against dryness and roughness . . . that keeps your hands silken-surfaced in spite of work and weather. Why be without it?



25¢, 50¢ and $1

Campana Cream Balm

RICH IN LANOLIN

mirror, combing her lovely blonde hair. "Hey, this chick is really glamour incorporated," Bob discovered suddenly. She met his gaze in the mirror and smiled, and he forgot that he had exactly two dollars to last till Thursday.

"Would you go out with me tonight?" he inquired. No build-up at all.

Maybe the abruptness was a welcome change from the usual approach. Or maybe the hopeful, earnest expression in Bob's eyes did it. Anyway, the answer was yes. There was one awful moment when he remembered the sad state of his finances. But he went around borrowing a quarter here and fifty cents there till he had enough for a gala evening. It was wonderful.

Now those days are gone. He can afford to eat the things he likes. Chops, broccoli with lots of Hollandaise, apple pie. When he's interviewed, he says wistfully, "Ask me what I like to eat, huh? When I used to read these interviews, they always told about that. I used to dream of the day when someone would want to know what *I* ate!"

He doesn't like meals at regular hours. He'll skip a couple, then get hungry and eat like crazy to make up. He loves to tuck away a couple of milk shakes and a slab of pie just before he goes to bed.

He has a passion for looking out of hotel windows, and for Argyle socks—size eleven

FREE PICTURES!

How'd you like a lush 8 x 10 picture of Frankie, Lon McCallister, Van Johnson, Jeanne Crain or June Allyson all for FREE? Turn over to our SPECIAL FREE OFFER on page 22 and see how easy it is to get one.

—and for leaving the radio on (playing nice, soft music) no matter what he's doing. He likes girls in green dresses, with no hats, and bright nail polish. He likes people, and people—naturally—like him.

He was in New York when Warners' screened his latest picture, "Hollywood Canteen," for the magazine reviewers. He was anxious to see it, and his mother came down from Kingston to see it with him. A more nervous guy you've never encountered! He sat there, sort of huddled up—all six feet of him, leaning forward anxiously during the important scenes, gnawing his nails. His mother took a quick look around every now and then, and reassured him in a whisper.

"I think they like it. They're laughing in the right places."

They liked it a lot. And they liked Hutton. They're going to like him in "Roughly Speaking," too. By the way, who turned up on the set of "Roughly Speaking," but the model who had posed for that MODERN ROMANCES cover with him, Mona Freeman. That photographer must have been psychic! Bob is scheduled for another "Janie" picture, and he's making "Rendezvous" with Eleanor Parker. The latter is a story of Major Gus Daymond who was one of the first Americans to join the Eagle Squadron. The action takes place in London during the blitz, and Bob is pretty excited over the part of Daymond. You will be too, when you see it. You'll sigh and say "Umm, that Hutton!" Then maybe you'll giggle a little, remembering the times when Bob tried to act and could only bow and blush and stutter. The funny part is that Bob, even when he gets to be a top star, will remember them, too. He's that kind of a guy.

"I OUGHT TO BOX HIS EARS . . . "

(Continued from page 39)

"Twentieth—glug—Fox—"

He swears that's all he said, so it must have been the glugs that did it. Anyway, he was one of the select few invited to her house to see a picture. All evening he sat dazed at being in the same room with divinity, then left and had a nervous breakdown.

There's nothing arrogant about his brashness. He's a fresh, original personality, and I think his deepest instinct is to be himself. From what he tells me of his folks, he comes by it honestly. Dad Eythe, a contractor in Mars, Pennsylvania, went to see "You Can't Take It With You," said, "That's a good idea," and never worked again till he came out West for a lengthy stay. Then he took a job in a war plant.

blushing fullback . . .

Katie, as her kids call Mom, is part Irish, part Spanish, which accounts for a lot in both Bill and herself. Katie doesn't hold with suppressed emotions. Among other things, she's a football fan. Bill's brother Dutch—later, All American at Carnegie Tech—played on the high school team. In those days they didn't have big bleachers, you stood on the sidelines. Katie'd go wild. "Do it for your mother, Dutch," she'd yell. "Do it for your mother."

With that background, it's no wonder Bill's got the courage of his convictions. I've heard his pals razz him. "Wearing blue jeans and T-shirts to the Derby! Smoking pipes bigger than your head! Hitting the hay at 9:30! Anything to be different. Whoya kiddin'?"

Well, he ain't kiddin'. Lives to suit himself, not Hollywood. Wears blue jeans because he feels good in 'em. Never owned a Tuxedo or tails and never will, unless he needs them for pictures. First pair of tails he ever saw doubled him up, and he still thinks they look like comedy relief. A Tux is all right if you go for that kind of stuff. He doesn't. Smokes a big pipe because you can get more tobacco in the bowl, don't have to keep filling it.

He never intended to be an actor. Stage designing maybe—or some other form of art. Only thing he wouldn't be was second fiddle. On account of Dutch. Dutch, ten years older, was the town hero. Bill had no intention of living under his shadow. Or basking in his glory either. At Carnegie Tech, he registered under a fake name till his father found out and talked sense into him.

Dutch had been tops, so Bill had to be tops, too. "If you think I'm brash now, Hedda," he told me, "you should have known me then. Nothing I couldn't do."

He worked his way through college. Didn't know Aries from Taurus, but that didn't keep him from lecturing at the Buhl Planetarium. Toured the neighboring towns with a children's theater. Talked his way into writing scripts for a radio station. Had no time to study and flunked English. Got even with the prof by waving a script in his face. "They paid me good money for this. Go ahead and flunk me."

Meantime, he was acting in spite of himself, commandeered by the dramatic coach who needed talent and thought Bill had some. With his funds at an all-time low, he applied for the juvenile lead in a musical at the Pittsburgh Civic Playhouse. The part called for two dances with the ingenue—

"I can do 'em," said Bill.

They gave him the part and then had to teach him to dance. By that time he'd made an impression on the director who used him in other productions—including Shakespeare—and after graduation, took him to Cohasset for his first professional appearance with the South Shore Players.

Ruth Chatterton was one of the guest stars that summer. In the fall she was taking a play called "Caprice" to Canada, and needed a juvenile. Bill would have given his eyeteeth to go along, but a strange transformation came over him in Miss Chatterton's presence. By now he worshipped the theater and its great names. When Ruth sent for him one day, he knew what was at stake. But instead of braying, "I can do it better," he sat like a bump on a log and made foolish sounds.

The interview died of malnutrition. Bill rose. "Well, g'by, Miss Chatterton. I've been delightful."

She whirled. "*What* did you say?"

Now that all was lost, his head cleared. "I mean, *it's* been delightful. Now if you'll excuse me, I'll go jump off a cliff."

"You'll stay where you are. You're going to Canada with me."

The tour lasted six weeks. Then New York, where he met Oscar Serlin who put him into "King's Maid." That flopped. On his own again, he reverted to radio and his original tactics. Got himself a job as page boy in Radio City, then—buttons and all—opened a door marked TELEVISION.



An Ounce of Prevention is Worth a Pound of Cure!

PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat.

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, substantially every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—cleared up completely or definitely improved!

—*findings reported in an authoritative medical journal*



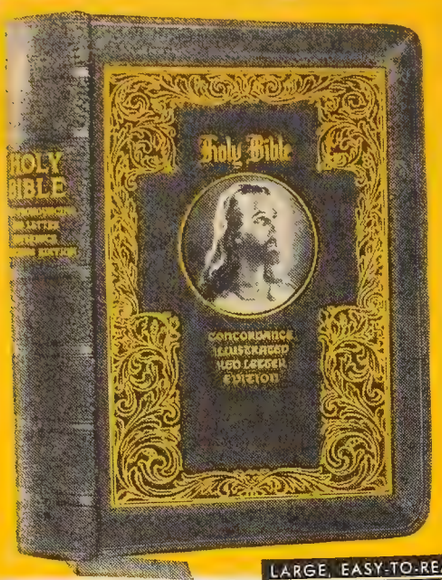
CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

A Superb New Gift Edition!

COMPLETE *Illustrated* REFERENCE BIBLE

adorned with a GORGEOUS 24K. GOLD-ILLUMINATED COVER and Sallman's World-Famous Multicolor CHRIST HEAD PORTRAIT



including a

Gallery of 24 Masterful Reproductions of Biblical Art in Full Color

at a

REMARKABLY LOW PRICE

YOU must see this truly fine Bible to appreciate the resplendent beauty of its lavishly decorated cover, illuminated with genuine 24K. gold leaf. Covers of comparable radiance and gorgeous ornamentation are found only on precious Pulpit Bibles. You can't help but admire Sallman's masterly Christ Head Portrait, acclaimed by all as a truly inspiring representation of our Savior.

An ideal Gift for Promotion Day, Graduation, Birthday, Church and Sunday School Attendance—for the Pulpit—or the Bride—to be treasured forever.

WORDS of CHRIST in RED • Over 1600 Pages •

LARGE, EASY-TO-READ, CLEAR BLACK-FACE TYPE Approved by Eye-Specialists

FREE *Beautiful 5-color broadside describing in pictures and words our Gift Bibles.*

Know the joy of owning or giving this Master Edition; it has everything you could possibly desire in a Lifetime Bible!

- Contains 180 pages of Concordance.
- 60,000 Center-column References.
- 160 pages of Bible Study Dictionary.
- Presentation Page in Color – Family Register.
- 14 Multicolor Maps – Self-pronouncing Text.
- Beautifully hand-bound in Genuine Leather.

Authorized KING JAMES *Version*

Gold Edges

FILL OUT AND MAIL COUPON TODAY!

KNOW YOUR BIBLE CO., Dept. A3, Cincinnati 2, Ohio

Please send me the 24K. gold-illuminated Cover COMPLETE REFERENCE BIBLE. I am enclosing $8.50. It is agreed I may return it within 5 days if not completely pleased with it and I receive my money back.

Check Enclosed ☐ Money Order ☐ Send it C.O.D. ☐

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ Just mail FREE 5-Color Bible Broadside

Bright Sparkles in your hair



LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO REVEALS A BREATH-TAKING BRILLIANCE

This amazing new creme shampoo, extra rich with lanolin, brings natural lustrous loveliness to your hair after only a single shampoo. Lathers instantly—even in hardest water... thoroughly cleanses hair and scalp... leaves hair fresh, glistening, so easy to manage. No lemon or vinegar after rinse necessary. At fine cosmetic counters everywhere ··· one dollar.

Mail 25c for a generous size trial jar. Sorry, only one jar to each family.

Lustre-Creme by KAY DAUMIT

540 N. MICHIGAN AVE. CHICAGO 11



Accept These New Glowing Earrings GIVEN



for promptness with order for Matched Bridal Pair for ten days' examination. Beautiful **Gardenias that glow in the dark;** are truly romantic and alluring. Just send the coupon and accept these earrings as our get-acquainted gift to you.

Also Accept Bridal Pair

Wedding and Engagement



RINGS Send the coupon for both the **Simulated Diamond Solitaire** and the matching yellow Gold Plate **wedding ring** and accept them on **10 days' trial** so we can include without cost the Gardenia Earrings. If you do not agree the Matched Bridal Pair is a marvelous bargain, return the rings within ten days and your money will be refunded. **BUT YOU ARE TO KEEP THE EXOTIC, GLOWING EARRINGS AS OUR GET-ACQUAINTED GIFT**

Send No Money

When your package arrives you pay the postman only $1.98 for each ring or $3.89 for both rings, plus a few cents mailing cost and 20% Federal Tax.

$1.98 EACH BOTH FOR $3.89

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 21-GN, Jefferson, Iowa

"I've got a script I'd like to put on."

"Are you out of your mind?"

"Yeah, I'm a radio writer—"

"Ever done scripts before?"

"Scores of 'em—"

"Well, wait a minute. Our staff announcer's been drafted. Here—read this—"

He read half a dozen want ads and got the job, which he found highly unstimulating. Two months later he was doing his own show on WNBT, and went on till the war closed television down.

xmas in february . . .

He and Serlin had grown to be buddies, so when Oscar called up and said, "I've got a Christmas present for you."

"Fine time for a Christmas present—in February—"

"Come on down and get it."

The Christmas present was the part of Lt. Tonder in "The Moon Is Down."

"First I fainted," says Bill, "then we went into production."

You MODERN SCREEN readers who live in New York may have seen the rave notices. George Jean Nathan, who's hard to please, said the stage had produced four great juveniles—Renavent, Glenn Hunter, Burgess Meredith and now Bill Eythe. Nathan wanted to tear Bill apart when he signed a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox. "They'll ruin you in Hollywood—"

Maybe George Jean's right. This is Bill's sixth picture, and he's only playing opposite Bankhead, that's all. I haven't seen "A Royal Scandal" yet, and neither has he. But I was on his home lot a few days ago and bumped into Otto Preminger, the director. He told me they'd sneaked the picture Friday.

"How'd it go?"

"Swell. And a triumph for Eythe."

Later I met Bill, who looked confused. "Got a new trailer and dressing room this morning. Can't dope it out—"

"Did you know they sneaked the picture Friday? Well, they did. I just talked to Preminger. Let me break it to you gently, honey. You're ruined."

sore spot . . .

Only once have I known Bill to be rude, and in my not-too-humble opinion, he was justified. A woman who may have been trying to be funny—in which case, she should have her sense of humor examined—accosted him with, "You're a fine young man. Why aren't you in the Army?" His voice would have cut through rock. "For the same reason you're not in the Ziegfeld Follies. Physical disability."

It's not true that his eardrums were shattered in "The Moon Is Down." What happened in that play merely aggravated the condition. An early infection of the Eustachian tubes brought about complete deafness at the age of 13. For a year and a half, the outlook was black. He wouldn't go to school and was tutored at home. His closest companion was Dip, a Chow his sister Ruth gave him. Dip slept with him.

A Pittsburgh specialist restored his hearing. It was like dying and being born again. He'd run around, banging tin pans together, just to hear the noise. Dip's bark was music. It was then that he first began to love real music. During those months of silence, he'd thought: "I have no pretty sounds to remember, only birds and cows. If I'd listened to music, at least I could hear it in my head." The family celebrated his recovery by buying him a phonograph, and he's been collecting records ever since.

All through college he was fine. Then, as Lt. Tonder, he had to have his ears boxed. It was nobody's fault. Only Bill might have realized the possible consequences, and he just never thought of them. For two weeks he was deaf again. His ears are still being treated, and the

drums are punctured. That's why he's not in the Army, lady.

His basic needs are fairly simple. Work. Friends. Music. Animals. Books. Recently he rented a house on a Hollywood hilltop—so high and inaccessible that the milk company refused to make deliveries. So he told them he had a six-weeks-old baby, and strung diapers on the line to prove it. One day the milkman turned inquisitive. "Where's that kid of yours? Never see him around."

"Oh. He's out walking."

"You don't say! Pretty advanced for his age."

"Oh, not on his legs—in a carriage—the nursemaid wheels him—you know."

"Yeah," said the milkman. "Well, give him my best regards." *Sure,* the milk still comes. For you and me it wouldn't, but for Bill it does.

Since renting the house, he's annexed two dogs and a cat. Shillelagh, the setter—Bonnet, the dachshund—and Galla, the Siamese. Bonnet's the character. Does double takes like Durante. Loves perfume.

Evenings, Bill takes them out. The dogs run, Galla's on leash, and Bill collects kindling. The fire's always going—even in summer, with all the doors open. He'd sooner live without a roof than a fireplace.

The phonograph's always going, too. The radio he loathes. Threw one out of the window in New York. To save money, he was sharing a place with five boys who were bugs on radio. Turned it on in the morning and kept it on all day. Bill tried to be cooperative for a while. But this day he'd been out job hunting, and there weren't any jobs and probably never would be. As he opened the door, noise smote him between the eyes. He picked up the radio and dropped it into 11th Street. Next thing he knew, five guys were beating the tar out of him. He had to send home for his own radio, but not till they'd all put their fists to a contract—certain hours the damn thing could be played, and certain hours it couldn't.

On working days he's in bed by 9:30. Wakes up at midnight and raids the icebox. Yearns for a garlic sandwich but settles for cheese, out of deference to his fellow-workers. Incidentally, he's a Grade-A cook. It started in Mars, where the kids helped Mom round the kitchen, and continued in New York. Alfred Lunt, a brilliant cook, gave a series of lessons at the Stage Door Canteen. The fee was purchase of a War Bond. Bill scraped pennies to buy one and took the course. Lunt had always been one of his idols, and he turned fairly starry-eyed when Alfred the Great came out with this gem of wisdom. "Good food has nothing to do with recipes. That's why men make better cooks than women. They've got more daring and imagination. If the book says rub the pan with garlic, woman rubs it. Man says what the hell, and chucks in a couple of cloves." Bill's sentiments exactly.

He's been thrown out of New York's best eating places. Every new dish he tried, he'd go back and ask the chef how to make it. Now his meals are famous. Gets his pals together Saturday nights and feeds them. The service is something else again—casual, let's say.

and about girls— . . .

Five guests are his limit. More than six people in a room drive him crazy. On bridge nights they're four. Bill's a glutton for bridge—once played thirty-six hours straight. Generally plays with his standin, Tommy Noonan—Anne Baxter's standin, Betty Adair—and Winkie. He went to school with Winkie, who now runs a bookshop in L.A. She's the girl he sees most of. Sometimes they doubledate with Anne and John Hodiak. Bill and Anne used to be rumored a romance, but he says they

"My mother could have *spared me this heartbreak...*



If only she had told me these intimate physical facts!"

"WELL it's happened. Jim has left me and never was there a better husband! I felt it coming—first his 'indifference'—then a decided resentment.

"If only I had known earlier how important intimate feminine cleanliness is to womanly charm, beauty and health—those intimate facts my mother *should* have told me but *didn't.*"

* * *

Certainly you don't want this tragedy to happen to *your* daughter! Tell her *now* how important Zonite is for the douche—how no other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested is *so powerful* yet *so safe to delicate tissues.*

Discovery Of A World-Famous Surgeon and Renowned Chemist

Women so often foolishly use old-fashioned mixtures of vinegar, soda or salt which DO NOT and CAN NOT give the great germicidal, cleansing, deodorant action of Zonite.

On the other hand don't go to the other extreme and use over-strong solutions of harmful poisons and acids which may burn, severely irritate and damage delicate tissues—in time may even impair functional activity of the mucous glands. With Zonite you take no such risk!

So Powerful Yet So Safe To Delicate Tissues

Your own Doctor will probably tell you no other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerful yet so harmless as Zonite.

Zonite actually *destroys* and removes odor-causing waste substances—helps guard against infection — *instantly* kills every germ it touches. Of course due to anatomical barriers it's not always possible to contact all germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE OF THIS! No germicide kills germs *any faster* or *more thoroughly* than Zonite. It kills all *reachable* living germs and keeps them from multiplying.

Zonite is positively *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning* for feminine hygiene. Use it often as you want without risk of danger.

Buy a bottle of Zonite today from any drugstore. Follow label directions.

FREE!

For Frank Intimate Facts of Newer Feminine Hygiene — mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. 504-D, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and receive enlightening FREE Booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Zonite

FOR NEWER

feminine hygiene

HOW TO MAKE YOUR KITCHEN SING!



- It's so easy to make your kitchen gay . . . when you brighten the shelves with Royledge.
- Just go to any 5-and-10, neighborhood or department store; get 9 whole feet of lively Royledge shelving for only 6¢. Patterns galore for your choice!
- Easy to put up. Simply lay it on shelves and fold. Holds without tacks. Always looks beautiful . . . won't curl in steam or heat!
- Easy to keep clean. No laundering. Wipe with a damp cloth.
- Easy to change, whenever you please. It's fun to choose new color-schemes and transform the kitchen with Royledge.

Royledge SHELVING



New **ENLARGEMENT** **3¢ STAMP**

Just to get acquainted, we will beautifully enlarge your favorite snapshot, photo, Kodak picture, print or negative to 5x7 inches, if you enclose this ad with a 3c stamp for return mailing. Please include color of hair and eyes and get our new Bargain Offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike colors and sent on approval. Your original returned with your enlargement. Send today.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1162, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

STAMMER? GET THIS FREE BOOK!

This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 43 years. **Benj. N. Bogue, Dept. 2269, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.**

SONGWRITERS

Phonograph Record Manufacturer offers writers rare opportunity to collaborate with National Hit Composers on percentage basis. Submit poems for approval.

Recola Records, Hollywood 28, Cal.

A winner with women!

QUEST

All-purpose DEODORANT

On sanitary napkins, Quest powder deodorizes completely

never were, and I'm taking his word for it.

Bill hates girls who squeal at bugs and spiders. Girls who won't bowl for fear of breaking a fingernail—that's the type he'd like to hit with a tenpin. Girls who use too much make-up. Look at Ingrid Bergman, the most beautiful girl in the world, and she doesn't use any.

He gets an allowance of forty a week, and lets his manager worry over the bills he runs up for books and records. "He picked his own business. Let *him* get ulcers." Until six months ago, money was good for just one thing—to spend. Now he's got three ambitions to save for.

After the war, he wants to fly his own plane. That goes back to childhood. "I'm gonna be a pilot," said Bill.

"No," said the folks.

"Okay then, I won't have my tonsils out. I'll let 'em rot in my head. I'll go and drop dead if I can't be a flyer." The doctor—a World War I pilot—had to take him up in a plane before he yanked the tonsils.

He wants to travel all over the world—to places where nobody's ever been before.

He wants to be a director. Needs money to tide him over the switch from acting. Not a lot of money. Just enough for a hovel, food for himself and the animals, and wood for the fire.

How to combine the three is a headache for later. Right now he's got another worry.

To Mother Katie Eythe, the world's best joke is that her Bill is an actor. In Pittsburgh, he could always tell by her giggle when she was in the house. The more juice he turned on, the harder she giggled. Once, watching him do Antony, she got so hysterical that he skipped two pages of the funeral oration.

His screen success hasn't made any difference. I don't have to tell you that "The Oxbow Incident" was no comedy. Yet Katie was ejected from every theater in town. "We'll have to ask you to leave, madam. You're disturbing the audience."

Bill's worried about the effect of his new picture. "Wait till Mom gets a load of those tight britches. Boy, will *that* be a royal scandal!"

I SAW IT HAPPEN



A little while ago, Dorothy Lamour visited our small city of Haverhill, Mass., for a few hours with the intention of spurring Bond sales. She had a room at the Hotel Whittler and was as closely guarded as a million dollar payroll by the hotel employees. Naturally, being in town for only a few hours, she found it impossible to sign the hundreds of autograph books thrust at her by her admiring fans, so it took a "pint-sized" Western Union boy to manage the impossible. Being quite well known in the hotel, he just walked through the lobby and upstairs, rang Miss Lamour's bell and announced he had a telegram for her. Naturally, Dottie signed the receipt, tore open the telegram and read, "Dear Miss Lamour, I wanted your autograph, but you were always mobbed downstairs and outside. I hope you're not mad."

As the boy flew down the hall, he could hear Dottie and her manager laughing uproariously.

Mrs. Miles E. Bastow, Jr.
Haverhill, Mass.

SUGAR DADDY

(*Continued from page 33*)

unhappily. When it became plain that she was really desperately ill, Dick telephoned his mother. She said the trouble might be appendicitis, and sent over the best doctor she knew.

No, said the doctor, it wasn't appendicitis.

So Dick said they might as well negotiate for his services right then and have everything settled. The doctor agreed; he said he arranged three classes of maternity service, one for a hundred dollars, one for two hundred dollars, one for three.

"We'll take the three hundred dollar deal," said Dick without hesitation.

"But you haven't even heard what the various prices cover," protested the doctor.

"Makes no difference," answered Dick with a vigorous nod of his head. "I want Joanne and—er—Skippy to have the best." That's the way Junior Haymes was named —on the spur of the moment, by his dad, seven months before he was born. Eventually, he was to be christened Richard Ralph in honor of his father and his maternal grandfather, but he will undoubtedly be known as Skippy to members of his family for the rest of his life.

For the first three months of Joanne's preparation for her young son, she was a very sick girl. She had to be kept in the hospital for weeks at a time where she was fed glucose intravenously. Dick would arrive every afternoon and sit beside her bed, miserably rolling and unrolling a sheet of music and trying to make gay conversation.

Fixing her with an apprehensive eye, after having told some crazy anecdote about the boys in the band, he would say, "Now do you feel better?"

"Oh, you!" grinned Joanne. "Stop worrying. Hundreds of babies are born every day."

"But not to US. Gosh, I feel so helpless. If only I could *do* something."

papa's little darling . . .

If, nowadays, you should invite Dick Haymes to your home for a dinner of Lobster Thermidor, he would look at you as if you had just invited him to partake of fricasseed deer antlers. Very politely, very firmly, he would decline. This aversion to shell fish of any kind arises from his pre-parental period. Joanne developed a frantic craving for lobster or crabmeat.

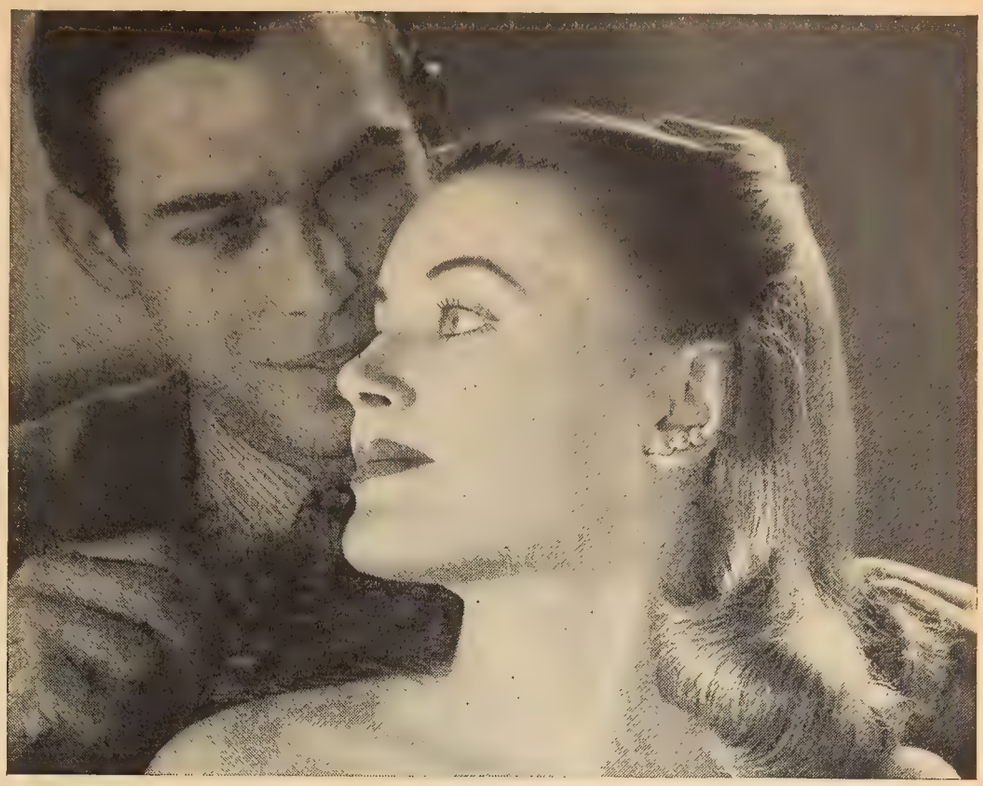
In the eerie hours of winter dawn, she would awaken, starving. Gently, she would shake Dick's shoulder. "Darling. I'm ravenous for some lobster."

He would unglue his eyes, blink at the luminous dial of the bedroom clock which would be telling a frosted four o'clock, then roll out and start to dress. "I'll be right back with some lobster, honey," he would say as he clumped drowsily across the echoing living room. Sometimes he would have to walk or taxi for blocks and blocks before he would find a restaurant with a buyable lobster, but no matter how long it took, he always returned eventually with the shellfish.

When the stork notified Joanne that he was getting ready to fly through the air with the greatest of ease, Joanne asked her mother-in-law to do two things: (1) broil a nice big steak and prepare a green salad for the prospective mother who understood that they wouldn't let her eat when she reached the hospital, and (2) notify Dick who was in Maine, singing with Goodman's band.

When Dick received the telegram, he sat down hard on the nearest chair and

GOODBYE DULL DRAB SKIN!



Make the "PATCH TEST"!

See and feel this exciting difference!



Dry Rough Flakes Disappear! Skin Takes on Instant New Freshness! New Clarity!

IN just 30 seconds—half a minute —you can *prove* Lady Esther Face Cream, the most beautifying face cream you have ever used!

Just make the "Patch Test"! Rub a little Lady Esther Face Cream on one cheek—wipe it off—and look in your mirror! See how that patch of skin has taken on radiant new freshness! Touch it! Feel how the dry rough flakes are gone!

Now imagine your *whole face* refreshed that way! Your *whole face* instantly beautified—by a single application of Lady Esther Face Cream! Here's what this one cream does: **(1)** It thoroughly *cleans* your skin. **(2)** It *softens* your skin. **(3)** It helps nature *refine* the pores. **(4)** It leaves a smooth, perfect *base* for powder. The proof of all this is right in your mirror! Just make the "Patch Test"—and *compare!*



Lady Esther **4-Purpose Face Cream**



HERE'S SOOTHING RELIEF — FASTER HEALING



If your hands get so red and chapped that they actually feel sore, take a tip from nurses! Get a jar of the Medicated Skin Cream, Noxzema, and see how quickly it brings soothing, grateful relief.

Noxzema is so effective because it's a *medicated formula.* It not only relieves the stinging soreness, but *helps heal* the tiny cracks. Actual tests with Noxzema show it helps heal chapped hands *faster* — definite improvement often being seen *overnight!* Surveys have revealed that scores of nurses (who have trouble with their hands from frequent washings) use Noxzema and recommend it to their patients.

Noxzema is greaseless, non-sticky, vanishes almost at once. Get a jar at any drug or dept. store today and see how quickly it helps heal *your* chapped hands! 10¢, 25¢, 50¢ and $1 (plus tax).

NOXZEMA Skin Cream

Do You . . . LONG WISTFULLY for REVEALING GOWNS — DENIED YOU BECAUSE OF PSORIASIS



It is a tragedy indeed when really glamorous women are unable to wear revealing gowns because of psoriasis lesions. If you have been facing this situation try *SIROIL.* Results may amaze you. *SIROIL* tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of SIROIL will help keep them under control. Applied externally, SIROIL does not stain clothing or bed linens, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Try it. Certainly it's worth a trial, particularly since it's offered to you on a two-weeks'-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

SIROIL FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES

Write today for interesting booklet on Psoriasis, using coupon—

Siroil Laboratories, Inc., Dept. M-34, Detroit 26, Mich.

Siroil of Canada, Ltd., Box 488, Windsor, Ont.

Please send me your free booklet on Psoriasis.

*NAME*_____

*ADDRESS*_____

*CITY*_____ *ZONE*____ *STATE*____

gasped for breath. Then he sprang to the nearest telephone, checked on railroad schedules and made reservations. Locating Benny, Dick explained the situation. Benny had promised that Dick could join Joanne as soon as necessary, but he didn't think there was much rush. "We've advertised you at a couple of spots during the next few days, so I think you'd better stick around," he said.

"Sorry, but I can't do that," said Dick, and caught his train.

babbling father . . .

Having antagonized his employer and tossed up his job, Dick forthwith antagonized the nurse at the hospital. First he hurried in to see Joanne, who was a very sick girl. She gave him a big grin and said, "Wait until you see Skippy. He looks exactly like you."

So Dick hurried back to the nursery to check his heir. The nurse, busy as all nurses are, caught up Master Haymes from his basket, whisked him to the door, said, "Perfectly normal, perfectly healthy baby," held back the blanket for ten seconds, then turned to go.

Dick extended a restraining hand that settled on the nurse's arm. "Just a minute, please," he commanded. The nurse was ready to explode in incendiary sentences, scattering hot little words over the scene . . . until she caught sight of Dick's eyes. He was looking at the sleeping pink mite in her arms, and great shining tears glazed the father's proud eyes and started down his cheeks. With the back of his fist he mopped them away.

Naturally, he hadn't told Joanne that he was out of a job. When she quizzed him, Dick said that Benny had given him two weeks off. Between trips twice a day to the hospital, Dick went scurrying around in search of another job. He was booked in Philadelphia on a singing date which paid very well. It took him away from Joanne and Skippy for two days, but it put some jingle in his jeans . . . momentarily.

The next time he walked into the hospital room, he was carrying an important jeweler's box that he nonchalantly set down on the bedside stand. Joanne grabbed it with a little chortle of delight and tore off the wrappings. A strand of pearls shone from the black velvet depths of the box. "For me?" squealed Joanne.

Dick didn't answer that masterpiece of nonsensical interrogation. He simply beamed on his pretty wife.

The day Dick took his family home from the hospital, he was able to tell Joanne about his severance of relations with the Goodman combo and to announce with a proud chest that he was set with T. Dorsey. The only trouble being that Dorsey was going to California to work in Metro's "Du Barry Was a Lady" by day, and to play at the Palladium by night. "I'll find an apartment," Dick promised, "and then you and Skippy can join me just as soon as you're well enough to travel."

In just six weeks, Joanne and Skippy were on The Chief, scorching the Santa Fe trail toward Hollywood. Anyone who has traveled with a child will utter a small sigh of commiseration for Joanne at this point. Add to the usual difficulties the fact that Mister Skippy was having a minor spell of colic; he wasn't sure that he liked his formula, and he was positive that he didn't like traveling. Joanne had to walk through twenty-three Pullman coaches to get to the diner where the bottles could be heated. She always carried the cylindrical glass dinners wrapped in paper bags for purposes of sterilization, which explains why the three handsome ensigns didn't realize that she was a mother. Whenever she went through their car, they made with the big eye, they

gave with the sweet talk. Not to her, you understand, but to one another, like, "My, my what lovely scenery. *Inside* the car, I mean." Etc., etc.

Finally, on Joanne's umpteenth trip, one of them—eager to uphold the Navy's tradition for valor in approaching any objective—arose, bowed charmingly, introduced himself and asked, "You seem to be pretty busy. Is there any way in which we can be of service?"

"There certainly is," said Joanne, leading the way to her drawing room. She opened the door and was followed into the space by three eager boys in blue. "I haven't had anything to eat except some sandwiches that I packed and some fruit, since I left New York. Will you mind the baby while I go to the diner?"

naval strategy . . .

The American fighting man is staggered by no battle development, however unforeseen. All three of them arose instantly to the emergency.

When, after a grateful dinner, Joanne returned to her drawing room, she found lines strung and a complete baby wash flapping in the breeze. One man was sudsing out the last kimono in the metal wash basin; one was telling Skippy about his most recent tour of duty; the third was dry cleaning some spots from his uniform, after having burped Junior Haymes somewhat too successfully.

Dick met his family at the Pasadena station and heard the story with a hearty laugh. "After living in a drawing room on a train for four days, you're going to think our apartment is colossal. Just wait until you see it! And all furnished—even the living room," he boasted.

It was really something. A penthouse atop one of Hollywood's swankiest apartment buildings, it had a view that you could have sliced and sold at art exhibits; the bathrooms were large enough to house small echoes, and the rugs were so deep that Dick had thought of providing guests with skis for ease in crossing the living room. "How much rent do we have to pay?" gasped the Little Woman.

Dick reeled off a glib figure.

"And how much are we making?"

Dick mentioned the same figure he had quoted for rental. "Tell you what," he suggested, grinning, "we'll pay our rent every day. That way we won't miss it."

"And when do we eat?" said the practical member of the household.

Dick was crestfallen. "But, honey, I wanted to have a nice place for you and Skippy."

"It's a palace," laughed Joanne, rushing into her husband's arms. "You're a princely provider—no mistake about that." But the next day she started apartment hunting and within three weeks had found a charming place at one-third the rent.

By May 13, 1944, the Haymes family had moved to a sprawling, comfortable house in San Fernando Valley; they owned and operated as pets two dogs, Bonnie—a Dalmatian—and Bobby—a Schnauzer; they also owned Skippy and his newly-born sister, Helen Lane Haymes.

While Miss Haymes had been in the angel factory getting properly outfitted with fingers, toes and big, curious eyes, she had been referred to in the family circle as "Sister Susie."

Hearing a reference to this Sister Susie person one day, Skippy asked, "Who Susie?"

"She's going to be your new baby sister. We're going to bring her home from the hospital by and by," explained Skippy's mother.

When this momentous event took place, Skippy gurgled and cooed and made a fuss over the newcomer. "My lil thithter



Be Lovely to Love

You'll never worry about staying sweet and dainty if you use

Fresh

the cream deodorant that stops perspiration worries completely. It's gentle, stays creamy and smooth . . . 50¢, 25¢, 10¢



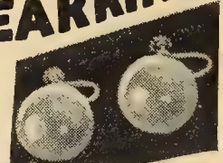


LOVABLE BRASSIERE CO. 358 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY
CHICAGO OFFICE: MERCHANDISE MART
In Canada: Canadian Lady Corset Co. Ltd., Montreal
Factory: 945 Spring Street, Atlanta, Ga.



GIVEN CLASSIC REPLICA PEARL EARRINGS

To Make New Friends Among Readers of this Magazine who order the Matching Bracelet and Necklace promptly for ten days examination. Iridescent, aristocratic Simulated Pearls that closely resemble true Oriental Pearls set in screw type Earrings will be GIVEN to readers of this magazine. Just send the coupon today and accept these Earrings as our gift to you.





Wear on Ten Days Trial

NECKLACE and TWO ROW, MATCHING BRACELET

Styles now prescribe Pearls for evening and afternoon wear. Every lady has admired lustrous pearls from the Orient. Now, you too, can enjoy wearing a gorgeous replica of an expensive pearl necklace and matching two row bracelet—all without risking a penny. Simply send the coupon for both the necklace and matching bracelet and accept them on ten days trial and we will include the set of classic Earrings without cost. If you do not fully agree that this iridescent, glowing, replica Pearl ensemble is a marvelous bargain return them within ten days and your money will be refunded, **BUT YOU ARE TO KEEP THE MATCHING EARRINGS as our get-acquainted gift.**

SEND NO MONEY

The coupon should be sent today as supplies are extremely limited. When your package arrives you pay the postman only $2.95 each plus a few cents mailing cost and 20% Federal Tax. The Necklace and Bracelet become more attractive the longer you wear them.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO.
Dept. 33-CE, Jefferson, Iowa

Empire Diamond Co., Dept. 33-CE, Jefferson, Iowa.
I want to examine those iridescent, imitation Pearls. Please send me:
☐ Necklace ☐ Bracelet
I can return my purchase in 10 days and you will refund my money but I am to keep the earrings as your get-acquainted gift.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... **State**.....

Thuthie," he said in rapt admiration as he hung over her crib.

One of the best days at the Haymes home, as it is everywhere, is Christmas. Skip was only five months old for his first one, but his doting dad brought home an electric train. A lucky selection, because no such toy has been available since.

In addition to this magnificent gadget (with which Dick spent more time than his junior partner), Skip got a menagerie of stuffed animals, an Army truck, a tank, a quacking duck and a little red wagon.

a snare and a delusion . . .

Along in the afternoon Joanne noticed that Skip wasn't in the immediate vicinity. Thinking that he had probably taken one of his stuffed toys or some other cherished gift to his bed and gone to sleep, she investigated. She found him sitting on the bathroom floor. Spread out before him, emptied from a bottle that he had purloined from the medicine chest by climbing from stool to wash basin, were dozens of little brown liver pills. He was rocking back and forth happily, humming to himself. With a dainty thumb and forefinger he was reaching out, as he rocked forward, picking up a pill and eating it.

Joanne screamed for Dick and told him what happened. Together they bundled up Mr. Skipper Haymes and scorched to the nearest hospital, where the young man's stomach was pumped. Luckily, his parents had caught him in time to keep him from suffering any ill effects.

Skip and his dad have a secret club with which they torment the woman in their lives. Dick, as you know, was born in Buenos Aires and speaks fluent Spanish He also spent a good many young years in France and mastered that tongue, too. Now he is teaching both languages to young Haymes. Skip can sing the Bell Song in French, and he's zooty with Frère Jacques. He speaks quite as much conversational French and Spanish as he does English. His mother speaks neither.

She has trouble enough with her two joes in English. One morning she was going through a series of calisthenics, observed by Dick and Skippy. At the close of the physical training, she tried a few steps from her ballet dancing.

Skip uttered a howl of mirth. To his dad he said, "Oh! Get HER!"

Dick tried to look like a stern parent, but the expression didn't jell. Somehow the conviction in the Haymes household is that all four of them are contemporaries of spirit—growing up together.

TO OUR READERS

(*Continued from page 29*)

the reader. She wants to know how much you can spend. Her staff will hunt bargains. She is going to worry about whether you're fat, thin, tall, or short. She is going to talk about clothes in terms of parties, school, office, falling in love, having babies and life in general. *Your* life—remember—not the Duchess's!

Answer the questionnaire on page 22, and you will simplify her problem tremendousy by giving her a look at your wardrobe budget. Henry and I promise not to peek at your answers. Better yet, we promise to send you absolutely free (no stamps, no envelopes) a picture of your favorite star!

This is only the beginning. With your help Jean is going to deliver a youth-conscious, bargain-conscious, glamorous fashion department such as you and the Duchess have never seen!

ALWAYS GOODBYE

(*Continued from page 37*)

must go on just as before, that was her credo. That was what she thought Ty would want, and it was what he thought he wanted himself. The comforting picture of her in their lovely home, managing his affairs, waiting for him.

Tyrone went through boot camp at the Marine Corps base in San Diego. It sounds easy put that way, but if you happen to know a guy who's done it, you know it's not too gay. In addition to the grim business of being a boot, Ty had to fight his way through a few feet of frost. The minute he got there, they began dishing the scuttlebutt. "There's something nonreg about this guy," they'd say. "Why'd he enlist at Headquarters, Washington, D. C.?" "Yeah," someone else would pitch in, "and how come they hand him four and a half months inactive duty?"

higher and higher . . .

In time, the questions got around to Ty, and they were answered politely and logically. Seems he'd been in Washington on business when he'd been rejected by the Navy for a CPO rating. He was pretty letdown about it. Pretty ashamed because Annabella was with him when the word came. And because he hadn't felt like wasting any time, he'd gone directly to headquarters and enlisted. He was put on inactive duty so that he could finish a Navy film for 20th Century.

The air cleared gradually. Then one day, three weeks after he'd reported at the Recruit Depot, something kind of big happened, and thenceforward Power was really in. His platoon was mustered, and a famous Marine officer passed the order.

"Private Power, front and center."

Ty stepped forward, shaking, saluted and stood at attention as the Colonel enumerated the points of his adaptability one by one, designated him the "outstanding man in his platoon" and presented him with the coveted certificate attesting to it.

There were four more weeks at San Diego after that, and all the time he saw Annabella just once—at the training base with a couple of hundred other Marines and their gals standing around. There were letters, of course, and the brief unsatisfactory phone calls. But sometimes seven weeks is a very long time. When at last he came home on a pass, he was different. Thinner, quieter.

She showed him how she had kept the books, conducted him on a tour of the house so that he could rave over how well she had preserved the feeling that this was home. He was pleased with her, and he did rave. Then he said, "And are you happy, darling?"

"Oh—happy." She gave a little shrug. Who is happy when she lives with loneliness night and day. "I'm doing all right."

Some more time went by, and Ty was at Officers' Candidate School at Quonset. They threw more information at him during the few months he spent there than most of us could absorb in a lifetime. He found time for letters because he's the kind of guy who would, no matter what, but they were brief, and even the writing looked tired. When, at last, he got his bars and came home on leave, he was so weary that Annabella cancelled all the festivities their friends had cooked up.

"You will rest," she informed him, looking at the deep circles under his eyes.

After Quonset, Ty, who was a civilian pilot with 115 flying hours, went to Corpus Christi to become a Marine pilot, and Annabella would trek down to see him

"'Twas a hand, White, Delicate."*

—"*Lucile*," *Owen Meredith*





* "'*Twas*" till it became **Red, Coarse** from housework

...but even working hands can be YOUNG LOOKING!

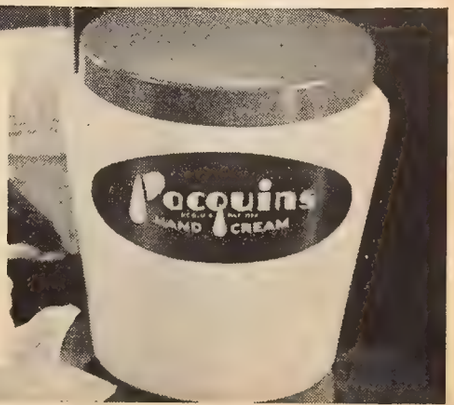
IT'S A SHAME to let your hands get *older looking* than you are . . . and so needless! You can be a good housekeeper, and *still* have hands that fill a man with pride and tenderness . . . Soft to the touch, smooth to the eye . . .

Use Pacquins Hand Cream regularly . . . day in, day out . . . before and after every household job. Watch how this fragrant snowy-white cream helps protect your skin against dryness, chapping, redness. Start using Pacquins today . . . to help your hands look dreamy-smooth . . . romantic-soft . . . young as you are!

Pacquins Hand Cream



Originally formulated for doctors and nurses, whose hands take the abuse of 30 to 40 washings and scrubbings a day.



AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

FOUND!
a tampon that's easy to use



FIBS Tampons have gently rounded ends for easy insertion

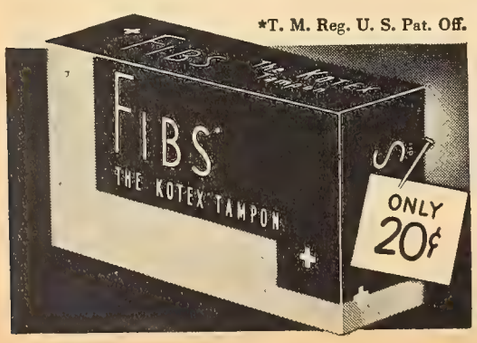
It's like finding a tampon made especially for *you* . . . that's how easy it is to use Fibs Tampons for internal sanitary protection!



You see, Fibs are different from ordinary tampons . . . different in such important ways. Because unlike all other leading tampons the ends of Fibs are *rounded*, gently tapered to make insertion more comfortable. Because Fibs and only Fibs are "quilted" for greater comfort and extra safety.

So next time, change to Fibs. You, too, will say: "At last I've found a tampon that's really easy to use!"

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



whenever he was free. There was one weekend when, the minute he saw her, he knew she had something up her sleeve. It was in her eyes and voice. In the grin that kept reappearing even when she thought her face was in repose.

"Okay," Ty said finally, "Spill it."

"They want me to do a show, darling—on Broadway." And it turned out that he was just as thrilled as she was.

So late in 1943, Annabella moved out of their dream house that perches on the edge of a canyon in Bel-Air, the beautiful Colonial house that was originally Grace Moore's, and which they re-modeled and re-decorated and loved so dearly. Annabella found homes for their three beloved dogs, left orders that the garden was to be kept exactly as was, Ty having planted so much of it himself, and trekked East, thinking a little sadly of strangers sitting in their chairs, looking at their pictures.

broadway, here she comes . . .

She took an apartment at the Pierre and began rehearsing "Jacobowsky and the Colonel" just at about the same time that Ty finished up at Corpus Christi and got ordered to the Instrument Flight Instructor's school at Atlanta, Georgia. That meant six weeks of gruelling and complex study, at the end of which time he would not only be able to fly blind through any kind of weather in single or multi-motored aircraft, but he'd also be able to teach other pilots to do the same thing.

AUTOGRAPHS

No cryin', no sighin'—25c gets your favoritest actor's signed scrawl. Wanna see? Then go see page 12.

Ty will admit it was plenty rugged, but what really wore him down was the extra-curricular stuff. The gals who mobbed him at the Officers' Club, the invitations from organizations to speak, the bid from the Southern Baseball League to throw in the first ball. He finally had to do the same thing Gable had had to do in England. Repair to his bunk every night about nine in order to get a touch of solitude.

Meanwhile, he was driving poor Annabella mad via air mail with his anxiety to get overseas. "Don't talk like that down there," she wrote him frantically. "Someone might hear you, and you are doing vital work here." Just what he was doing at that point she had no idea, it was all so hush-hush, but if *he* were doing it, it had to be vital. When her friends quizzed her on his activities, she would say, "Very important secret things. He is one day in St. Louis, one day in Miami. All I know definitely is that he is never in New York."

And then one day he came. He phoned her from Philadelphia to say he'd completed his cross-country check—a flight from Atlanta to Philly on instruments—and had a 48-hour leave. The minute she hung up the phone she began getting ready. She took elaborate pains with her make-up, put on a stunning dress he had never seen, labored over her coiffure. "You would think," she told a friend on the phone that day, "that I am feefteen, getting ready for my first date." She thought of all the things she would say to him. Then he knocked at the door, and she opened it, and there were no words at all.

Sitting across from him at dinner, she sparkled and scintillated for a while, and then they relaxed into their old familiar talk. "Do you like my dress?" she asked



NO DULL DRAB HAIR
When You Use This Amazing
4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Your Photo On 250 Stamps 1.69



Use them on Letters, Books, Greeting Cards

It's new! It's exciting! Your favorite photo or snapshot reproduced on smart, exclusive stamps. Large-sized (1⅛" x 1½") on fine gummed paper—just wet the back and apply. That man of yours in service will get a real thrill seeing your picture in every letter.

Hundreds of Novel Uses

Photo Stamps can be used on greeting cards, announcements, business cards, job applications, etc. Identify your books, records, sheet music, etc.

The PHOTOPLATE CO., Dept. 4CC
161 W. Harrison St., Chicago, 5

Send No Money

You don't risk one cent — simply send photo or snapshot—on arrival, pay postman 1.69 plus C.O.D. postage on MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. If cash accompanies order, we pay postage. Original photo returned.

14 Karat GOLD Wedding Band
Set with 5 Genuine DIAMONDS

Greatest Value →



$5.95

Diamonds have risen in price—and they're going even higher! Think of a genuine 14K Gold Wedding Band, in beautiful new modernistic style, with chip diamonds, at the unheard of price of $5.95! Don't be confused by this sensational Low Price. We guarantee the elegance and beauty of this Wedding Band will thrill you beyond your fondest expectations. We defy you to match this value anywhere else at this low price. If after wearing and examining this Ring you don't feel it is positively the greatest value you've ever seen, return it within 10 days and we'll refund your money in full.

GET YOURS TODAY!

SEND NO MONEY! Just name, address and ring size. We'll ship C.O.D. Pay postman only $5.95 plus postage and 20% Federal Tax. Rush order now!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART
500 N. Dearborn St., Dept. 7007-D Chicago 10, Ill.

him, as she'd asked him so many times before. She should have known better.

"Yeah," he told her. "I always loved that job." It wasn't very tactful, considering he'd never laid eyes on it before, but it was so typically Tyronese that she wanted to hug him.

After dinner, Annabella dashed to the theater, excited as if it were opening night. And when she came out on the stage, it was as if she were saying her lines for the first time because she was saying them for him. The whole play was fresh and new because she was seeing it through his eyes. After the first act, he was waiting for her in her dressing room. "You couldn't possibly be that good every single night," he said.

"Not possibly, unless you were there every single night." And they looked at each other and wished it could be.

you talk, you talk, you talk . . .

Then an impossible thing happened. The phone rang, and Ty's forty-eight was cancelled. He was due to speak before the Associated Women's Clubs of Georgia the next morning. In the Marine Corps, you don't ask why. You just do it.

"Those southern gals—what the heck have they got?" Annabella tossed it off lightly, the way you toss off anything that matters very much these days.

"Not a thing," Ty told her, and he kissed her quickly and left. He rode all night, asleep on the floor of the plane, and landed in Atlanta at five-thirty. He got a bath, a hurried snooze, and at 11 o'clock the officers called to escort him to where the good ladies were gathered.

"How do you feel?" they asked him.

"Tired," he said wearily.

"Have you any idea what you're going to say to the Women's Club?"

"Yes, sir," he said. "I'll do the best I can."

He didn't say what he had every right to say: "Why the hell did they order me out cross-country when they knew they had committed me to other duty? Who balled things up this time?" He said, "Sir, I'll do the best I can."

They were still pouring it on when he graduated some five days ahead of time. The day for his final flight check came, with rugged Lt. "Pappy" Wade as his wing commander, Lt. Wade had fifteen instructors under his command, fourteen of whom had made formal application with him to make "Power's final check." Wade, as a good Navy man would, gave the job to the one independent Irishman who didn't give a hoot whether he checked Power out or not. Furthermore, at the last minute a high-ranking officer piled into the plane just to be sure nobody was giving Power anything.

When the ship came down, the word was passed, amidst congratulations, "That guy's hot on instruments. That guy can fly."

While he proceeded from instrument school to operational training, Annabella continued in "Jacobowsky," discovering that acting in the summertime is really earning your living the hard way. You've never been even warm until you've been in a backstage dressing room in July. As for the stage itself, complete with lights, the tropics are chill by comparison. But if you think she wished herself back in a pink pinafore in Bel-Air, you don't know Annabella. Next to her family, she loves the stage better than anything in the world. Her letters to Ty were full of small, gay incidents. She told about the celebrities who stayed at her hotel, Arleen Whelan and Carmen Miranda and all the others; her week ends in town, seeking out a breeze; the occasional long week ends in Connecticut when she'd play hookey from the show for one day. She wrote funny

200 Witnesses Watch Her *lose 86 pounds*

Mrs. Mary Knicley, Hagerstown, Md. wins new figure and new job.



There was no secret about what she was doing. Her husband had suggested it. Her doctor had approved it. Everyone in the office knew about it. What amazed them all was the change in Mary Knicley as she went from 222 pounds down to 136, from a size 44 down to size 14, and they cheered as the former heavyweight of the department, now slender, gracious, and gay, was moved up to the front office, promoted to cashier!

"I feel like a 36-year-old Cinderella," says Mrs. Knicley. "You see, I was resigned to being fat but my husband urged and encouraged me to take the DuBarry Success Course. Once started, I told the girls in the office, and all 200 of them followed my progress day by day.

"I found the Course intensely practical. No starvation diet, but plenty of the right food. Exercises that become a welcome part of each day. And a beauty routine that has done wonders in skin care, make-up and hair styling.

"Today, I'm really aglow with health and happiness. My doctor told me taking the Course was the best thing I could have done. I had no idea there was anything so wonderful in the world."



These two snapshots of Mrs. Knicley show her, at the left, when she weighed 222; at the right, when she weighed 152. Above, the slim and stately Mary Knicley as she is today—weight 136 pounds!

MRS. KNICLEY'S MEASUREMENTS

	Before	After	Change
WEIGHT	222 lbs.	136 lbs.	—86 lbs.
HEIGHT	5'5½"	5'6"	+½"
BUST	46"	34¾"	—11¼"
WAIST	39"	28½"	—10½"
ABDOMEN	43"	32"	—11"
HIP	48"	37½"	—10½"
THIGH	29"	21½"	—7½"

HOW ABOUT YOU? Haven't you wished that *you* could be slender again, hear the compliments of friends, wear youthful styles, feel like a new person? The DuBarry Success Course can help you.

Just five years ago, the DuBarry Success Course was founded, bringing to women all over America the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York. Since then more than 175,000 women and girls of all ages from 12 to 60 have followed this practical plan for achieving beauty and vitality. More than 50,000 are housewives, 40,000 are in business or war work, 6,000 are students, 4,000 are registered nurses. Hundreds now enroll every day.

The plan is intensely practical. It fits into your daily life. You get an analysis of your needs, a goal to work for and a plan for attaining it. You learn how to bring your weight and body proportions to normal, care for your skin, style your hair becomingly, use make-up for glamour, look better, feel better—be at your best for strenuous wartime living.

When this Course has meant so much to so many, why not use the coupon to find out what it can do for you.

DuBarry Success Course
ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
NEW YORK

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association



With your Course you receive this Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations for your type.

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
Dept. SQ-59, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

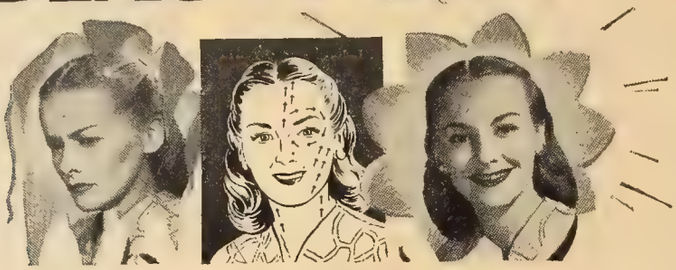
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Miss
*Mrs.*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *Zone No., if any*_____ *State*_____

This *homogenized* facial helps give face and neck remarkable 'BEAUTY-LIFT'



Helps Skin Appear Firmer, Smoother—
So Caressingly Soft With Each Application!

Now! Right in your own home you can give your face and neck a thrilling new 'Beauty-Lift' with Edna Wallace Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream.

This famous method of skin care gives you a *complete* de luxe facial in only 8 minutes. It's really inspiring to see how it leaves your skin looking so much smoother, firmer, with an enchanting baby freshness.

The Hopper Method—Why It's So ACTIVE

Briskly pat this especially *homogenized* lubricating cream over face and neck (follow arrows in diagram). Gently press an EXTRA amount of Hopper's over any lines or wrinkles. Leave on about 8 minutes. Then tissue off.

The reason Hopper's Cream is so ACTIVE and lubricates the skin *so expertly* and evenly — why it gives such an effective facial — is because it's *homogenized!* Faithful use helps maintain *natural* dazzling beauty thruout the years. At all cosmetic counters.

Edna Wallace **HOPPER'S HOMOGENIZED FACIAL CREAM**

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8 x 10 Inches
on DOUBLE-WEIGHT PAPER

Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture.

Original returned with your enlargement.

57¢

3 for $1.25



SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo, negative or snapshot (any size) and receive your enlargement, guaranteed fadeless, on beautiful **double-weight portrait quality paper.** Pay postman 57c plus postage—or send 59c with order and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer; now. **Send your photos today.**

STANDARD ART STUDIOS
100 East Ohio Street Dept. 1335-C Chicago (11), Ill.



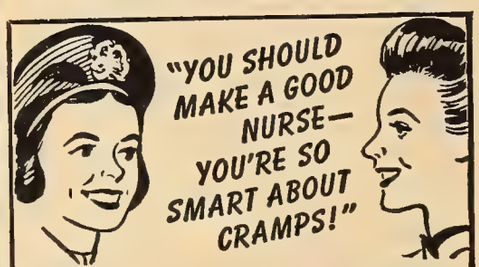
Just to get acquainted we will send you smart, new 10K yellow gold engagement ring or wedding ring. Romance design engagement ring set with dashing, Rose cut diamond solitaire in sentimental, sweetheart mounting. Wedding ring is deeply embossed, 10K yellow gold, set with 3 genuine chip Diamonds. Either ring only $5.95 or both for $9.95 plus postage and 20% Federal tax. SEND NO MONEY with order, just name and ring size. Pay on arrival, then wear rings 10 days on money-back guarantee. Rush order now!

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 779-DS, Jefferson, Iowa



Since Using This New 11-Minute Home Shampoo

Mothers and daughters stay young together when sunny golden curls are gloriously lovely. That's why Blondex, the special shampoo that helps keep light hair from darkening and brightens faded blonde hair, is so popular. Blondex makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes dingy, dust film that makes hair dark, old looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair attractive new lustre and highlights. Safe for children. At 10c, drug or department stores.



"That's what my cousin said when I told her I was joining the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps. Actually, all I know about cramps is how to help relieve them. And that's to take Chi-Ches-Ters Pills."

Chi-Ches-Ters are so effective because a special ingredient tends to help relieve muscular tension—a common source of simple menstrual pain. An added iron factor tends to help build up your blood.

Ask your druggist for Chi-Ches-Ters today. 50¢ a box. And for best results begin taking them three days before your period.

Note: Use only as directed.

little stories about the kids who climbed into the taxi with her to get her autograph; about the time—after one of those long week ends in the country spent sunning and playing tennis and getting rested—that she alighted from the train with a fairly good-sized suitcase and was unable to find either a porter or a cab. Finally, she walked from 42nd Street to 61st, arriving at her hotel in approximately the same wilted state that she'd left it.

One day she had very great news to tell him. She had met and spoken to General Charles DeGaulle at a dinner in his honor at the Waldorf, and the experience had moved her deeply. "Darling," she wrote, "he shook my hand, and I tried to say something to him, but I felt so like weeping." The man was a symbol to her of the new France, the potential liberator of her own family from whom she has had no word in two years, other than the one brief message that her brother was killed. It was a magnificent thing for Annabella, this encounter, reinforcing her deep love for France. "I am like a mother with two children," she wrote to Ty, "one is ill and weak, and that is France. One is fat and strong, and that is America. I love them both devotedly."

Not long ago, Ty told her that he would have just a few more weeks in the States. She knew it was coming some day, that news, still when it came, it shook her. But they would have ten long days together, and Annabella, for one, would pretend they'd never end.

There were lovely walks along Fifth Avenue. Looking in the windows of Saks, stopping at St. Patrick's, having tea in the leisurely atmosphere of the Plaza. After the theater in the evening, there'd be supper at the Stork or 21, or maybe just a colossal hamburger at one of the joints. And then came the happiest of the whole ten days—when Annabella got word that she was going overseas with the USO in "Blithe Spirit." She and Ty took a walk through Central Park and talked.

never say good-by . . .

"Being so busy over there will help the restlessness," Annabella told him.

"The restlessness?"

"Oh, darling, you must see how now I have the jitters. I cannot sit still."

He smiled into the calm, untroubled face she always contrives to present to him. "I'd never have known. You're a swell actress."

"In the beginning," she mused, "it was sort of exciting and new, being a war wife. It was the same feeling I have at the beginning of a long trip. I felt fresh and alert and as if I were embarking on an adventure. Gradually the scenery has come to look all the same. Gradually the fellow travelers are less stimulating. Now I am at the stage where I am sitting with my hat and coat on. I am looking at my watch . . ." They stopped walking for a minute and turned to each other. Annabella's voice dropped to a whisper, "Oh, darling, how I wish we'd get there."

He held her hand tight, and they walked along again talking about where they'd meet the next time. Maybe in London or Paris. Maybe on a little dot in the Pacific. They talked about Annabella's little girl, Anni, and how well she loves her school in Maryland. They talked about what they wanted for Christmas, and eventually, they just talked about the squirrels in the park and the budding trees.

Too soon their ten days ran out, and he was off again, the handsome, dark-haired Marine flyer. Once more the small, lonely word was whispered. "Goodbye, darling."

And this time was the hardest, and yet not the hardest. Because they know that when he comes home next time, they'll never have to say it again.

LIFE WITH MOTHER

(*Continued from page 35*)

A conference decided that Shirley and her mother should go ahead.

It was delicious. A little like running away. They arrived in Chicago at seven in the morning, and for once there were no photographers, no studio representatives. They were just like any mother and daughter traveling on business. Elated, they summoned a taxi and gave him the name of their hotel. Then, they asked if he could roll up the window of his cab as a breeze was coming in off the lake that threatened to take the enamel off the teeth of anyone brave enough to laugh to wind'ard. "Can't," said the driver. "Thing's stuck that way."

The Temples squinted at each other, then at the window. It was set at an angle seldom seen outside the frame of a cubist painting, and it chattered like the caboose of a rattlesnake. This will explain why they arrived at the hotel bundled to the chin and blue of complexion.

The clerk at the desk said there was no room available for them; they could have breakfast, now being served in the dining room, or they could sit in the lobby and wait. They elected to have breakfast and toddled into a huge room, dotted here and there with business breakfasters as aloof and widely spaced as Siberian hot dog stands. Shirley and her mother exchanged glances again. It was incredible that they should be alone like this.

At that moment a grande dame sailed into the room. She was tall, silver-haired and gracious. She swept the Temples a regal glance. "Good morning, Shirley," she said with a brief, formal smile and continued to her table in the far corner of the room. Neither Shirley nor her mother had ever seen the woman before in their lives, but she had greeted them as if she a). lived in the same hotel with them, and b). had known them all her life.

This was too much for Shirley. She went into hysterics, and her mother—infected—hid shaking laughter behind her napkin.

After breakfast, they rested for a few hours, then went for a long sight-seeing walk. They found it to be divine, simply to be tourists. Gone were police escorts, tight schedules allowing twenty minutes here, forty minutes there.

They were private citizens; they ogled shops, they took in the sights.

But that afternoon the newspapers were notified by the hotel that famous guests were registered, and the hookey holiday was ended. Shirley and her mother had to go back to the work of being public personages.

hope welles . . .

That evening, by which time Mr. Temple and the rest of the entourage had caught up with the runaways, the family was seated at dinner when an equally famous Hollywood personage espied them in the dining room and strode over to greet them. Mrs. Temple, faced in that direction, saw him coming and—like any woman—sought to tip off her family. "Here comes," she announced softly, "Bob Hope."

Shirley turned around, her face a Christmas tree of illuminated expectancy as she knows and admires Bob very much. But the man who pulled up a chair and joined the Temples briefly was *Orson Welles*.

This was too good to keep. Mr. Temple told a few interested bystanders, and that night when Bob Hope actually arrived, Shirley's father greeted the Irium man with "How are you, Mr. Welles?"

This small Chicago anecdote is not im-

Glamorous Diana Barrymore daughter of the great John Barrymore says:



"I am glad that people today realize that it is as necessary to use a deodorant as it is to use toothpaste, or any other article of personal hygiene. I am enthusiastically pleased with Arrid and recommend it highly. I think Arrid is a wonderful product because it gives complete protection."

Diana Barrymore

Popular Hollywood Movie Star.

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT

which Safely helps

STOP *under-arm* **PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN — REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY

39¢ a jar (Plus Tax)

Also 59¢ jars

At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

This higher type of *Intimate Feminine Hygiene*

Widely Used In U. S. Among Intelligent Women



Greaseless Suppository Gives Hours of Continuous Medication

Zonitors are very popular among highly intelligent and exacting women who for a long time have wanted a higher standard of antiseptic feminine cleanliness – easier, daintier, more convenient – *powerfully germicidal* yet *harmless.*

Thanks to Zonitors–these women no longer use weak, homemade mixtures or overstrong harmful poisons!

So Powerful Yet So Harmless
No Burn—No Smart

Zonitors are *greaseless,* stainless, snow white vaginal suppositories. When inserted, they instantly begin to release their powerful germicidal properties and *continue to do so for hours!* Yet they are safe to most delicate tissues. *Non-irritating, non-poisonous!*

Zonitors actually *destroy* offending odor and *immediately* kill every germ they touch. Of course it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE OF THIS! No other germicide kills reachable germs *any faster* or *more thoroughly.* Follow easy directions.

IMPORTANT: Zonitors have the advantage of being easily removed by a plain water douche without leaving any greasy, sticky residue.

Zonitors



(Each sealed in separate glass vial)

FREE: Mail this coupon for FREE booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept.9330-B,370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

portant because it concerns Shirley Temple and her mother, but because it illustrates what should be the ideal relationship between any sixteen-year-old girl and her mom. A mother should be the person to whom a disgruntled, weary or heartsick daughter can turn without a moment's hesitation; she should be the source of understanding, comfort, comradeship . . . and fun. That Mrs. Temple fulfills every need is high tribute to her good sense and her great heart.

Although Shirley's life has been singularly free of disappointments, there was one fairly serious one several years ago. Shirley and her mom had read a book (incidentally, before any book is started in the Temple household, it is agreed who shall read it first, who second, and so on down the line); this particular book dealt with the exploits of a small girl during the Revolutionary War. Mrs. Temple had been first on this book list, but she said little when she turned the last page; after Shirley finished it, she ran to her mother with the sparkling statement, "I wish the studio would buy this story for me. Wouldn't it be a good part?"

Mrs. Temple, who had thought so from Page 2, nodded. Tentatively, a week later, she mentioned the word to studio officials. They were busy, about to meet someone for luncheon, or faintly deaf.

Time molasses-ed on.

Shirley said one day, "Do you think I'm too old for that story, now, Mummy?"

Mrs. Temple scrutinized her growing daughter. "No, not yet," she decided. A few more years passed without anyone taking any interest in Shirley's dream.

"I'm definitely too old to play the part now, don't you think?" Shirley demanded on one of her blue days.

"Yes, but don't let that bother you. If, remembering all the pictures that have been made since we first thought of that book as a screen play, you should re-read the story now, I imagine you'd find that it wasn't as important as we thought it was."

black satin blues . . .

Sometimes the Temples, *mère et fille,* are in disagreement over the merits of a literary work. Recently they read Somerset Maugham's "The Razor's Edge."

They have been arguing mildly over it ever since, a condition that Mrs. Temple considers useful in developing the literary tastes of both. Mrs. Temple liked the book and can give ten lucid reasons why. Shirley disliked parts of it and is working up her bill of particulars with gusto.

Another minor disagreement in the Temple household has to do with clothing. Most of the time Mrs. Temple is in complete accord with Shirley's selections; she admires her daughter's sense of color (Shirley wears a great deal of blue) and thinks the twin sweater sets Shirley always wears to school are very attractive. But once in awhile Shirley gets an idea for a date dress that gets vetoed by Mom.

They were shopping for something slightly swoopy one afternoon when Shirley did a double-orb and said she'd like to see that black satin suit, please. "Oh, I don't think so, dear," from Mrs. Temple.

"But it's so youthful!" insisted Shirley, fastening her argument on the one word constantly stressed by her mother. "See, this little insert around the bodice is VERY girlish, and the black velvet revers on the jacket are almost junior edition."

"If you're asking me, I still think 'no', but it's your money, and you have to decide this for yourself."

Usually this sentence is cue enough for Shirley; she decides against the purchase, but not this time. She tried on the black satin suit. She said to her mother, "You

Reduce

LOSE 3 to 5 lbs. A WEEK yet EAT PLENTY!



NO EXERCISE
NO DRUGS
NO STRICT DIET

Remarkable results reported with new *Kel-Ray* method. You DON'T CUT OUT starchy, fatty foods, you merely CUT DOWN on them. Take half teaspoonful Kel-Ray (a purely vegetable product) daily, follow easy, lazy plan, and fat vanishes.

That's all there is to it

USERS SAY: *"Lost 5 lbs. in 5 days." Mrs. A. C. "Lost 2 inches around waist first week." says Mrs. G. H. "Lost weight and ate everything. Kel-Ray is wonderful." Mrs. J. C. "Doctor approved, now I have a slim figure." says J. G.*

ONE MONTH'S SUPPLY **$1.00**

3 months supply ☐ $2.00

MAIL COUPON

McRAE HEALTH PRODUCTS CO.
1457 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

I enclose $1 for Kel-Ray method for reducing and month's supply of Kel-Ray to be sent postage paid. If not satisfied I may return unused portion and my $1 will be refunded. (C. O. D. orders accepted. Same guarantee.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Dept. 63

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

GET THIS EASY MONEY NOW

Sell Greeting Cards

Make quick profit showing charming cards for Birthdays, Anniversaries, and other Everyday occasions. Friends, neighbors buy them. Easy to take orders for these beautiful Assortments of 15 cards, retail for $1.00. YOU GET YOUR PROFIT RIGHT AWAY. Extraordinary designs, fancy papers, startling effects—original, clever wordings. Extra cash for you every week this easy way. Write for Samples NOW!

15 CARDS Retail $1

FRIENDSHIP STUDIOS
426 ADAMS STREET, ELMIRA, N. Y.

FREE 5x7 HAND COLORED PHOTO ENLARGMENT



As an INTRODUCTORY OFFER we will send you a beautiful HAND COLORED Professional Enlargement FREE with your order of six BLACK and WHITE ENLARGEMENTS. Six 5x7 for $2.04 or six 8x10 Enlargements for $2.64. Single Enlargement 5x7 costs 39c or 8x10 49c. Mail your photo, snapshot or negative (any size) mother, father, sister, soldier, group pictures, etc. Your original will be returned unharmed. State color of eyes, hair, and clothing. Mail Money Order or War Stamps, or pay postman on arrival, plus a few cents postage.

MAX CHINKES, Photographer (Dept. M.M.)
1697 Broadway New York 19, N. Y.

can see how completely ingenue I look."

Mrs. Temple shook her head. Shirley turned back to the mirror. Something about the cut of the trig jacket, the drape of the short skirt made a "no" decision impossible. "I'm sorry, Mother, but I've just *got* to have it."

A few hours later they were hat shopping for Mrs. Temple, who likes her chapeau to be very small or very large. Shirley is a standpatter for the medium brim.

But, when Mrs. Temple espied a broad-brimmed black hat, Shirley suddenly assumed her mother's satin-dress expression. "Uh-huh," she protested. "But," she admitted with a sigh, "it's your money, and you have to decide this for yourself." So Shirley carried home her black satin suit, and Mrs. Temple took her black, wide-brimmed hat, and neither has had much wear of her purchase since.

Although the routine relationship between Shirley and her mom is gay, kidding and casual, the deep underlying tenderness between them occasionally comes to the surface. When Shirley was ten, her mother was taken to the hospital for a critical operation. It was the first time in Shirley's life that she had been away from her mother. Their lives had been more closely intertwined than those of the average mother and daughter, because—in the studio—it was required that Mrs. Temple be with Shirley all the time. They arrived together early in the morning, went straight to Shirley's dressing room or her bungalow. From there they went to the school room or to wardrobe, hairdressing or the portrait gallery. Day in and day out, their every waking moment was spent together.

Then, abruptly, Mom was the quiet, resting lady in a tall hospital bed, and Shirley was emotionally on her own. During that month Shirley grew up.

captain shirley . . .

One day she knew her mother must be particularly ill because Mr. Temple himself took Shirley on her daily visit to the hospital. Afterward he asked his small daughter what she would like to do. "Something that you've always thought would be fun," he specified.

She sensed that it was important to him that she think up a first-class diversion. "I want to visit the police station," she decided, pinch-hitting about a thousand.

Mr. Temple knew the police officials, and he complied. It was a great day. Shirley's father was made an honorary police lieutenant, which set him up considerably. Then Shirley was made an honorary police captain, outranking a new lieutenant. To this day she kids him about it, and it made a great bit of nonsense to tell Mrs. Temple the next day.

As long as she lives, Shirley will never forget the day her mother was brought home from the hospital. For a month, with everyone at home excepting her mother, the place had seemed deserted. And suddenly, with that laughing presence around—even if she had to be very careful and remain in bed a good deal of the time for another month—the house seemed busy, purposeful and happy.

Mrs. Temple has had some bad moments over Shirley, too. There was the night when Mr. and Mrs. Temple were bringing Shirley home from the studio when she was working in "Little Miss Marker." She liked to sit alone in the back seat, her small back braced against the cushions, her short legs extended straight ahead. In this position she could press the toe of one foot against the door handle.

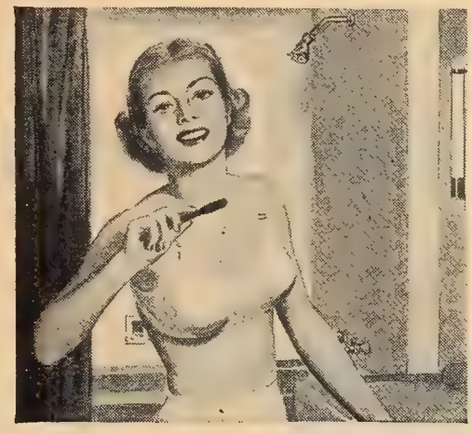
On this particular evening Mr. Temple made a fast left hand turn . . . and the door flew open. He applied the brakes,

(*Continued on page 118*)

"Toothsome" Clare... she's a Spar not a spare!



Pride of the jeep fleet—she dazzles them all with her beautiful, winning smile! Because she's discovered how much better *super-fine* Pebeco cleans her teeth. "Stays on the job *polishing*," she says. "Doesn't wash right away when I start to brush!"



How come? Pebeco contains a special combination of polishing agents. Non-abrasive, *micro-fine* Pebeco Tooth Powder particles hold on to your brush . . . cling to your teeth while you polish. No wonder teeth sparkle. They're *super* clean!



Spruce up your smile! Brush *your* teeth with *super-fine* Pebeco. Taste its keen, minty flavor. Enjoy the wonderfully fresh feel of your mouth when it's Pebeco-clean. See the gleam that's reflected from your own winning Pebeco smile!

Pebeco Pete says:



60% MORE POWDER FOR YOUR MONEY, FOLKS, THAN AVERAGE OF 6 OTHER LEADING BRANDS



PEBECO
TOOTH POWDER
Super-fine for Super Shine

GIANT SIZE ONLY 25¢
Big 10¢ size, too

Copyright, 1945, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

ALSO PEBECO TOOTH PASTE—CLEAN, REFRESHING FLAVOR—10¢, 25¢ AND 50¢

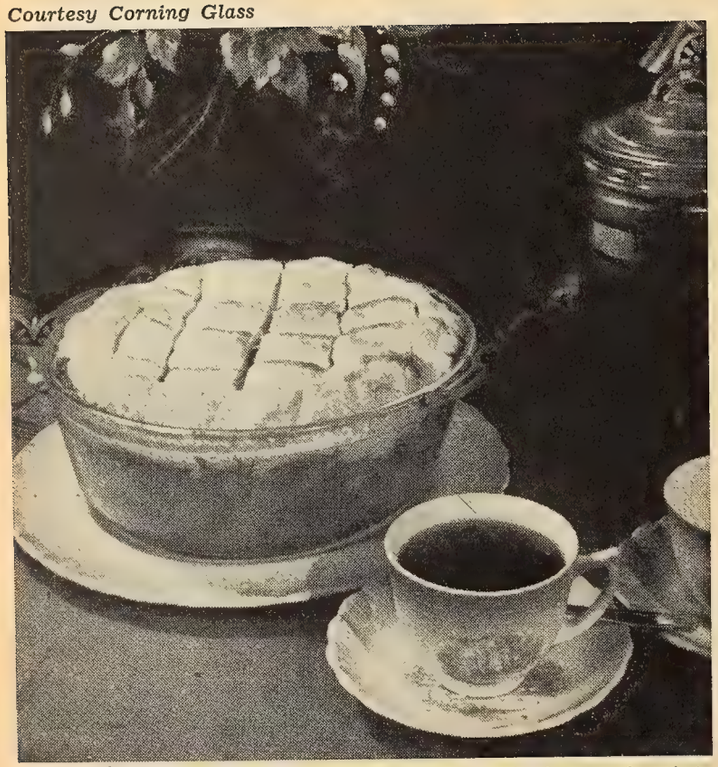


Joseph Cotten loves to eat, but we suspect his cooking ability is limited to spreading mustard on hot dogs . . . as he is doing here under the watchful eye of Jennifer Jones, co-star in Paramount's new film, "Love Letters."

For the 9th of our Regional Recipe Series our cook's tour takes us South to the "land of Cotten"

What's Cookin', America?

Courtesy Corning Glass



South of the Mason and Dixon line they're justly famous for their flaky biscuits and interesting ways of preparing ham. And, as a case in point, here's a Ham Casserole which combines these talents.

■ In his stock-company days, blond, handsome, six-feet-two Joseph Cotten used to look around nervously whenever he heard anyone say "Virginia ham!" For Joseph is a native of "ole Virginny." Though he didn't stay there very long, he has never been able to lose the languid accent of his native state. He's been a professional football player in Washington, D. C., a house painter in New York (a mighty good one, too!) and maker, packer and distributor of potato salad in Miami, Fla.—you couldn't tempt him with a trunkful now! Currently acting in front of Paramount cameras in "Love Letters," Joseph will next co-star with Ingrid Bergman in "Dawning," the first 1945 picture on the Selznick International schedule, to be released by United Artists.

His *first* role as an actor was that of a pianist at the Miami Civic Theatre—and just to show you what happens to little boys who don't practice their piano lessons—he couldn't even play Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-Eater. Fashion editor Lenore Kipp took pity on him, went backstage and played for him. Now, as Mrs. Cotten, she's still doing all the piano playing for the family. And, because Joseph is her favorite man, she tries to carry Virginny back to him with some of those marvelous foods for which that state is famous.

Joseph or any other Virginian will tell you that most of the day's irritations are due to breakfast-skimping. The Continental breakfast, for instance, with a mere roll and cup of coffee or chocolate. No sensible Virginian would fly into the day's work without refueling at a breakfast table staggering with fragrant, appetizing foods. So, before Joe starts off for the studio, Lenore gives him beautiful, country-fresh eggs, crusty brown hot breads and little pork

By Nancy Wood

sausages with apple or peach fritters. Some morning there are waffles with honey or whole wheat pancakes. Remember Little Black Sambo who ate 169 pancakes? Joseph says they must have been the Virginia Whole Wheat variety!

Lenore Cotten told us a lot about the cookery of her husband's home state. Traditionally, there is a heavy dinner at noon with such delicacies as the famous Virginia ham, chicken pudding, fried oysters, crab soup, squab pilau, corn custard, sweet mango pickles, spoon bread, fried corn, baked sweet potatoes and clear wine-red jellies, spicy apple butter and, of course, hot breads. Then there is the blissful business of deciding on one of the several desserts. Although Joseph doesn't limit himself to a single favorite, he personally rates Fruit Scallop tops!

Here, just in time for mid-winter mornings, is that Apple Fritter recipe mentioned by Mrs. Cotten as a breakfast special, but equally good as a dessert served with a simple lemon or cinnamon sauce:

APPLE FRITTERS

4 tart apples
2 teaspoons lemon juice
¼ cup powdered sugar
1 cup sifted enriched flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon baking powder
2 eggs, well beaten
½ cup milk

Pare and core apples. Cut in ¼ inch crosswise slices. Sprinkle with lemon juice and powdered sugar and let stand while preparing batter. Sift flour once. Measure. Add salt, sugar and baking powder and sift again. Blend well-beaten eggs and milk. Add to flour and blend. Dip apple slices in batter and sauté in bacon fat until golden brown. Serve hot, sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon. Serves 6.

Girls, if you're getting ready to be the world's best, most indulgent wife to that service man when he returns, you'll want to try the recipes in this month's leaflet of Virginia favorites.

The Ham Casserole, for instance, is an inspiration when you have just enough ham left over to flavor other ingredients with its smoky goodness. Top it with crunchy biscuits, as pictured on the opposite page.

Virginia Spoon Bread is typical of the recipes Lenore Cotten collects. Serve piping hot with butter or margarine, honey, corn syrup or molasses. Delicious for breakfast.

When you have guests coming, and there's a big gap in Ration Book No. 4, give them that Virginia Tidewater specialty—plump, golden-brown Fried Oysters.

While, of course, no collection of Virginia recipes would be complete without one for chicken! So we're including one for Old Dominion Chicken Pudding, delicately flavored with herbs. Also given in the leaflet are those Whole Wheat Pancakes and the Fruit Scallop we mentioned. A gal could work up a real following with any of these. So be sure to send in for your *free* leaflet containing these Joseph Cotten specialties. (Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.)

THE MODERN HOSTESS, Dept. L. M.
MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE
149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

The Fels-Naptha Primer

FAMILIAR LAUNDRY TERMS EXPLAINED FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER

DIRT— Recurring household plague. No permanent cure yet discovered. For quickest relief, apply Fels-Naptha to affected area.



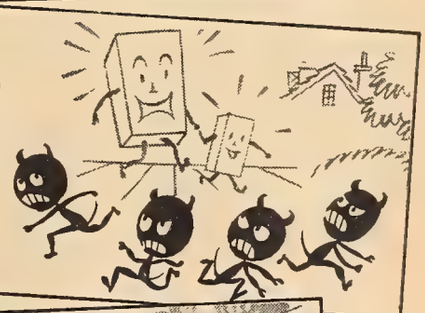
WASHDAY— Formerly known as National Blue Monday. Re-named Fels-Naptha Fun Day — by millions of users.



LAUNDRY SOAP — A dubious character. Very often causes disappointment when attempting role of Fels-Naptha.

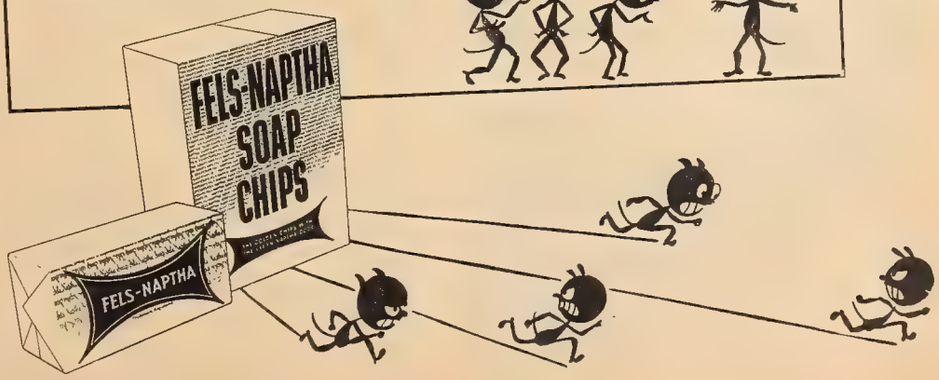


FELS-NAPTHA—Modern antidote for dirt. Equally effective in Bar or Chips. No home complete without it.



WHITE—A descriptive term, often confused with gray. For demonstration of correct meaning — use Fels-Naptha Soap.





FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

(Continued from page 115)

his face going ashen and jerked around in the same instant to see his quick-witted daughter lying face downward in the back seat, hanging on for dear life. Mrs. Temple was sitting as rigid and cold as a snow woman, too apprehensive for action. "I don't dare look," she whispered.

"It's all right," soothed Mr. Temple. "Shirley's a smart girl; she did the sensible thing."

Then Mrs. Temple began to cry.

An even more narrowly escaped accident took place on the set of "I'll Be Seeing You." Shirley was studying her script before a small gas heater. The script was bound in six or eight places by celluloid rings that abruptly flamed, having been overheated by the flame. Shirley outleaped Nijinski, getting away efficiently from the script that burned entirely before an extinguisher could be fetched.

A week later Mrs. Temple told Shirley, "I'm still seeing that script, night after night in my dreams, as it burst into flame. You could have been horribly burned. . . . The whole thing gives me chills."

"That wasn't the effect it had on me," grinned her daughter. "I was warm for the first time in days."

One of the nicest things about Mrs. Temple, from a daughter's standpoint, is her willingness to let her girl grow up, her readiness to accept Shirley as an adult. Take the crucial matter of lipstick, the battle department in many a home.

From the time Shirley was a little girl, Mrs. Temple always added a touch of lipstick to Shirley's mouth for photographic purposes. The lipstick was barely applied, then it was all but erased by kleenex while Mrs. Temple issued a few sentences of propaganda such as, "There—that's pretty, Shirl. A little lipstick is lovely, but a lot is ugly."

Came then the day when Shirley was allowed to wear a little lipstick to her first parties. She was entrusted to apply it herself. Maybe it was a little heavy at first, but gradually—wearying of the novelty—Shirley began to use less and less. Currently she uses a vivid red, but she applies it so carefully that it doesn't come off on cups or napkins.

When she is tired or hasn't been feeling well, she uses a faint brush of light pink rouge, but usually she has natural roses. She also uses a dash of powder across nose and chin.

About two years ago she began to notice how nice the "older" girls looked in their high heels. Several times, when passing shops in Westwood or Beverly Hills, she lagged behind to stare covetously at spectator pumps. "Why don't you try on a pair to see how you could manage the heels?" suggested Shirley's mother.

Do a duck swim?

They strolled out of the shop with a pair of medium-high heeled shoes under Shirley's arm and an expression of bliss on the Temple face. Said Mrs. Temple, "I thought you looked very nice, Shirl. Just remember to take shorter steps than you would in saddle oxfords, and keep your stockings pulled tightly so they're neat around your ankles."

That Christmas was an important one. While Shirley and her mother had been collaborating on family Christmas purchasing, Shirley saw an out-of-this-world ermine jacket. It was simple enough, made with a round collar, two bobs at each side, and swirly sleeves, but it was the epitome of a dream. Since she had been big enough to be covered by a coat made from forty-four mouse pelts, she had dreamed of the day when she would have an ermine coat. With mammoth subtlety she said to her mother, "That ermine jacket is pretty, isn't it?"

RUG "MAGIC" by OLSON



Your OLD RUGS and Clothing SAVE to 1/2

It's all so Easy! Free Catalog tells how material is picked up at your door by Freight or Express at our expense—how we shred, merge, and reclaim valuable materials, picker, bleach, card, spin, redye and weave into lovely, deep-textured *Broadloom Rugs* woven Reversible for double wear and luxury. Sizes to fit all rooms.

CHOICE: of popular solid colors, rich tweed blends, 18th Century floral and leaf designs, Early American, Oriental patterns, ovals.

FACTORY-to-You! You risk nothing by a trial. Over two million customers. We have no agents. Do as thousands of beauty-loving housewives have done—Write for Free Catalog.

Our 71st Year! *Chicago* *New York* *S'Frisco*

FREE Rug Book, Decorating Guide In Full Color Mail Coupon or 1c Postcard



OLSON RUG CO., Dept. E-69, CHICAGO 41, ILL.

Please mail Olson Rug Book Free to:—

NAME

ADDRESS

TOWN

STATE

©1944

LIMITED QUANTITIES

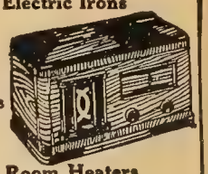
Electric Stoves 1-Burner and 2-Burner





Electric Steam Irons
Automatic Electric Irons
Electric Irons

RADIOS, A.C. & D.C. Table & Console Models





Electric Room Heaters
Infra-Red Health Lamps
Desk Lamps—Bed Lamps

Electric Food and Cream Mixers
Electric Toasters Electric Broilers





Schick Electric Shavers and Others

Carpet Sweepers
Electric Vacuum Cleaners





Electric Sandwich Toasters

Electric Roasters All Sizes
Electric Waffle Bakers





Silverware for Home Use
Silverware for Restaurants
Electric Fans, All Sizes
Electric Wire, All Sizes
Heater Elements
Iron Elements
Cooker Elements
Screen Wire All Sizes

Send Stamped Return Envelope for Prices

JOSEPH WINKLER & CO., Dept. S-3
667-671 N. CLARK ST. CHICAGO 10, ILL.



FOAMY MEDICATION...

Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Soap is a *special* soap containing the same costly medication as 104 year proved Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Ointment. Whip up the rich cleansing, *FOAMY MEDICATION* with finger tips, washcloth or brush and allow to remain on 3 minutes. Amazingly quick results come to many skins, afflicted with pimples, blackheads, itching of eczema, and rashes externally caused that need the scientific hygiene action of Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Soap. For your youth-clear, soft loveliness, give your skin this luxurious 3 minute foamy medication-treatment. At toiletry counters everywhere 25c or from E. T. Browne Drug Company, 127 Water St., New York 5, N. Y.

New luminous Gardenia GLOWS IN THE DARK



$1



Bewitching new glamour to enhance your feminine charm. A lovely, perfectly fashioned gardenia for daytime wear, it is truly sensational at night. It actually glows in darkness, with a gentle, flattering radiance, entrancing to all who see it.

Wear it on your dress or hair for that special date. He'll be fascinated and delighted! Of durable material, specially treated. Mysterious glowing properties are enduring. Removable comb.

Send $1 now. We mail postpaid. You'll be delighted, or we refund, of course. Luminous gardenia earrings to match, also $1 postpaid.

THE LUMINOUS FLOWER SHOP
3 West 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y., Dept. 23

"Where, Shirl? Oh, there. Yes," she agreed absently, "it's very pretty."

"How old need a person be to wear that sort of jacket, would you think?"

"What? Oh, that jacket. Mmm . . . now what else ought we to get for your dad? Have you heard him say . . . ?"

Over her shoulder, as they left the department, Shirley said a fond goodbye to her dream—at least for another year.

Christmas Eve, she opened her packages in a rush, hauling out delicious loot by the boatload. Over there under the tree was a huge box that she saved for the last; it was obviously the new bathrobe she needed, so it could wait while she unwrapped the dozens of surprises. At last, through a welter of tissue paper and ribbon, she hauled the bathrobe box and opened it. Fourteen squeals of sheer delight go here. It was, of course, the ermine jacket, representing Shirley's favorite gift to date.

Mrs. Temple's favorite gift is one with a history. Several years ago, when the Temples were East on business, Shirley fell in love with a clip displayed in the jewelry shop in the Waldorf. Slipping away from Mrs. Temple one day, Shirley and her father priced the clip, which consisted of two roses—one platinum, one rose gold—set with real stones. When Shirley heard the number, reeled off by a nonchalant salesman, she blinked. "Let's think it over," she whispered to her father.

Returning to their suite, Shirley secured a sheet of paper and a pencil and engaged in math. She found that, on her then current allowance of $5.00 per month, the purchase of that lapel ornament would cost her every cent of her allowance until she was 21. A grim situation. She went to her father, a banker, about it, and was told about some special accounts in her name from which, under such an emergency, she could extract the necessary sum. It was a great moment, the actual purchase of the gift, equalled only by the moment when Mrs. Temple opened the package and was assured that Shirley, unaided, had selected it.

"I may not be the luckiest mother in the world, Shirl," she said tremulously, "but until someone comes along to dispute my claim, that's the way I'm going to describe myself."

"I'm lucky, too," said Shirley, giving her mother that celebrated dimpled smile.

All of which proves what can be done without the help of a four-leaf clover if two people believe in each other.

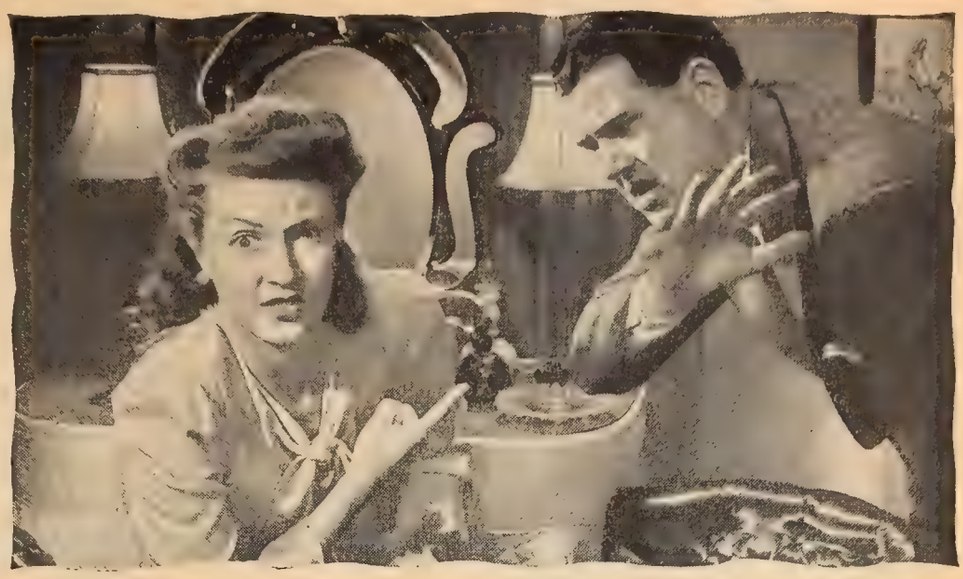
I SAW IT HAPPEN



When Judy Garland was in her early teens, she made a personal appearance at our leading theater. Hearing that she was scheduled to model frocks at our largest department store, a group of us decided to go down to catch a glimpse of her. Finally she appeared, looking smart and sophisticated in a silver fox coat. She was about to hold up some dresses for display when suddenly she cried, "My mother! I can't see my mother!" The mike carried her voice clearly, and it proved to us that the suave-looking star in the magnificent fur coat was just a nervous little girl who had lost sight of her mother in the huge, admiring crowd.

Mrs. Albert Manchester,
Riverside, R. I.

what a SOURBALL I married!



"He has no reason to shout at me so!" Jane kept telling herself. But there was a deep, hidden reason for Bill's sharp words! Something he *hinted* one day. Puzzled, Jane rushed to her doctor's. "Yes, it could be your own fault," he said. "A wife's *one neglect*—carelessness about feminine hygiene—can very often ruin even the happiest marriage." Then he advised Lysol—used by so many modern wives.

correction... he's a Honey!



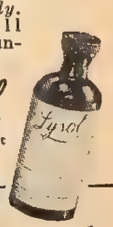
"That's my Bill — his own sweet self again!" And Jane is forever grateful to her doctor for telling her about Lysol disinfectant. Just as he said . . . this effective germ-killer cleanses *thoroughly* and deodorizes. Yet Lysol solution is gentle for douching; won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues—simply follow directions. Says Jane, "Lysol's easy to use. Inexpensive, too. And it really works—I know!"



Check these facts with your Doctor

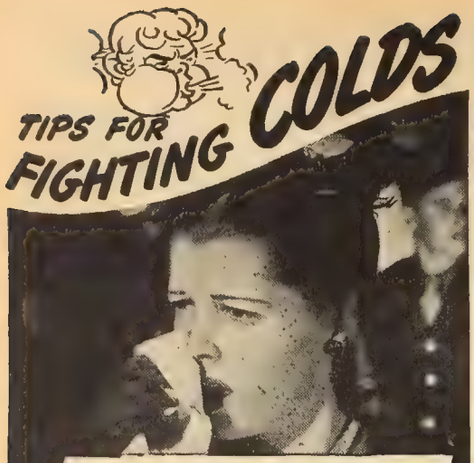
Douche *thoroughly* with *correct* Lysol solution. Its low "surface tension" means greater spreading power which reaches more deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. **Non-caustic**—Lysol is gentle in proper dilution. **Powerful**—Lysol is an efficient *germicide*. **Economical**—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use. *Deodorizes effectively.* **Lasting**—keeps full strength even when uncorked.

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE USE Lysol Disinfectant

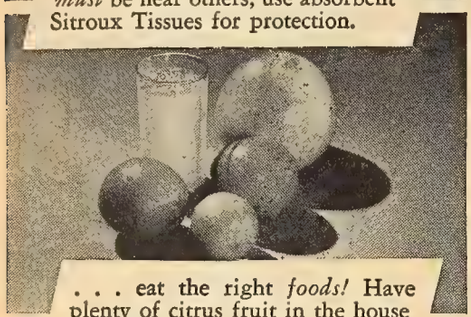


Copr. 1945, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter to Dept. A-45, Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.



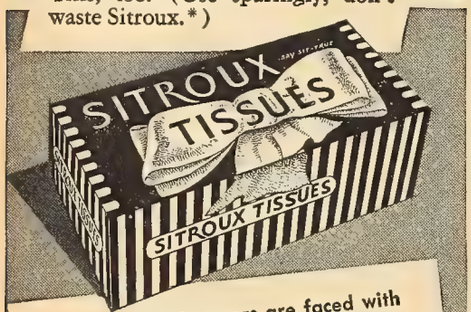
. . . avoid crowds when you have a cold. Not only do you expose *yourself* to other germs, you expose *other* people to *yours!* If you *must* be near others, use absorbent Sitroux Tissues for protection.



. . . eat the right *foods!* Have plenty of citrus fruit in the house —oranges, grapefruit, lemons. Get plenty of rest, too. Avoid draughts, especially when sleeping.



. . . use absorbent Sitroux Tissues for "overblown" noses! They're kind to tender skin—more *sanitary,* because you can so easily dispose of them! Saves laundry bills, too. (Use sparingly, don't waste Sitroux.*)



* Tissue manufacturers are faced with raw material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are doing our best to make the finest quality tissues under present government restrictions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX TISSUES
SAY SIT-TRUE

DREAM MAN

(*Continued from page 43*)

the pneumonia he had battled during the making of the picture. Anxious studio guardians had him by the elbow, rushing him here and dragging him there. This afternoon he was to make his first coast-to-coast broadcast on the Kate Smith Hour.

As he stepped down from the car, he ran smack into a mob of young admirers—the first Alan Ladd fans he had ever faced in the flesh. They swarmed around him like bees. "Mr. Ladd, can I have your autograph? . . . Sign this, please . . . Have you got a picture? . . . Here . . . Please . . . Me! . . . Me! . . . Write my name!"

Alan paused for a moment, stunned. This had never happened before because nobody had ever paid any attention to him before. The radio people started to hustle him brusquely through the mob. But Alan held back. He knew he was late for the show. But he was touched and appreciative.

"If you'll wait until I come out," Alan promised, "I'll sign autographs for all of you." Then he was whisked inside.

from papeete to peoria . . .

But when he came out, his managers didn't want to risk any foolishness. They steered him out another door and hustled him into a taxicab before Alan knew what was happening. But the throng of admirers spied him and chased the cab, and Alan, looking back, saw one kid's face fading in the distance. It wore a disappointed, injured look, and his shout rang as a reproach—

"Mr. Ladd!" he cried, "You promised . . . you promised!"

Alan saw that kid's face all evening, and that night in his room at the Waldorf, he made a vow to Sue.

"I don't care how famous I get or what success I have," Alan promised, "I'll never pass up anybody who wants to talk to me. I'll never refuse an autograph or snub a fan. If they're interested in me, I'm interested in them. They aren't just fans—they're friends."

Alan has kept that vow and that outlook on his millions of fans. He's kept it so earnestly that today he has the greatest circle of real friends any Hollywood star has ever had. They live all over the world —from Papeete to Peoria. They flood him with hundreds of letters a day, telling Alan all about themselves, their problems, good times, hopes, plans and the little things that happen in their daily lives. And Alan replies in kind. Because Alan hasn't yet sent out a stock letter or a canned reply since he became a star. It's a lot of trouble that most Hollywood stars don't bother with, but it isn't trouble to a guy who likes friends and has known what it is to be lonesome. In fact, it's the biggest reward he's had from his movie fame.

One day, chatting with Al over a late lunch, I remarked that keeping in touch personally with the flock of pen-friends he has all over the globe must be a job built for a typewriter factory. "Look," Al said earnestly, "you say it's a lot of trouble. Well, what about this?" He handed me a letter he was carrying around with him.

"Dear Al," it read, "thanks for your swell letter. It did me a lot of good because I get plenty blue sometimes. It isn't exactly a picnic here in this hospital. But I've got a confession to make. I didn't write you that last letter myself. My pal did it for me. I hope you don't mind. But you see, I can't write them myself.





For Good Reading—

DELL BOOKS

A New Line of Handy-Sized 25c Books

Full-Length Reprints of Famous Titles Selected by the Editors of America's Foremost Detective Magazines

MYSTERY! ADVENTURE! ROMANCE!

JUST OUT

DEATH FROM A TOP HAT
by Clayton Rawson

THE RED BULL
by Rex Stout

MURDER IN THE MIST
by Zelda Popkin

THE MAN IN THE MOONLIGHT
by Helen McCloy

ON SALE EVERYWHERE--25c EACH

I haven't any hands." That one was from somewhere in Italy.

"Whenever I hear anyone say—'How can you take the trouble to write?' well, I just think of that guy. Was it trouble for him?"

Not long after Alan was discharged from the Army, he was having dinner one night with Sue in a fancy Hollywood restaurant they rarely frequent. A soldier limped in on a cane, spied Alan and started through to get an autograph. Alan saw the headwaiter halt him.

Alan jumped right up, walked into the crowd and introduced himself to the soldier. "This gentleman's sitting with me," he told the waiter. He took him back to the table, bought him drinks and invited him to dinner. The soldier didn't say much; he wasn't a talkative guy. But his eyes got a little shiny, and Alan sensed something back of it. Finally, it came out: "Nobody's been like this to me," he said, "since I got back. You'll have to excuse me."

That was enough for Ladd. "Come on home with us," he invited. "You can bunk at our house and stay as long as you like." So they took him home, and he stayed three days. Only then did Alan find out that that particular soldier wore the Purple Heart, that he was just out of an Army hospital for shrapnel wounds that had split his kneecap and crippled him. That he hadn't had a home since he was thirteen. That he was as lonesome as a kitten in a dog kennel.

g.i. haven . . .

"Okay," Alan told him, "then we're your family. Do what you like. The house is yours." The soldier stayed almost a week, roaming around the house, playing with the Ladd pup, Jezebel, and wheeling Baby Alana out for her sun baths. They never made company of him, and he loved it. He was a perfect guest and friend, and he still writes Alan and Sue, "Dear Family."

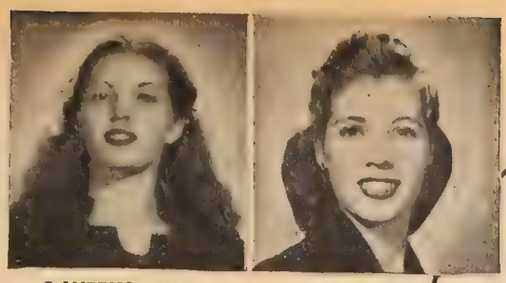
Nor is he the only one. There's another soldier Alan and Sue picked up one night as they were driving home from a movie. He looked forlorn and lonely standing on a corner of Hollywood Boulevard with his hands in his pockets. Alan pulled over and told him to hop in and come on over to the house. Sure enough, it turned out this soldier had just lost his dad, an Army Colonel, who had been all the family he had. So the Ladd circle gained another member, who doesn't miss a week reporting on his activities wherever the war takes him. He calls Alan "Buddy" and Sue, "Sis."

It sounds funny, but Alan has really made more service pals since he was discharged from the Army than he did when he was a G.I. himself But it's not so funny when you realize that when he was on duty, Alan had only his own outfit to get acquainted with, while now, through the mail and through his wartime hobby of picking up guys in uniform, he's in touch with thousands.

Maybe it's because Alan knows he can't hand out top-notch entertainment like Bob Hope or Bing Crosby. "I can't sing or tell jokes, and I know it," Alan has told me twenty times if he's told me once. So he feels his best bet is to have as many boys up to his place as he can and give them the one thing he's got plenty of, real friendship.

What always surprises him, too, is the fact that most service guys he meets have pretty much the same idea. They'd rather be homefolks in his house, sprawled out on a big sofa, shooting the breeze, playing ping-pong or records in the den, than they would hitting the Hollywood hot spots.

A sailor came up to Alan after a radio



8 WEEKS AGO TODAY

These photos of Miss Helen Ragan of Dayton, Ohio show clearly how an ordinary girl can turn herself into a really stunning creature right in her own home.

"I'm going to have me a time this Summer"

LOSES 25 POUNDS IN 8 WEEKS!

Gains New Poise, New Confidence, and a Figure She's Proud of!

This summer Helen Ragan *is* going to have a good time. No more self-consciousness, no more sitting on the side lines, she's going to be right in the *swim*, and simply because she had the courage to try to improve herself. Her success story should be an inspiration to girls who say, "I was just born to be stout and unattractive." Helen Ragan is only one of many, many girls who have improved their appearance and personality—and in such an amazingly short time!



TODAY 118 POUNDS

8 WEEKS AGO 143 POUNDS

SUCCESS THROUGH BEAUTY

Perhaps *you* are thinking ahead to vacation time. Maybe there's 15 or 20 pounds *you* can do without, perhaps your present make-up is not right for *you* or your hair-do belongs on someone else. Well *now* is the time to do something about it! The Bonomo Culture Home Course will guide you in correcting these faults. This wonderful course was prepared personally by Mr. Bonomo of the Bonomo Culture Institute of New York.

NOT JUST A REDUCING COURSE

Twenty years of experience in Hollywood with famous stars of stage and screen has given Mr. Bonomo all the answers of beauty of form and face. These can be yours. Over 200 how-to-do-it photos are sure to help bring out the Hidden Beauty within *you* simply, and easily once you start. You'll see a marked improvement in the short space of one week.

SEND NO MONEY

You owe it to yourself to take this course, and remember you try it at our expense! But act now! Simply fill out and mail the Coupon and you'll receive promptly the complete Bonomo Culture Institute Home Course. If not delighted with results in 10 days you may return the course and your money will be refunded immediately.

Complete Course **$2.95**

A few features of the
BONOMO CULTURE INSTITUTE HOME COURSE



Joe Bonomo
of Hollywood and New York
DIRECTOR

YOUR FIGURE: simple, easy ways to become trim, fit, vital, gain poise, posture, personality!
YOUR MAKE-UP AND HAIR DO: beauty high-lights. Ideal make-up and hair-do emphasizing your best facial features. Alluring lips. Accent on the eyes.
YOUR GROOMING: time-saving beauty schedule. Easy short-cuts to good grooming.
YOUR WEIGHT: how to reduce—or gain—how to eat—how to keep your figure trim. Food charts and diagrams.
YOUR STYLE: save many times the price of this course and still be "best-dressed." Color analysis—accessories.
BUST CONTOUR: for style, form and figure—full, firm and fashionable—how to exercise the muscles—how to select your bra.
YOUR GRACE: how to walk and stand for beauty—develop poise. Do things gracefully!



FREE GIFT OFFER!

If you mail the coupon now you will receive as a gift a copy of the famous publication—YOUR FIGURE.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

Joe Bonomo, Personal
BONOMO CULTURE INSTITUTE, Dept. 243
1841 Broadway, New York 33, N. Y.

Send me in plain wrapper complete, Bonomo-Hollywood Course in Success through Beauty of Face and Form. I'll deposit with postman $2.95 plus postage. If not delighted, I may return Course in 10 days and my money will be refunded.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... Zone..... State.....

☐ Check here if you enclose $2.95 for delivery postpaid. (Canada and Foreign $3.50 with order)

Aldens
present the
CALIFORNIA
Playmate Wardrobe!



The newest mix-'em-and-match-'em craze from California! Gorgeous, finely-tailored spun rayon glamorizers for loafing and playing. Tebilized to resist creases. Colors: Flag Red, Kelly Green, Charm Blue, London Luggage or Black. The Shortall, only $3.98. Vest, $2.98. Skirt, $3.98. Slacks, $3.98. Jacket, $3.98. Shop by mail from Aldens as 5,000,000 families do. Save money. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back!

Write Aldens
CHICAGO MAIL ORDER COMPANY
Chicago 7, Ill. . . . Est. 1889

show one evening. He only wanted an autograph, but he flashed such a swell smile and seemed so friendly that it wasn't any time at all until he was in the car with Sue and Alan headed homewards. He bunked there that night and revealed that he'd had a pretty rugged time of it while on active service. He'd been on an aircraft carrier that went down when the Japs ganged it and had lain in a hospital for long months with malaria and was just now getting back into shape. The Ladds liked him a lot, and they figured a record like that called for a little fun. So they made reservations at Mocambo for a big evening and told the sailor to invite his girl friend and a few other couples—the party was on them.

Well, the gob didn't say much, except, "Why, thanks, that'll be real nice." And Alan and Sue were a little let down. He didn't sound enthusiastic. Finally, the sailor blurted out, "Say, would you-all mind if we have that party at home? It's my birthday," he explained, "and I used to always spend that day at home."

"I'll bake a cake," grinned Sue. She did, too, and the sailor's friends came up, banged the piano and filled up on birthday cake and ice cream.

Of course, plenty of the fan friends Alan meets want to see what every visitor to Hollywood want to see—pictures in production. There's a wartime ban on visitors at the studios, but several lucky times Alan has managed to bamboozle the gatemen and studio cops and sneak in some G.I.'s for a quick look. And both Alan and Sue are headaches to the ushers at CBS and NBC in Hollywood. He hasn't made one radio program without trailing along fifteen or twenty Ladd legionnaires—always without tickets.

"But Mrs. Ladd," the panicked ushers protest. "There are tickets for all these seats. They're all reserved. What are we going to do?"

"Oh, you can squeeze them in somehow, can't you?" Sue pleads with her most hypnotizing smile—and they usually can.

I might as well state right here, whether Laddie likes it or not, that plenty of the people he meets are swooneroo girls. And that's a funny thing about Alan Ladd and his fans. Guys like him—none of them have ever razzed him, and the only time a service guy came close to it was once at a Lux Radio Theater broadcast right before Alan went into uniform. He was all inducted and due to report to Fort MacArthur that week, but he managed to get in a Lux radio performance of "China" before he left Hollywood.

In the mob that night as he left, a soldier wisecracked, "Aw nuts! He's just a Hollywood glamour guy—what's all the fuss about?" But another GI put him straight right then. "Yeah?" he said. "Well, the guy's already in the Army—whaddya think of that?" And the razzing soldier said, "Oh"—and shut up. And that's been the attitude most men, soldiers and civilians, have taken toward Alan ever since. They know he's a regular guy and they know he's been on Uncle Sam's team and will probably play a few more quarters when the Army docs okay him back in.

surpassing sinatra . . .

But while Alan gets along great with fellows—he's also tops with the girls, from the bobby sock brigade to the girdle group. And I'll have to tell what happened the night he acted (and sang) on Frank Sinatra's show.

It's a radio habit of Alan's to keep his eyes glued to his script from the minute he steps out to the mike until the red light has winked off and the show's off the air. In spite of all the experience he's had before cameras, he's still subject to mild attacks of stage fright.

But there's always one time when Alan looks right out in the audience. As he walks up to the mike, he always looks out to where Sue sits and smiles at her—just as if to say, "Okay, Sweetie—here I go!" Well, when he did that on the Sinatra program, the Sinatra Squealers-and-Yippers Club went nuts! They even squealed and shrieked and sighed more for Alan than they did for Frankie!

In fact, not long after that, Alan was on a big all-male star program with Harpo Marx, Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire and Kay Kyser. The great Bingo himself drew only applause. But when Alan came out and grinned into the crowd—what followed sounded like a mess of Scotch bagpipes running wild.

So Bing kidded Alan all over the stage that night. "I'll never let a thing like this happen to me again," he cracked. "Next time I want a tough guy, I'll bring Eddie G. Robinson!"

The crowd, I might add, was strictly female. It was a recruiting rally for the WAVES and WACS.

But there's a funny thing about Alan's girl fan-friends: They have the darndest crushes on Alan, they sigh and moan and squeal and tag him their dream man—but the one they seem to pick on to tell about all this is his wife!

One night after a radio broadcast, Sue left Columbia Broadcasting a little while after Alan had gone out to the car. On her way, she passed a couple of girls with autograph pads. But one of the girls was crying as if her heart would break.

Sue went up. "Why, what's the matter, honey?" she asked.

"Mrs. L-Ladd," sobbed the girl. "I just went up and kissed Alan—and he acted like he didn't like it a bit! O-h-h-h, a-h-h-h—W-a-a-h!"

"Why, I'm sure he did," soothed Sue. "I'll go out and ask him right now." So she went out to the car and told Alan the sad state of affairs. He said it wasn't that he didn't like the kiss—but to tell the truth, it had scared him to death and maybe he'd showed it. Anyway, he went back with Sue and cheered the girl up. He said he was flattered to have a pretty girl kiss him, but after all, it *was* a little sudden. The bobby-sock's face lit up, and she stopped wailing pronto.

Alan's always that way to young kids with a smite on him. Whenever he thinks he might be making somebody unhappy, he's right there to iron it all out. And Sue, who isn't worrying about anybody taking Alan away from her for a minute, calls him "sweet" for the kind way he treats them.

One night, the Ladds came home early in the evening with a couple of sailors they'd picked up. On the way into their house they noticed a couple of girls walking up and down out front. Later, the sailors and Sue and Alan went out for an evening, and when they got back home, it was one o'clock. The girls were still there, strolling up and down, and this time the Ladds knew what was up. They were sticking around to get a look at Alan, after finding out somehow where he lived.

"Poor kids," said Sue, "out there this hour of night. Let's invite them in."

"Sure," Alan grinned. He walked across the lawn. "How'd you like to come in for a Pepsi and see the house?" How'd they like to! When the girls had sipped a Pepsi and seen the Ladds at home, they said their thank-you's and started to leave.

"You kids can't go home this hour of night by yourselves," Alan told them. So he and Sue drove them home.

More than once his private phone number has leaked out to high schools around

AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

Do You Want Longer Hair?



MAKE THIS EASY 7-DAY TEST...

FULLY GUARANTEED



LONGER HAIR Dresses Better *In Latest Styles*

★ ★ ★ THEN TRY THIS PROVEN EASY SYSTEM ON YOUR HAIR

...Helps Prevent Brittle Ends From Breaking Off!

HERE IS THRILLING NEW HOPE for millions who want their dry, lusterless, unruly, brittle and breaking off hair more lovely ... longer. The Juelene SYSTEM has helped men and women all over the nation to find new happiness and confidence in more beautiful, healthy appearing hair. Yes, hair may get longer—the scalp and hair condition being otherwise normal—if the breaking-off process of dry, brittle ends can be retarded. That's why Juelene is such a natural way to help your hair gain its normal beauty. This wonderful SYSTEM helps relieve hair dryness that is caused by lack of natural oils. It helps soften harsh, brittle ends, thus giving your hair a chance to get longer once the breaking-off and the splitting ends have been curbed. If your hair is dry, rough and hard to keep neat, try the easy Juelene SYSTEM for just 7 days. See if Juelene's tendency to soften harsh, difficult-to-manage hair can help yours to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—in just one short week! You may win compliments from both men and women who admire and envy your hair in its new lovely beauty.



TEST JUELENE FOR 7 DAYS

Thrilling Results or MONEY BACK IN FULL!

That's all we ask you to do. Just make the convincing Juelene test for 7 days and see for yourself if your brittle, splitting hair can be softened, made more sparkling and lovely. Your mirror will tell you the thrilling results and so will your friends! If you aren't absolutely amazed with the glistening sheen,... if you aren't delighted with the ease in which you can manage your hair, we will refund every cent of your money. What could be fairer? This proves to you how excellent we think the results will be! So don't wait. Mail the coupon right now. And like thousands of others you may find new beauty, be rightfully proud of your hair. You run no risk because you have absolute guarantee of delightful results or your money back. Send for it now!



★ ★ ★ MAIL 7-DAY TRIAL COUPON NOW!

If you do want longer hair, mail the coupon today. Then test Juelene and notice the remarkable difference in the appearance of your hair—lustrous and well-dressed. See how nicely it lies in place, how easily it combs. With our positive guarantee you can't lose, and have everything in your favor to gain. So make this effort now. Send the Introductory Coupon immediately!

JUEL CO., 1930 Irving Park Road, Dept. D-603, Chicago 13, Ill.

Marvelous Help

FOR DRY, BRITTLE HAIR

Dry hair is not only hard to manage but a continual source of embarrassment. Why be ashamed of unlovely hair when it may be so easy to make it beautiful, sparkling with new healthy looks, lovely luster. A women's hair is one of the first things noticed by men — sleek, shining, glamorously long hair is always alluring. And men, too, attract admiring attention when their hair lies smooth, thick and neat. **Try Juelene.** See how much more beautiful your hair may be in such a short time, after the dry hair condition has been relieved. Actually make your hair your "crowning glory"! This introductory offer gives you an opportune chance to prove to yourself that you, too, may have sparkling ... longer hair! Be convinced!—Send for your Juelene NOW.

Make This 7-Day Test ...SEND NO MONEY!

JUST MAIL THE CONVENIENT INTRODUCTORY COUPON! Upon arrival of Juelene pay Postman $1.00 plus postage. Or if you prefer, send a remittance with your order—we will pay the postage. Then test Juelene. Notice how much more silky and soft your hair may be in just seven short days. So take advantage of this INTRODUCTORY, GET-ACQUAINTED-OFFER today—NOW, and know at last the happiness of possessing really lovelier hair.

INTRODUCTORY COUPON...

JUEL COMPANY, Dept. D-603
1930 Irving Park Road, Chicago 13, Ill.

Yes, I want easy-to-manage, longer hair. I will try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my mirror doesn't show satisfactory results, I will ask for my money back.

☐ I am enclosing $1.00
☐ Send C.O.D. plus postage

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

Our Customers Participate in Free Gifts

3 Main Deodorant Troubles-

WHICH IS YOURS?



"ARMPIT PIMPLES?"

(Due to irritating chemicals)



You don't need to offend your armpits to avoid offending others! A new-type deodorant—Yodora—is made entirely without irritating metallic salts! Actually soothing to normal skins.

CREAM GOES GRAINY?



Now you can end this waste! Yodora never dries and grains. Yodora—because it is made with a cream base—stays smooth as a fine face cream to the last!

TOO STIFF TO SPREAD?



Such creams are outmoded forever by Yodora. Soft, delicate, exquisite—Yodora feels like whipped cream. Amazing—that such a fragrant, lovely cream can give such effective powerful protection.

Frankly, we believe you won't even finish your present supply of deodorant once you try *different* Yodora. So much lovelier! Yet you get *powerful protection.* Yodora never fades or rots clothes—has been awarded Seal of Approval of the Better Fabrics Testing Bureau, Inc. In tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢. McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.



YODORA *deodorant cream*



HAIR STUBBORN AS A MULE? CONTROL IT . . . with

HAIRTAINERS*



the *original* hairtamers!*

No wonder well-dressed heads wear Grip-Tuth HAIRTAINERS*. Practically "breeze-proof"—*even* in the strongest wind—and curved to fit snugly against your head. HAIRTAINERS' exclusive spring-teeth actually grip and hold *every* hairstrand exactly as you want it. At beauty salons and notion counters everywhere. Card of two (or one extra-length) 25c.

Dept. D2

DIADEM, INC., LEOMINSTER, MASS.

*Trademarks Registered

Los Angeles, and he's been flooded with calls. He's had long distance ones, collect, too (which he doesn't accept), and some prepaid (which he does). People have strolled by, snapped the number on his house and circulated that around. But that has happened to every star in Hollywood who doesn't live on a mountain peak or in a desert cave. But by now Alan can tell when he's got a real fan-friend or when it's only a curious jokester.

The real McCoy's may break in on Alan's privacy in awkward moments, but if he thinks they're sincere admirers, they always get the best welcome he can offer.

One afternoon recently, Alan was in the backyard busy at his favorite Sabbath sport, getting himself covered from head to foot in the good earth of his garden, when a group of youngsters rang the front bell. Sue reported their arrival to Alan.

"They want to take your picture," she said. "And you look like a ditchdigger. They'll be awfully disappointed."

"Look," Alan replied. Tell them if they'll wait until I go upstairs, take a shower and clean up, I'll pose for them."

model subject . . .

And darned if he didn't drop his gardening, shower, shave and put on a coat and tie, just so some kids he had never seen before could get some pictures.

But some of Sue and Alan's good friends today have come from just such casual fan acquaintances. There's a group of about twelve girls who always go with Sue to Alan's broadcasts. She met them all around at places where they've been to watch Alan. One fan of his, Billie Nelson, a pretty and intelligent girl of twenty-two, is a great friend of Sue's by now. She always goes along when Alan is on the air and usually has dinner with Alan and Sue afterwards, often with some other fans the Ladds have taken a fancy to.

Billie, by the way, used to be president of the Number One Alan Ladd fan club, and because she's such a family friend, Alan and Sue refer most of their mail-friends fan club inquiries to Billie. Alan has had over 300 requests from his fan friends, wanting to start Alan Ladd clubs here and there. But that's not surprising when you consider the fact that Alan has more pen-pals than any star in Hollywood. Facts and figures about fan letters are always misleading—they usually go up and down like the thermometer in March—but Alan's mail already has broken all Hollywood records right and left.

How can any one guy, normally as busy as Alan Ladd, answer stacks of letters like this and answer them personally and fully as Alan does? It's a fair question. And the answer is that if Alan weren't one of those rare movie stars who actually gets a kick out of the people who write him, he'd probably never get around to it. But, as I said, he happens to have that as his biggest hobby, and when you like a thing it's fun, not work. But even at that, Alan has had to do some organizing to keep even with the postman.

First of all, he converted the big playhouse in back of the house into a huge writing room. He got out the old saw and hammer over a year ago and built himself a long L-shaped desk that looks like a store counter, it's so big. He has all kinds of shelves and pigeonholes that he's made to file letters, replies, pictures to be autographed, drawings his friends have sent him to sign, gifts to be acknowledged, personal souvenirs to send out. And to top things off, he has a swell secretary as interested in his letter-friends as he is. They sit and talk over his fans and their notes, and then Alan dictates replies, with the personal touch that has made him the best star correspondent in Hollywood.

Many is the night he has sat up past

midnight reading notes and jotting down ideas for replies. Many a Sunday and holiday he has spent signing pictures and doing a million things his fans have asked him to do. And there's another explanation why Alan can do all this.

You may be surprised to know that a whole lot of Alan's fan mail comes not just to him—but to "The Ladds," a whole stack of it to Sue Carol, and even scads to Baby Alana! Yep, Alana has her own growing file of notes and, of course, she still gets the biggest loot when it comes to gifts—booties, dresses, caps, rattles, dolls—every baby gadget you can imagine. Alana can't write quite yet, but Sue certainly can and does. She helps Alan out with his correspondence constantly. They're a real team. And that's a funny thing, too—

Alan Ladd's friends have adopted the darndest family attitude toward him any star in Hollywood has ever known. They tell him how crazy they are about him—and at the same time they direct half their words to Sue. They never forget his wedding anniversaries, and they know as much about Sue's special remembrance days, birthdays and such, as they do Alan's. No wonder Sue can pitch in on the replies. Half of them are hers, anyway.

And then, too, Alan has had a couple of years' experience, and by now he's developed into a quick letter-reader. He can spot a sincere letter right away, like he can spot a sincere admirer in public. Naturally, like all Hollywood stars, he gets crank notes, mash notes, bawdy notes, insulting letters, gag mail. Frankly, he pays them short shrift. Would you take the trouble to answer a smart-aleck or poison-pen pusher? Luckily, most of Alan's mail is sincere, and it gets sincere answers—even when his friends ask questions impossible to answer, like "How do you get in the movies?"

Occasionally he gets stumpers—like the teen-age girl in the Midwest who was unhappy at home. "I want to get away," she wrote, "I want to be an actress. If I leave this home I'll never be able to come back. Shall I? I've decided to do exactly what you say!" Well, Alan stewed a long time over that one before he dared answer. Putting a girl's fate up to him—a girl he didn't even know! He finally decided the only thing he could conscientiously do was duck any advice there. It wasn't fair to himself or the girl. But he worried about the darned question for over a week. Alan's a good worrier anyway, by nature. But with all the ins and outs and changes in his life during the last year, I think the time he got most upset was when he'd spent a week writing some fans, and then the post-office notified him there'd been a transit fire and the letters had all burned up! What worried Alan was that a flock of fans would think he'd ignored them.

asking for trouble . . .

I wish I had enough space to print a few of the swell letters Alan Ladd keeps carefully stacked at home. But this is only a magazine article—not the Encyclopedia Britannica. Here are a few flashes though—some touching, some tickling, that stick in my memory, and particularly in Alan Ladd's—

The despondent young man in the South who planned to end it all and wrote Alan life wasn't worth it—and the airmail special Alan shot him back arguing him out of it—and the letter he got back saying the gloomy guy was looking up at the sunshine again. And the boy in the New York school for the mute who couldn't hear Alan on the radio and who asked for a picture so he could see him when everybody else heard him. . . . The six young girl patients in the TB sanitarium at Santa Barbara who formed a fan club and kept



AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY



"He says as long as he's going to be tied to a desk for the rest of the war, he may as well relax and enjoy it."

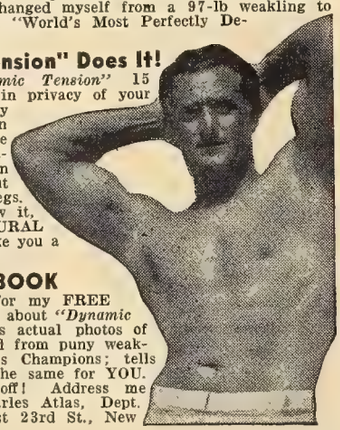


I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

IF YOU, like Joe, have a body others can "push around" —if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of! *"Dynamic Tension."* That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a 97-lb weakling to winner of title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using *"Dynamic Tension"* 15 minutes a day, in privacy of your room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy, NATURAL method will make you a New Man!



FREE BOOK

Send NOW for my FREE BOOK. It tells about *"Dynamic Tension,"* shows actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions; tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 1123, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 1123,
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want proof that *"Dynamic Tension"* will help make a New Man of me—with a healthy, husky body, big muscular development. Send me free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name .....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City ..... State.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

Alan posted on their battle against the White Plague and who call him their "Hollywood doc" . . . the Mother who lost her boy in the war and asked if she could "adopt" Alan for a son by mail . . . The cheery ones— "The pipe you sent sold $50,000 in War Bonds at our rally."

Yes, and the laughs—the lonely lady in Detroit who wanted Sue and Alan to move there when Alana arrived. "Because I've got a lot of time on my hands, and I can take perfect care of the baby while you and Alan work. . . ." And the high school girl who wrote plaintively, "Please send me another picture for my locker, Alan. You're my favorite pin-up—but some jealous cat stole the picture I had—and I know who it was, too!"

Yes, there are plenty of thrills in every mail sack for Alan Ladd, too, personal thrills. He's discovered blood relatives, for instance, here in America and in England, he never knew he had. Alan never knew anything about his kin-folks, if you remember. He hasn't a birth certificate to this day. The courthouse in Hot Springs, Arkansas, where he was born, burned down the year he was born or something, and there's absolutely no record. When his mother died, he knew no one who really belonged to him. But he gets constant twig clues to his family tree through the mail. A school teacher who knew his grandfather recently wrote him all about the old gentleman. It was the first time Alan had even had a description of what he looked like.

Alan has found out through his mail fans what his own name, Alan, means, "fast, majestic and graceful!" That's something Alan never suspected before. But an even odder bit of information came when Colleen Moore, the great silent movie star, who now lives in Chicago, wrote to ask Sue for an autographed picture of Alan for her little girl—a fervent Ladd fan. Writing to thank them for the picture, Colleen said:

"I was interested to learn that your little daughter's name is Alana. I wonder if you know that in the Gaelic language Alana means "little one" and is a pet name? You remember my brother, Cleeve? Well, his little daughter is called Alana, too."

That information later came from all parts of the world, by the way. Sometimes Alana meant "darling," "beloved," "little pet" and so forth. But always it meant just what both Alan and Sue would like their baby's name to mean. Funny thing was—they had no idea Alana meant anything when they named her. They just thought it would be nice to name the baby girl after Alan!

There's only one time on record that Alan's weakness for his fan friends got him in dutch. He made a quick jump one afternoon from the set of "And Now Tomorrow" to the Lux Radio Theater. In the crush after the show, a young girl stated boldly, "Mr. Ladd, if you'll give me the tie you're wearing, I'll be the happiest girl in the world!" Old softie Ladd simply couldn't refuse and ripped it right off his neck then and there.

So what happened the next morning but retakes were scheduled for the scene he'd just made, with Alan due to dress exactly as he had the day before. But here's the rub: Alan has a weakness for—er—distinctive—ties, and there wasn't a cravat anywhere to match the one he'd given away, a pre-war importation from France. When he confessed he'd given it to an unknown girl friend, his director almost blew up. They never did get one to match, but I expect Alan's fans will forgive that slip-up in the picture, even if they notice it.

As for Alan Ladd—stacked up against the thrills he gets for making people happy, a mere bawling out is a pleasure. He'll trade a studio rap for the kick of a friendly smile every time.



Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

How PAZO Ointment Works

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

Special Pile Pipe for Easy Application

PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment!

Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

The Grove Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

Borrow by MAIL $30 to $300.00
ON YOUR *Signature* ALONE!

NO security required! NO co-signers! NO salary assignments! $30 to $300.00 BY MAIL *on your signature alone.* Character and earning ability the only requirement. Nationwide service. Fast, courteous, confidential.

LOW COST LOANS! STATE LICENSED AND BONDED COMPANY

Take as long as 12 months to repay. Interest charged only for time you have the money, and at Iowa's LOW LAWFUL RATE. Loans completed QUICKLY. No red tape. No embarrassing investigation. If you need cash quickly or will need it soon, write for loan papers today. State name, address and occupation.

POSTAL FINANCE CO. DEPT. 23A **SIOUX CITY 5, IOWA**

LEARN NURSING AT HOME



High School not necessary. No age limit. Send for FREE "Nursing Facts" and sample lesson pages. Earn while learning. Act now!
Post Graduate Hospital School of Nursing
152 N. Wacker Drive Chicago 6, Illinois



Original-Glamorous-Lifelike
MOVIE STAR Photos
BAND LEADERS, VOCALISTS AND PIN-UP
AT LOWEST PRICES

FREE! Rush name and address today for illustrated MOVIE STAR NEWS which lists ALL the photos of Hollywood Movie Stars, Band Leaders, Vocalists, Bathing Beauties, Latest Movie scenes, Old time stars and Pin-Up poses. Send 10c to cover handling and mailing of MOVIE STAR NEWS which will be refunded with first order.

Photos are original, glossy prints of finest quality—Size 8x10 ready for framing, put in your album or scrapbook.

IRVING KLAW
212 East 14th St., Dept. D-3, New York 3, N. Y.

"BETWEEN TWO WOMEN"

STORY

(*Continued from page* 53)

invitation he just happened to have around. You! You were behind it all."

Ruth Edley smiled brightly: "A very sound diagnosis, Doctor. You have a brilliant future ahead of you."

Red groaned: "Why don't you leave me alone?"

"I can't. I love you."

"Look, we've been through all that."

"Not all the way through. You always stop when it gets interesting. But if you'd like to propose, I've got a nice, quiet flat nearby, and we can—"

"Ruth!"

"Ruth, my eye! I'm not the coy type. You know I love you, and I know darn well you love me. Then what's holding up the wedding bells?"

"A couple of million dollars," Red said. "It's just that you happen to own them. Not me. Me, I get twenty a month over at Blair General Hospital—"

"Twenty dollars? Every month? What are we waiting for?"

"Right now, I'm waiting for the menu."

"Darling," Ruth said. "That's what I like about you. You're so romantic."

"Remind me to tell you after the dessert," Red said. "You're beautiful."

"I know," Ruth said sweetly. "That's what I'm counting on to hook you."

So it was all very pleasant that night in the night club. The affair, it turned out, was a War Bond Rally, and the master of ceremonies trotted out after a while trailing six beautiful girls behind him. They auctioned off kisses to the highest War Bond bidder. It was then that Ruth stood up and said: "Can't a girl get in on the fun? I'll buy a hundred thousand dollars worth of bonds if—" her eyes crinkled with laughter as she pointed at Red, "—if he'll kiss me."

Of course Red had to do it. And it was odd, that even there, in the middle of a night club floor, mad at Ruth for pulling a gag like that, still, he felt the tingle of the kiss, sharp as a knife blade, and he knew that he loved her and always would.

"Well?" Ruth said.

"You'll do," Red said.

"You bet I will," Ruth said briskly. "Is it a deal, Red? Set the date."

He looked at her, knowing that under the banter, she was serious. All right, he said to himself, he loved her; she was beautiful, she was bright, she was all he ever dreamed about; and he was still just another doctor over at Blair knocking out twenty a month—

is there a doctor in the house? . . .

Someone was saying: "Is there a doctor in the house?"

He felt Ruth poke him, and he looked up. It was the master of ceremonies, looking just a little strained. He stood up and said quietly: "Take it easy, man, what's wrong?" And then everything fell away from him—the night club, the pound of the music, the laughter of the women, even the image of Ruth; and he was Doctor Adams, a man whose hands had been trained to heal, whose eyes sought out hidden evils, whose soul and whose heart had been dedicated to the oath of Hippocrates.

It was one of the chorus girls. She had suddenly collapsed backstage, and now she was lying on one of the couches in a tiny dressing room, very white, still unconscious. Adams knelt by her side and worked swiftly.

"What happened?"

"We just found her on the floor—"

"Did she complain of not feeling well?"

"No, she never said a word."

"Did she drink?"

"If you mean did she lap it up, why Edna never went in for that sort of stuff. Just one to be social but—"

"Has she been all right lately?"

"You know how it is. Her boy friend's in the Army, and I guess she's a little worried what with one thing and another. She seemed to be off her feed—"

"She wasn't eating?"

"Well, she never went out with us for a bite or anything these last few days."

Red Adams stood up sharply. "We'll have to get her to the hospital," he said. He called in to Blair and then went back to the night club. He hunted up the headwaiter, slipped a bill in his hands and told him to see that Ruth got home all right. Then he went back to the girl in the dressing room. He was still working over her when the ambulance arrived.

When things happen at a hospital, they are likely to happen in bunches. There is some malevolent destiny that takes a perverse joy in piling up catastrophes. But the last person anyone would have thought to be victim of it was Sally, the switchboard operator at Blair. Why, Sally had been



NOW . . . try the SHAMPOO
THAT CONTAINS ITS OWN
Rinsing Agent
goes into action when plain rinse water is applied

A Shampoo for the whole Family

NOW AVAILABLE for you . . . Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo combines mild Cocoanut Oil and vegetable oils into a perfectly blended shampoo. As recognized authorities on hair care for over 50 years, The F. W. Fitch Company ask you to try this beauty shampoo.

LEAVES HAIR SOFTER . . . NOT "DRYING" . . . Helps make your hair feel surprisingly softer . . . look silkier. After shampooing, your hair will have a lovely, soft gloss and be easy to manage.

"MOUNTAINS" OF LATHER . . . In either hard or soft water, a small amount gives huge swirls of billowy lather that loosens and floats away all dirt, dust and other hair accumulations.

A TRUE BEAUTY SHAMPOO . . . Brings out the natural beauty of your hair by revealing those shy highlights that lend glamour to every hairstyle.

PATENTED RINSING AGENT . . . Makes rinsing a simple, easy job. This special agent goes into action with the rinse water to carry away remaining particles. No special after-rinse is required . . . hair and scalp are left immaculately clean, refreshed.

DELIGHTFULLY FRAGRANT . . . You'll like the clean, fresh scent of this clear liquid shampoo. It leaves your hair with a pleasing, delicate fragrance. Try Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

FOR DANDRUFF . . . Ask for and use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo . . . the only shampoo made whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the *first* application is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms. No other shampoo can make this statement. At drug counters . . . barber and beauty shops.



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



At Drug Counters GENEROUS 6-OZ. BOTTLE 50¢

Fitch's SAPONIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

The F. W. FITCH COMPANY, Des Moines 6, Iowa • Bayonne, N. J. • Los Angeles 21, Cal. • Toronto 2, Canada

around for years, kidding with the internes, taking calls as if Blair General Hospital were her own private concern, even scolding Doctor Gillespie from time to time. Sally was indestructible.

double trouble . . .

Yet it was for Sally that the emergency call came through. They found her doubled up on the floor just beside her switchboard, in that absurd frilly dress which she thought was so fashionable.

Dr. Gillespie met Red Adams in the corridor outside the room. Dr. Gillespie was in his wheelchair, and he looked up shrewdly as Adams softly closed the door behind him.

"You've examined her?"

"Yes."

"What do you think?"

"I'm not sure—"

"Of course you're not sure," Dr. Gillespie exploded. "No doctor worth his salt even is sure. I didn't ask you that. I asked you what you thought."

"Bright's Disease."

Gillespie nodded thoughtfully. "Could be," he grunted. "You're running tests?"

"Yes, sir."

"You'll let me know." He swung that chair around. "What about that chorus girl? She out of the coma?"

"She came out this morning."

"Good work," Gillespie said softly. "Did you get a chance to talk to her?"

Red nodded.

"Well, what about *her?*"

"It's hard to believe," Red said in a puzzled voice. "She gives every symtom of starvation. But there's no sense to that. Unless it's neuro-psychiatric. Self induced. And I have to find out more about her before I'll confirm that."

"Well, why don't you," Gillespie growled. "You're a doctor, aren't you? You've got to find a cure any way you can." Gillespie's voice suddenly went very low. "And by the way, if you turn the corner of the corridor, you might find something, too."

The "something" turned out to be about five foot four of very desirable femininity. Ruth Edley tapped her foot against the cork hospital floor, stared pointedly at Red Adams, and said: "All right, what's the excuse?"

"Excuse for what?" Red said.

"That hussy you picked up in the night club. You've been spending nights with her."

"That hussy," Red said, "happens to be a very sick girl."

"I've heard that one before," Ruth said.

"All right. Listen to some more. Right now I'm heading over to the Sherry Plaza to take in a night club."

"On business?"

"On business," Red said grimly.

"The things doctors get away with," Ruth muttered.

The next morning Red Adams sat in the swivel chair in his tiny consultation office at Blair and looked steadily at the girl opposite him. She was still not eating; the nurses report stated that they had continued intravenous feeding. She looked nervously at him from time to time; in her lap her hands clenched and unclenched monotonously.

"Edna," Red said softly. "I want you to listen to me for a while and believe what I say. There's nothing wrong with you. We've checked every detail, physically you're sound as a dollar. But sometimes we get sick even if there's nothing physically wrong with us—"

The girl looked up swiftly, startled.

"No, it's not what you think. You're not going crazy or anything like that. But sometimes we get funny ideas, deep inside us, where we don't even know about them. I think it's something like that keeping

ARE YOU GIVING YOUR CHILDREN THE WRONG KIND OF LAXATIVE?



Some Laxatives are Too Strong-

Forcing a child to take a harsh, bad-tasting laxative is such needless, old-fashioned punishment! A medicine that's *too strong* will often leave a child feeling worse than before!



Others are Too Mild-

A laxative that's *too mild* to give proper relief is just as unsatisfactory as none at all. A good laxative should work *thoroughly,* yet be kind and gentle!



But— EX-LAX is the Happy Medium!

Treat the Children to the

"HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

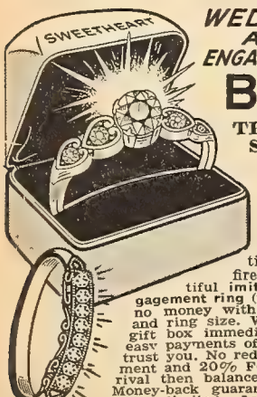
Ex-Lax gives a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is *gentle,* too! It works easily and effectively at the same time. And remember, Ex-Lax *tastes good*—just like fine chocolate! It's America's favorite laxative, as good for grown-ups as it is for children. 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD—

Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle.

As a precaution use only as directed

EX-LAX The Original Chocolated Laxative



WEDDING AND ENGAGEMENT RING BARGAIN

TEN DAYS' TRIAL—SEND NO MONEY

Introductory offer: With every order for smart, new, Sterling Silver Solitaire engagement ring we will include without extra charge exquisite wedding ring set with eight imitation diamonds matching in fire and brilliance the beautiful imitation Diamond solitaire engagement ring (the perfect bridal pair). Send no money with order. Just name, address and ring size. We ship both rings in lovely gift box immediately and you make just 2 easy payments of $2 each, total only $4. We trust you. No red tape as you make first payment and 20% Federal tax to postman on arrival then balance any time within 30 days. Money-back guarantee. War conditions make supply limited. Act NOW.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. ST-327, Jefferson, Iowa

HOW SHE LOST 16 LBS. IN 1 MONTH



—yet ate plenty

NO REDUCING DRUGS

NO EXCERCISES

Money Back Guarantee!

If you're really serious about losing ugly fat—if you really would like to get rid of 3 to 4 pounds a week safely, easily, pleasantly, read the following letter from Mrs. Vera Sampson, Claysville, Pa. She writes:

"I have taken the month's treatment of Bee-Fit Vitamin Tablets and think they are wonderful. I feel so much better and have lost 16 lbs. Now I want you to send a two months' treatment. Inclosed please find $5.00 for same. Please send at once."

Mrs. Sampson is merely one of thousands who have followed the Bee-Fit Way to a more slender, graceful figure. Here is all you do:

1. Eat your regular meals but avoid eating between meals and overeating.
2. Don't cut out starchy foods or sweets—JUST CUT DOWN ON THEM.
3. Be sure you get enough of certain essential vitamin and minerals while reducing—take 2 Bee-Fit Tablets with each meal.

They are **ABSOLUTELY SAFE** and help you feel fit while losing those unwanted pounds and inches. Try the Bee-Fit Way for 10 days. You'll shout for joy at the improvement in your figure. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just name and address. When postman brings package pay him $1 plus 27c postage. If you send $1 with order, we pay postal charges—you save 27c. (Economy Size containing 3 times as much $2.50—you save 50c.) Order today. BEE-FIT VITAMIN CO., 303 W. 42nd St., Dept. 18, N. Y. 18, N. Y.



ALAN LADD

MOVIE STAR PHOTOS

Introductory Offer—Get one NOW

All the latest stars and poses

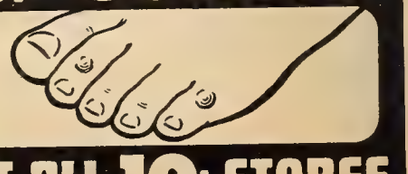
REAL PHOTOGRAPHS—GUARANTEED

List decorated with MOVIE STARS mailed FREE with each photo. Send name of your FAVORITE with ten cents to cover handling and mailing.

HOLLYWOOD SCREEN EXCHANGE
Box 1150, Dept. 2
Hollywood 28, Calif., U. S. A.

SONG POEMS WANTED
TO BE SET TO MUSIC
Free Examination. Send Your Poems to
J. CHAS. McNEIL
A. B. MASTER OF MUSIC
510-R So. Alexandria Los Angeles 5, Calif.

CRO-PAX for CORNS



AT ALL 10c STORES

FOREST CITY PRODUCTS, INC., CLEVELAND, OHIO

New—Hair Rinse *safely* Gives a Tiny Tint



and . . . Removes this dull film

1. Does not harm, permanently tint or bleach the hair.
2. Used after shampooing—your hair is not dry, unruly.
3. Instantly gives the soft, lovely effect obtained from tedious, vigorous brushings . . . plus a tiny tint—**in these 12 shades.**

1. Black	7. Titian Blonde
2. Dark Copper	8. Golden Blonde
3. Sable Brown	9. Topaz Blonde
4. Golden Brown	10. Dark Auburn
5. Nut Brown	11. Light Auburn
6. Silver	12. Lustre Glint

4. The improved Golden Glint contains only safe certified colors and pure Radien, all new, approved ingredients.

Try Golden Glint...Over 50 million packages have been sold...Choose your shade at any cosmetic dealer. Price 10 and 25¢—or send for a

FREE SAMPLE

Golden Glint Co., Seattle, 14, Wash., Box 3366-B-40

Please send color No._____ as listed above.

Name_____

Address_____

GOLDEN GLINT

WRITE SONGS

The writer of "BOOTS AND SADDLES" and other song hits will compose the melody for your song poem. Never has such an opportunity been offered new writers. Send your song poems and lyrics for FREE examination. Write for details and FREE INSTRUCTIVE BOOKLET.

HOLLYWOOD HARMONY HOUSE STUDIO
126 South La Brea Los Angeles 36, Calif.

MUST CLEAR YOUR SKIN IN 5 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK



How You May Have a "Hollywood" Complexion

In just 5 days LeCharme must clear your skin of those ugly, disfiguring blemishes (externally caused) and leave you with a "Hollywood" Complexion or it costs you nothing. No help—no pay.

LeCharme Medicated Cream is the formula of a well known European Skin Specialist. It contains a special ingredient not found in similar preparations. LeCharme does 7 things for your complexion: 1. Draws out impurities. 2. Soothes and heals irritation. 3. Cleans skin of externally caused pimples, blackheads. 4. Reduces large pores. 5. Corrects oily skin. 6. Gently flakes off dead, dry, dull-looking outer skin. 7. Leaves your skin soft, smooth, glamorous.

Dorene Phillips, St. Simon's Island, Ga., writes: "Send me a jar of LeCharme Creme ($2 size). It is the best treatment I ever had for pimples and blackheads."

And Eleanor Rickey, Cleveland, Ohio writes: "Here is my check for $4. Send me 2—$2 jars of LeCharme. I used one jar and had wonderful results in clearing my acne condition."

SEND NO MONEY for LeCharme. Just your name and address. Pay postman $1 plus C.O.D. and postage charges ($2 for Economy Size). If you send cash with order we pay all postage fees. Order today—remember, LeCharme must help your complexion or your money back. LeCharme Products, 303 West 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y. Dept. 2T.

you from eating."

"But, why? Why?"

"That's what I'm here to find out. Last night I spoke to some of your friends over at the Sherry Plaza. Now I'd like to talk to you. Are you in love, Edna?"

"Oh, yes," she said swiftly. "But that can't have anything to do with it. He's in the Army now, and we intend to get married as soon as—"

There was a knock on the door, and Nurse Workman stuck her head in: "There's a fellow outside here, says he has an appointment with you."

"Show him in," Red said.

A small, dapper man came in briskly; he looked keenly at Doctor Adams and then at Edna. He nodded to Edna. Red said: "Edna, you know Larry Goff, the theatrical agent?"

"Yes," Edna said.

Then abruptly Red continued: "And you knew a girl named Sylvia Farnes, too?"

root of the matter . . .

Something puzzled and frightened flitted across Edna's face. "I knew Sylvia. I was terribly sorry to hear she died last week."

"Sylvia knew the man you're in love with, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"In fact she was in love with him herself."

Edna's voice was very low: "Yes."

"And she blamed you for taking him away."

"But it wasn't true," Edna said intensely. "He never loved her. He never told her so."

"I believe that, Edna," Red said softly. "Did you ever have any trouble with her, any arguments?"

"She blamed me for losing her job. She said I got her kicked out of the show because I was jealous. I never did. I swear I never did."

"And then you heard she died," Red said. "And you heard she died of *starvation*. That's what's been in your mind all the time, Edna. Deep, deep down you've been blaming yourself for her death. You've been telling yourself that it was because of you that she lost her job and then died. You felt you were guilty for it. And you were punishing yourself by refusing to eat. You never knew why, of course. All you knew was that suddenly you couldn't eat anything. But at the bottom of it all was the fear that you had caused Sylvia Farnes' death—"

"But I did," Edna said in a horrified voice.

Red said sharply: "You didn't. In the first place you didn't make her lose her job. As a matter of fact she tried to make you lose yours. Right, Mr. Goff?"

Larry Goff nodded: "She put it up to the stage manager that one of you had to go. She wanted you out. She was sore as a boil because you took her man even though she knew he didn't care a plugged nickel about her. So the stage manager canned *her*. She was always a tough one to get along with anyhow, and she liked the bottle a little too much—"

"Which brings us to the second point," Red said. "Svlvia Farnes didn't die of malnutrition. That was just a story to protect her reputation. Actually, she drank herself to death. Is that right, Mr. Goff?"

"It's true, Edna. She was heading that way all the time. It wasn't anything you did. Sylvia was just a bad one from the first."

"So you had nothing to do with her death," Red said insistently. "You weren't guilty of anything. Do you hear that, Edna. Do you believe it?"

It was as if a black cloud had lifted from the girl's face; her eyes lit with hope, and her face looked young again and fresh. "It's like getting up out of a bad dream,"

IT'S HERE! A New SECURITY PLAN



Pays Both HOSPITAL & DOCTOR BILLS

CASH BENEFITS INCLUDE

Hospital Expenses for Accident up to **$540.00**

Hospital Expenses for Sickness (beginning 7th day) up to **$540.00**

Doctor Expenses for Accident up to **$135.00**

Loss of Time from Work up to **$300.00**

Accidental Death **$1000.00**

War Coverage & other valuable benefits.

***Protection in case of* SICKNESS or ACCIDENT**

Here's a real Security Plan . . . designed to give the protection you need against expenses resulting from Hospitalization. In case of unexpected sickness or accident . . . go to any Hospital in the U.S. or Canada, under any Doctor's care. We pay your expenses in full accordance with Policy provisions.

Individual or Family

You are eligible for this low cost Protection from birth to age 70 . . . without Medical Examination. The famous North American Plan is sold direct . . . at a saving to you. The Company is under the supervision of the Insurance Department. Sickness and accident strike suddenly . . . BE PREPARED! Mail coupon. No Agent will call.

FULL DETAILS FREE!

NORTH AMERICAN MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
Dept. MM5-3, Wilmington, Del.

Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3c A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____



YOUR PILLOW KNOWS

Your pillow gets as close to your hair as anything does—so just check it for unpleasant odors. Remember, your scalp perspires just as your skin does—and it's easy to offend with scalp odor—*and not know it.*

To make *sure* your hair doesn't drive people away, shampoo regularly with Packers Pine Tar Shampoo. It contains pure, medicinal pine tar—works wonders with scalp odor and oily hair. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears.

Start using Packers tonight and be safe—with clean, fresh scalp . . . soft, lustrous hair. You can get Packers Pine Tar Shampoo at any drug, department or ten-cent store.



she said. "I believe you, Doctor. I know I had nothing to do with Sylvia's death now. I know it all the way through me—"

woof, woof . . .

Red smiled: "Okay. Now see if you can't get a couple of steaks through you. With potatoes."

"I could eat a wolf," Edna said happily.

"In your business," Red said, "you probably have to. The prescription is still steak, though. And if a wolf shows up, tell him you'll sic the Army on him."

Late that night, Dr. Adams lay on his bed trying to sleep, thoughts and images drifting through his mind haphazardly: Dr. Gillespie off to Chicago . . . that case in Ward 3 . . . . Ruth . . . Lord, she was lovely . . . poor Sally . . . funny about that chorus girl . . . funny the things people can get into . . . if only Ruth wasn't so rich . . . always hearing bells . . . must be Ruth and her wedding bells. . . .

It wasn't. It was the telephone jangling insistently at his elbow, and he rolled over groaning and lifted the receiver and then immediately he was awake: "What's that?" he said. "Sally? In pain? Did those X-Rays come through yet? Tell X-Ray I'm coming down. I'll be over to Sally right after. Keep her comfortable. . . ."

When he finally got to Sally's room, he found Molly Byrd, Superintendent of the Nurses, at the bedside. Molly shook her head at Red. He came over and he said softly: "Sally? Can you hear me, Sally?"

"Doctor Adams, I'm so glad you—" a spasm of pain crossed her face.

"You know me too long to call me Doctor," Red said. "It always was Red between us, wasn't it, Sally?"

"Red . . ."

"Why did you lie to us, Sally?" Red said. "Why didn't you tell us you were in pain?"

"It's . . . it's . . . cancer, isn't it?"

"Cancer!" Red said sharply. "You mean you've been lying there thinking that's what it is. You poor kid. No Sally, I swear to you it isn't. Your plumbing's out of kilter, that's all. It's one of your kidneys out on a bender. It'll have to come out."

"You're the doctor . . ."

"Gillespie's out of town. But Dr. Lane Porteus will be down for the operation and—"

"Red," Sally said; she grimaced and then waited until the pain passed. "Red . . . promise me if anyone is going to operate . . . you'll be the one . . . promise me . . ."

"Porteus is one of the best men in the country."

"You . . ."

Red looked over to Molly Byrd. She nodded slightly.

"All right, Sally," Red said. "I promise."

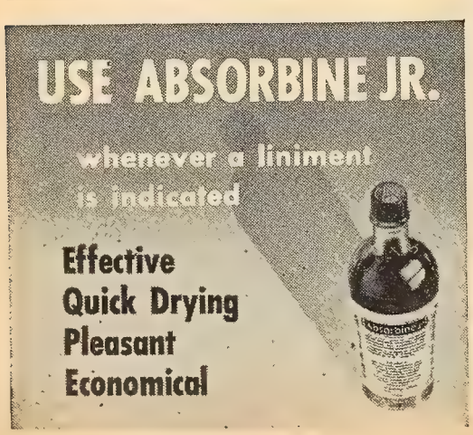
Under the single huge light in the operating room, Sally looked white and shrunken. She was breathing steadily and deeply under the skillful fingers of the anesthetist. Doctor Adams stood at the table waiting for the sign. Then the anesthetist said: "Ready now, Doctor." After that the minutes merged into the swift, climactic struggle between a man's trained hands and death. The voices droned impersonally in the room.

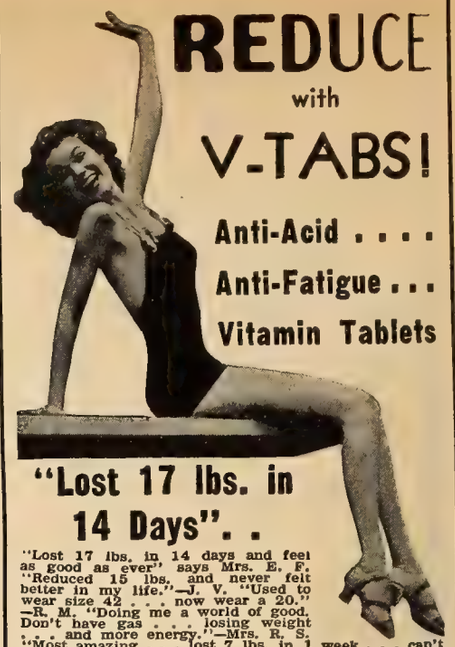
"Pulse eighty . . . pulse ninety-six, respiration twenty-two. . . ."

Outside her room Molly Byrd and Red stood silently together. Molly sighed and said finally: "You did all there was to be done, Red. If no severe shock sets in—"

"We'll pull her through," Red said harshly.

Molly laid her hand on his arm: "Take the advice of an old war horse. There's nothing more you can do. You've been on your feet almost twenty-four hours straight. You need rest. Ruth called. Drop over there. I'll call you if anything





"Lost 17 lbs. in 14 Days". .

"Lost 17 lbs. in 14 days and feel as good as ever" says Mrs. E. F. "Reduced 15 lbs. and never felt better in my life."—J. V. "Used to wear size 42 . . . now wear a 20."—R. M. "Doing me a world of good. Don't have gas . . . losing weight . . . and more energy."—Mrs. R. S. "Most amazing . . . lost 7 lbs. in 1 week . . . can't thank you enough."—Mrs. L. I. "Lost 14 lbs. and feel so much better . . . don't bloat and have gas."—Mrs. O. K. These are but a few of the many letters in our files. Why don't YOU see what V-Tabs will do for you?

NOT A CATHARTIC

V-Tabs are not a cathartic. They help reduce fat by supplementing your regular diet when taken instead of a heavy lunch, and also tend to take away that abnormal appetite caused by over-acidity or fatigue. If you are overweight, always tired, full of acid and yet like to eat, try V-Tabs. As fatigue and acidity disappear, your normal appetite will return and you will no longer crave the quantities of food that cause the excess fat deposits.

QUICK . . . HARMLESS . . . PLEASANT

With intake curtailed, the body feeds on its own surplus fat, and weight goes down . . . quickly! Mail coupon today with $1.98 and save postage or order C.O.D. plus postage. Take the full month's supply according to directions in the booklet. If not satisfied with results . . . if you do not lose weight and feel better . . . we will refund the cost. Act NOW!
V-TAB CO., Dept. D-14, P.O. Box 205, Times Sq. Sta., N.Y.

MONEY BACK AGREEMENT

V-TABS CO., Dept. D-14,
P. O. Box 205, Times Square Sta., New York

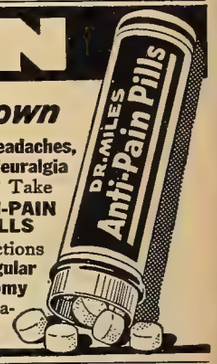
Send me one month's supply of V-TABS (120 tablets)
☐ I enclose $1.98.
☐ I will pay postman $1.98 plus postage.

Name.....

Address.....

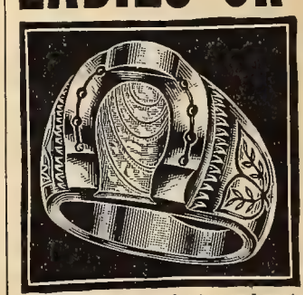
City..... State.....
No Canadian Orders Please print plainly

PAIN
Pulls You Down



DO you sometimes have **Headaches, Muscular Pains, Simple Neuralgia** or **Functional Monthly Pains?** Take **DR. MILES ANTI-PAIN PILLS** for quick relief. Read directions and use only as directed. **Regular package 25c. Large Economy package $1.00.** Miles Laboratories, Inc. Elkhart, Indiana.

LADIES OR GENTS



This Horseshoe Ring, hand made, hand engraved, inlaid with simulated pearl is a KNOCK-OUT! Choice of Ladies' or Gents'. Shoe and shank of everlasting Monel Metal is

GUARANTEED 20 YEARS

Supply is limited... rush your order! SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman only $3.85 plus excise tax and postage. Return for refund in five days if not delighted. *Can be sent to Service Men overseas without their request.*

American Jewelry Co., Dept. 92 HL, Wheeling, W. Va.

happens. . . ."

He had felt desperately tired, but now after punching the button to Ruth's apartment, he felt the tiredness drop from him, and he was pleased that he had remembered to bring flowers.

"Well, well," Ruth said pleasantly. "Didn't you want the Sherry Plaza? You can't miss it. There's a blonde hanging from the flagpole."

"I don't want the Sherry Plaza."

"No?"

"I know what I want."

"Do you?"

"I want . . ." he stumbled over it.

"You'll never make Information Please that way," Ruth said.

"Ruth," Red said. "Stop joking."

"I'm not joking," Ruth said. "I'm trying to hide a broken heart. Seen it anywhere around, Doctor? You can't miss it. It's one of those small neat ones. Or at least it was. It's probably all shrivelled up now from lack of affection or vitamins or whatever it is hearts need to get along."

"Why don't you stop talking?" Red said.

"Why should I? Nothing ever happens when I do. I shut my mouth and make like a vamp. I give the big baby-come-hither stare, and all you ever say is that I ought to see an oculist."

"Not this time, Ruth," Red said huskily.

She knew then, and all the banter went out of her face. She moved toward him in silence.

AUTOGRAPHS

Sinatra, Allyson, Johnson, McCallister — they're all yours! Thumb over to page 12.

"You think I ever stopped loving you a minute?" Red said.

And the telephone rang.

It left the mood shattered as a soap bubble in the air. Red managed one cautious grin at Ruth. She eyed him doubtfully for a moment, and then she laughed: "All right, Doctor," she said. "I suppose I'll have to be getting used to things like that."

"It's Sally," Red said from the phone. "Molly says she's in bad shock. I have to get right back."

A month later three couples entered the exclusive night club at the Sherry Plaza. You would have easily recognized Dr. Gillespie; and possibly young Dr. Adams and Ruth Edley. The tall, gangling girl might have given you some trouble until you spotted Sally under the glamorous hair-do. It was easy enough to see that they were all happy. As they sat down, a bell rang sharply somewhere offstage. Red Adams jumped to his feet like a trained dog responding to a command.

"Sit down," Dr. Gillespie growled. "The trouble with doctors is they think they're the only ones who ever get phone calls."

THE CAST

Dr. "Red" Adams.....*Van Johnson*
Dr. Leonard Gillespie.*Lionel Barrymore*
Edna .....*Gloria De Haven*
Tobey .....*Keenan Wynn*
Ruth Edley.....*Marilyn Maxwell*
Molly Byrd.....*Alma Kruger*
Sally .....*Marie Blake*
Dr. Lee.....*Keye Luke*
Nurse Parker.....*Nell Craig*
Nurse Morgan.....*Edna Holland*
Marian .....*Lorraine Miller*
Dr. Walter Carew....*Walter Kingsford*
Eddie Smith.....*Tom Trout*
Nurse Thorsen.....*Shirley Patterson*

FREE! ENLARGEMENT OF YOUR FAVORITE PHOTO





JUST TO GET ACQUAINTED! WE WILL MAKE YOU A BEAUTIFUL 5 x 7 ENLARGEMENT OF ANY SNAPSHOT, PHOTO, OR NEGATIVE ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Be sure to include color of hair, eyes and clothing, and get Our Bargain Offer for having your enlargement beautifully hand colored in oil and mounted in a handsome frame. Limit 2 to a customer. Please enclose 10c each for handling and mailing the enlargements. Originals returned. Be sure to include all information. Act Now!

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS • 7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.

MAIL TODAY

LOOK THRU YOUR ALBUM
SELECT YOUR FAVORITE SNAPSHOTS

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. 574
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.

Enclosed find_____snapshot or negative. [specify number, limit 2]
Please make_____free enlargements. [specify number, limit 2]
Handling and Mailing charge of 10c each is enclosed

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zone

Fill out description below. Mark back of picture 1 & 2
COLOR - Picture No. 1
Hair_____
Eyes_____
Clothing_____
COLOR - Picture No. 2
Hair_____
Eyes_____
Clothing_____



Can't SLEEP?

Maybe It's NERVES

Don't take the day's worries to bed with you—good advice but hard to follow when we're Nervous and Restless. DR. MILES NERVINE (Liquid or Effervescent Tablets) helps to relieve nervous tension, to permit refreshing sleep. Why don't you try it when you are Nervous, Cranky, Restless? Get it at your drug store—Liquid, 25c and $1.00. Effervescent Tablets, 35c and 75c. Read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.

DR. MILES NERVINE

BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR ... AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER



● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c and $1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get BROWNATONE today.

PRETTY LEGS



BEAUTIFY CONTOURS, EASILY, QUICKLY!

New, lovely proportions for your legs: hips, thighs, calves, ankles, etc.—in this healthful, new, astonishingly easy way. Only a few minutes per day in your own home.

EFFECTIVE, LASTING RESULTS!

Used successfully by hundreds of smart women everywhere.

WRITE FOR FREE LITERATURE TODAY!

Surprise everyone: get started now, without obligation, by mailing coupon immediately to

ADRIENNE
915 SHREVE BLDG., Salon H, SAN FRANCISCO, 8, CAL.

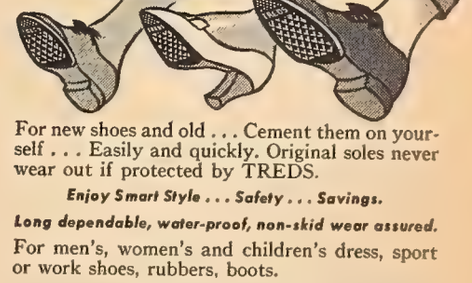
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....

Money Back If Blackheads Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, muddiness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, fairer, smoother looking skin. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug toiletry counters. 30 million jars already used. Ask for Imperial size, or write for a generous Free Sample to Golden Peacock Co., Inc., Paris, Tennessee.

TREDS

The Stick-on Soles that Stay On



For new shoes and old . . . Cement them on yourself . . . Easily and quickly. Original soles never wear out if protected by TREDS.

Enjoy Smart Style . . . Safety . . . Savings.

Long dependable, water-proof, non-skid wear assured.

For men's, women's and children's dress, sport or work shoes, rubbers, boots.

TREDS will not mar floors.

One pair TREDS, tube of cement, applicator and scraper . . . all complete with full directions on display card. Only 25c at your favorite Hardware, 5c and 10c or General Store.

AUBURN RUBBER CORP.
AUBURN, INDIANA



Use this
SUPER VALUE BRUSH
by the makers of
Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft
Toothbrush

DR. WEST'S Quality
CORRECT SHAPE
NYLON Bristles



FREE

Beautiful Sample Enlargement, also a De Luxe Studio Folder—both absolutely free. Just send this ad with any photo. Enclose only 10c for mailing. Canada also. Two Natural Tone sent C. O. D. for only 58c plus post. Negs. 59c.
New York Art Service, 200 W. 72 St., N. Y. C.

JUNE ALLYSON

(Continued from page 56)

He always said yes. Jab! went the needle into teacher's leg—

On the sunwarmed rock, June lectured her dog. "What do you mean, sticking needles in people's legs? We'll have to tell her we're sorry, you know. Mummy said so—"

June had three great loves—Mother, Grandma and Teddy, the wirehair. She lived in Grandma's little white house in Westchester. They weren't rich, but then neither was anyone else around their neighborhood. She had a bike like the other kids, and would have been perfectly happy if only Mother'd been home instead of working in New York.

She understood about her father. Mummy'd explained it. Mummy always explained things so you could understand. Sometimes people got married, then found it was all a mistake, so it was better to say good-by in a nice way than go on living together and not being happy. June understood about that, and she understood, too, why Mother had to work. Grandpa only had his pension, which wasn't very big, and they needed more money.

But understanding it wasn't always enough. June loved her mother so dearly that sometimes she just couldn't stand it, not having her round.

If *any*one could have made up for not having your very own mother, it would have been Grandma. Grandma was quiet—not gay, like Mummy—but oh! so sweet. And a wonderful storyteller. When she was little, June thought they were just stories, but then she caught on. There was always a lesson. If she did something wrong, Grandma'd say, "Remember what happened to the little girl in the story?"

June liked to tease her. "Tell me a story with*out* a lesson, Grandma."

Grandma'd call her a scamp, but she certainly appreciated June. She was the only one who ever said June might go on the stage some day—

"Look what *I* can do," June would cry, turning a cartwheel or standing on her head.

"Mark my words," Grandma'd say. "That child's going to be a dancer."

Then there was Teddy. In all the world you'd never find another like him. You could talk to him as if he were human, and he understood lots more than lots of people. Even when he was a puppy and chewed shoes.

"Stop it," said June, "or you'll grow up to be an idiot." He'd stick his head between his paws and look *so* ashamed. "Never mind, darling," she'd croon into his fuzzy ear. "I'll be an idiot, too."

He'd trot along to school with her and go home by himself, and of course he could tell time, because every afternoon at three he'd be there to meet her. Every afternoon but one.

June raced all the way home. "Why, he left as usual," said Grandma.

All afternoon they hunted him. June wouldn't eat, and she wouldn't go to bed.

So Grandpa went out with her into the dark, quiet street, and at last they found him—a wretched little huddle, exhausted by grief and fatigue, asleep on the school steps. But for Teddy, the ordeal was almost worth while. His regular bed was beside the kitchen stove. And he spent that night curled in a blissful ball at June's feet.

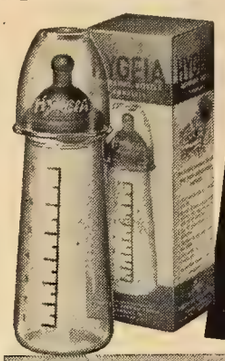
ordeal by pain . . .

It had been the most heavenly Sunday June could remember. Mother'd taken her to Coney Island. They'd eaten hot dogs

having a BABY?



Start right with Hygeia Nursing Bottles. Easy to clean—wide mouth and rounded interior corners have no crevices where germs can hide. Red measuring scale aids in correct filling. Wide base prevents tipping. Tapered shape helps baby get last drop of formula. Famous breast-shaped nipple with patented air-vent permits steady flow, prevents "windsucking." Cap keeps nipples and formula germ-free for storing or out-of-home feeding.



NEW COMPLETE PACKAGE
Ask your druggist for Hygeia's new package containing Bottle, Nipple, and Cap. No extra cost.

Hygeia
NURSING BOTTLES
NIPPLES WITH CAPS
Sold complete as illustrated or parts separately!

CONSULT YOUR DOCTOR REGULARLY



LEARN MILLINERY AT HOME

Design and make exclusive hats under personal direction of one of America's noted designers. Complete materials, blocks, etc., furnished. Every step illustrated. You make exclusive salable hats right from the start. We teach you how to start a profitable business in spare time. Low cost and easy terms. Expert milliners are in demand. Free National Placement Dept. Send for free catalog.
LOUIE MILLER SCHOOL OF MILLINERY
225 N. Wabash Ave., Dept. 183, Chicago 1, Ill.

PICTURE RING $1.



Made from Any Photo or Picture! SEND NO MONEY!

Exquisite Onyx-like Picture Ring—made from any photo. **Send No Money!** Mail photo with paper strip for ring size. Pay postman only $1.00 plus postage. Hand tinted 25c extra. Photo returned with ring. Money back guarantee. Send photo and ring size now.
PORTRAIT RING CO., Dept. F 25 CINCINNATI, O.

Be a Designer of Smart Fashions



FASCINATING CAREER. LEARN AT HOME
Prepare now for thrilling career . . . Varied opportunities for those with aptitude and experience. Originate your own clothes—design for family and friends. Save—earn. N. S. D. D. "learn-by-doing" method may also help to open the door to a commercial fashion career in industry or as owner of your own dress shop. Teachers of design and styling guide you step by step by mail. Send for FREE Booklet, "A Career in Costume Designing" and requirements.
NATIONAL SCHOOL OF DRESS DESIGN
1315 S. Michigan Avenue - Dept. 2363 - Chicago 5, Ill.

KEEP BUYING THOSE BONDS



Glamour at your FINGERTIPS!

When he fondles your hand and turns it over in his, what does he see? Are your nails exquisitely groomed, glamorous, FLOWERY TREATED?
Get the FLOWERY habit. These manicure products have been standard for more than 30 years. Glamour is right at your fingertips! Simply make regular use of Flowery Emery Boards, Orange Sticks and other aids to beautiful hands. Flowery Emery Boards are 5c, 10c, 15c and 20c for a box of 12. Get Flowery products at leading drug, chain stores, department stores and beauty parlors.
SENT FREE: Color illustrated booklet "Your Hands," crammed full of beauty secrets.

Flowery MANICURE PRODUCTS
Dept. "B," 3636 Park Ave., New York 56, N.Y.



Fascinating, Lifelike
MOVIE STARS PHOTOS

12 REGULAR HIGH GLOSS SHOTS $1.00

These are REAL authentic glossy Hollywood photos. Absolutely latest shots of your favorite stars. Complete assortment. Order today!

FREE! Catalog of over 200 fascinating miniature photos with each order. (To avoid delay, state 2nd choice.)

Betty Grable 20th Century-Fox Star In "Diamond Horseshoe"

ALSO STUNNING PIN-UP PHOTOS—12 for $1.00
GLAMOR-TONE PHOTO SERVICE
1233 Sixth Avenue, Dept. E-3
New York 19, N. Y.

REDUCE SAFELY

★ NO EXERCISE
★ NO REDUCING DRUGS
★ ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS

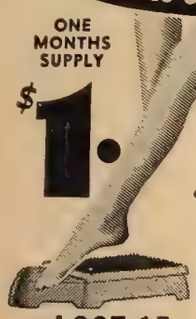


LOSE 3 to 5 lbs. a WEEK YET EAT PLENTY!

ONE MONTHS SUPPLY

$1.

Simply take a half teaspoonful of KELP-I-DINE with any meal (preferably at breakfast). EAT AS YOU USUALLY DO. DON'T CUT OUT fatty, starchy foods, just CUT DOWN on them. *That's all there is to it!*



FREE TO TRY

You can try KELPIDINE without it costing you a cent. Just order with the coupon and if you find KELPIDINE does not help you lose weight, return the remainder to us and we will refund your money in full. Nothing could be fairer. Act Now!

LOST 15 POUNDS

"I lost 15 pounds on my $1.00 size Kelpidine." Mrs. M. D.

3 Months Supply ☐ $2.00

MAIL COUPON

AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS CO., M-130
871 Broad Street, Newark 2, N. J.

Enclosed find $1.00 for the KELPIDINE REDUCING PLAN and one month's supply of KELPIDINE to be sent to me postage prepaid. If not satisfied I may return unused portion and my $1.00 will be refunded.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

☐ *I enclose $2. Send a three-month supply—postage prepaid.*

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

TAG-A-LONG

. . . the New Solid Perfume Concentrate

"FOR THE LURE OF THE AGES"

Famous Beauties like Cleopatra and Helen of Troy knew the allure of fragrant perfumes and oils and used them lavishly. YOU need only smooth a little Tag-A-Long behind each ear, on your throat or wrists to give you an unforgettable allure. Handy compact contains a generous supply. Send $1.00 today (including Fed. Tax) to Ali Perfume Co., P. O. Box 151, (Station N), N. Y. C.

High School Course at Home

Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H.S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.

American School, Dept. H314, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

FOR 75 YEARS A FOREMOST ASTHMATIC *aid*

● For 75 years Dr. Guild's GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMATIC COMPOUND has been a source of relief to countless numbers of asthmatic sufferers. It is economical, pleasant. 24 cigarettes, only 50¢. Powder, 25¢ and $1.00 at nearly all drug stores. Write J. H. Guild Co., Dept. V-6, Rupert, Vt. for FREE SAMPLE. Use only as directed on package.



and whirled on the merry-go-round and slid down the chutes. June was wearing the pink taffeta Grandma'd made for her birthday—her first dress-up dress. They'd left very early, to be home in time for supper. Teddy ran out to welcome them back, but June was too excited to go indoors.

The kids were playing cops and robbers on their bikes. "Mummy, can I get my bike and play for a while?"

"It's kind of late, dear. And that's no dress to play cops and robbers in."

"I'll be *terribly* careful. Just for a *little* while, *please!*"

"Well—all right then."

June climbed her bike and joined the robbers. Helen was cop. The last thing June remembered was Teddy scampering beside her, and Helen lifting her hand to say stop. Then the crash!—and blackness.

She came to for just a second before the ambulance got there, and wondered why they were cutting her pink silk dress. "My head feels funny—"

The storm-weakened tree had come down on her head and back. Helen jumped in time to escape with a broken arm. Teddy's little life was snuffed out.

June's hung by a thread. At the hospital they told her white-faced mother: "We're doing all we can—"

"What does that mean?" she asked from between stiff lips.

"She may not live through the night—"

For days she was conscious of nothing but pain. She didn't know Mother was there, wracked by every feeble moan, rigid with dread when the moaning ceased and the broken little body lay ominously still. She knew only that when she pushed her eyes open as against some heavy weight, there was pain all around. Once her mother caught the words: "I—hurt—so bad—" and sat there by the bed, slowly tearing a handkerchief to shreds.

One day she opened her eyes and kept them open. Funny. Her head wouldn't move. All she could see was the ceiling. Her eyes slid over toward a window with green outside—slid back—

Mother was bending over her. "Junie—"

"Hello. What'm I—doing here?"

"You've been sick, darling. How do you feel now?"

"All right—I guess. Why—can't I—move my head?"

"You were hurt, but you're going to be fine. Don't talk any more now, my blessed baby—"

It looked as if Mother were crying. It looked as if she were kneeling down by the bed, and she must be crying, else why was June's hand getting wet? She wanted to say don't cry, but she was too tired. She'd have to remember to say it when she woke up—

The head was kept shaved and bandaged, the back was in a cast. The doctors said she might not walk again. Her one cry was for Teddy—

"I want my Teddy. When's my Teddy coming to see me?"

At first, fearful of the shock, they said dogs weren't allowed in hospitals—

"Then bring him and hold him up to the window, Mummy, just to say hello—"

"Later—when you're stronger—"

"If I could just see his little face, I'd get strong right away."

Mother finally had to tell her. "He was running beside you that day. The tree fell on him, too. Teddy's in heaven, darling, with the other little dogs."

June closed her eyes. She didn't want to see anyone, even Mother. Mother couldn't help her—she couldn't bring Teddy back. He'd never stand there again with his head on the side, never call for her at school. The little red tongue wouldn't wash her face any more, the box by the stove

HAIR Reborn!

Yes! Reborn every minute of your life! . . . Take advantage of your hair's continuous rebirth. Keep it young-looking, pliant . . .



—not "abused". One refreshing Admiracion Shampoo treatment floats away dirt, dandruff, dulling soap film. Leaves hair alluring!

ADMIRACIÓN Shampoo





Glamour-Eyes with LASH-KOTE

Stays on for days. Positively harmless. Not a dye. Black and Brown—25c at Toilet Goods Counters throughout America.

WATERPROOF EYELASH MAKEUP
Smudge Proof
Tear Proof Bath Proof
Easy to Apply

VOGUE PRODUCTS 1151 Seward St., Hollywood 38, Calif.

Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher



LEARN AT HOME FOR LESS THAN 7c A DAY

Play by note Piano, Violin, Tenor Banjo, Guitar, Accordion, Saxophone or any other instrument. Wonderful improved method. Simple as A-B-C. No "numbers" or trick music. Costs less than 7c a day. Over 750,000 students.

FREE BOOK Send coupon today for Free Booklet and Print and Picture Sample explaining this method in detail. Mention favorite instrument.

U. S. School of Music, 1443 Brunswick Bldg., New York 10, N. Y.

SUCCESSFUL 47TH YR.

U. S. School of Music, 1443 Brunswick Bldg., New York 10, N. Y.
Please send me Free Print and Picture Sample. I would like to play (Name Instrument).....

Name..... Have You Instr.?.....
(Please Print)

Street.....

City..... State.....

"MY Don Juan Lipstick STAYS ON!"



Says
Paula Stone
FAMOUS ON SCREEN, STAGE AND RADIO

"My lips stay lovely hours longer without retouching... That's why Don Juan is tops with me."

4 beauty extras.

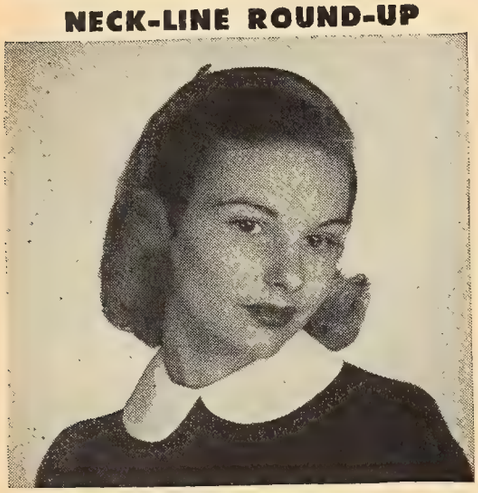
See what they do for your lips

1. **DON JUAN STAYS ON** when you eat, drink, kiss, if used as directed. No greasy, smeary effect.
2. **LIPS STAY LOVELY** without frequent retouching. Try today.
3. **NOT DRYING or SMEARY.** Imparts appealing "glamour" look. Creamy smooth—easily applied.
4. **STYLE SHADES.** Try Raspberry, rich, glowing, or Number 5, medium red, flattering, youthful looking. Other shades, too.

De luxe size $1. Refills 60c. Junior size 25c. Tax extra. Matching powder, rouge & cake make-up. Trial sizes at 10c stores. In Canada also.

DON JUAN MILLION DOLLAR LIPSTICK

NECK-LINE ROUND-UP



PREST-O CHANGE-O DICKEY
at all leading chain stores

That choir boy look for the young in heart . . . a washable rayon sharkskin dickey. It works color magic with sweaters, dresses or suits—either Hi- or V-neck. So easily changed it needs no sleight of hand technique. Only 39¢



HOWARDS • FIFTH AVENUE
417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

would be empty. If only she could lay her cheek against his coat—tell him she was sorry for saying he'd grow up to be an idiot—

From under the closed lids two slow tears rolled. She couldn't lift her hand to wipe them away. The lips quivered, the small white-swathed face crumpled in anguish, sobs tore through the little frame in its plaster prison—

"Oh darling, don't cry like that, you'll hurt yourself. Don't cry for Teddy. He's happy running around in heaven—"

Strangled words broke through. "He's—not happy, Mummy. Even in heaven—he couldn't be happy—without me."

Little by little, the wounds of body and spirit began to mend. First they said she mightn't live—then, that she mightn't walk. But June fooled them. At the end of six months—head still bandaged, back in a brace that she was to wear for five years—she took her first wobbling triumphant steps—starting from Mother by the bed and flopping into the arms of the red-headed doctor, way over by the door.

June was madly in love with the red-headed doctor. There *had* been a time when she planned to marry him. But one day Red came in to find his favorite patient gone sour on him. For five minutes she kept her back turned. Then she pointed out coldly: "You've got a wife already—"

"I didn't know you cared—"

"Of course I cared. You brought me presents, didn't you? When men give ladies presents, it means they're in love—"

She forgave him in the end, and went right on loving him best, though there wasn't a single doctor she didn't love. It was there in the hospital that June conceived her passion for the healing profession. Doctors were kind and good. They made you stop hurting. You came in sick, and they made you well. That was a wonderful thing to be able to do—

"Mummy, when I grow up, can I be a doctor?"

"If that's what you want. It takes a long time, and you have to be pretty smart—"

"I'll be smart," said June.

over the bumps . . .

A year after the accident, June went back to school and Mother went back to work. Teachers had nothing to complain of any longer. June was a model child—almost too good. Kept her head bent over her books and avoided other children. When you had best friends, they'd put their arms around you. She didn't want arms around her, feeling her brace. She looked funny enough as it was, spindleshanks and baldhead. Her eyes would rest on the heads around her—blond curls, dark braids—all shiny and beautiful. They all had hair and they thought nothing of it—didn't *know* how lucky they were—

One day she found some old lengths of rope in the cellar, cut off two ends, combed out the strands, stuck them over her ears, and tied a kerchief on to keep them in place. At school, one or two of the girls tittered, but June didn't care. Grandma said, if she liked herself better that way, go ahead and wear them—

Sometimes she'd take Snowball and go sit on the rock that she still called Teddy's rock. Snowball was supposed to be instead of Teddy—a little white poodle, so tiny that Mother'd brought him home in her shopping bag. He was cute and fun to play with and—not to hurt his feelings—she pretended to love him like Teddy, but of course she couldn't. Sitting there on the rock, he'd sort of fade out like in the movies, and Teddy'd come back with his lovely soft eyes and his sweet funny ways—. Just for a second, though. The minute she put her hand out, he'd be gone,

NO Occupational Restrictions *NOT Contestable

Triple INDEMNITY
LIFE INSURANCE
POLICY PAYS MAXIMUM BENEFITS
$3000.00

Policy Costs Only $1.00 a Month

Provide for those you love this wise, easy way. Only a few pennies a day will pay for TRIPLE INDEMNITY LIFE INSURANCE, backed by Legal Reserves. Old reliable Pioneer Life Insurance Company offers this assured protection **without restrictions as to your Occupation, Travel or Residence and includes** *valuable Incontestability Clause—all as plainly stated in the policy. Men, women and children from 1 day to 70 years of age eligible. No Red Tape—No Medical Examination! Full details sent by mail. No Agent will call. Write at once for FREE inspection offer. DON'T DELAY!

COMPLETE LIFE PROTECTION POLICY PAYS for LOSS of LIFE DUE TO ANY CAUSE!

PIONEER LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
8702 Pioneer Building • Rockford, Illinois



Hair OFF Face Lips Chin Arms Legs

Happy! I had ugly hair . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried many different products . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem", explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mme. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 86, Chicago.

Remember Your Loved One!



Wear This Genuine
STERLING SILVER PHOTO RING
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Custom Made Design with Your Photo Hand-Painted in Oil. Permanently Sealed in Magnified Dome Crystal. WATER-PROOF—WILL NEVER FADE. SEND NO MONEY! Simply mail a photo or clear snapshot which will be returned in good order. When your Photo Ring arrives, pay the postman $4.49 plus a few cents postage. LIFE-TIME GUARANTEE. Mass production and direct sales to you make this value possible. $7.50 Value All Federal Taxes, Inc.

$4.49

Send in a Paper Strip with your ring finger measure for correct size.

FISK INDUSTRIES, Dept. D-3
Fisk Building, 250 West 57 St., N. Y. C.

POEMS WANTED
For Musical Setting

Mother, Home, Love, Sacred, Patriotic, Comic or any subject. DON'T DELAY—Send us your Original Poem at once—for immediate examination and FREE RHYMING DICTIONARY.

RICHARD BROTHERS '49 WOODS BUILDING CHICAGO, ILL.



DRAW for MONEY

Be An ARTIST!

Trained Artists Are Capable of Earning
$30-$50-$75 A WEEK

Use Your Spare Time to Prepare for a Profitable Art Career!

It's pleasant and interesting to study Art the W.S.A. way. COMMERCIAL ART, ILLUSTRATING, CARTOONING all in ONE complete course. No previous Art experience necessary—hundreds have profited by our practical methods since 1914. TWO ART OUTFITS furnished with training. Full information in FREE BOOK, "Art for Pleasure and Profit." Write today. State age. WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Studio 803P, 1115—15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.



Do Men Admire You, Women Envy You?

Science has discovered the facsimile of Nature's substance which gives skin its youthful quality! TRUM contains this costly and amazing young-skin ingredient called Estrogen, which is actually absorbed by your skin to do its work under the surface to help firm, freshen and strengthen tissues. Let your mirror be the judge of its amazing benefits! Have this "vitalizing" substance bring "bloom" to your skin. APPLY ON THAT PART OF YOUR BODY WHERE YOU WANT THE MOST GOOD DONE, or your face, neck or hands.
With each order for TRUM we will include FREE a doctor's brochure for

"Bust Development and Care"

Send $3.00, which includes Federal tax and postage. (If C.O.D. $3.50). TRUM, "BUST DEVELOPMENT AND CARE" and complete directions sent in plain wrapper. We are so sure you will be pleased that we GUARANTEE to refund the purchase price if you are not more than satisfied with results after using. Order yours NOW! TRUM, 220 Broadway, Dept. BVD, New York 7, N. Y.

Brenda—Will You Step Out With Me Tonight?

I know I've been an awful grouch not taking you any place lately. But after standing all day at my new job, my feet darn near killed me with calouses and burning. Now I've reformed—or rather my feet have—thanks to the Ice-Mint you advised. Never tried anything that seemed to draw the pain and fire right out so fast—and the way it helps soften callouses is nobody's business! Been able to get some extra overtime money—so what do you say, let's go dancing tonight. You can step on my Ice-Mint feet all you want.



IF YOU HAVE
GRAY HAIR
and DON'T LIKE a MESSY MIXTURE....
then write today for my
FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

As a Hair Color Specialist for over 40 years, I am proud of my Color Imparter. As you use it, the Gray Hair slowly becomes Darker; each application deepens the color. EASY and CLEAN to use; it can't leave stains. I want to convince you by sending my Free Trial Bottle, and booklet All About Your Hair. No skin test needed.
ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 12, LOWELL, MASS.



MOVIE STARS PHOTOS
Hundreds of thrillingly posed glossy photos of your favorite Hollywood stars. Full 8 x 10 size. Complete, new selection. 25c each — 5 for $1.00.
FREE! Catalog chock full of miniature photos with every 50c order. (To avoid delay, state 2nd choice.)
ALPHA PHOTO SERVICE
Dept. B-3, 1235 Sixth Ave.
New York 19, N. Y.

SKIN IRRITATION

Due to: dry eczema, chafing, minor rectal discomfort, or simple rashes, sometimes caused by war-time work...

RESINOL SOAP is specially suitable for cleansing tender skin

Try the gentle Resinol way to quick, joyful relief. Its medication soothes itchy stinging, eases desire to scratch—hastens comfort.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

and her heart was shaken by sorrow too great for a child—sorrow for Teddy crushed under a tree—and for Snowball because she couldn't love him enough—

Those were only moments, though. For the most part, June took happiness where she found it. After a while they'd stop shaving her head and the brace would come off, and she wouldn't be crippled like those terribly good little girls in storybooks. Besides, there was one nice thing about the brace. It made her sit up straight instead of slouching, so she always got a high mark for posture. And golly! she'd soon be a swimming champ!

The doctors said swimming would make her back and legs stronger, so she'd started at one of the summer pools. That first day she felt awful, hung back behind the other kids. Till Marie came over—

Marie was the teacher. Later she told June: "I thought you were the saddest little girl I'd ever seen. I said to myself, I'll see if I can make her smile—"

They got to be very good friends. Marie taught at several pools, and she'd take June along and give her special lessons, and pretty soon she was swimming like a fish. Having a grown-up friend was nice. Marie understood about the rope-hair and the brace and why June wanted her to meet Mother—

"I'm ugly, but you ought to see how pretty my mother is—"

So one Sunday Mother answered the door, and there stood Marie.

"Are you June's sister?"

"No, I'm her mother."

"Goodness, you're too young and pretty to be *any*one's mother—"

June almost burst with pride. She wished she had a hundred million dollars, so she could give half to Mother and half to Marie.

black days . . .

She was eleven when Grandma died.

She'd been kind of worried about Grandma, but the blow caught her defenseless. People don't die of a sore foot. Grandma'd been limping lately, and sometimes she'd sit with her foot up on a stool—

"What's the matter, Grandma?"

"Oh nothing. Just a sore foot."

Even when Mother came home and Grandma went to the hospital, June took their word for it that she'd be all right soon. June knew all about hospitals. Hospitals made people well. Look how sick

FIVE DOLLARS

Looky, fans, we're still asking for those encounters with the stars, and we're still giving five bucks for the ones we accept, but puh-leeze, try to remember that what we want are vivid stories, cute anecdotes, interesting sidelights on movie people, not on your nephew's bridge partner or Susie's Sunday School teacher!

So why not read the I SAW IT HAPPENs we print each month and try to discover what makes them acceptable? Hint: You'll find that in every case, the stories are fun because they're interesting in themselves and not because the writer "saw it happen."

So c'mon, send in your entries (and do try to write 'em so we can read 'em), and even though you're no Fannie Hurst or Edgar Guest, we'll grab 'em like that if they're the kind of stories the rest of the gang likes.

Send in your entries to: I SAW IT HAPPEN Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

YES, IODENT COMES IN TWO TEXTURES. NO. 1 FOR TEETH EASY-TO-BRYTEN—NO. 2 FOR TEETH HARD-TO-BRYTEN. MADE BY A DENTIST TO SAFELY REMOVE SMUDGES—EVEN SMOKE SMUDGE. BEARS GOOD HOUSEKEEPING SEAL.
Which do you choose?



IODENT
TOOTH PASTE OR POWDER
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Bottle Colic guard your baby against it
EXCLUSIVE Pyrex Patented Air Vent prevents nipple collapse, guards against your baby swallowing air. GUARANTEED chill-and-heat-resistant.
PYREX BRAND NURSING BOTTLES

Earn $30 a week

AS A TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSE!



Practical nurses are always needed! Learn at home in your spare time as thousands of men and women—18 to 60 years of age—have done through Chicago School of Nursing. Easy-to-understand lessons, endorsed by physicians. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Nurse Cromer, of Iowa, runs her own nursing home. Others earn $2.50 to $5.00 a day in private practice.

YOU CAN EARN WHILE YOU LEARN!

Mrs. B. C., of Texas, earned $474.25 while taking course. Mrs. S. E. P. started on her first case after her 7th lesson; in 14 months she earned $1900! You, too, can earn good money, make new friends. High school not necessary. Equipment included. Easy payments. Trial plan. 46th year. Send coupon now!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 233.100 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.
Name_____ Age_____
City_____ State_____

"My mind's on these two blocks"

The famous silverplate with the two blocks of sterling silver inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks.

HERE AND HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid



Copyright 1945: International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Div., Meriden, Conn. In Canada: The T. Eaton Co., Ltd. °Reg. U.S. Pa. Off.

Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a **free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co. **157-R Frontier Bldg.**
462 Niagara Street, **Buffalo 1, New York**

"I LIKE 'EM FRESH!"



look fresh as morning dew with

Rand DRESS SHIELDS and remember
BABY PANTS & CRIB SHEETS
are best for baby
Guaranteed Protection

CHAIN & DEPT. STORES RAND RUBBER CO., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

she'd been, and all Grandma had was a sore foot—

But the foot was gangrenous and had to be amputated, and Grandma didn't come home alive. A girl flung the news at June as she turned the corner, swinging her books from their strap—

"Your grandmother's dead—"

For two days she lay on her bed, numb with grief, and refused to eat. For a year she wouldn't mention Grandma's name and, when somebody else did, she'd leave the room. The household broke up. Grandpa went to one of her aunts. June was to live with another aunt who had three little girls around her own age. She didn't want to. She pleaded with Mother to take her to New York—

"I won't be happy if I'm not with you—"

Mother explained and explained. How she'd be at the print shop all day long. How June was too young to be left alone. June had to give in. She couldn't explain like Mother. But she was passionately sure that being alone all day didn't matter as long as you saw your mother every night. A nice house and three little cousins your own age couldn't possibly make up for not having your very own mother to live with.

A year later, just before Christmas, the world came right for June. She went to live with Mother in what *you* might have thought was a cramped little coldwater flat, but to her it was heaven. She put her feet up on chairs, because this was her own house. She clopped through the rooms, making all the noise she liked. She ran downstairs evenings and stood on the street and yelled, "Mo-thuh!"

Mother's head would pop out. "June, you're getting a little old for that kind of thing."

"Yes, but look at all the time I have to make up."

Of course they *minded* being poor—old clothes and one pair of shoes a year and June collecting boxes for wood to keep the stove going. But it didn't make them unhappy. June was planning big things. She studied like mad, because the harder she studied, the sooner she'd be a doctor and make Mother quit working. Every month her report card showed all A's—

And then there were red-letter days. The day she woke up and took down her brace and threw it back in the closet. "I'm not going to wear that thing any more—"

dreams of glory . . .

The Christmas Mother gave her a red pussywillow silk dress. Real pussywillow silk with white polka dots. Her first dress in years that hadn't been made over from somebody else's—

Graduation Day. Mother sat in the audience, real proud. June wasn't ashamed either. Besides the regular diploma, they gave her a diploma of merit for graduating with an average of 97%. And an autograph album with gilt edges. Mother bought chocolate ice cream, and they ate it at the kitchen table with the two diplomas and the album between them—

"Now all I have to do is go through high school and medical school." June sighed. "It takes so long, Mummy. You'll get awfully tired—"

"Don't worry, hon. I've still got a good few years ahead before you stick me in a wheel chair—"

"Wheel chair, my foot! A throne that's where you'll sit. With mink coats and diamonds. And the neighbors'll say, my, where did you get all that? And you'll say, from my good-for-nothing daughter, June —here, have a diamond."

Things don't work out the way you plan them. That year someone else came along to take care of Mother.

Dick was awfully nice. He didn't talk much, but June liked his smile. He man-

LOVE FRIENDSHIP CHARM BRACELET



BE A NURSE
LEARN QUICKLY, EASILY AT HOME



Splendid income, new social contacts, and the satisfaction of serving humanity can be yours as a Trained Practical Nurse. Ages 18 to 60. High School not necessary. Training plan welcomed by physicians. Prepare in spare time. Many earn while learning. Nurse's Outfit and placement service included FREE of extra cost. Write now for facts and fascinating FREE sample lesson pages.

WAYNE SCHOOL of PRACTICAL NURSING, Inc.
2301 N. Wayne Ave., Dept. K-7, Chicago 14, Illinois

STOP Scratching
Relieve Itch in a Jiffy



Sufferers from the torturing itch caused by eczema, pimples, scales, scabies, athlete's foot, "factory" itch, and other itch troubles, are praising cooling, liquid **D.D.D. Prescription.** This time-proved medication—developed by Dr. D.D. Dennis—positively relieves that cruel, burning itch. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes and comforts even the most intense itching in a jiffy. A 35c trial bottle proves its merits or your money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. Prescription.**

FREE ENLARGEMENT

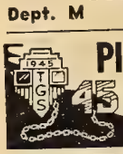
Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge your favorite print or negative, photo or picture to 8x10 inches — FREE — if you enclose this ad. (Pictures should be clear and sharp; negatives give best results). Information on hand tinting in natural colors sent immediately. Your original returned with your free enlargement. Send today. Limit 1 to a customer.

GEPPERT STUDIOS, Dept. 363 Des Moines 2, Iowa

POEMS WANTED

Collaborate with the nationally famous hit composer of "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles" "When the Bloom is on the Sage" and over 300 others. Send your poems today for free examination and liberal offer.

SCREENLAND RECORDERS
Dept. M **Hollywood 28, Calif.**



PINS 55¢ up RINGS $1.50 up
For your class or club. Over 300 designs. Finest quality. Write Dept. Z, Metal Arts Co. Rochester, N. Y.
FREE CATALOG

There's No Short Cut to Victory

KEEP ON BUYING
WAR BONDS

WE CAN'T LET UP NOW!

BEAUTIFY YOUR BUST LINE
(Instantly)



An attractive full Bust Line is a short cut to glamour, poise and self-assurance. If your Bust Line makes you self-conscious, try the new (special up and out) Peach Cuphra. Use it for a week. If you are not delighted, send everything back and your money will be refunded. Write now. SEND NO MONEY. Send only your name and address and size of your old brassiere. (State whether small, medium or heavy.) When you get your Peach Cuphra with direction booklet, pay postman $1.98 (plus postage). (Plain wrapper.) Read your direction booklet and wear your Peach Cuphra for a week. If you are not absolutely delighted with your new lovelier figure, send it back. It is positively guaranteed to please you. Join the hundreds of women who enjoy a lovelier figure with Peach Cuphra. Please print name and address clearly. Write today to **Party Peach Co., Dept. 9C, 72 5th Ave., N. Y. 11, N. Y.**

Ladies' Set Ring "GIVEN"



Mail us $1.05 and we will send you prepaid 4 boxes of **Rosebud** Salve (25c size) and will include with the salve this ladies sterling silver sparkling **White Stone set** ring, your size. You can sell 4 salve and get back your $1.00. The 5c is for U.S. Sales Tax on ring, so make remittance $1.05.



ROSEBUD PERFUME CO, Box 56, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.



MEET YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE STAR
via BRAM STUDIO PHOTOS
FREE Pin-Up & Movie Star Folder with 1st order

The finest selection of PHOTOS of all MOVIE STARS . . . SCENES of recent photoplays . . . and a sparkling collection of enticing PIN-UPS! All photos finest quality 8 x 10 gloss prints. Mail your order TODAY! We'll RUSH them to you, at 4 photos for $1, or 12 for $2.50. Foremost firm SPECIALIZING in movie stars . . . since 1912. Send M. O. or U. S. 3c stamps.

BRAM STUDIO (588)
306 West 44th St., New York City

Make Any Article GLOW IN THE DARK with Magic New Discovery!



Don't pay big prices for luminous articles. Make your own! Sell at big profit or keep for your pleasure. With our complete outfit, and confidential instructions, it's easy! A stroke of the brush — any article glows in the dark like magic! Lasts indefinitely. Absolutely harmless. Over 100 uses. Use on ties, flowers, jewelry, house numbers, furniture, pictures, statues, toys, etc. Order NOW! Supply limited. Money-back guarantee.

$1.00 Send No Money

Complete LITE-GLO Kit, $1.00! Send name, address, pay postman $1.00 plus postal charges. Send cash. We pay postage.

LITE-GLO Dept. 365-LC Topeka, Kansas

aged a Loft plant and brought her candy. The first time, June almost fainted. Nobody'd ever given her candy in a box, and she felt so elegant—

One day Mother said, "You like Dick, don't you, June?"

"Oh *yes*, he's *swell!*"

"Come over here, dear. I want to ask you something. How'd you feel if Dick and I got married?"

It was a shock, there's no denying that. "And *live* here with *us?*"

"Well, not exactly. He's better off than we are, you know. We'd probably move to a nice apartment—"

"But what about *us*, Mummy? What about you and me?"

"Darling, it won't make any difference. You'll still be my best girl." She loosed the arms from around her neck and pushed the hair away from June's forehead. "Look, Junie. We'd be together even more than we are now. I wouldn't have to work—"

"You mean you'd *be* there when I got home from *school!*" As we've mentioned, June's not the brooding type. "Well, come *on*, Mummy. What're we *waiting* for?"

When you're thirteen and your bed's been a sofa in a dark little living room, and all of a sudden there's a beautiful, sunny bedroom all your own—well, you know how Cinderella felt. There were little throw rugs and three windows with cretonne curtains and a spread to match. There was a comb-brush-and-mirror set on the dresser, and a frame for Mother's picture. There was the dearest little rocker and a closet almost as big as their old kitchen, and six new dresses—every one a different color—and *three* pairs of shoes. At night she'd keep the closet door open, so first thing she'd see in the morning would be her unbelievable clothes. She'd rush home from school, stick the rocker in the closet and pretend it was her room. Then she'd step out and surprise herself—

"Why, June Allyson, you mean to say that's only a *closet!*"

She'd have liked to eat in her room, but there Mother drew the line.

The rocker came in handy when little Arthur was born. June would steal to his crib, worried because he'd be sleeping too quietly, and give him a little shake to make sure he was alive. Then she'd sneak him to *her* room and rock him to sleep again. Pretty soon he was calling her Dooboo, but the cutest time was when he was learning to walk—

"I'm going to have eighty-four children," she told her mother, "and watch them *all* learn to walk."

feeling of family . . .

She needn't have worried about Dick taking Mother away. It wasn't like that at all. She used to think Mother was all in the world she needed, but that was before she knew how grand a family could be—how it could make you feel safe and warm inside. It was really Dick who finally gave her that feeling. Of course Mummy was her mother and Arthur was her brother, but Dick at first—well, he was the nice man Mother had married.

Till suddenly at dinner one night he said: "Why do you call me Dick?"

"Well—I don't know—that's your name, isn't it?"

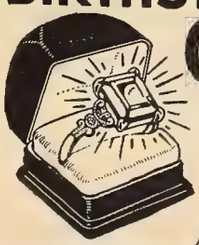
"Look, June, do you think you could call me 'daddy'? That's how I feel about you, and if you felt the same way, I'd be pretty proud and happy—"

For weeks after that she'd phone him at the factory, just to say "daddy." At school "my father" was suddenly much in evidence. "My father says this—" "My father doesn't care to have me do that—"

Since the brace had come off—and especially since the change in her living con-



Beautiful Simulated
BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN AWAY



And other valuable gifts GIVEN for selling just a few boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each as per our free catalog, sent with 1st order.



New **BIRTHSTONE RING** correct for your birth date **GIVEN** for selling 5 boxes.

LEATHER BILLFOLD GIVEN for selling 10 boxes.

LOCKET with space for 2 pictures, **GIVEN** for selling 10 boxes.

SHEER RAYON HOSIERY GIVEN for selling 5 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover.

Send Coupon today



POWERFUL TELESCOPE for spotting planes, Vacations, etc. **GIVEN** for selling 10 boxes. **Send coupon** for your order to start and FREE catalog.

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-303, Jefferson, Iowa, for order to start.**

Gift Wanted .....
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... **State** .....

DO THIS TONIGHT!

To Relieve Miseries of Your

BABY'S COLD

As He Sleeps



Now most young mothers use this modern way to relieve miseries of a child's cold. Even as you rub it on, Vicks VapoRub starts to soothe irritation in nose and throat, loosen up the phlegm, ease coughing. Then, as baby sleeps, VapoRub

PENETRATES to upper bronchial tubes with its special medicinal vapors.



STIMULATES chest and back surfaces like a warming poultice.



Often by morning most of the misery of the cold is gone. Remember, Mother . . .

ONLY VAPORUB Gives You this special double action. It's time-tested, home-proved ...the best known home remedy for relieving miseries of children's colds.

VICKS VAPORUB



WOMEN—Earn Money Sell TRU-FIT HOSIERY

Write for Outfit and Stocking FREE!

Make money, build steady business, prepare for return of NYLON HOSIERY by taking orders now from friends for **Tru-Fit Rayon Hosiery.** Sensational Customer-Fit Service provides exact leg-pattern for every type customer. Your personal hose FREE AS SALES BONUS. Outfit and sample stocking FREE. Write

AMERICAN HOSIERY MILLS
Dept. H-205, Indianapolis 7, Ind.

PREPARE FOR nylon

CORNS

SORE TOES, TENDER SPOTS FROM NEW OR TIGHT SHOES



Instant Relief

Don't suffer! It's needless! Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction and lift painful pressure on corns, sore toes. Prevent chafed heels, instep ridges, blisters and tender spots. So soothing, cushioning—these thin, soft, protective pads put you right back on your feet. Used with the separate *Medications* included, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads speedily remove corns. Are as easy to apply as a postage stamp. Stay on in bath. Cost but a trifle. At all Drug, Shoe, Department Stores and Toiletry Counters. Get a box today!

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

ditions—June had grown less shy of other children. She's made some friends, though only among the girls. Boys played no part in her life. Not that she wouldn't have liked them to—she just had no illusions. Firmly convinced that no boy would look at her twice, she saved them the trouble by looking the other way first. It troubled Mother that June never went to school dances—

"Look at me, Mummy. Little. Skinny. No sex appeal. A face only a mother could love—"

"Your face suits me—"

"That's what I said. Anyway, it's silly. You fall for a boy, he dates somebody else, and you cry your eyes out. I've seen 'em, even the pretty ones. So why would a boy stick to *me!*" Her voice with its funny little husk dropped to a bass, indicating humor. "I'm Dr. June Allyson. Boys stay away from my do'."

Of course she wasn't fooling Mother. Let alone herself.

Queer, how seeing a movie can change your whole life. So many girls dream of theatrical careers. June would have hooted the notion for herself. "Imagine a drip like me on the stage!" Even after she saw the picture, even after it took complete hold of her imagination, she didn't fit herself into the pattern. It was just that Fred Astaire's dancing haunted her. She went around like a sleepwalker, and his feet kept weaving designs through her brain—

It was Saturday afternoon, and the girls had dates to go rollerskating, so she went to see "The Gay Divorcée" alone. From the moment Astaire slipped into his first dance, the world was lost. She sat through the next show and the next—she sat till the movie house closed down. She even forgot that Mother'd be frantic with worry. Walking home, her mind was aflame. Why hadn't someone *told* her about such things? She was Columbus discovering America, she was Newton under the tree when the apple fell—

Ginger Rogers was divine, too. That line she said: "Why don't you laugh? It's all so very funny—" The weary throb in her voice—so sad, so brave—. June's eyes had stung with tears—

"Some day," she thought, "I've got to say it just the way she did and bring tears to everyone's eyes—"

Mother and Dad were waiting. "Junie! Where have you *been?*"

"With Fred Astaire," she said dreamily, looking from one to the other and back again. Then she put the weary throb into her voice. "Why don't you laugh? It's all so very funny—"

uncured ham . . .

But it didn't bring tears to their eyes. Mother came over and put her hand to June's forehead. "I wonder if she's coming down with something.

June, the model student, played hookey for a week, and her conscience never said boo. She followed "The Gay Divorcée" through two neighborhood houses, after which Astaire danced away to parts unknown. Mother had to be told, because June couldn't go back to school without a note.

She didn't fuss. If the truth were told, it was a relief to see the child go a little flighty like other kids. Where before she'd come home and bury her nose in a book, now she practised dance steps. Astaire might be gone, but his routines were in her head. Or anyway, her version of them. Once Mother came in and found her hopping all over the furniture. She didn't appreciate that.

"But I've *got* to, Mummy. That's the way he does it—"

"Not if his mother has to do the laundry, he doesn't—"

Beautify Your FORM Contour

Don't be embarrassed by a flat, undeveloped or sagging bust. Do as thousands of other women just like yourself are doing. They have learned how to bring out the loveliest contours of their figures, whatever their bust faults. Now you, too, can do the same . . . **safely, easily, and positively.**

HIGHLY ENDORSED BY MANY DOCTORS

Your flat bustline can be miraculously beautified into full and alluring contours. Or, if you are the pendulous type, it can be rounded into high and youthful loveliness. All you have to do is follow the easy directions on exercise, massage, brassieres, diet, etc., given in the great medically-endorsed book, "The Complete Guide to Bust Culture." Adopt these simple, self-help measures at once and **your bust will positively appear full, firm and shapely . . .** the proud glamorous curves which make you more desirable than ever.



OUR OFFER
SEND NO MONEY

You can now obtain this unique book by A. F. Niemoeller, A.B., M.A., B.S., at a remarkable price reduction. Formerly $3.50. Now only $1.98. Guaranteed harmless. Amazing lifetime results. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just mail coupon now.

HARVEST HOUSE, Dept. C-397, 363 Broadway, N.Y.C. 13
Send the COMPLETE GUIDE TO BUST CULTURE in plain package. On delivery I will pay postman $1.98 plus few cents postage. If not satisfied I may return it within ten days and my $1.98 will be refunded.

Name.....
Address.....

☐ CHECK HERE if you want to save postage. Enclose $1.98 with coupon and we ship prepaid.
Canadian orders, $2.50 in advance

Do You Want LONGER HAIR

BRUNETTES, BLONDES, TITIANS! •••



Just try this **System** on your HAIR 7 days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of LONGER HAIR that so often captures love and Romance.

HAIR MAY GET LONGER

when scalp and hair conditions are normal and the dry, brittle, breaking off hair can be retarded by supplementing the natural hair oils, it has a chance to get longer and much more beautiful. Just try the JUELENE **System** 7 days and let your mirror prove results. Fully guaranteed. Send $1.00 or C. O. D. plus few cents postage. Your money back if you are not fully delighted. Write today — to the

JUEL CO., 1930 Irving Park Rd., Dept. E603, Chicago 13, Ill.

SHORTHAND in 6 Weeks at Home

Famous Speedwriting system, no signs or symbols. Easy to learn; easy to write and transcribe. Fast preparation for a job. Surprisingly low cost. 100,000 taught by mail. Used in leading offices and Civil Service. Write for free booklet.

Speedwriting, Dept. 803, 274 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16

SONG POEMS WANTED

Song poems on all subjects set to music by famous Hollywood Motion Picture composer-arranger. Your song recorded by noted radio singer. Send your poem today for consideration and liberal offer.

HOLLYWOOD MELODIES
P. O. Box 2168H — Hollywood 28, Calif.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST



Use DERMOIL

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent **FREE.** Write for it.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547 Northwestern Station, Dept. 6509, Detroit 4, Mich.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

©1935 LAKE LAB

EXCESS FAT

LOSE 5 LBS. or MORE PER WEEK or MONEY BACK!



Most over-fat people who follow the entire Vita-Slym plan lose at least 5 pounds a week. YOU may do the same, or return the empty box at the end of 15 days and we will refund your money. And the most amazing part of the plan is that people say they feel so much better — peppier and more energetic.

PRIVATE PLAN of N. Y. DOCTOR

A well-known New York physician first prescribed this method of reducing for his exclusive clientele. At last we have persuaded him to release it for YOU. No need to over-exercise or starve yourself. Nor are Vita-Slyms a cathartic. Eat plenty of food, but less calories and supplement your meals with Vita-Slyms. They not only contain Vitamins, A, B_1, B_2, C and D Niacin, Amide, Iron Calcium. Phosphorus and Dextrose to make you feel better, but also help take away that abnormal appetite due to low blood sugar.

4 WEEKS' MENUS FREE!

With every box of 75 Tablets and 30 Capsules, we *give* you a convenient chart of menus for one month . . . a time-saving help in planning your meals. Try the Vita-Slym plan for 15 days—see for yourself how quickly you lose weight and how fine you feel. You risk nothing. If not delighted you return the box and we refund your money. But don't delay . . . Act NOW! Mail coupon TODAY! Order C.O.D., or, if you send cash, we pay postage.

VITA-SLYM CO., Dept., M-4, Box 159, Times Square Sta., New York.

MONEY BACK AGREEMENT

Vita-Slym Co., Dept. M-4, Box 159, Times Square Sta., New York.

Send me 15 days' supply of Vita-Slyms (75 Tablets & 30 Capsules) If not delighted with results, you will refund my money.

☐ I will pay postman $1.98 plus postage.

☐ I enclose $1.98. Send postage prepaid.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

No Canadian Orders — Please print plainly

MOVIE STAR PORTRAITS



GLORIA DE HAVEN M.G.M. Star

POPULAR GLOSSY PHOTOS

Finest quality—NOW

12 for $1.00

Latest poses of all male and female Hollywood Stars. Name your favorites. We ship at once—postpaid.

FREE! with every order—Illustrated catalogue listing over 5000 names and poses of all your favorite movie stars.

Avoid delay by listing your second choice

IRVING KLAW

212 East 14 St. Dept. F33, New York 3, N. Y.

BUY FROM THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED FIRM IN THE UNITED STATES SELLING

EYE GLASSES BY MAIL



GLASSES as LOW as $1.95 PAIR

16 DAYS TRIAL

Choice of the LATEST STYLES—remarkably LOW PRICES. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or your money back. If you are not satisfied—they will not cost you a cent.

SEND NO MONEY Write for FREE catalog today showing all of our many styles and LOW PRICES!

BROKEN GLASSES REPAIRED AT LOW COST

ADVANCE SPECTACLE CO. 537 S. Dearborn St. Dept. MM3 Chicago, Ill.

One evening she put on a show for the folks. They didn't say much, but a kind of look passing between them made her know they liked it. Then she did a low thing—pretended she'd gone to her room and stopped to listen at the door. She *had* to know what they thought—

For what seemed ages, nobody said a word. Then Dad spoke up. "Looked pretty good to me—"

"Same here."

More silence. "You think Junie could learn to be a dancer?"

"Heavens, I wouldn't know. Doctor's all she ever wanted to be. Since she was a mite—"

"No sense putting ideas in her head, but she sure looked cute as a bug jigging around." Dad's paper rustled as he turned it. "Wonder how this Astaire fellow got started?"

"The way I heard it, right from the cradle—"

"Hm." She could hear the grin in his voice. "Well, our Junie's smart. Maybe she can catch up."

That was all she needed. With a little imagination, she persuaded herself that the folks thought she could dance like Fred Astaire. For the longest time she'd been dying to tell the girls. They were always bragging about their boy friends. Well, not bragging maybe, but that's how it sounded when you didn't have a boy friend yourself. June longed for something to brag about, too. Now she had it. Let 'em laugh if they wanted. She'd show them—

At noon that day she let it drop casually. "I can dance like Fred Astaire—"

She was ready for the ribs. "You and who else?"— "Move over, Ginger, here comes June."— "Oh, Miss Allyson, can I have your autograph?"

"Come out in the hall and I'll show you—"

They formed a circle around her while she did her stuff. Others came up and peered over their heads, till she had a sizeable crowd, including boys. They seemed impressed—anyway, enough to satisfy June. She went home and practised harder than ever. Kids she didn't even know would call to her in the corridors. "Hear you can dance like Fred Astaire—"

If the spirit was one of mockery, it didn't touch her. Trusting, shy and proud, she'd look back at them. "Yes, I can," she'd say modestly.

One day her own particular crowd descended and thrust a clipping at her.

"Why don't you answer that?"

It was a chorus call for "Sing Out the News." "Anyone who can dance like Astaire ought to be able to get a chorus girl job—"

"We're not kidding, June. Honest, we think you're good."

"You *do?*" breathed June, and felt she could move mountains. "All right, I'll go down tomorrow—"

new horizons . . .

For an hour she stood outside the theater, wishing she were dead. Tall, beautiful girls went sailing through the doors. They all knew each other. Their clothes were out of this world. They acted like queens. Half a dozen times she headed for the subway and turned back. In the end, that door was easier to face than the kids at school, waiting to see what happened.

A man at a desk was taking names. "June Allyson," she whispered.

"Age?"

"Twenty-one."

He looked up. "How old are you really?"

"Fifteen. But it's all right. My mother knows I'm here," she fibbed.

"Got a cold?"

NEVER TRIED MIDOL?

It's my "periodic pick-up!"



This month, give Midol a chance to keep you brighter . . . more active . . . enjoying life at the time when menstruation's functional cramps, headache and blues might have you miserable.

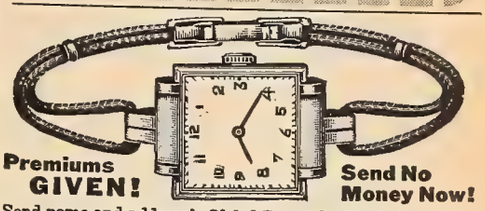
Take Midol at the first twinge of pain. See how swiftly it acts to relieve your suffering. And *trust* these effective tablets; Midol's comfort does not depend on opiates. Millions of girls and women rely on it regularly as a "periodic pick-up." Ask for Midol at any drugstore.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or Refund of Money if Defective or Not as Advertised Therein

MIDOL

Used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES



Premiums GIVEN! **Send No Money Now!**

Send name and address! **Girls! Boys! Ladies!** Attractive Wrist Watches, rings, dishes, jewelry; other personal and household premiums or **CASH COMMISSION** easily yours! **SIMPLY** give colorful pictures with **White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE** for chaps and mild burns sold to friends at 25c a box (with popular picture) and remit amounts stated for premium wanted, as explained in catalog sent with order, postage paid by us. 50th year. Write for trial order of salve on trust to start, **Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 10-47, Tyrone, Pa.**

★SONG POEMS WANTED

To Be Set To Music

★ Publishers need new songs! Submit one or more of your best poems for immediate consideration. Any subject. Send poem. PHONOGRAPH RECORDS MADE.
★ Five Star Music Masters, 475 Beacon Bldg., Boston 8, Mass.

SAVE as never before!

Genuine Fine-Cut

DIAMONDS

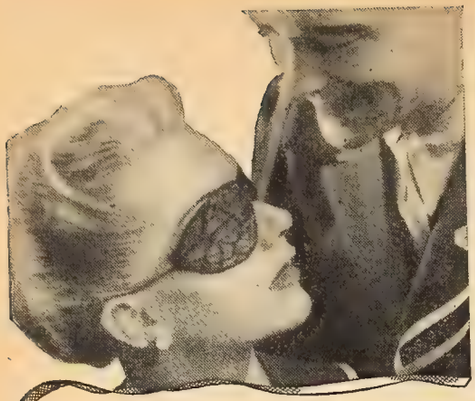


Not chips, but genuine, fine-cut sparkling diamonds poised in superbly styled 14 kt. solid gold settings! At amazingly low prices made possible only by our wholesale diamond connections. Engagement rings, handsome men's rings, men's and women's matching wedding rings. Don't miss this chance to SAVE!

Write today for **FREE** *illustrated booklet*

BOND DIAMOND CO. Dept. M 7
562 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

WHOLESALE DIAMOND DEALERS SINCE 1887



WOMEN in your '40's

Do these symptoms betray your age?

Often many women between the ages of 38 and 52—are shocked to realize they are in the class commonly known as "middle-age" with its annoying symptoms which so often betray their age.

So if *you* suffer from hot flashes, feel weak, tired, nervous, restless, a bit blue at times — all due to the functional "middle-age" period peculiar to women —try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms.

This Great Medicine HELPS NATURE

For almost a century—Pinkham's Compound has been famous to help great numbers of women go "smiling thru" such middle-age distress. Thousands have reported remarkable benefits!

Many wise women take Pinkham's Compound *regularly* to help build *up resistance* against such symptoms. This great medicine *helps nature* and *that's* the kind you should try.

INEXPENSIVE: Pinkham's Compound costs very little compared to some other methods but this doesn't detract from its effectiveness. Follow label directions.

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND



MAKE MONEY COLORING PHOTOS

Fascinating occupation quickly learned at home in spare time. Famous Koehne method brings out natural, life-like colors. Many earn while learning. Send today for free booklet and requirements.

NATIONAL PHOTO COLORING SCHOOL
1315 Michigan Ave., Dept. 2363, Chicago 5



EASY TO LEARN



I HATE GRAY HAIR

OF COURSE you do! Gray hair makes you look years older, kills romance. Yet you are afraid to color your hair —afraid people will know!

These fears are old fashioned! With Mary T. Goldman's scientific color-control you can transform gray, bleached or faded hair to the natural-looking shade you desire—quickly, or so gradually your closest friends won't guess! Pronounced harmless by leading medical authorities (no skin test needed). Inexpensive, easy to apply. For 50 years, millions have found **new hair beauty** by using Mary T. Goldman's. So help yourself to beautiful hair—today! Buy a bottle of Mary T. Goldman's at drug or dept. store on **money-back guarantee.** For free sample, mail coupon below.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 504 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul 2, Minn. Send free sample. Check color.

☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown
☐ Medium Brown ☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

"No, this is how I always talk."

"Experience?"

"Oh yes! I saw Fred Astaire dance eighteen times."

From the look he gave her, he must have thought she was crazy. Her heart hammered. "He's going to tell me to scram." But something in the tremulous pleading face made him change his mind.

"Sit down till your name's called—"

"June Allyson—"

She felt as if she were moving inside some big bubble. Not till she found herself on the huge empty stage, did panic strike. Blindly she started back for the wings—

"Where you going?" someone asked.

"It's all a mistake. I'm going home—"

Whoever it was grinned. "Stay where you are, kid. Show 'em what you can do—"

Her spine stiffened. Okay, she'd show 'em—. Same as she'd shown the kids.

"Where's your music?" asked a voice.

What music? Was she supposed to have music? "I dance without music."

"Oh, an original. All right, go ahead—"

She broke into one of the routines she'd practised so often. The music played itself in her head. That was the trouble. At home she could turn it off and on again. Here she couldn't. The music went round and round and came out nowhere—just started all over again from the same note, like a stuck phonograph record. So she danced the same step over and over again till they finally stopped her.

"Thank you," the voice said. "Wait over there."

What did that mean? They'd all been told to wait—some over here, some over there. Should she ask one of the girls? Golly, they scared her, they looked so superior. She sneaked a glance at the other group. Well, of course—they were gayer and smarter and prettier than the ones she was with. What did she expect, anyway? They wouldn't have taken her, Not after the awful way she'd danced—

The man was talking to the other girls. They broke up and scattered. He came over to June's crowd—

"Report for rehearsal at ten tomorrow—"

walking on air . . .

She knew what the books meant by walking on air. She walked all the way home—eight miles—and couldn't have told you how she got there. She walked because she was too excited for the subway. Besides, she had to figure how to break the news gently to Mother—

She knew how she'd break it to the kids. Have them over at the house tonight, and when they were all there, she'd say—very quietly—"I'm in a Broadway show." They wouldn't believe it. She didn't believe it herself. Suddenly giddy, she stopped and leaned her whirling head against the cool stone wall of a house. "I saw Fred Astaire eighteen times." "Show 'em what you can do." "I dance without music." "Report for rehearsal tomorrow."

Things like that don't happen. "But they *did* happen," she told the wall.

On the stoop at home, she still hadn't figured how to tell Mother. But all at once it didn't matter. She raced upstairs and flung the door wide.

"Look at me, Mummy! Who do you think I am?"

The spoon clattered from Mother's hand to the floor. June's eyes—twice too big for her face—blazed like blue torches.

"What's *wrong* with you, June?"

"They must be *crazy!* They gave me a *job*, Mummy. *Look* at me! I'm an actress—on *Broadway!*"

Part II of June Allyson's life story will appear in the April issue of MODERN SCREEN.



You will *love* Paddy

and his growing hair

BEFORE

In millionaires' mansions and cottage kitchens, you'll find PADDY O'HAIR—the most beloved and amusing novelty ever created. Shure — 'tis magic! Fill with water; spread special seed—then watch the miracle! PADDY grows thick crop of bright green hair, eyebrows, and sideburns. You can give him haircuts; the grass will grow for months; can be planted again and again. Head is durable pottery of rich suntan color; 5 inches tall. Thousands buy PADDY for themselves; then reorder for gifts. Ideal gift for St. Patrick's, Mother's Day—and every other day. Sent **complete** with special seed and instructions, $1, **postpaid**, MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Order at once. Only $1 complete.



AFTER

PADDY NOVELTY CO.
110 WASHINGTON AVENUE
GOLIAD, TEXAS

DREAMING OF LONGER HAIR?



Try the **Ronola Method** of Hair Care for 1 week, and see if the enjoyment of really attractive hair can be yours—lovely hair that so often means Love and Romance. Often in many cases **HAIR MAY GET LONGER** when hair and scalp are in a normal, healthy condition, and dry, brittle, breaking off ends can be retarded to give the hair a chance to grow. Just try the Ronola Method for 7 days and see for yourself what it may do for you. Your friends and mirror will tell you. Send $1.20 inc. tax. (C.O.D. extra). Guaranteed to satisfy or money back.

RONALD CO., 6605 Cottage Grove, Dept. 24, Chicago 37



PHOTO-RING

ANY PHOTO OR PICTURE of Sweetheart, Relative or Friend, reproduced permanently in this beautiful onyx like ring featuring the New Magnified Setting! Will last a lifetime! Indestructible! Waterproof! Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send cash we pay postage. (Photos Returned).

$1 (Expertly painted 25c extra)

PHOTO MOVETTE RING CO., Dept. V-26, Cincinnati, Ohio

FREE ZIRCON CATALOG



write Today!

To Those Who Like Diamonds

Why buy expensive Diamonds when you can enjoy the brilliance and thrilling beauty of diamond-dazzling Zircons at such unbelievably LOW COST? Full of fire, exquisitely mounted. Catalog FREE.

NATIONAL ZIRCON CO.
Dept. 6 Wheeling, W. Va.

MOVIE STAR PHOTOS AND BANDLEADERS



Movie stars and bandleaders galore! Love-scenes and pinups you'll adore! Everything you can ask for *and more!* We have the pick of all the Hollywood lots. FREE ALBUM with every $5 order. Every purchase you make (no matter how small) a credit toward YOUR FREE ALBUM.

All photos 8 x 10 original and glossy. 4 for $1.00; 12 for $2.50. Free Folder. Send money order or cash. Dept. S.

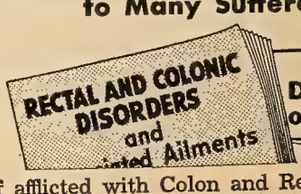
FREE PHOTO With Every Order

M. P. STUDIOS Box 151, Times Sq. Sta. New York 18, N. Y.

Neglected Piles

Invite Chronic Troubles

FREE BOOK—Brings Good News to Many Sufferers



Avoid Dangers of Delay

If afflicted with Colon and Rectal troubles, or Stomach conditions, write today for large 122-page FREE BOOK. McCleary Clinic, 359 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo.

YES, YOU CAN HAVE LOVELY
Curves



Don't let your life be spoiled by shame or embarrassment over a flat, undeveloped or sagging form. Help develop a glamorous, alluring contour of high youthful rounded fullness! Tested, proven, easy-to-use methods given in the wonderful, scientifically authentic book, "Approved Methods for Care and Development of the Form." Experience the thrilling joys of having your contour appear shapely, rounded, romantically beautiful. Proven successful by thousands of women. Lifetime results, safely, easily, positively. If not satisfied, return within 10 days and money will be refunded.

SEND NO MONEY!

Benefit by this extraordinary reduction. Formerly more than DOUBLE this price. Now only $1.00. Order now C.O.D. plus postage. Pay postman on arrival. To save postage send $1.00 with order, and we ship prepaid in plain wrapper.

NOW ONLY $1.00

NEVER BEFORE SO GREATLY REDUCED!

SUCCESS STUDIOS • BALTO., MD., BOX 895-D

Now She Shops "Cash And Carry"

Without Painful Backache

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

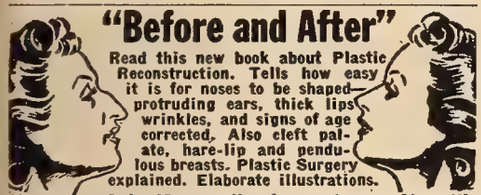
FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, *don't waste money on substitutes*, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC.

KLUTCH CO., Box 4587A, ELMIRA, N. Y.

"Before and After"



Read this new book about Plastic Reconstruction. Tells how easy it is for noses to be shaped—protruding ears, thick lips, wrinkles, and signs of age corrected. Also cleft palate, hare-lip and pendulous breasts. Plastic Surgery explained. Elaborate illustrations.

125 pages. Only 25c — mail coin or stamps. Glennville Publishers 60 East 42nd St., Dept. BB, New York 17, N. Y.

SALUTE YOUR HERO WITH THIS NEW HEART to HEART LOVE EMBLEM



Be the first to wear this new star-spangled, heart-shaped Love Emblem. Wear it proudly in honor of your man in the service. This TRUE SYMBOL OF LOVE, FRIENDSHIP, AND GOOD LUCK WISHES tells the world that your loved one is in his country's service. Stunning in design, perfect in taste. Sparkles with unheard of beauty. It's new! It's different! It's a knockout! Hand-made of beautiful, highly polished White Duraplast that can't soil, fray, or tarnish. Attractively decorated in gold, silver, and royal blue, with firm safety catch. Your choice of the following inscriptions: Son in Service — Husband in Service — Brother in Service—Sweetheart in Service—Sons in Service. Also available: GOLD STAR Emblems, inscribed: Son Killed in Action—Husband Died in Service. Limited quantities due to war conditions. Order today to get yours. Only $1.49 if you send money with order, or C.O.D. plus postage. In ordering, state inscription desired. GUARANTEED! If not delighted, purchase price refunded.

EXETER HOUSE, Dept. 26-A. 37 East 19 St., New York 3, N. Y.

M. S. FASHION GUIDE

(*Continued from page 61*)

he love you in this darling little suit—skirt length shorts, white crew shirt and tiny bolero jacket? Write for the pattern (see coupon at the end) and make a lot of them in tubable cotton in wonderful colors. Divine departure from the usual housedress, and every bit as practical. Perfect later on for tennis, gardening and biking.

One foot in Spring and nothing in your closet that's up to it? A suit's what you want, but a suit can take such a bite out of a corporal's allotment check; out of a weeny clothes allowance. How 'bout this stunt? This week you buy the skirt, two weeks from now you get the jacket! Painless? And exactly twice as much fun as getting them both at once. The love of our life is the three-piece grey and yellow flannel job by Louis Geiger on page 60. The jacket, patterned after a regular battle jacket, is trim and smart-looking as a Marine sergeant on leave. The smooth double fly-front skirt is dressy enough for blouses, tailored enough for sweaters. If you're young and pert and definitely fashion-wise, this suit is for you, and it's priced within your reach.

We've saved this month's hunk of swoon for last. If you fight the battle of the subways every day, if you dash from port to port to meet a homecoming sailor, if you've been screaming for a go-everywhere suit that almost never needs to be pressed—hold your hats, we've got it! It's of that heavenly Tegra Cloth (which means it's crease-resistant, thanks to a wonderful process known as "Tebilizing." Look for the "Tebilized" tag when buying—it'll mean less pressing), beautifully cut, tailored like a man's suit and exquisitely detailed. The jacket's single-breasted, the skirt is plain. The lines are simple and beautiful, designed to give one touch of Venus to the most average of figures. And, lovely news, the price is *so* little for so much.

* * *

For all the vital statistics, like where to buy, how much, what sizes and colors, drop a note to Ann Ward. If it's a toss-up between the two suits, tell Ann your proportions, and she'll advise which is for you. If you're in a dither about *your* color, describe yourself to her, and she'll let you know. She knows fashions like Parsons knows Hollywood, so if you've a clothes query under your hat, a figure problem under your belt, share it with Annie and you'll get it solved. Know where to write? Ann Ward, Fashion Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

* * *

We're doing our best to help you make your wardrobe something to swoon over, but we need your help. Won't you come to the rescue by filling out the FREE OFFER Questionnaire on page 22? Won't take a minute, and we'll send you a FREE picture of one of your favorite stars just to show you how really grateful we are. So quick whip over to page 22, huh?

* * *

Here's how you can whip up the darling short suit pictured on page 61. Send 20c to MODERN SCREEN PATTERN SERVICE, Post Office Box 224, Station G, New York 19, N. Y. Comes in sizes from 10 through 20. BE SURE TO INDICATE YOUR SIZE AND REQUEST PATTERN NUMBER 1667. In a flash you'll have the complete directions for this easy-to-make outfit.

NOW I SHAPE MY LIPS LIKE MY FAVORITE HOLLYWOOD STAR WITH TIPSTIK



If your favorite store is out of TIPSTIK, use coupon below.

Why shouldn't you, too, be your own make-up artist?

IT'S EASY to fashion your lips exactly as you want them . . . with TIPSTIK. The clever, pencil-pointed applicator is just right for precise lip lines, and you'll say goodbye to smears, ragged edges, messy fingers. Lips stay fresh looking for hours, and every last bit of the rouge, in its gleaming black plastic container, can be used up. For new lip beauty, Hollywood style, ask for TIPSTIK.

25c (PLUS TAX) AT DRUG AND 10c STORES

Choose from 5 Glamorous Hollywood Reds

RUMOR RED dark ☐ ROOKIE RED rich-red ☐ RALLY RED light ☐
RIVAL RED medium ☐ RENO RED blue-red ☐

TIPSTIK COSMETICS, Dept. MO-3
3424 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 26, Calif.
Enclosed is 30c (25c plus 5c excise tax). Please send TIPSTIK postpaid in shade checked.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

Every Month SPARE CASH

SHOW SMART EVERYDAY CARDS

Just show sample Birthday, Anniversary, "Get-Well" and other popular Greeting Cards to friends, neighbors. Easy extra cash—spare time—anytime. Big profit on box of cards to sell at 65c to $1. No experience. Samples on approval. Write now!

PHILLIPS CARD COMPANY
325 HUNT ST., NEWTON, MASS.

Let Nadinola's 4-way action *help you*

CLEAR UP EXTERNALLY CAUSED PIMPLES

GENTLY LOOSEN BLACKHEADS

LIGHTEN, BRIGHTEN DULL, DARK SKIN



Don't give in to unlovely skin! Try famous Nadinola Cream, used and praised by thousands of lovely women. Nadinola is a *4-way treatment cream* that acts to lighten and brighten dark, dull skin—clear up externally caused pimples—fade freckles—loosen and remove blackheads. Its special medicated ingredients help to clear and freshen your skin—make it creamy-white, satin-smooth. Buy Nadinola Cream today and use only as directed. A single treatment-size jar is positively *guaranteed* to improve your complexion or your money back! Costs only 55¢, trial size 10¢. Also—

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

NADINOLA, Dept. 30, Paris, Tennessee
Send me free and postpaid your new deluxe edition Beauty Booklet, richly printed in full color, with actual photographs and sworn proof of the wonderful results from just *one jar* of Nadinola.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

In a Second He must Choose BETWEEN Honor and Love



THE young and handsome officer of the Royal Navy loved beautiful, blue-eyed, laughing *Marguerite,* but because of a foolish mistake, iron-willed, dominating, possessive *Marianne* travelled half-way around the world to marry him! Should he send her back, or should honor prevail? In a second he decided—and lived a secret lie for years. Haunted, tortured, still loving the girl he left behind, he fought against circumstances that would have crushed a less stalwart soul. But what of the wife who didn't know? And the sweetheart across the seas?

Winner of the largest literary prize ever offered (the $125,000 M-G-M Prize Novel Contest). "Green Dolphin Street," by Elizabeth Goudge, is a literary gem of the rarest brilliance, in a setting of such charm and beauty that every book-lover will want to wear it in his memory forever. No wonder it reached the very top of national Best-Seller lists almost overnight! "Another whirlwind has struck the literary horizon" said the Saturday Review of Literature. The regular price of "Green Dolphin Street" in the publisher's edition is $3.00, but now you can obtain a copy absolutely free with membership in the Literary Guild Book Club, as explained below.

Literary Guild Free

NOW OFFERS TO NEW MEMBERS THIS GREAT NEW ROMANTIC BEST SELLER



Winner of the $125,000 Prize Novel Contest

"Green Dolphin Street" is more than an absorbing love story. The saga of the sea in Clipper ship days, the story of the beautiful, half-white Chinese girl, the portrait of gallant Captain O'Hara, the quaint life on a Channel island, and finally the struggle for existence in a primitive land, all inter-twined with the never-to-be-forgotten love story, make it a book you cannot afford to miss.

No wonder "Green Dolphin Street" was declared winner of the $125,000 M-G-M Prize Novel Contest! No wonder tens of thousands of readers are eagerly paying $3.00 per copy for the publisher's edition! Now *you* can obtain a copy absolutely FREE by joining the Literary Guild Book Club.

MAIL THIS COUPON

FREE: Green Dolphin Street

Literary Guild of America, Inc., Publishers
Dept. 3MM, Garden City, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a subscriber of the Literary Guild and send me "Green Dolphin Street" absolutely FREE. I am also to receive free each month the Guild magazine, "Wings," and all other membership privileges, including bonus books. In consideration of this, I agree to purchase a minimum of four selections of my choice at only $2.00 each (regardless of higher retail prices of the publishers' edition) within a year.

If you wish, you may have as your first selection any one of the following books for only $2.00. Just check the box preceding the title.

☐ The Razor's Edge ☐ Earth and High Heaven
☐ Leave Her to Heaven ☐ Anna and the King of Siam

Mr.
Mrs. .....
Miss *(Please Print)*

Street and No. .....

Zone No.
City..... *(if any)* ....State.....

Occupation..... Age, if Under 21....

Slightly higher in Canada; 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.

LITERARY GUILD MEMBERSHIP COSTS NOTHING

Literary Guild membership is free—there are no dues or fees. Each month you will receive your copy of "Wings," the Guild's illustrated book-review magazine, which contains articles about the Literary Guild selection to be *published the following month.* From these articles you decide whether or not you care to receive the Guild book described. If not, you simply return the form supplied and *no book will be sent to you that month.* If, however, the Guild selection is one *you don't want to miss,* it will be sent to you on approval.

Save Up to 50% on New Books

Literary Guild books are selected by our Editorial Staff from proofs submitted by leading publishers long in advance of their publication date. Because the Literary Guild is the largest book club in the world, a *huge special edition* is printed *at a tremendous saving in cost.* This saving is passed on to members. The Literary Guild edition is manufactured at the same time as the publisher's edition, yet Guild members pay a flat price of only $2.00 for each Guild book accepted, instead of $2.50 to $4.00 for the same book sold at retail in the publisher's edition, to non-members! In addition, Guild members receive a $2.50 to $4.00 popular new book as a *bonus* for every four Guild books purchased! To be a "member in good standing" merely requires that you accept a minimum of only four Guild books a year out of the 12 or more new and important fiction and non-fiction Guild books submitted for your approval.

Send No Money — Mail Coupon

The convenience, the enjoyment, and the saving of about 50% of your book money will, we hope, prompt you to become a member of the Literary Guild at once. As a special inducement for joining now instead of "later" you will be sent—FREE—a copy of "Green Dolphin Street." As a new member you can start your subscription with any of the following recent Guild selections at only $2.00 each. See coupon.

Leave Her to Heaven, By Ben Ames Williams. **(Publishers' Price, $2.50)**

The Razor's Edge, By W. Somerset Maugham. **(Publisher's Price, $2.75)**

Anna and the King of Siam, By Margaret Landon. **(Publisher's Price, $3.75)**

Earth and High Heaven, By Gwethalyn Graham. **(Publisher's Price, $2.50)**

All publishers are operating under restricted paper quotas, thereby limiting the number of new members the Guild can service. By joining now your membership can be accepted at once, and you will be guaranteed against any increase on Guild selections for a year. Mail coupon NOW for "Green Dolphin Street."

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, Inc., Publishers, Garden City, New York



LENORE AUBERT
Samuel Goldwyn Star
Called the girl with the most beautiful eyes in Hollywood.



Come on Chesterfield

we're changing to a new outfit...

Yes, it's a lasting friendship . . . well-earned by Chesterfield's three top qualities . . .

MILDNESS ★ BETTER TASTE
COOLER SMOKING

And when your G. I. Joe steps out of khaki into a blue pin-stripe and he's home for keeps, you'll again enjoy Chesterfields together and agree that nothing measures up to their . . .

RIGHT COMBINATION ★ WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS



CHESTERFIELD *They Satisfy*

Copyright 1945, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

MORE 4-COLOR PAGES THAN ANY MOVIE MAGAZINE

Modern Screen

APRIL 15c

A DELL MAGAZINE
DELL
A DELL MAGAZINE



SHIRLEY TEMPLE

©CLB 669370

NEW 15 MINUTE HOME TRIAL TINTS HAIR

BLACK • BROWN • AUBURN OR BLONDE

As It Shampoos



This remarkable discovery, Tintz Color Cake Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a real smooth colorful tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded, dull, off-color hair a minute longer, for Tintz Color Shampoo works gradually—each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, and easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Get this rich lathering shampoo, that gives fresh glowing color to your hair, today. In six lovely shades. Only 50 cents each or 2 for $1.00.

THE TINTZ SEXTET . . . A SHADE FOR EVERY TYPE



TINTS AS IT WASHES

TINTZ
Color Shampoo

NOW YOU CAN GET TINTZ AT LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES, WALGREEN'S, WHELAN'S, MOST DRUG STORES AND 5 & 10c STORES

SEND NO MONEY . . . Just mail coupon on guarantee results must delight you or no cost . . .

Take advantage of this offer and mail your order today. On arrival of your package, just deposit 50c ($1 for two) plus postage with postman and Shampoo-tint your own hair right in your own home. But if for any reason you aren't 100% satisfied, just return the wrapper in 7 days and your money will be refunded without question. Don't delay, order today!

If Not at Your Dealer's . . . Mail this Coupon Today

A NO-RISK OFFER YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS—ACT NOW!

TINTZ COMPANY, DEPT. 3-A, 205 N. Michigan, Chicago 1, Ill.
Canadian Office: Dept. 3-A, 22 College St., Toronto, Can.

Send one full size TINTZ COLOR SHAMPOO in shade checked below. On arrival, I will deposit 50c plus postage charges with postman, on guarantee that if I'm not entirely satisfied I can return empty wrapper in 7 days and you will refund my money.

☐ 1 CAKE 50c ☐ 2 CAKES $1
(if C. O. D., postage charges extra)

NAME _____
(Print Plainly)
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

(Tintz pay if mone ord

Check sha
☐ Blonde
☐ Black
☐ Light
☐ Mediu
☐ Auburn
☐ Dark

"Practicing to be a Spinster, Pet?"



GIRL: Spinst—? Oh, now *really*. Cupid! The way things are, I'm lucky to even have a chess date with Uncle Burt. Nobody has dates *these* days! Nobody!

CUPID: Pardon, Child. But if that's true, then a lot of girls are marrying perfect strangers. People they never had dates with. Because they're getting married honey. Left and right.

GIRL: All right! All right! So I'm *not* popular. I'm not a glamor girl. Can *I* help that?

CUPID: You could smile a little more, Sugar. Even a plain girl's pretty if she's got a sparkling smile. In fact, some of my best customers—



GIRL: Sure. Yes, indeed. But it happens I haven't *got* a sparkling smile, Cupid. I brush my teeth, and all, but—

CUPID: Ever notice "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: The other day I—

CUPID: And you didn't *do* anything about it? By the eternal Double-Ring Ceremony, Child! Don't you know "pink tooth brush" is a warning to see your dentist?

GIRL: You mean just because I—

CUPID: Sis, that "pink" may mean your gums are being robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. Your dentist would probably tell you that. And that's why so many dentists suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: But my *smile*, Cupid. My smile! What about—

CUPID: This, Child: Ipana not only cleans your teeth. It is specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste on your gums every time you brush your teeth and you help your gums to healthier firmness. *And* healthier gums promote sounder, brighter teeth. And a smile you'll be using on somebody else beside your Uncle Burt. Get going on a lovelier smile now, Child!



Ipana

For the Smile of Beauty

PICTURE with

NATALIE SCHAFER • LEE PATRICK • JESS BARKER • JUNE LOCKHART

George Bruce • Directed by EDWARD BUZZELL • Produced by GEORGE HAIGHT

Fannie Hurst SELECTS "A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN"



Neely (Ted Donaldson) and Francis Nolan (Peggy Ann Garner) meet their Aunt Sissy (Joan Blondell) on corners. Her sister, disapproving of ladies forgetting to divorce one husband before remarrying, forbids her in the house.

■ Here is a picturization of a book that will challenge the interest and anticipation of the millions of Americans who love that outstanding novel of two seasons ago: "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn."

This commentator is one of those millions.

In this instance, "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn" must hit high in its ability to transfer the book's quality to the screen. Otherwise, prepare for prompt wails of outraged anguish from a loyal public.

"A Tree Grows In Brooklyn," as almost everybody knows, is the story of the Nolan family of Brooklyn, set a generation ago in one of its tenement districts known as Williamsburg.

It is the Odyssey of the mother of the family, Katie Nolan (Dorothy McGuire), her two children, Francie (Peggy Ann Garner) and Neeley (Ted Donaldson), and Johnny Nolan (James Dunn), the father, a singing waiter, chronically out of a job. Out of the trials, vicissitudes and valor of this rather pathetic little family, Betty Smith has woven as tender a story as you will encounter in many a day.

Elia Kazan, who directs the picture, Louis D. Lighton, who produces it, and Tess Slesinger and Frank Davis, who collaborated on the screen version, cannot be accused of infidelity of intention. They have attempted a sincere transition from the printed page to the screen.

It is almost successful. Thought, caution and discretion are apparent throughout. And yet, it remains, (*Continued on page 20*)

A PICTURE WITH A HEART AS *Big* AS TODAY'S GOLDEN WEST!



Heed the call to adventure great and thrilling! All the sweep and power of "My Friend Flicka"... more rousing . . . more compelling!



Mary O'Hara's Best-Loved Best-Seller

THUNDERHEAD

SON OF FLICKA

in Technicolor!

with

RODDY McDOWALL

PRESTON FOSTER RITA JOHNSON

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

Directed by LOUIS KING • Produced by ROBERT BASSLER

Screen Play by Dwight Cummins & Dorothy Yost • Based on the Novel by Mary O'Hara



Carole Anne
FROSTED LIPSTICK



gives your lips the lure men dream about.

A Quality Lipstick For Women Who Want The Best. In beautiful NEW plastic swivel case.

- GOES ON SMOOTHLY
- STAYS ON LONGER
- DELICATELY PERFUMED
- SMART SHADES

25¢ plus tax

No Finer Lipstick at Any Price!

At your favorite chain, department or drug store, with matching rouge and other toiletries.

Carole Anne De Luxe One Dollar
(Plus Tax)

If your nearest toilet goods dealer is temporarily out of Carole Anne Lipstick, tell us your favorite shade, send twenty-five cents, and we will send you a new Carole Anne Swivel Lipstick by return mail.

CAROLE ANNE COSMETICS
565 Fifth Avenue New York 17, N.Y.

MOVIE REVIEWS

By Virginia Wilson

THE HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT

■ It seems there's this angel with wings and a trumpet and his name is Jack Benny. Or no. To you and me his name is Jack Benny, but to the heavenly hosts he is Athanael. Around celestial parts, Athanael is known as something of a dope. The Chief (Guy Kibbee) considers him a definite bungler, and when his secretary, Elizabeth (Alexis Smith), suggests Athanael for an important mission to Earth, he at first refused to consider it. But Elizabeth, being a beautiful girl as well as an angel, persuades him. She is sure that Athanael can do the job.

After all, it's simple enough. The planet Earth has been causing a lot of trouble lately, and the Chief has decided to dispose of it entirely. All Athanael has to do is go down there and blow his trumpet at midnight. The whole planet will then go up in smoke, and the rest of the universe can get on with its business. There's just one catch. The trumpet must be blown *exactly* on the stroke of midnight.

Athanael arrives in the lobby of the hotel which has been selected for the occasion, at about ten o'clock. (He has left his wings home, of course, and is wearing a business suit—no sense in making one's self conspicuous.) He prepares to kill a couple of hours just waiting around, but being Jack Benny —sorry, I mean Athanael—he gets into trouble. He foils a big jewel robbery without even knowing he's doing it, and of course makes an enemy of the robber, Archie (Reginald Gardner). Archie is an international crook of some importance, and he isn't going to let any stupid character like this mess up his plans. *Something* will be done.

There are a couple of fallen angels in the hotel who were kicked out of heaven several years before. They recognize Athanael immediately, and when they see the trumpet, they know what he's there for. They try to keep him from blowing the horn at midnight, but it's a pretty little (*Continued on page* 10)



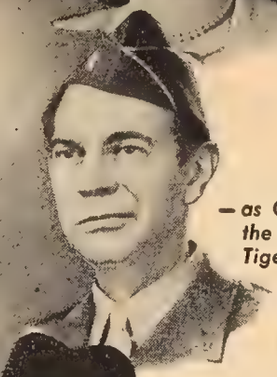
In heaven Athanael (Jack Benny) is considered a dope. But on recommendation of his secretary (Alexis Smith), the Chief (Guy Kibbee) commissions him to destroy the troublesome Earth. All he has to do is go down and blow a horn at midnight, and the planet will pffft! in smoke.

TO THRILL YOU AND THRILL YOU AND THRILL YOU

and make your heart glad!



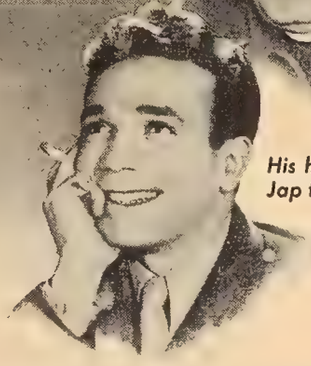
A man searches the skies ... *and finds faith!* Faith in a woman's love, and the laughter of children—in the steel-spitting guns of a shark-jawed P-40—in the Comrade-in-Arms who flew beside him through fear and flak into high adventure!



—as Gen. Chennault the fiercest Flying Tiger of them all!



You could count on the Flying Padre for comfort—and a laugh!



His hobby was painting— Jap flags on the fuselage!

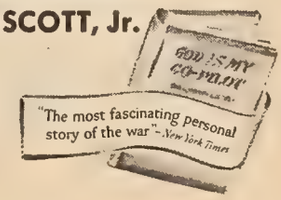
GOD IS MY CO-PILOT



WARNER BROS.

proudly add to such current successes as "Hollywood Canteen", "To Have And Have Not" and "Objective Burma" a picture that ranks with our all-time greatest, from the all-exciting, best-selling book by

Col. ROBERT LEE SCOTT, Jr.



with

DENNIS MORGAN · DANE CLARK

RAYMOND MASSEY · ALAN HALE

ANDREA KING · JOHN RIDGELY

Directed by **Robert Florey**

Screen Play by Peter Milne & Abem Finkel • Music by Franz Waxman

JACK L. WARNER
Executive Producer

Produced by
Robert Buckner

Help Yourself—



to a swoonful hair-do when you have no spare time or spare funds for beauty shops . . . It's easy to twist your ends into flat curls, fasten them with Bob Pins. But be sure to use DeLong Bob Pins because they have a *Stronger Grip*, clamping each curl in place so firmly that you need only one Bob Pin per curl . . . When you're dried, combed-out and captivating, a DeLong Bob Pin or two will keep your handiwork intact. They're made for wear and tear and *your* social security . . .

Stronger Grip
Won't Slip Out



Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

girl named Fran (Dolores Moran) who is really responsible for his failure.

The next day Elizabeth arrives from heaven to see what on earth's the matter, or vice versa. She finds that Athanael has lost his trumpet, the dope, and it takes the rest of the picture to get it back. By then the Chief has changed his mind about destroying the Earth, so relax, kids, everything's all right.

Jack Benny is at his clowning peak, and that's very funny indeed.—*War.*

P. S.

First starring picture for Benny since his trip to North Africa and Sicily to visit our fighting forces. . . . To transform Stage Seven at Warners' into a man's idea of Heaven, it was necessary to hang ten thousand yards of cheesecloth from high towers and spread in billowing oceans of foreground. And not one yard of this rationed stuff was new material. Everything was salvaged from wardrobe department. . . . Alexis plays her part as an angel in her living room curtains. No, we're not kidding. There just wasn't enough tulle and satin available for the costume, so Miss S. had to come to the rescue. . . . Warners' technical department was the happiest on the lot while this was in production. The technical department is the studio chin which takes the blow when fans write in complaining that one thing or another was wrong with a picture. The department dares anyone to question the correctness of the heavenly sequences. . . . Most difficult problem faced by the casting office was to find authentic side-show barkers needed for a carnival scene. Old time, Coney Island style side-show barkers no longer exist. Problem was solved by Harry Seymour, dialogue coach at Warners', who has many years of vaudeville and tent show experience to his credit. Seymour deserted his coaching post for a week to enact the role of barker himself and to train twenty others in the intricacies of that fast disappearing art. . . . Dolores Moran wears a dozen lovely gowns in this picture, none of which weigh more than four ounces. It might actually be a fact (as the wags were claiming) that her make-up weighed more than her clothes!

THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE

Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young have the most difficult roles of their careers in "The Enchanted Cottage." Dorothy plays a girl who has been homely all her life, who knows the biting hurt of having men look at her and look too quickly away. Robert plays a soldier disfigured in the war, so conscious of that disfigurement that it cripples him mentally as well as physically. They make these two people not only believable but a definite inspiration to us all.

Oliver Bradford (Robert Young) returns from the war to a world gone completely awry. His fiancée shows in her first look at him that her love is dead. His family are well meaning enough, but they don't understand his problem or know how to cope with it. So Oliver goes off alone to the little cottage on the New England coast which he had rented for the honeymoon he had expected to have the year before.

The neighbors say the cottage is haunted. But "enchanted" is probably a better word. The English nobleman who built it many years before used to let young married couples live in it as long as they were happy. Some of that happiness seems to have been absorbed by the cottage, and it has a special, almost magic spell. When Oliver comes there, bitter and alone, he finds Laura (Dorothy McGuire) working there as a maid. Their mutual ugliness draws them together. Thanks to Laura and a blind composer, Hillgrove (Herbert Marshall), who lives nearby, Oliver begins to get back to normal.

Then his parents decide to move to the cottage to look after him. He knows that if they come his nerves will go to pieces again, so he tells them that he is going to be married to Laura. He isn't in love with her yet, but after they are married, they fall deeply in love. And when they do, the magic of the cottage works a miracle. For to each other they are no longer ugly, but beautiful, and life holds everything for them that they could possibly want.

Mildred Natwick, Spring Byington, Hillary Brooke and Richard Gaines all aid in making this a delightful picture.—*RKO*

P. S.

Was first produced in London in 1922. Following year it was presented on Broadway with Katharine Cornell. In 1924 it was made as a silent picture with Richard Barthelmess and May McAvoy. Although the story is essentially the same, the time has been moved up from the years of World War I to World War II, and the locale shifted from England to New England. . . . There are no war scenes. . . . The story was written by Pinero at the suggestion of the British government to provide entertainment with a morale lift for England's returned soldiers for the last war. . . . Bob Young, who has been acting in pictures since 1932 ("The Sin of Madelon Claudet" with Helen Hayes), claims this is the most dramatic role of his career. It's totally different from anything he's done before, and he's anxiously waiting news from his fans about the role. . . . Broadway favorite, Mildred Natwick, was signed for Mrs. Minnett in "The Enchanted Cottage" because her portrayal of Madame Arcati in the original stage production of "Blithe Spirit" proved to the "front office" that she was exactly what was needed in this part. . . . This is her first screen role. . . . Alec Englander (Danny Stanton in the picture) is nine years old. He's a veteran of the stage and of radio. Director John Cromwell was impressed with Alec's performance in "The Willow and I" and remembered the boy when he was casting for this picture. Alec was signed for this without benefit of screen test.

BRING ON THE GIRLS

Here, my pets, we really have something. A musical with not only swell music, Technicolor and a flock of gorgeous babes, but a real honest-to-gosh plot that's full of laughs. One good reason for the laughter is Eddie Bracken, playing his usual innocent-guy-in-a-jam. Another is Sonny Tufts. If you've ever had any doubts about Sonny as a comedian, toss them out the window. He's a wow. Wait till you get a load of him playing and singing "Egyptian Ella"! The feminine interest is supplied by two beautiful blondes — Veronica Lake and Marjorie Reynolds.

It all begins with young millionaire Jay Bates (Eddie Bracken) finding his fiancée being kissed by his cousin. This kind of situation has long since lost its novelty for Jay. In fact this is the fifth fiancée whom he has discovered to be interested in him only for his money. Enough is enough, and Jay decides to join the Navy. There nobody will know how much dough he has, or care. But his family insist on providing him with a guardian, Phil (Sonny Tufts), who joins the Navy at the same time, with instructions to keep his eye on the susceptible Jay.



FORGET THAT LOOK IN HER EYES...

SHE'S GOT MURDER IN HER HEART!

Meet the year's biggest movie surprise... Dick Powell playing a new kind of role... in a murder-mystery that's rough, tough and terrific!





Dick POWELL

Claire TREVOR · Anne SHIRLEY

in

"Murder, My Sweet"

with

OTTO KRUGER · MIKE MAZURKI · MILES MANDER
DOUGLAS WALTON · DON DOUGLAS

Another of the great RKO RADIO PICTURES

Produced by Adrian Scott • Directed by Edward Dmytryk
Screen Play by John Paxton

One evening Jay manages to elude Phil long enough to get to a night club. Also, long enough to fall in love, or a reasonable facsimile thereof. The girl sells cigarettes at the night club, her name is Teddy (Veronica Lake), and she doesn't know he's a millionaire—he thinks! Phil goes to the club the next night to investigate, but is led to believe that Jay's new enchantress is Sue Thomas (Marjorie Reynolds), the club's singing and dancing star. Sue is a nice girl. Phil makes a pass at her to find out, and she has him thrown out. He goes back to camp and wires the family that everything is fine.

When he finds out that Teddy is the girl, Phil is *really* upset. Not only because he's convinced she's an eighteen-carat gold digger, but because he's in love with her herself. Has been for years. Teddy loves him, too, but she thinks he gave her the runaround, so she's going to be the practical type from now on, and marry money. The tangle that follows is funnier than anything you've seen in years. There's an elegant moment when Jay wants to make a phone call, and hauls hundred dollar bills from all his pockets, muttering petulantly, "I had a nickel here somewhere." That got me!—*Par.*

P. S.

Sonny Tufts, who spent four years singing for his supper in New York and Palm Beach and has gone vocally untuneful through three previous pictures, debuts as a screen singer in this one. He sings "Egyptian Ella" and another, written for him by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson titled "I'm Gonna Hate Myself In the Morning." Sonny accompanies himself on the piano—describes his playing as "seven chords and a heavy foot." . . . Bracken does his first song solo, too. His is a "production love song" called "It Could Happen To Me," which is staged as he strolls along four blocks of a street at night. This scene took two days to film. . . . It's worth the price of tickets for the whole family to see Spike Jones and his City Slickers burlesque "Chloe." They played this for Command Performance one night, and it sounded so swell Paramount asked it be picturized. Spike spent a week making its comedy visual. They spent three days filming it with four changes of scenes and the use of both a camel and a parrot. They also added a midget, Jerry Merenghi, to their orchestra cast. . . . This brings the Golden Gate quartet (remember "Star Spangled Rhythm"?) back to the screen with "The Preacher Went a Huntin'". . . . . Veronica Lake returns to the screen after a six-months illness with eight pounds added to her shapeliness. Ronnie weighs 106 pounds!

THUNDERHEAD

The magic of a small boy's love for a horse again weaves a shining pattern in Thunderhead." It is a sequel to "My Friend Flicka," and you'll like it even better. The cast is the same, with Roddy McDowall playing Ken McLaughlin, and Preston Foster, Rita Johnson and Diana Hale in their old parts. The Technicolor scenery is incredibly beautiful.

Ken McLaughlin is a little older now. And Flicka, the wild red-gold filly which galloped the Wyoming hills, has settled down and become a mother. Her colt is a shock to Ken. He had bred Flicka secretly to their neighbor's great race horse, Appalachian, sire of thoroughbreds. But the colt resembles neither dam nor sire. Instead he is pure white and awkward, with wicked eyes and a wickeder disposition.

"He's a goblin!" Hildy, Ken's playmate, cries mischievously when she sees him. "He looks like a white goblin!" Ken is furious and declares stoutly that a white colt is as good as any other. But he knows in his heart that Thunderhead is a throwback to "The Albino," the wild stallion which sired Flicka, and which frequently raids the ranchers' mares. Thunderhead has inherited many of "The Albino's" traits. He drives Ken to tears or rage time and again during his training. Once he runs away in pursuit of "The Albino" who has made one of his periodic descents on the ranch. Thunderhead returns with great wounds on his side, made by the wild stallion. "He's no good," Ken mutters disgustedly, but he knows he really loves the colt in the County Races.

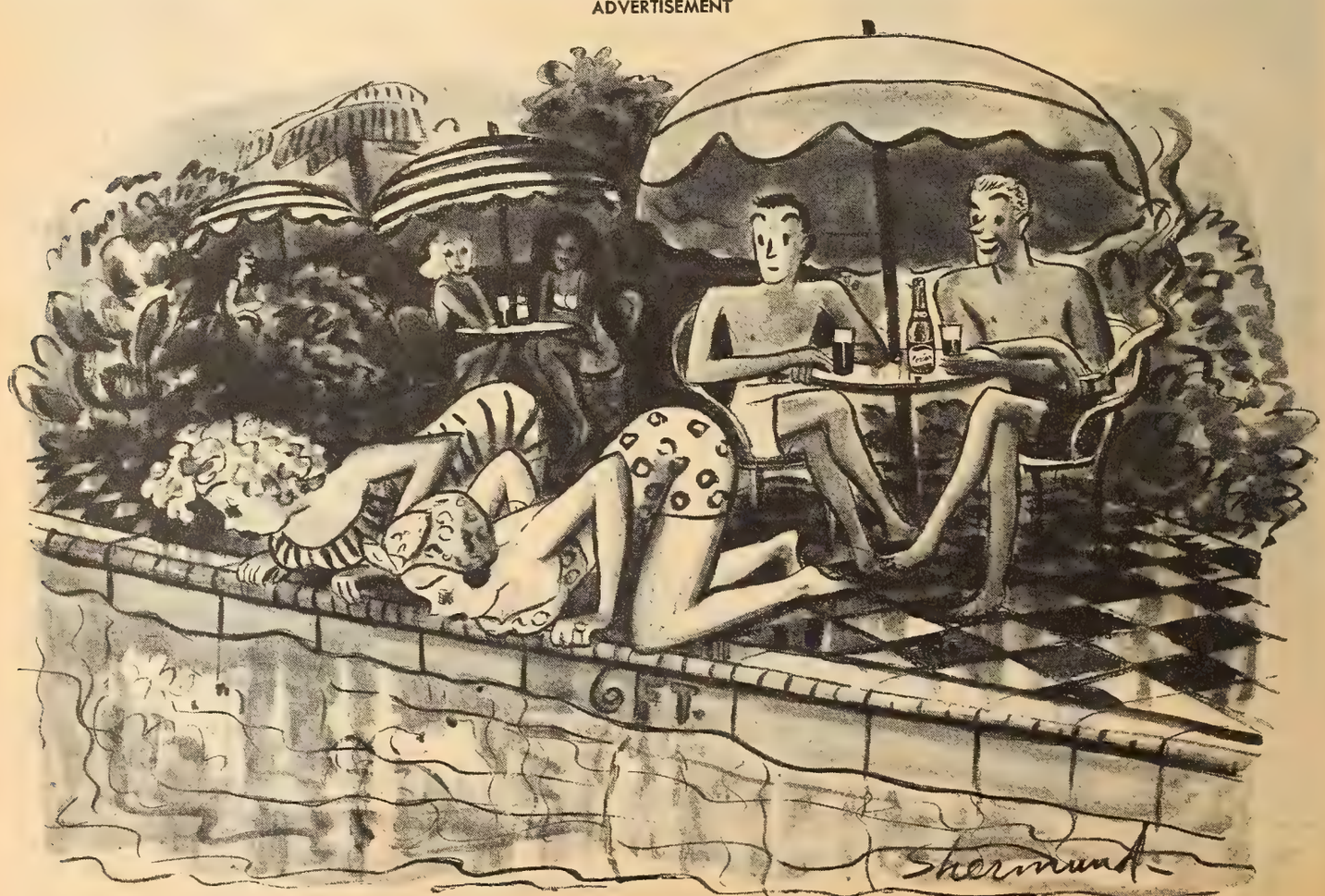
And Thunderhead is fast. He has such tremendous speed that even Ken's father admits he may turn out to be a race horse. Ken builds all his hopes on this. His mother sympathizes, and between them they persuade his father to let Ken enter the colt in the County Races.

That race will thrill you—and almost break your heart as it does Ken's. Thunderhead runs so fast he is only a white streak, but there is more to a race than speed. I won't tell you the outcome or its effect on the happenings at the ranch. It's an absorbing climax to a fine picture, with Roddy McDowall turning in his best performance to date.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

Author Mary O'Hara possibly couldn't have written "My Friend Flicka" and this sequel with such a feeling and understanding for horses and little boys if she didn't live the part. She has a horse-breeding ranch and sons of her own who love the animals as does the small hero of her Flicka stories. . . . Without the actors and

ADVERTISEMENT



"Vanity nothing! Somebody dropped a bottle of Pepsi-Cola in the pool."



16 Full-Color Portraits

of your favorite

Band Leaders and Singers

full set only **25¢**

BEAUTIFUL OIL PAINTINGS by the famous artist, Albert Fisher, were used for these 16 portraits!

The pictures are actual postcard size, 5½″x3¼″, and *printed in gorgeous, glowing color!* Use them as pin-ups, or as novel postcards. Each set contains pictures of Perry Como, Tommy Dorsey, Duke Ellington, Lena Horne, Spike Jones, Sammy Kaye, Freddy Martin, Hal McIntyre, Glenn Miller, Vaughn Monroe, David Rose, Artie Shaw, Dinah Shore, the King Sisters, Charlie Spivak and Fats Waller.*

Only through Victor can you get these exciting color portraits—and you get all 16 for only a quarter! But the supply is limited, so send your order *today*. Use the handy coupon or write direct to Box 23, Camden, New Jersey, enclosing 25¢ per set.

Ask your dealer for records of these Victor and Bluebird Artists

Perry Como • Tommy Dorsey • Duke Ellington • Shep Fields • Erskine Hawkins Lena Horne • Spike Jones • Sammy Kaye • Wayne King • Freddy Martin • Hal McIntyre • Glenn Miller • Vaughn Monroe • Tony Pastor • Alvino Rey • David Rose Artie Shaw • Dinah Shore • King Sisters • Charlie Spivak • Martha Stewart • David Street

Listen to "The Music America Loves Best" Sundays, 4:30 p.m., EWT, over NBC. *Buy More War Bonds*

THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR ARTISTS ARE ON

VICTOR

AND BLUEBIRD RECORDS

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
RCA VICTOR DIVISION, CAMDEN, N. J.

TEAR THIS OUT NOW!

RCA Victor Division, Radio Corporation of America
Box 23, Camden, N. J.

*Gentlemen: Please send me __ sets of 16 portrait pin-ups (*listed above), for which I enclose 25¢ per set.*

PLEASE WRITE PLAINLY OR PRINT.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

2



for GRACIOUS LIVING
EASTER GIVING

Lush and lovely Le Sonier Refillable Powder Mitts bring afterbath elegance to every woman's life.

AT GOOD STORES EVERYWHERE



Le Sonier
REFILLABLE
Powder Mitt
U.S. PAT. NO. 2233686

LE SONIER Inc., New York-Boston

the action, "Thunderhead" would be a good travelogue. The famed Bridal Veil Falls, the rugged Oregon Gorges, Utah's fabulous Bryce Canyon (seen for the first time on the screen), the impressive grandeur of Zion National Park, the fantastic formations of Red Rock Canyon and Cedar Breaks National Monument are all background for the picture. . . . The picture's first scene was also the first of the production's many problems. Roddy McDowall is shown finding Flicka with a newborn white colt. In order to have one on hand at the proper time, dozens of mares likely to foal such a youngster were put under contract. . . . Master of color photography, Charles Clarke, brings the production to the public recorded on a new medium of film. It's called Monopak. This revolutionary discovery makes distant objects clear and sharply defined, an effect never before possible in color films. The scenes between men and animals were really made effective by having two of the stars train with the horses. Roddy McDowall and Preston Foster put in many hours getting acquainted and rehearsing with them, so when the cameras started rolling they were able to take the animals through the most difficult scenes without a hitch. . . . Dwight Cummins and Dorothy Yost wrote the script from the O'Hara story. Did such an excellent job that Fox studio officials, after reading it, increased the budget far beyond that of the first "Flicka" picture.

WONDER MAN

You know those double talk songs Danny Kaye sings. They don't make sense, but they are wonderful to listen to. Well, this picture doesn't make much sense when you try to tell about it, but it's wonderful to see. Danny is in his own special comedy groove, and no one in the world can do it better.

The complicating factor in the plot is that Danny plays two characters, one of whom gets murdered. The murder victim is Buzzy Bellew, night club entertainer, who is the State's key witness against gangster "Ten Grand Jackson." Buzzy is engaged to his pretty dancing partner, Midge (Vera Ellen), but he doesn't live to marry her. Jackson's hoodlums bump him off, do him up in concrete and drop him in the lake in Prospect Park.

That's when Danny's other role takes over. Edwin Dingle looks exactly like the dead Buzzy, but he's his opposite in temperament and habits. Buzzy was effervescent and slightly mad, Edwin is the serious, student type. He's in love with a librarian named Ellen (Virginia Mayo). So here is Edwin sitting quietly in the library waiting for a good book, when Buzzy's spirit takes possession of him. The results are startling indeed to the sober Edwin. Usually the most law-abiding of citizens, he kicks a cop, and that's only the beginning. He goes over to Buzzy's old night club, and its owner thinks he's Buzzy and puts him on to do his act. Fortunately Buzzy's spirit gets control, and Edwin makes with a lunatic version of "Otchi Tchornia" which lays 'em in the aisles.

But "Ten Grand Jackson" is in the audience, and he is not amused. He gives his henchmen a cold stare and says, "I thought you took care of this guy." They thought so, too, and are having the screaming meemies at the sight of what they think is a ghost. "Get him this time for *keeps*," Ten Grand commands, and from that moment Edwin is a poor insurance risk.

There are lots of laughs in "Wonder Man." Donald Woods, Otto Kruger, Allen

Jenkins and Edward Brophy are among those who wander through this tall tale. —*RKO*

P. S.

The dividing of Danny Kaye into two equal parts, enabling him to walk with himself, talk to himself and employ a different style of acting for each of the two characters is just one of the wonders of "Wonder Man" . . . . With either or both of the characters in practically every foot of the film, the picture presented many difficulties of screen magic heretofore considered insurmountable. Never before had a dual role of such magnitude been attempted in Technicolor. The picture was in production almost six months. . . . More than fifty sets were used for this one—ranging in size from the interior of a delicatessen refrigerator to a huge exterior covering 40,000 square feet (Brooklyn's Prospect Park). New York's Metropolitan Opera house was duplicated for one sequence, while another called for the building of a swank night club complete to dressing rooms, stage and backstage, bar, checkroom and exterior. Our spies have it that the number done in the Metropolitan Opera House out-Kayes anything he's done so far. . . . For the first time on the screen, he does his "Otchi Tchornia" number—a hysterical pantomime of a famous Russian baritone, allergic to flowers, who tries to sing on a stage loaded with floral pieces. . . . Mrs. Danny Kaye wrote music and lyrics for the "Otchi Tchornia," Bali boogie and opera number sequences with Ray Heindorf orchestrating and conducting. . . . The song, "So In Love," sung by Vera-Ellen and the Goldwyn Girls, was by Leo Robin and David Rose.

SALOME—WHERE SHE DANCED

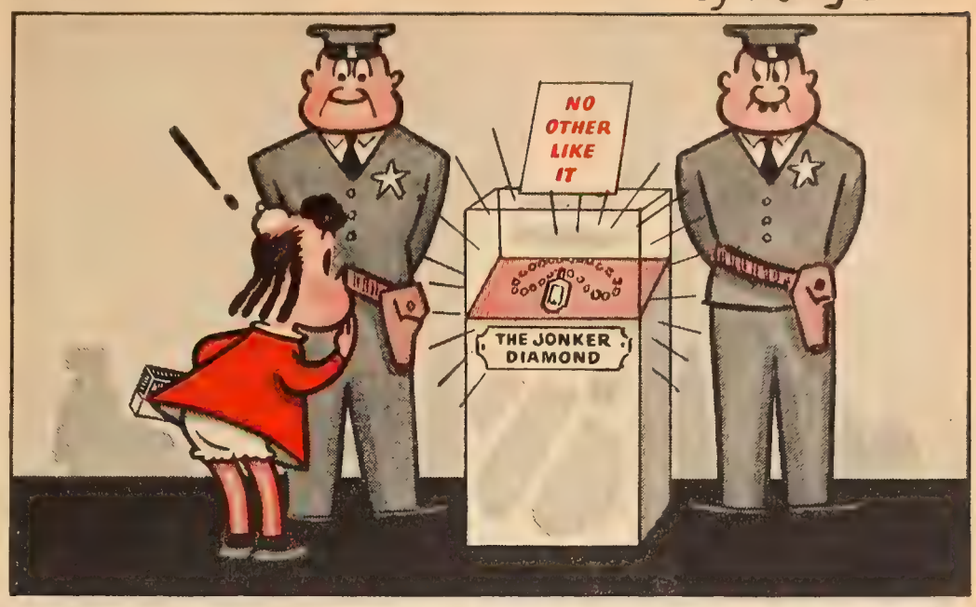
There's a little town in Arizona where the sign that greets you says "Salome—Where She Danced." If you raise an inquiring eyebrow, the natives will tell you that until 1866 the town was known as Drinkman's Wells. Then along came Salome—

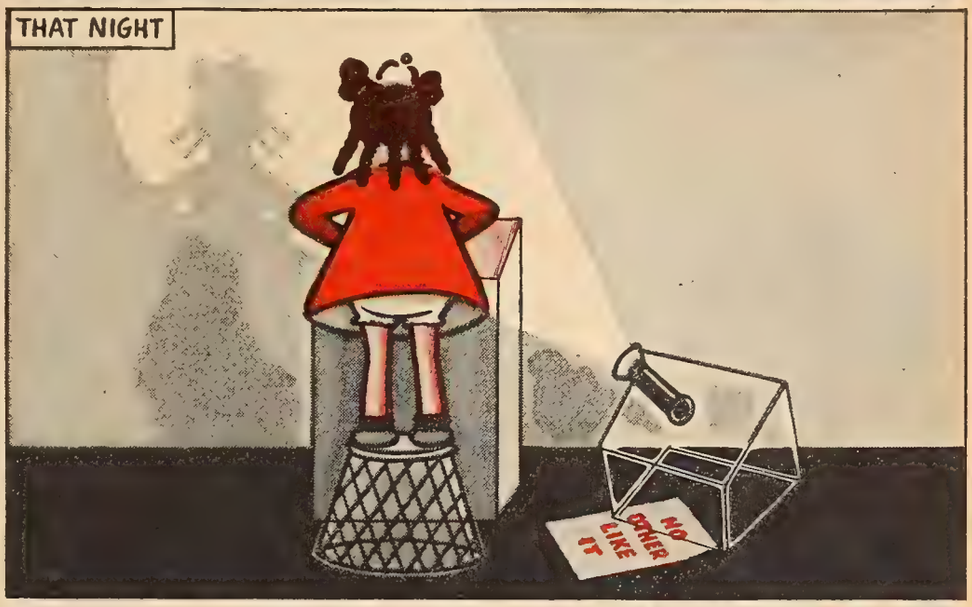
Salome (Yvonne De Carlo) is a femme fatale if ever there was one. Beautiful, devastating, she has broken hearts all over Europe. But her own has been broken, too, for she is madly in love with a prince of the house of Hapsburg, who is forbidden to marry her. When Germany declares war on Austria, Salome is dancing in Berlin. An American newspaperman, Jim Steed (Rod Cameron), persuades her that she should act as a spy to help her lover's country, Austria. She fascinates the Count Von Bohlen (Albert Dekker) into revealing Germany's plans to her, but even while she is succeeding in this, her lover is killed in the war. Von Bohlen finds out he has been tricked, and Berlin suddenly gets too hot to hold Salome. Jim Steed persuades her and her pianist, Professor Max (J. Edward Bromberg), to come to America with him.

"We'll go to San Francisco. There's piles of money there, and with your dancing and my brains we'll make a fortune," he tells her optimistically. Unfortunately their ship lands them in Galveston, and it's a long journey by stagecoach from there to San Francisco. Long—and expensive. By the time they reach the little town of Drinkman's Wells, they are stony broke. Jim decides to put on a show featuring Salome. It's a sensation, and the town re-names itself in her honor.

Meanwhile, Salome has met a stagecoach robber named Cleve (David Bruce), who looks just like her dead Hapsburg prince. He's a dashing, handsome ex-soldier, and

LITTLE LULU by Marge







Copyright 1945, International Cellucotton Products Co.



Watch for Paramount's latest LITTLE LULU cartoon in technicolor at your favorite theatre

Countess
ADA MOHL

A member of the chic international set in Paris before the war, she is now Fashion Directress for one of New York's exclusive shops.



"As Important as the Clothes You Wear"

Countess Mohl says:
"I use Djer-Kiss perfume and I've noticed how many really smart women do, too. I know the fragrance a woman chooses is just as important as the clothes she wears. For me, there is no lovelier scent than Djer-Kiss."

DJER-KISS
Pronounced "DEAR KISS"



BY Kerkoff

WORLD'S MOST ROMANTIC SCENT

the fact that he makes a living by robbing coaches doesn't bother her too much. Cleve joins them on the trip to San Francisco. There another man falls under Salome's spell—the wealthy Russian, Dimitri (Walter Slezak). He builds a theater for her, and the future looks pretty fancy, until who shows up but Count Von Bohlen, just in from Berlin, with murder in his eye. . . .

"Salome—Where She Danced" is a lavish, Technicolor production. The new discovery, Yvonne de Carlo, will probably receive ten thousand requests from service men for pictures of her in the Salome costume.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Mr. Wanger spent six months searching for the "right girl" for this one. All he required was "exceptional beauty, acting ability, dancing and singing talent"—that's the way it read on the casting request. Everyone at the studio knew it couldn't be done—that there was no such girl. That was before they saw the screen tests of Yvonne DeCarlo, age 20, from Vancouver, British Columbia! . . . Made herself even more unbelievable when she refused a double for the horseback riding scenes. Turned out to be an excellent horsewoman. . . . Yvonne had a near-serious accident on the set when the 1865-period hoop skirted gown she was wearing caught fire from the electric heater in her dressing room. Yvonne, because of the seven petticoats beneath the skirt, was unaware of the heat and walked onto the set with her dress flaming. Was completely surprised when a property man turned the hose on her! . . . Something new in medicine was successfully tried when Miss DeCarlo, suffering from a deeply cut wound on her foot, insisted on doing the dancing called for in the day's shooting schedule. Doctor's "froze" the foot with a new drug. Yvonne was able to do her ballerina dance without pain and without injury to the foot. The amazing fact being that the muscles of her foot were not affected by the "freezing." . . . Although new to Hollywood, there was only one request Miss DeCarlo could not fulfill. A Marine, tougher than tradition, handed her a tattoo needle and said, "Okay, sister make with the autograph on my arm!"

MOLLY AND ME

The acid wit of Monty ("The Beard") Woolley and the warm Yorkshire humor of Gracie Field are teamed again in "Molly And Me." They both have a way of making you feel that you are old friends with the characters they play, and you come out full of a pleasant conviction that all's right with the world.

Gracie, as Molly, is an out-of-work actress who applies for a position as housekeeper of a de luxe London establishment. Her employer is John Graham (Monty Woolley), who is definitely the curmudgeon type. The butler, Peabody (Reginald Gardner), doesn't want to hire Molly, but she finds out he's an ex-actor himself, also a not-too-ex boozer, and she blackmails him into taking her on, by getting him stewed to his supercilious eyebrows and then threatening to tell Graham.

Once Molly has the job, she starts making changes right and left. The servants have been stealing consistently, and when Molly puts a stop to it, they walk out in a body, just when Graham has given orders for a dinner for eight. The dinner is very important to him, for he has been proposed as a member of Parliament and needs the backing of the guest of honor. Molly, undaunted, gets some of her pals from show business to impersonate cook, maid, footman, etc. When the "cook" ruins

AUTOGRAPHS!

"All the good things in life are free . . ." Well, that was a swell idea for a song and an even better one for you swell M.S. readers. 'Cause we've got lots of good things—155, in fact—and being offered practically for free! Yup, send in your quarter and back comes an autographed NAA emblem card, a card signed by *any star you choose!* P.S. Your 25c plays a double header, gets you your dream boat's signature and helps feed and clothe American seamen and their families! P.S.S. And to really make that "for free" idea hold—send in a dollar and back will come 5 autographs—*5 for the price of 4!*

June Allyson
Don Ameche
Mary Anderson
Dana Andrews
Jean Arthur

Lauren Bacall
Lynn Bari
Lionel Barrymore
Anne Baxter
William Bendix
Joan Bennett
Ingrid Bergman
Turhan Bey
Janet Blair
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
Charles Boyer
Eddie Bracken
Barbara Britton
Jim Brown

Eddie Cantor
Claudette Colbert
Ronald Colman
Gary Cooper
Joseph Cotten
James Craig
Jeanne Crain
Dick Crane
Bing Crosby
Xavier Cugat

Helmut Dantine
Linda Darnell
Bette Davis
Laraine Day
Gloria De Haven
Olivia de Havilland
Tommy Dix
Brian Donlevy
Tom Drake
Jimmy Durante

William Eythe

Jinx Falkenburg
Alice Faye
Errol Flynn

John Garfield
Judy Garland
Peggy Ann Garner
Greer Garson
Paulette Goddard
Betty Grable
Farley Granger
Cary Grant
Bonita Granville
Kathryn Grayson
Sidney Greenstreet

Alan Hale
Signe Hasso
June Haver
Dick Haymes
Susan Hayward
Rita Hayworth
Paul Henreid
Katharine Hepburn
John Hodiak
Bob Hope
Marsha Hunt
Walter Huston
Betty Hutton
Bob Hutton

Richard Jaeckel
Harry James
Gloria Jean
Van Johnson
Jennifer Jones
Brenda Joyce

Danny Kaye
Gene Kelly
Kay Kyser

Alan Ladd
Hedy Lamarr
Dorothy Lamour
Carole Landis
Priscilla Lane
Joan Leslie
John Loder
Myrna Loy
Ida Lupino
Diana Lynn

Roddy McDowall
Lon McCallister
Dorothy McGuire
Irene Manning
Trudy Marshall
Marilyn Maxwell
Ray Milland
Carmen Miranda
Thomas Mitchell
Maria Montez
George Montgomery
Constance Moore
Dennis Morgan
George Murphy

Lloyd Nolan

Jack Oakie
Merle Oberon
Margaret O'Brien
Virginia O'Brien
Donald O'Connor
Maureen O'Hara
Dennis O'Keefe
Michael O'Shea

John Payne
Gregory Peck
Susan Peters
Walter Pidgeon
William Powell
Tyrone Power

George Raft
Ella Raines
Martha Raye
Ronald Reagan
Donna Reed
Ginger Rogers
Roy Rogers
Rosalind Russell
Ann Rutherford
Eddie Ryan
Peggy Ryan

Randolph Scott
Ann Sheridan
Dinah Shore
Phil Silvers
Ginny Simms
Frank Sinatra
Red Skelton
Alexis Smith
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck

Shirley Temple
Gene Tierney
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Sonny Tufts
Lana Turner

Robert Walker
John Wayne
Cornel Wilde
Esther Williams
Jane Withers
Monty Woolley
Teresa Wright
Jane Wyman

Loretta Young
Robert Young

Enclosed please find 25c in ☐ stamps ☐ paper-wrapped coin, for an NAA card autographed by

.....

.....

.....

I understand I am to enclose 25c for each additional autograph I request but that only $1.00 will now pay for 5 autographs.

My name is .....

I live at .....

City .....

State .....

NAA EDITOR, MODERN SCREEN
9136 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.



Sweet, solemn words. A slim gold band on your finger. Your soft hand clasped in his.

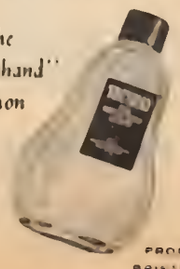
Promise yourself you'll Keep your hands as thrillingly lovely as they are now. You can, if you guard them the "beforehand" way, with Trushay.

Always smooth on this rich, fragrant lotion before household tasks... before you do dishes or Tub undies.

Trushay's lush creaminess guards your hands, even in hot, soapy water... helps them stay bridal – soft and pretty!

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

LOOK!

I'm curling my hair one-handed!



It's the new HOLD-BOB "easy-lock" curler which snaps in place almost automatically, without fumbling and without snagging or cutting the hair.

If you "do" your own hair, you know how tiring it can be! But not with *this* curler! It's marvelous!... Not only easy on your hair and patience, but actually safer to use. And it gives you lovely curls!

No other curler like it!

EASIER... Unique patented feature: Snaps closed easily, with one hand, from any position.

When opened, loop is firm, convenient handle for winding.

SAFER... No projecting rivets to catch hair.

The distinctive open end means no cutting or mashing of hair.



At your favorite drug, notion or five-and-dime

HOLD-BOB *Curler*

Made by the makers of the famous HOLD-BOB bobby pins and hairpins

Copyright 1945, GAYLORD PRODUCTS, INC. • Chicago 16, Ill.

the pressed duck and potato souffle, Molly substitutes duck hash and fried potatoes is Jimmy (Roddy McDowall), Graham's apoplexy when they appear on the table. Fortunately the guest of honor is intrigued. "Nothing like plain, simple English cooking. Very clever of you, Graham," he says, taking an extra helping of hash.

But the major problem in the household is Jimmy (Roddy McDowall), Graham's son. Mrs. Graham ran off with another man when Jimmy was a baby, and his father has seemed to resent the boy ever since. Actually, he's very fond of him but doesn't in the least know how to handle him. Molly is sorry for the lad, and with her usual directness, tells Graham he's messing up Jimmy's life. About this time, the former Mrs. Graham turns up, ready to cause trouble, and it is only Molly's ready wit that saves Jimmy from heartbreak and Graham from political ruin.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

Gracie Fields, loved the world over for her ability as a comedienne, has only one "secret" for her success. She claims it's her strict adherence to what she terms "kitchen spice" variety, as opposed to what she calls, "bedroom spice." . . . It has been suggested that this is the story of the life of Marie Dressler (some of the plot is similar to Marie's early struggles as an actress), but this is not true. This is neither the story of Marie's life nor of any other known person—living or dead. It's an original novel by Frances Marion, based on the single incident in Marie's life—the time when she was forced to accept a job as a domestic. . . . This is Gracie's second American picture ("Holy Matrimony" with Monty Woolley was her first). . . . She makes up for her non-singing role in "Holy Matrimony" by doing six numbers, including a duet with Monty titled "Always Eat When You Are Hungry, Always Drink When You Are Dry." . . . Took a full day to film the scene in the London pub in which Miss Fields and friends attempt to get Reginald Gardiner drunk. At the close of the day, Reggie had consumed twenty-two glasses of real beer. The part, needless to say, was played to perfection!

GENTLE ANNIE

Marjorie Main, the whooping, hoarse-voiced character actress, has the title role in this cops-and-robbers drama. Cop number one is Lloyd Richland (James Craig), U. S. Marshal, and the robbers are Gentle Annie's two sons, Violet Goss (Paul Langton) and Cotton Goss (Henry Morgan). The scene is Oklahoma in 1901.

There has been an epidemic of such hold-ups near the town of Pohoka City, and Richland is sent out there to investigate. He disguises himself as a hobo and is thrown off the train almost into the laps of the Goss brothers. They seem like nice guys, and he's a little sorry to learn that they are the prime suspects in the robberies. He's even sorrier when they take him home to their ranch and he meets "Gentle Annie." He likes her rugged humor and her devotion to the boys.

The local "law" is represented by a crooked sheriff named Tatum who hates the Goss brothers. They return his feeling with interest, for they know, but can't prove, that he killed their father years

FREE OFFER!

On your mark . . . go! To the first 500 of you who answer this questionnaire we'll send a FREE COPY of a Dell magazine! Fill in the coupon below and rush it to your mailbox post haste, not later than March 20th. Your replies with the earliest postmarks will be the winners of a FREE COPY of Screen Romances or Screen Album or another of Dell's exciting books!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our February issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Mr. Stardust (Gregory Peck) ☐
"Spellbound" ☐
Alice in Motherland (Alice Faye) ☐
Everything's Jake! (Dick Jaeckel) ☐
June Allyson, Life Story, Part II ☐
Tall, Skinny Papa (Bob Walker) ☐
They Just Couldn't Say Goodbye (John Payne, Gloria DeHaven) ☐
Citizen Crane (Dick Crane) By Hedda Hopper ☐
Arsenic and Old Love ☐
Good News by Louella Parsons ☐
Don't Believe It! (Lauren Bacall) ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST? .....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference .....

.....

.....

My name is .....

My address is ..... **City** **Zone** **State** ....

I am ....**years old.**

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

ago. Tatum runs a saloon, and when he annoys the pretty waitress, Mary (Donna Reed), she goes out to the Goss ranch for protection. Richland falls in love with her, but he knows how she's going to feel when he has to arrest the brothers who have been so kind to her. Still, what can de do? The evidence is piling up fast.

The boys, who trust Richland in his character as hobo, finally tell him they are the robbers and ask him to take part in their next coup. That does it! Now he's really got to arrest them. But as they ride back to the house together, they hear a shot, and when they find "Gentle Annie" dead on the front porch, the situation changes. Richland is as anxious as they are to find her killer, so they go on a last hunt together. The rest is fireworks.

James Craig makes a nice looking cop. Being arrested by him would be a pleasure. Donna Reed is ornamental, too.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Donna Reed was granted a ten-day leave while this was in production. Donna wanted to spend Thanksgiving with her parents on the family farm in Denison, Iowa. It was the first time she'd been home in four years. Following the ten-day holiday, Donna set out on a two-weeks tour of Army camps and hospitals in Kansas. . . . Jimmy Craig has a firm belief that Western Pictures are definitely good for the morale of the younger generation—therefore, makes it a point to make at least two of them a year. . . . Craig had to be taken out of the shooting for two days when his young son (a too-enthusiastic pupil of the manly art of self defense) landed a right to Jimmy's jaw that made a terrific bruise.

EARL CARROLL VANITIES

A girl wants to do her patriotic duty, but she also wants to have some fun. Like Princess Drina of Turania (Constance Moore). Drina has been educated in America, and she'd love to stay here permanently. But no, she's supposed to go back to the Balkans and marry the Grand Duke Paul (Alan Mowbray). He's at least forty, and he's consumed so much champagne that they classified his last blood donation as Pol Roget '29.

Drina has been taking lessons in hot music from "Tex" Donnelly (Eve Arden), who runs a night club on 52nd Street. "Tex" introduces her to a young composer named Danny Farrell (Dennis O'Keefe). Danny is something of a genius—he can write wonderful lyrics and dash off material for a show at the drop of a hat. He persuades Earl Carroll to use some of his stuff in the new Vanities, and he wants Carroll to use his girl friend, Claire (Stephanie Bachelor), too. But Carroll hears Drina, who has taken over Claire's spot temporarily. "She's the one I want," Carroll says, while Danny practically turns green. How is he ever going to explain this to Claire?

Drina gets a kick out of trying her luck before an audience in the night club, but if the Queen-Mother found out, she would be bundled back to the Balkans. So the Princess leads a double life.

Danny has fallen in love with her, but when he finds out she lives in a big Park Avenue apartment, he jumps to all the wrong conclusions. Then the Queen-Mother discovers where Drina is spending her time and yanks her out of the "Vanities" rehearsals. Things get so completely "snafu" that you don't see how they can ever straighten out.

"Earl Carroll Vanities" has lots of music, gaiety, and enough pulchritude to justify the old boast "through these portals pass the most beautiful girls in the world."—*Rep.*

Go back, Mary— You forgot something!



Take half a minute more— or that heavy date may be a dud!

That's the smart girl! Wouldn't he be a disillusioned hero if you let underarm odor spoil your evening — and shatter his dreams of dainty-you. And you might never know what happened!

Wonderful Mum to smooth on in a jif, even *after* you're dressed. *Now* you're set. Yes, your bath took care of *past* perspiration, and Mum will protect underarms against risk of odor *to come.*



The End of a Perfect Date . . . and the beginning of a beautiful romance! Keep those stars in your eyes, Mary. They're as becoming as your flower-fresh charm that lasts all evening. Mum sure helps a girl get along!

MUM'S QUICK—only 30 seconds to use Mum. Even after you're dressed. MUM'S SAFE—won't irritate skin. Won't injure fine fabrics, says American Institute of Laundering. MUM'S CERTAIN—works instantly. Keeps you bath-fresh for a whole day or evening. Get Mum today.

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is so gentle, safe, dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too.*

MUM

Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

FANNIE HURST SELECTS "A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN"

(*Continued from page 6*)

I must insist, "almost a success."

The folk story of the Nolans of Brooklyn opens in the moiling, toiling din of the slums. The family lives in abject poverty, the mother scrubbing the foul hallways of the lodging house in which the family dwells, to help eke out a living. The father, a neighborhood drunk, is usually delivered home on the horizontal by the local cop, while the children contribute to the family income by way of hard-earned pennies.

The picture never departs from this realm of poverty. It therefore becomes the director's and the adapters' task to keep luminous and alive those overtones of the human spirit which are brighter than poverty is dark.

Johnny Nolan, the father, is an irresistible, beloved vagabond. He has charm, imagination, and rarer than these, he knows the heart of a child! But as husband, bread-winner and responsible parent, he lacks just about everything.

For this difficult role, James Dunn must be set down as a piece of miscasting. He gives his all with sincerity. But it is not enough. Mr. Dunn simply has not got what it takes for this particular role. And what it takes are the mental and spiritual vagaries of a minstrel of the open road, a playboy irresistible, a choir boy who couldn't grow up. And so on the screen, Betty Smith's Johnny Nolan, alas, flies out of the window.

Similarly, Dorothy McGuire's difficult role as the wife of this tragic and irresistible troubadour husband, must be played with the complete finesse with which the character was originally written by Miss Betty Smith. Otherwise, this harassed, high-thinking and somewhat straight-laced young woman of thirty will actually harden, instead of merely threaten to harden, as she does in the novel.

Miss McGuire hardens! She plays the role grimly, coldly, even austerely. She is a ridden, harassed, penny-biting woman of the slums who has been licked by her environment. This is not Betty Smith's Katie Nolan.

This is all the more surprising because Dorothy McGuire's role is predicated on the fact that she is constantly struggling against this hardening. In the novel, you do not ever for a moment feel that ultimate grimness and grayness ever overtake her. But in the motion picture, they gang up on her early in the film. Almost from the beginning, she is a gaunt, bony woman of the slums, more dead than alive.

This invalidates much of Katie's ultimate romance with the neighborhood cop, which follows the death of her husband. One feels almost a spark of pity for the friendly, amiable, well-meaning young policeman, who is eager to help put together the broken lives of Johnny's widow and her children.

This is as good a moment as any to comment upon a slight but felicitous bit of casting. Lloyd Nolan plays the role of McShane, the neighborhood cop who has so frequently brought home poor Johnny flung over one shoulder like a loose sack of meal, with his usual perfection.

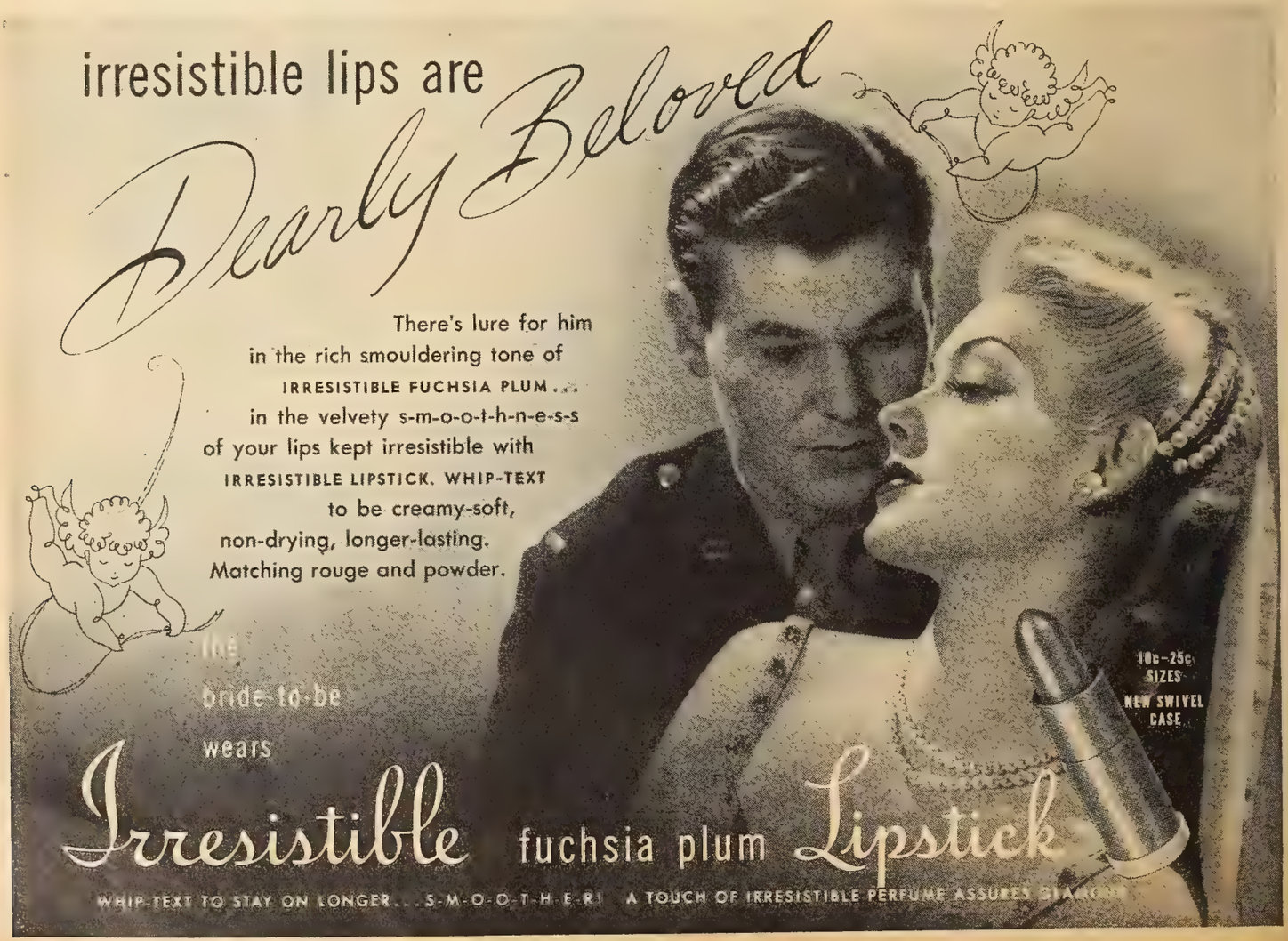
It is not easy to have to follow up the life and love story of Katie and Johnny Nolan, who after all were lovers in the deep sense of the word, with a new romantic interest so swiftly following upon Johnnie's death.

Thanks to the simple, endearing quality of McShane as played by Lloyd Nolan, it seems quiet and natural and somehow reassuring that he should so swiftly appear as Katie's second husband, and the hope of her children for a better way of life.

And now we come to the beautiful ebullience, the flower-like simplicity with which a little girl named Peggy Ann Garner dances through the role of Francie. Peggy Ann characterizes the dreamy, practical, thoughtful, and wistful childhood of this youngster of poverty, with a perfection that is almost startling. Her innocence enfolds her like the petals of a flower and the relationship between the child and her father is something that not even the hazard of transferring novel to screen can tarnish.

It is extraordinary the consistency with which this picture seems to be miscast. Grandma Rommely, Francie's maternal grandmother, is a jarring note in both casting and writing. Joan Blondell, who plays the kaleidoscopic part of the loose-moraled aunt, lives up to neither herself nor to the character. This is equally true of most of the minor figures who move about the plot.

It is a tribute to the picture that despite these handicaps, and additional ones of direction that are quite glaring, "A Tree



Grows In Brooklyn" persists, just as the actual tree in the novel, in blossoming through the asphalt of the hard circumstance of production shortcomings and giving forth beauty.

The struggle of the Nolan family against poverty, the exquisite relationship between the little girl and her drunken, beloved-vagabond father who knew his way into her pure heart, the struggle of the disillusioned high-thinking mother, the absurdities and monkeyshines of Sissy, the scatter-brained marrying sister, do come through and hold the interest.

It all goes to show that despite miscasting and such homespun production as cotton snowstorms, uninspired street scenes, the inner flame of a good and human story does not easily douse.

There are scenes in this motion picture which hold together in a kind of static beauty. One of them, played by Dorothy McGuire and James Dunn, is memorable. Things have come to such a pass in the Nolan household that Katie is finally forced to the decision that Francie must give up her schooling and go to work. The father, who is fundamentally to blame for the shocking circumstances, is stricken to the heart. The moment when these two parents stare at one another across the chasm of years and disappointments, and the woman shrieks at her stricken mate, "Stop looking at me that way!" is top drama. It is following this moment that the singing waiter goes out of the door of his scrub-water tenement, never to return.

There is a memorable moment when, for the first time in her adolescent experience, consciousness of a young boy who is smitten with her flashes into Francie's innocent little face!

And much of the responsibility rests on the bony, adolescent young shoulders of this Francie, age thirteen. Her face is a panorama, her voice inflections subtle, her ability to listen and the rhythm of her dialogue high virtuosity.

With all its faults, you can't very well come away from this picture let down. It captures enough of the authority and the Americana and the flavor and the singing veracity of the novel, to hold the interest. Even to delight.

A DILLAR, A DOLLAR, A FIVE-DOLLAR SCHOLAR

Say, did you happen to notice what a flock of I SAW IT HAPPEN's we had last month? You see, we thought if we ran a slew of 'em, they would show you better than words just the sort of thing we're looking for. 'Cause it hurts like heck to disappoint you swell folk who sometimes send in three or four entries at a clip, month after month, without your stuff ever being used. Well, here's hoping you've gotten the slant and will start swamping ye eds.

And remember, you needn't have swooned in Tyrone's arms or gone Roseland-ing with Hodiak to hit our pin-money jackpot. All we want are warm, human-interest anecdotes, simple stories with a beginning, a middle and an end that prove what swell guys those headliners really are.

It could have happened at a Bond Rally, a drive-in, school, the grocer's on Main Street; you could have heard about it from Janie next door or Great-Aunt Matilda in Kalamazoo. But whatever, send it in, and honest to gosh, if we think the rest of the gang would like to hear it, we'll dress it up and scrub its face and plunk your name smack in the middle of MODERN SCREEN*—and on your five dollar check!*

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS IN THE WORLD! THE MOST GLAMOROUS SHOW ON THE SCREEN!

DENNIS O'KEEFE • CONSTANCE MOORE

EARL CARROLL VANITIES



with EVE ARDEN • OTTO KRUGER • ALAN MOWBRAY STEPHANIE BACHELOR and PINKY LEE • PARKYAKARKUS LEON BELASCO • BEVERLY LOYD • EDWARD GARGAN and WOODY HERMAN and his Orchestra

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

WEAREVER
Zenith
By America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT

$1.95



Pen and pencil set, illustrated at left, in rich gift box $2.75

TELESCOPE PRECISION
sets this pen apart!

Sleek, trim, tailored, the 1945 Wearever Zenith introduces new beauty in appearance and performance. Designed and built with a precision worthy of a fine telescope. Precision that distinguishes the ingenious "C-Flow" feed, the 14-carat gold point, the very design of this handsome pen. See, try, buy the ruby-topped Wearever Zenith. Made by David Kahn, Inc., North Bergen, N. J. (Est. 1896).



WEAREVER
Refill Leads
at all stationery counters

By Jean Kinkead



Co-ed

What to do when your beautiful romance seems terribly far away and long ago . . .

■ Did you read all that gory business in the paper the other day about the vast quantities of guys overseas who each day get word that their wives or sweethearts are tired of waiting for them? Didn't it kill you? Reading it, you probably wanted to string those gals up by their thumbs. Easy does it, chums; it might have been you. A big bright moon, a guy who reminds you of Bill. It takes so little to set you off your course. Just a word or two to help keep you straight.

That ounce of prevention: That lovely, heart-stopping feeling you have (*Continued on page* 24)

For exquisite daintiness a new safeguard

Now Kotex contains a deodorant

It's locked in . . . so it can't shake out



NOW you get this new protection for your charm, your daintiness —at no extra cost to you.

A deodorant is locked inside each Kotex sanitary napkin to help keep you fresh, lovely, confident. The deodorant can't shake out, because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on!

There are *so many* important reasons why you should always insist on Kotex:

(1) *Patented, flat tapered ends* of Kotex mean no bulges, no revealing lines.

(2) You get lasting comfort, because Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing.*

(3) The special *four-ply* safety center gives you extra hours of protection, prevents roping and twisting.

(4) Only Kotex has three sizes—Regular, Junior and Super Kotex—for different women, different days.

(5) And now this extra safeguard—the new deodorant in every Kotex napkin.

No wonder most women simply won't be satisfied with any other brand!



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Glamorous

Ilka Chase

author of several best selling novels and star of stage and screen, says:



"Arrid takes the place of anti-perspiration liquids and at the same time Arrid takes the place of creams that just prevent underarm odor.

"That's why I use Arrid and why I recommend it so highly."

Ilka Chase

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT

which Safely helps

STOP *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering — harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.



39¢ Plus Tax

(Also 59¢ size)

At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID

MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE ARRID THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT

when you're with Johnnie may or may not be grounds for marriage, swoon stuff being such a very minor part of deep and lasting love. Before taking it to the chaplain, quiz yourself so: Can you imagine yourself ever being bored with him, ever having to apologize for him, ever being complete without him, ever doubting his ability to set the world on fire? If the answers are all no's, you may be a wishful thinker, but ten to one, it's love. If a couple of yesses sneak in, no orange blossoms, baby. Chances are, two weeks after he left you'd be penning him one of those accursed "Dear-John's." (That's Army-Navy slang for a brush-off letter, or do we have to tell you?)

You forget what he looks like: You have trouble recapturing his smile and his sense of humor, and so you get all dramatic and think you don't love him any more. Don't be nutty. You see, people have a way of "adjusting" to things, and the fact that you've adjusted to your man's absence doesn't indicate any lack of love. Rather it shows that you're a well-balanced person. Before you pen him the news that you no longer care, try this. Turn the lights low and put a couple of "your" songs on the phonograph. "Moonglow," maybe. Whatever it was that you two used to request at all the dances. Think of a specific date you had. Maybe your first one; maybe your last. Weep a little bit. Now just try and write that letter . . . Corny? Sure. But corn can be awfully beautiful when there's a perfectly dandy marriage at stake.

A bird in the hand: You met another guy at a USO dance or at the office or on a perfectly innocent blind date, and—incredible but true—*he* is the one. Oh, shame on you. Granted this new man is probably a swell boy, you may even have a king-size crush on him, that's no reason for throwing over the solid, substantial and—yeah!—sentimental stuff you and your soldier had. You're acting like a fourteen-year-old or a skittish gal in her middle 40's. Before you take pen in hand for your "Dear-John," survey the whole business in the bright, honest light of morning, unencumbered by stars and soft music. Think of the months or years you've shared with your Bill, all the hurdles you've taken together. Think of the dreams you had and the promises you made when he went away. Think of him, lonely and weary, counting so desperately on you and your love. Doesn't it mean something? Doesn't it mean a heck of a lot? Okay. Tell that would-be home-wrecker that the moon must have gotten in your eyes for a while, but that it's out now. As far as *he's* concerned.

Stay off the limb: Somebody said that marriage is a structure that must be rebuilt every day. And that goes double when your lad is away. How do you do it? By keeping close to each other through letters. Write to him daily if you possibly can. Keep on planning things together: Your house, your family. Get him to draw plans for the house. Query him about names for all those super-children. Put warmth and affection in your letters. (Our letters overseas are rarely censored, you know.) Remember his birthday and all your private anniversaries. And don't bog down. It's easy to write volumes in the beginning, but when he's been gone a while, it takes some effort. Stick with it! Maintain your status as a wife or an engaged gal in your community, and in your office. Talk about the guy, wear his insignia. Have his picture in your wallet, on your bureau, all over the place so that he's never really very far away. Concentrate on your reunion rather than on your

parting. Hang on to the knowledge that you belong to a pretty wonderful gent, and let him know that you know. You'll be rebuilding that marriage of yours every day. And we're not awfully worried that you'll go putting yourself out on any limb.

Co-Ed Mailbox:

I'm so shy I die every time I have to give a book report in class. At school parties I can't say boo to a boy. Do people ever get over shyness? How? Nancy L., Ogden, Utah.

Sure, they get over it, Nancy, once they understand what shyness really is. You'll slug us for this, but do you know it's largely selfishness? You are so all-fired important in your own eyes, that you think people are concentrating on your every move, your every syllable. 'Tain't so. Take the matter of book reports, for example. Bet you everyone in the room is worrying far more over what *he's* going to say when it's his turn than over whether or not your slip is showing. At a party, likewise. Most males are infinitely more concerned with not tripping over their own tongues and feet than with whether you do likewise. The moral is, relax. Climb out of yourself. Be interested in other people; their pet tunes, books, ideas. What they think about compulsory military training, politics, Van Johnson. Honest, if you sincerely care about the other guy, you just can't be shy.

Who writes first, a boy or girl? D. D., Forestport, N. Y.

No hard and fast rule here. If a lad gives you his APO number, for Pete's sake, don't wait around for him to write. Dash him off a line. It'll be waiting for him when he gets There, and don't think he won't think you're dandy. If *you* go away, you've got a perfectly elegant excuse for initiating a correspondence. If the guy is sick and incommunicado, likewise. Be brief, casual, friendly, and if he doesn't answer—don't pursue the thing.

I am in a hospital in England. Would some of your readers please write to me? George H., Somewhere-in-England.

Gosh, George, this breaks our heart, but we just can't print your name and address. You see it's like this. If we did it for you, there'd be other boys writing in, and then dozens more. First thing you know we'd be a pen pal column—which is slightly out of our groove. Awful sorry, really.

I was stood up by a boy the other night. How should I act toward him? Betty Horn, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Chilly, chum, chilly. No need to flatter him to the extent of completely ignoring him, but by your manner let him know that you consider what he did pretty unattractive. Maybe your best friend can know that you were stood up, but it's kind of unpolitic to let the word get spread. Never lower yourself to the extent of querying the boy about it. And if he asks you out again, you can't possibly make it.

* * *

Can we help de-dilemma you? You know there's no problem in the world that can't be solved if you get the right head working on it. Us, we're hot on stuff like swain-snagging, letter-writing, party-throwing—most anything you can dream up. Will you try us on your particular headache? Send along a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and the whole thing will be just between the two of us. If the whole world can know, initial it, and we'll print it in our Mailbox. Here's how to reach us. Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*



WHY CANARIES' "PET-APPEAL" IS HIGH WITH YOUNG AMERICA!

Trudy Marshall —vibrant, young star of "CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE," a Twentieth-Century Fox Production, says:

"My perky, little Canary helps start my day on a cheerful note . . . keeps me light-hearted and happy!"

★ ★ ★ ★ A canary is so easy to care for, so radiant with cheer, he's virtually the "perfect pet"—and incidentally, the *only pet that sings.* • Why don't *you* have a canary for your very own? Keep him at the peak of happiness by feeding the finest—French's Bird Seed and Bird Biscuit.

The Largest Selling Bird Seed in the U. S.

French's is the time-tried canary diet containing 11 proven aids to a canary's health and song. It's an all-over favorite with canary lovers.





CHECK THE BOXES OPPOSITE THE CHARTS YOU'D LIKE ★ NEW CHARTS ARE STARRED



SUPER ★ STAR INFORMATION CHART (10c) Our new, revised 32-page booklet. Latest pics, births, marriages, heights, weights, number of kids, love life of 500 stars. Where to write to them. New stars, stars in the Service and a complete section on Western stars. Send 10c and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ..... ☐

MUSIC MAKERS, THEIR LIVES, BANDS AND RECORDS (5c) New and exciting data on bands, bandleaders, vocalists—everyone from James to Sinatra. 20-page booklet, pictures of each music maker, lists of their best records. A solid must for all you hep cats. Send 5c, as well as a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ..... ☐

HOW TO JOIN A FAN CLUB—Have yourself a time! Join one or more of the 60 fan clubs we've listed and get snaps of your favorite star, club journals, chance for pen pals—and other splendid advantages! Read about the new MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Association. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ..... ☐

INFORMATION DESK—Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See box on page 71 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

STAR AUTOGRAPHS—Turn to page 12 to see how you can get autographs of all your favorite stars.



PLEASE BEHAVE!— Helpful, practical chart with tips on how to be poised, well liked. Etiquette for dating, engagements, weddings, letter writing—the works. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope..... ☐

CO-ED PERSONAL ADVICE—Want to know how you can get that cute guy in Algebra class to ask for a date? Or when it's cagey to pull a "hard to get"? Write to our expert, Jean Kinkead, c/o MODERN SCREEN. Tell her all, and she'll personally write you a letter answering all those important, impossible problems of the heart. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

BE A BETTER DANCER!—*by Arthur Murray* Complete, easy-to-follow directions on how to foxtrot, waltz—all the turns and tricks that'll help you follow your partner. Also dance floor etiquette, what to wear and how to be popular with the stag line. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope..... ☐

HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH BOYS—*by Jean Kinkead* How to be date bait, plus a complete follow-through for when you're out with *him*. The straight stuff on getting stood up, drinking, smoking, tactics to get and hold your man! FREE, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope..... ☐



HANDWRITING ANALYSIS (10c) Send in a sample of your handwriting or your G.I.'s in ink (about 25 words), and Shirley Spencer will analyze it for you and tell you how he *really* feels. Send 10c for each analysis and enclose a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope. ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE TO MISS SHIRLEY SPENCER, c/o MODERN SCREEN, but only for Handwriting Analysis..... ☐

YOUR INDIVIDUALLY COMPILED HOROSCOPE (10c) Fill in your birthdate: Year.....

Month..... Date..... Time.....

Name.....

Street..... City.... Zone .... State....

Send 10c to 149 Madison Avenue, N.Y. 16, N.Y. No self-addressed envelope required. ☐



GLAMOUR FOR THE TEENS—This is 'specially for gals from 12 to 18. How to really glamour yourself up. Skin care, make-up, hair-do's for your particular beauty problem. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ..... ☐

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL— For over 18s—a beauty routine, skin and nail care, make-up styled to your needs. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope..... ☐

HOW TO HAVE LOVELY HAIR—Encyclopedia on hair care. Hair-do's styled for you, setting instructions. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope..... ☐

HOW TO LOSE WEIGHT— 12-page chart giving you all the safe ways to lose weight. 2 easy-to-follow scientific diets. Exercises for reducing every part of the body, plus scoring chart. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ..... ☐

FASHIONS FOR TALL GIRLS—*by Marjorie Bailey* Whether you're lanky-tall or chubby-tall, here are lines and styles to camouflage your height. What's tops for *you* in coats, suits, dresses. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ..... ☐

FASHIONS FOR SHORT GIRLS—*by Marjorie Bailey* Fashion tricks to make *you* the willowy girl of your dreams. What to choose in dresses, coats, suits, hats to make you inches taller. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ..... ☐

FASHIONS FOR STOUT AND THIN GIRLS—*by Marjorie Bailey* How to appear thinner or more curvaceous. Lines and styles that slenderize hips, waist, bust, legs and those to cover up that bony look. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope..... ☐

ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

"...comin' to my sundae social?"

"There's gonna be *four kinds-a* sundaes! Step up and take your choice—or try 'em *all!*

They're really delicious, 'cause my fav'rite Karo makes 'em smooth and not too sweet. Mom says they're easy to make—and don't get "grainy". They keep well in the refrigerator, so we always have sundae treats when comp'ny drops in.

And don't forget they're good for you 'cause Karo is rich in dextrose, food-energy sugar."

THE KARO KID



©C.P.S.Co.

1. Apple-mint

1 c. *Red Label Karo*
2 *tbsp. lemon juice*
1½ *c. shredded apple*
Peppermint flavoring
Green coloring

Combine Karo, lemon juice and apple, which has been peeled and finely shredded. Cook slowly until apple is just transparent, or about 6 to 8 min. Remove from heat. Stir in peppermint flavoring and green coloring. Makes 2 cups.

2. Caramel-nut

½ *c. brown sugar, firmly packed*
½ *c. Blue Label Karo*
⅛ *tsp. soda*
6 *tbsp. water*
Dash salt
1 *tbsp. butter*
⅓ *c. evaporated milk*
⅓ *c. sliced, toasted almonds*

Cook brown sugar, Karo, soda, water, salt and butter over medium heat until a small amount will form a very soft ball when dropped in cold water, (232° F.). Cool to lukewarm. Then beat in milk gradually, and blend 3 to 4 min. Stir in nuts. Makes 1⅓ cups.

3. Chocolate

½ *c. cocoa*
⅓ *c. Red or Blue Label Karo*
6 *tbsp. water*
1½ *c. sugar*
½ *tsp. salt*
1 *c. milk*
3 *tbsp. butter*
½ *tsp. vanilla*

Mix, then cook cocoa, Karo and water over low heat, stirring constantly, until well blended. Add sugar, salt and milk; stir well. Cook gently 7 to 8 min. until the mixture thickens, (220° F.). Remove from heat; add butter, and beat until the color starts to change. Stir in vanilla. Makes 2 cups.



4. Marshmallow

2 *c. Red Label Karo*
2 *egg whites (¼ cup)*
⅛ *tsp. salt*
½ *tsp. vanilla*

Cook Karo over medium heat until a small amount will form a soft ball when dropped in cold water, (234° F.). Whip egg whites, salt and vanilla until stiff, in a large bowl. Add hot syrup in four sections, beating after each addition. As mix becomes stiff, use wooden spoon. Takes about 5 minutes. When ready, mixture will stand in soft peaks when dropped from a spoon. Makes 4 cups. Keeps indefinitely in a covered jar.

For Cake Topping or Filling: Use recipe as given. *For Sundaes (as illus.) or Desserts:* Mix heaping tbsp. Basic Cream with 1½ tbsp. hot water, or fruit juice. Blend vigorously. *For Colored Swirl (as illus.):* Color a small portion; stir gently through white portion with tip of a small knife.

Free **A NEW, SPECIAL BOOKLET,** containing dozens of tested recipes for appetizing, nutritious treats for growing children. Just write to Corn Products Sales Company, Dept. Z4, 17 Battery Place, New York 4, N.Y.

Lovable...

Softer, Smoother Skin

with just One Cake of Camay!



Mrs. William H. Geyer, Nutley, N. J.

Her skin is like peach-bloom—exquisitely soft. "Camay is my beauty soap—now and for always," says this lovely bride. "My first cake left my skin so much softer, I wouldn't think of changing."

Tests by doctors prove Camay is really mild!

It's exciting—to see the fresh new bloom of beauty that one cake of Camay brings to your skin! So quick, change from improper care to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this mild care on over 100 complexions. And with the very *first* cake of Camay, most complexions simply sparkled-looked fresher, clearer, softer!



...it cleanses without irritation

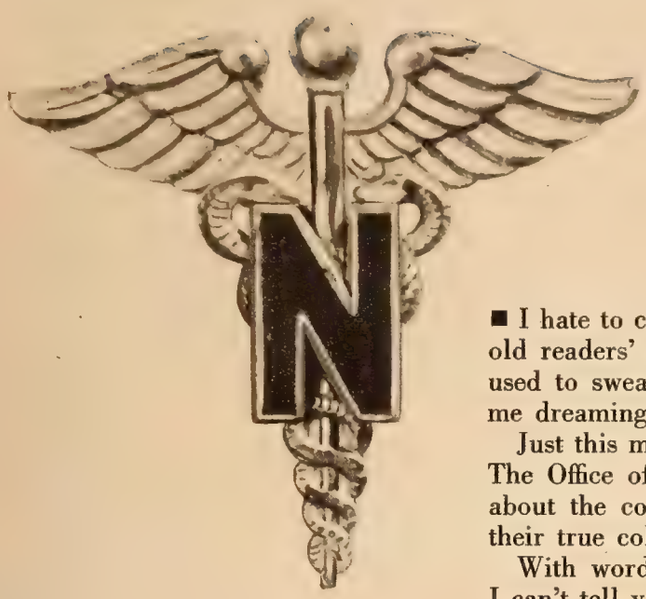
These tests gave *proof* of Camay's mildness... proof it can benefit skin. *"Camay is really mild,"* said the doctors, *"it cleansed without irritation."* No wonder you can expect this Camay care to soften and smooth your skin.



Make your Camay last and last—it's made of vital war materials.

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Take only a minute, night and morning. Cream that mild Camay lather over your face—over forehead, nose and chin. Rinse warm. And if you have oily skin, add a lively C-O-L-D splash! That's all. And your skin is lovelier with just *one* cake of Camay.



TO OUR READERS

■ I hate to contemplate all the pounds I've lost sweating out this little old readers' page of yours. I sometimes wonder if Bill Shakespeare used to sweat, too. And almost any night after 10 P.M. you'll find me dreaming I can bounce words around like a billiard ball.

Just this minute, though, I'm suddenly glad I'm not the verbal type. The Office of War Information has asked me to give you a message about the country's critical need for nurses that shows up words in their true colors . . . mere shadows of things.

With words I cannot tell you what a scream of pain sounds like. I can't tell you what blood from a wound looks like, nor the color of a man's face when he has bled too much. I can't tell you much about hope nor about despair. I can't tell you about the expression in eyes that have known despair on seeing new hope . . . a nurse . . . yes, an *angel* of mercy. Nor what such a woman means to a man with a yearning for his mother and his girl.

But I can ask you to think back in your own life to all the suffering you have known and all the help you have had. I can tell you that the armed forces are short 12,000 nurses for immediate service and are anticipating a need of 450 replacements per month. And then, because you have a heart, I can let you draw your own conclusions.

Yes, you want to help. And you *can* help. Everyone who reads this page can help in one or more of these three ways—so please read on and see where you fit under the requirements and regulations.

1. If you are a registered nurse:

ARMY

Education—High school grad. Grad. of an accredited school of nursing.

Age—Regulars: 22-30. Reserves: Maximum of 45.

Must be a citizen of the U. S., physically fit, married or unmarried.

NAVY

Education—High school grad. Grad. of an accredited school of nursing.

Age—Regulars: 22-30. Reserves: 21-40.

Must be a citizen of the U. S. for at least 10 years, physically fit and, while she may not marry while in service, will be accepted if already married.

2. To train as a Nurse's Aide:

Education—High school graduate or the equivalent.

Age—18-50.

Must pass the 20-hour Standard First Aid Course plus an 80-hour classroom, hospital ward training period. It is expected that at least 150 hours of service will be offered per year.

3. To train as a Cadet Nurse:

Education—High school graduate.

Age—17-35.

May enroll for a combined 4-5 year academic and nursing program leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts with financial grants available to those students so requiring. Upon graduation, the nurse will pledge herself to practice essential, if not necessarily military or naval, nursing for the duration.



Executive Editor

Mr. STARDUST

So sorry, girls! This big swoon guy is rationed, and pretty Mrs. Gregory Peck is hoarding her coupons.

A golden shimmer of heat lay over the New York World's Fair. In front of the Meteor Speedway, a crowd, perspiring but intent, stood hypnotized by the barker's husky chant.

"Here you are, folks—the ride of your life! A mile a minute, a thrill a second! If you've got any sporting blood in your veins, you'll try it. How about you, buddy—give your girl a thrill?"

The tall, dark-haired barker lifted an eyebrow at a promising looking sucker and grinned engagingly at the sucker's girl. She nudged her young man, who pulled out the price of admission. The rest of the crowd followed them in like sheep. Two men at the back moved off slowly.

"He's good, Ed," one of them said. "He's got the patter, and the girls go for him. Where did you find him, anyway?"

The other man laughed. "He found me. His name's Gregory Peck, and he's a college kid from California. A friend of mine on the Coast gave him a letter to me, and he asked for a job. I had an interest in this concession, so I sent him out here."

"What's he going to do when the Fair closes?"

"Oh, he's got some crazy idea he wants to be an actor."

Gregory looked after them nervously. He couldn't hear their conversation, but he had seen the boss watching him. He wasn't exactly nuts about this job, but on the other hand it was always nice to be able to eat. The two hundred bucks he'd (*Continued on page 123*)



Six-month-old Jonathan was nearly tagged "Barnaby" by his whimsical Dad who's still numb recalling "broadcast" (to waiting room) of delivery room progress. "Sweated blood" till he heard 4 whacks and a wail.



Greg got $5000 per for 1st pic. "Valley Of Decision's" his 3rd. He quips, "I'm typed in 'Spellbound' by playing a split personality, because I *am* split—among 4 studios!"



Greta keeps up with theater by cueing hubby. She'll go East, too, when he takes over for Fredric March in "A Bell for Adano" (he owns 10%), giving F. chance to do a pic.

At the U. of Calif., Greg majored in Eng., was pre-med—breakfasted on raw egg and sherry! It was as a Radio City guide that he announced New Jersey was in B'klyn.



By Virginia Wilson



In early days, June was party girl, clowned with Rooney & gang. Now she and "Richard" are arm-chair generals poring over maps. Next pic is "Music for Millions."

by Ida Zeitlin

Life was like being chased by a rolling snowball. Like being a cripple, then a dancing star. Like being lonely and finding such a true love.

June Allyson

■ So June was an actress on Broadway—

Oh well, a chorus girl, if you wanted to be technical about it—but no one was being technical—not where June could hear them. The girls were thrilled. They chipped in and sent her an orchid on opening night, and there was a box of roses from Mother and Dad—

Mummy was half proud, half worried—and, before the evening was done, pretty mortified. Because June got balled up, and the curtain came down with her in front of it, dancing all by herself. Which was no treat to anyone, believe her, the way she danced in those days. They had to black out, to get her offstage—

But Mother didn't say much—not till June had been working two months and summer was ending and school about to begin. Then she asked, "What about being a doctor? Have you given that up?"

"Gosh, I don't know, Mummy. I keep thinking how long it'll take. And then—I keep thinking what fun the stage is—"

"You're not sure, though?"

(*Continued on page* 70)



Boats, books and bowling, plus time out for concerts, mean fun for the Allyson-Powell combine. June's boning up on math and navigation so she'll be able to swap sea lingo with Dick on their Sunday yachting dates.



Van and his "Twink," shown dining at Ciro's, were once reported Las Vegas bound and then definitely married. Wildfire rumors arose from tendency each has to "fall in love" with their co-stars.



When her sailor brother, Henry, came visiting after 4 years at sea, June's landlady phoned to check relationship, kept boy cooling his heels when June yelped, "It's a gag, *my* brother's on the other side of the world!"



In public, wears tailored suits, mostly blue or black—is scared silly of salesgirls! Too embarrassed to return a purchase, she now waits till a friend can check her buys.

Alice in MOTHERLAND

By Fredda Dudley

A friend said recently to Alice Faye Harris, "Have you seen the new hats? The windows in Beverly Hills are simply *too* mad!"

Alice grinned. "I haven't been near Beverly Hills for three weeks. And before that very brief trip three weeks ago, I hadn't been near a clothes shop for almost two months. I'm strictly a ranch type now."

By the time you read this, young Phyllis Harris will be a year old. Many months before Phyllis arrived, Alice had rearranged her life; that routine has changed but little for a year. Alice told everyone that she liked the routine so much that she didn't want to go back to the studio at all, ever. She wanted, she announced, to be a housewife and mother. Something has changed that attitude—about which, more later. First, let us examine that original routine.

Alice and the children awaken fairly early because Baby Alice is now going to nursery school five mornings a week. She is learning to adapt herself to other children, to weave rugs for her doll house, to play simple melodies on a miniature piano. Not quite three, Miss Harris is already a personality.

Once Baby Alice is off to school, Mommy Harris plans the day's meals, drives to a rural market to do her shopping, returns in time to help the nurse bathe Phyllis. She does gardening or supervises Phil while he takes care of some household disrepair. On broadcast days, Alice sometimes accompanies her husband to the station, but more frequently she listens at home.

She has been caring for her own hair, and she says—exhibiting (*Continued on page 89*)



Alice's sundae rations have increased due to those weight-whittling hunting trips and bowling sessions she enjoys with the athletic Phil. Strictly anti-doodad, she lounges in slacks, *wallows* in heavy perfume.

Alice, who's just signed a 7-year contract with Darryl Zanuck, is toting along 3-year-old Alice, Jr. on the Harris-Jack Benny gang hospital tour. 13-month-old Phyllis is sitting that one out.



The Harrises had the Sentimental Set wettish-eyed when they celebrated their 3rd anniversary at the same nitery table where they'd had their 1st date. Texas pal Sam Maceo gave Pop, Mom and Alice, Jr., identical "zebra" robes.

For Mrs. Phil Harris, its a warm, pink place with two blonde angels and a ten gallon halo!

By Kirtley Baskette

Everything's Jake!

Guam, Saipan, Leyte—all ports of call to the kid with the grin and a yen for the sea, Dick Jaeckel

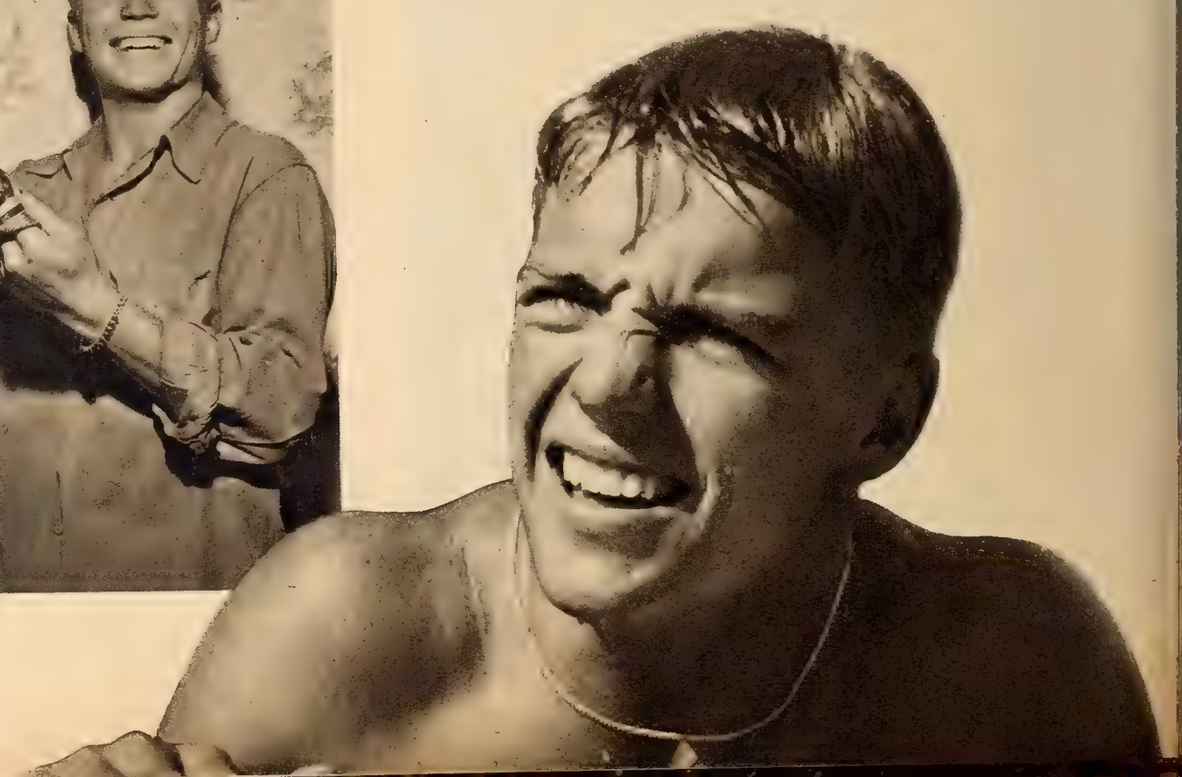
■ The C-1 had her hook dropped out in the stream off the lee of Saipan when the Mitsubishis came over. Ordinary Seaman "Jake" Jaeckel was sacked down in sweet repose on Number Four Hatch cover with practically nothing on, because even at early pre-dawn it's still plenty warm in the tropics. Jake was dreaming of a White Christmas, or its California equivalent, and it was the AA guns' steady *thugg-thugg-thugg* from the U. S. Navy cruiser lying out past the cargo ship that snapped him out of it.

Jake knew it was no Christmas tree he saw in the sky as his gray eyes popped open. All the warships were playing tunes with their Chicago pianos now, and the shore batteries were awake and angry. Glowing tracers streaked the sky. Orange, lemon and lime ack-ack bursts now and then sent a Jap bomber whirling out of the dark like a giant, flaming pinwheel. Marine fighters roared up off the strip spitting tracers. The Jap bombs landed with distant air-shuddering *"Whumphs!"* and fire blasts that lighted up the shore like a movie set.

"Jap raid!" gasped Jake, and like a dozen other sailors, he bounded to the bow rail in his shorts, spinning his tow head around in all (*Continued on page 104*)

Dick didn't have nerve to face Mother with wispy mustache grown on first voyage, so shaved it off before docking! At home found stacks of ties in Christmas packages from fans.









1. Dr. Constance Petersen's (I. Bergman) sole thought is of twisted minds at Green Manors despite Dr. Fleurot's (John Emery) wooing.



2. But her one-track mind wanders when handsome new doctor, Edwardes (G. Peck), arrives. She senses he's under terrific strain.



3. They fall deeply in love almost immediately. He collapses during emergency operation, mutters deliriously about "murder."



4. Constance discovers he's not real Edwardes. When she confronts him with proof, he confesses to murder!



5. Realizing he's a psychiatric case himself, she refuses to believe him. He mysteriously disappears just before Dr. Edwardes' secretary and the sheriff arrive to question him.



6. Constance finds his note, follows him to N. Y., promises to stick by him. He has amnesia, and all she can find out is that his initials are J. B.



7. Pursued by police, they go into hiding. She comes to old teacher, Brulov (Michael Chekhov), for help, and together they continue grilling.

By Maris MacCullers and Charis Zeigler



9. Against J. B.'s judgment, he and Constance go to ski trail to reenact events of fatal day. Halfway down, he saves her life when cliff yawns in their path!



10. Convinced Edwardes died by accident, they inform police. When bullet-ridden body is found beneath cliff, J. B. is arrested for murder! Once again, Constance sets to work to clear him.



8. Little by little, she and Brulov link up story. J. B. was skiing with Edwardes when E. died.

"SPELLBOUND"

STORY: The pleasant, rolling countryside lay outside the window like a painted landscape, green now in summer, dotted with trees, bearing its soft hills gently upward to a blue sky. Doctor Fleurot pointed out of the window.

"It's pretty," he said.

"It soothes the patients," Constance said. "It serves a purpose."

"*Doctor* Petersen," Fleurot said. "Always the doctor."

"Should I be anything else?" Constance said sharply.

"You might try being a woman."

"And fall in love?"

"Perhaps."

"With you?"

"Perhaps."

Constance tapped her pencil (*Continued on page 99*)

PRODUCTION: Selznick had just finished this picture (and everyone from the front office to the back lot was pretty proud because it turned out to be such a *good* picture) when the tenth anniversary of Selznick Productions rolled around, so they decided to give themselves a party. Sure, they know there's a war on! They went right ahead and had a party anyway! Shirley Temple was there and Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck and Monty Woolley and a long list of equally famous stars. There were actors from other studios and directors and producers and script girls and janitors —matter of fact, Selznick invited just about everyone in town. This was one swank party which the public was urged to attend. The place: the front lawn of the studio on Washington Boule- (*Continued on page 121*)

Out of a marriage too strong to break and too weak to last, Bob Walker salvaged some of the essence . . . his boys, blue-eyed Bobby and Mike • **By Jack Wade**

TALL, SKINNY



Hearthside hugger Bob keeps fires going every night. While making "The Clock," he had unexpected visit from brother Wayne, sergeant just in from S. Pacific. Other brother's in Italy.

Once, when Bob Walker was making "See Here, Private Hargrove," he strolled past a sound truck parked outside the stage, and poked his inquisitive nose inside. Bob was new to Hollywood then, and everything about movie-making fascinated him no end. He asked the sound man to let him wear the earphones.

About that time another actor also strolled by the truck. He observed Bob happily kibitzing on the set dialogue, mused "H-m-m-m-m" to himself and ducked quickly inside the big M-G-M stage.

In a minute, Bob Walker's ears began to burn. His eyes popped, and his mouth dropped open.

He heard the director say in an annoyed voice, "Well, what are we going to do about this jerk, Walker?"

He heard the producer reply sadly, "I don't know. Looks like we're stuck."

"He's terrible. He can't act."

"I know. He's lousing up the picture."

They sighed heavily in chorus. "I guess there's only one thing to do," said the director. "Cut his scenes and give them to that sterling actor, Keenan Wynn."

Bob jerked away the earphones and stumbled out of the truck. He tottered inside the stage in a mood to resign his contract on the spot, go home and turn on the gas. Then he bumped against Keenan Wynn, who inquired in round-eyed innocence, "What's the matter, Bob? You look pale. Don't you feel well?" The sudden concern was too touching; the oily inquiry too bland. It dawned on Bob that he'd been framed. He chased Keenan around the set.

Bob Walker's a perfect set-up for a gag like that. He takes his acting seriously. (*Continued on page 84*)


PAPA

By Jeanne Karr



THEY JUST COULDN'T SAY GOODBYE

No sparks flew, y'understand, and no bells rang when Johnny Payne met Button De Haven. But somehow, it wasn't *right*, being separated . . .

■ Cupid's not necessarily fat and dimpled. This time he's lean and dark, and his hair is crewcut and his name's Al Delacorte and, when he's not shooting arrows on the side, he runs MODERN SCREEN.

Al Cupid came to Hollywood last September, and the Alan Ladds threw him a party, to which all the people on your poll were invited. Checking the guest list with Sue, Al got inspired—

"Does John Payne go with anyone special?"

"I doubt it," said Sue. "He's fresh out of the Army."

"How about Gloria De Haven?"

"That I wouldn't know—"

"Be nice," murmured our editor dreamily, "if John could bring Gloria—"

So Sue called Gloria. Yes, she'd love to come to the party. No, there was nobody special she wanted to bring—

"Well, look, do you know John Payne?"

"I know who he is, of course, but I've never met him—"

"He's a terribly sweet boy and an old friend of ours, and he's been in the Army for two years and—well, I wonder how you'd feel about coming with him—"

Gloria was a little taken aback. "I don't know—exactly. I've never done anything like that before. But—I guess it (*Continued on page 110*)



Becoming Mrs. John Payne cost Gloria an even 2500 smackers. Seems she'd been offered that much for a spot on a national air show, turned it down because it interfered with brief honeymoon.



Johnny daily staggered away from triple-pic sched. to work on new home. Had to knock down walls to enlarge rooms, redecorated nursery of daughter Julie, now in Mom Anne Shirley's custody.



L. told papers she'd go mad without smokes, got thousands from G.I.'s who wrote, "We don't want you to go crazy, honey." Note Craig Stevens' ring, duplicate of wife's.



Lauren has a model's grace, a trouper's desire to play character, not sugary, roles. Frankly asks about Bogart in "To Have, etc.," "Don't you think we get away with a lot?"



By George Benjamin

Don't Believe It!



Electrifying news as MODERN SCREEN went to press was Bogie's announcement of a romance with Lauren that looked like future wedding bells. Mrs. B. hadn't been heard from.

■ Betty Bacall has a couple of light gray eyes that look at least a foot wide apiece. When she reacts, she puckers a faint frown between them and shoots you a low, sultry gander with more steam behind it than a freight engine. It's something Betty can't help. It's natural. And already it's made her famous.

You saw it if you saw "To Have and to Have Not." Humphrey Bogart calls it the look "From Down Under." The other day Jack Benny wandered on the set of Betty and Bogie's latest rough, tough whodunit, "The Big Sleep." He wanted to meet Bacall. Betty wanted to meet Jack Benny, too. He's one of her favorites, and there were a lot of things she wanted to ask him.

Bogie led Jack over. "Hey, Charlie!" (That's what Bogie calls Bacall.) "Charlie, this is Jack Benny. Give him the 'From Down Under.'"

Betty gave with the "Down Under."

"Now make him the Monkey Face."

Bacall made the Monkey Face. It's weird.

"H-m-m-m-m-m," said Jack. He looked again, almost swallowed his cigar. "H-M-M-M-M-M!!" Then he walked away like a man in a daze. He never said a word. The romance was over, right now.

"I wonder if I scared him," mused Betty.

It was inevitable that Betty Bacall should get herself a Hollywood label right away. In these days when everybody's something—the Voice, the Body, the Face, the Feet. Already, around Warner Brothers where she works, Bacall's "The Look." That guy Bogie tagged her with that one the first time (*Continued on page 115*)

How about the Bacall *Voice*—the Bacall *Look*— and *Bogart*?

You've heard rumors. Now gather 'round for the lowdown!

No siree!
Nobody's going to make
a glamour boy of
Dick... although Muffins came
dangerously close!



Nightclubbing leaves Kay and Dick cold because neither drinks. However, they thoughtfully keep cellar well-stocked for droppers-in!





by James Carson

CITIZEN CRANE

■ On the fourteenth of every month Dick Crane and his pretty new wife, Kay Morley, have a very particular program they never skip. On that day, around dinner time, Dick drapes his famous torso in his best dark suit, and Kay tucks up her hair in a glamour-do and slips into her dreamiest decollete formal. They lock the door of their honeymoon cottage in Laurel Canyon to the protesting yelps of their white terrier, Muffins, and roll down the hill to Hollywood in Dick's battered '39 flivver.

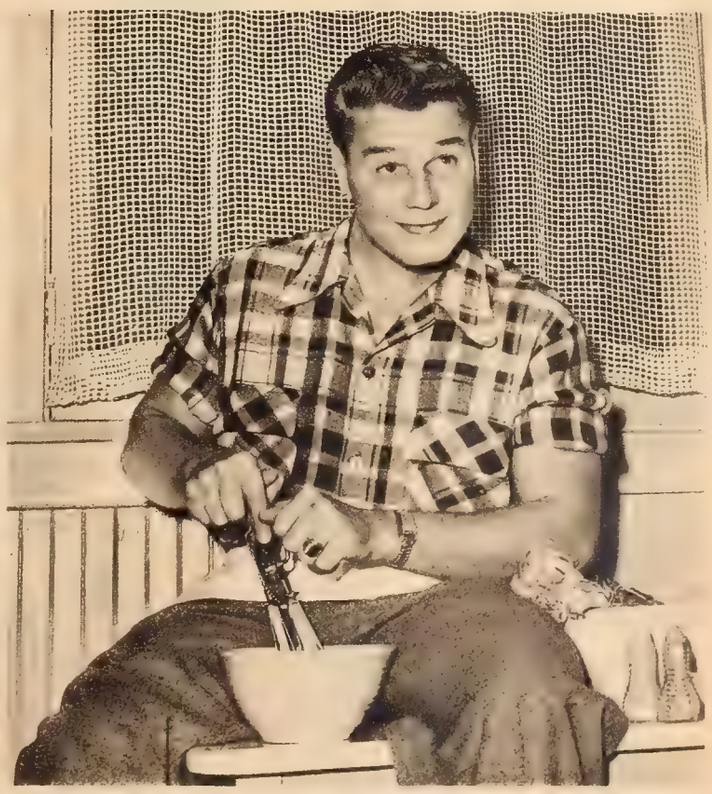
They pick the best café in town and the best dinner on the menu, and they eat it slowly, holding hands under the table like a couple of moonstruck kids. They dance a few dreamy dances squeezing each other close and sighing happily as if there wasn't another soul on the floor. Then they chug back home early, and Dick drives very expertly with one hand.

It's not exactly an event that makes headlines in Hollywood society sections. But to Dick and Kay it's the gayest, most gala night of the month, and always will be—for a very special reason.

Because it was on a certain fourteenth, a few months ago, that Dick Crane strolled into a Sunset Boulevard restaurant, leaned his muscles against the bar and ordered a Pepsi. He was lonesome, so when he spied his agent, Bert Marx, dining with a girl he table-hopped over. When the girl looked up, Dick wondered what had hit him (*Continued on following page*)



Dick's been a confirmed MODERN SCREENER ever since his first magazine sitting for the Nov. issue. Above, sharing the wealth with Linda Darnell and his co-star in "Bon Voyage," Jeanne Crain.



Preparation of the Crane steak supreme involves garlic, butter, onions, 10 or 12 sauces and musclework! Born in Newcastle, Ind., June 6, 1918, his motion pic record is 67 scenes in single day!



Wife rarely indulges his weakness for ice cream, instead keeps him trim on fruit dessert. His pet story concerns time during picture when he and horse tumbled, and horse got up laughing "and slowly walked away."



Of all his various jobs from hashing to trucking, he observes, "I figured I learned something about people from each one, and the experiences would probably help me become a better actor."

CITIZEN CRANE

to make him act like he did. Crane just isn't the wolf type. Yet he heard himself saying to this beautiful brunette, "I'm not the kind of guy who goes around asking girls I've just met for their telephone numbers. But I'd sure like yours!"

And he heard the girl reply, "Well, I'm *certainly* not the kind of girl who gives her telephone number to strange men I've just met, either!"

Then just when Dick's heart reached the bottom dip of the roller-coaster, he heard, "But—well, here it is."

That was one fourteenth. It took Dick Crane a whole month to get up nerve enough to call this dream girl, but when he finally made the team, he looked at the calendar and there it was—the fourteenth! So what went on next but that a Santa Monica judge made them man and wife last November in a secret wedding. And when he signed the marriage (*Continued on page 94*)

She's Engaged!
She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!

There is quicksilver magic about Lola Pierce's beauty—her arresting blue, blue eyes, the radiant clarity of her exquisite complexion.

She's *another* engaged girl with that adorable Pond's look. "I certainly do love Pond's Cold Cream," Lola says. "It has such a perfect way of making my face feel *gorgeously* clean—and *ever so soft.*"

How she beauty-creams with Pond's:

One—She *smooths* snowy-white Pond's Cold Cream *completely* over her face and throat. Pats quickly to release dirt and make-up. Tissues *all* off.

Two—She *rinses* with *more* Pond's, swirling her cream-coated fingers quickly round and round her face. This to make her face *extra* clean, *extra* soft. Then she tissues off again.

Use Pond's this *twice-over* way—night and morning—and for in-between-time beauty clean-ups too!



Her face is engagingly soft and smooth. "I just leave it to Pond's!" she says.



Lola Pierce of Park Avenue and Southampton

Her engagement to Lieutenant I. C. Noyes, U.S.N.R., was announced by her parents

HER RING—an exceptionally beautiful, clear diamond, flanked with smaller diamonds and set in platinum.

FOR THE DURATION—Lola has volunteered as a Nurses' Aide, serving at the hospital regularly each week. "It's grand to feel that I can do something so badly needed," she says. *Your* local hospital is short-handed for nursing help right now. Why not find out how *you* can help there?

A FEW OF THE POND'S SOCIETY BEAUTIES

Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart
Mrs. Morgan Belmont
Lady Kinross Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III
Lady Louis Mountbatten



She helps at the hospital—taking temperatures, bathing patients, carrying trays!



GET THE BIG LUXURY SIZE—You'll like its wide top that lets you dip in with *both* hands. Such a grand lavish feeling! Get your own *big jar* of soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream today! At beauty counters everywhere!


Dennis Morgan

No Other Shampoo

leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange so alluringly smooth!

Want all your hair-dos to look more glamorous? Then be a "Drene Girl!" Always use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo . . . not a soap in the world . . . can make your hair look so lovely!

Reveals far more lustre than any cake soap or liquid soap shampoo. For Drene never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps do, to rob your hair of its lustrous beauty! Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than any kind of soap.

Leaves hair so manageable! Now that the new, improved Drene contains a wonderful hair-conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage . . . right after shampooing!

Removes every bit of dandruff the very first time you use it! So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioner . . . or ask your beauty shop to use it!



Learn about Hair-dos

FROM THE GIRLS WHO KNOW!

LISA FONSSAGRIVES . . . glamorous New York fashion model, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl" . . . shows you (above) her lovely new evening hair-do for Spring! The adorable hair-do gadget is just wired ribbon, bent into shape, then covered with flowers. Your milliner can do it! The shining smoothness of Lisa's hair is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, which she always uses. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!



LISA ADORES hair-do gadgets! But says, "Make sure that they, and your hair-do, too, match the mood of your clothes!" Every hair in place is her first rule for a smart hair-do. And, says Lisa, "for shining-smooth, manageable hair there's no shampoo like Drene with Hair Conditioner!"





MAKE A DATE WITH Glamour

Tonight . . . don't put it off . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene with Hair Conditioner! ✔ *Extra lustre* . . . up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoos! ✔ *Manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! ✔ *Complete removal of dandruff!* Ask for Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner!



BRAIDS ARE VERY SMART this Spring! Notice the tricky little gadget of gayly colored ribbon bows, which Lisa wears to go with the Mexican neckline of her embroidered blouse! And remember . . . no other shampoo except Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Drene Shampoo

WITH HAIR CONDITIONER

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Product of Procter & Gamble

ARSENIC AND OLD LOVE

by Hedda Hopper

Hedda Hopper's lowdown on those Hollywood "We parted the best of friends" divorces



The Vaughn Paul-Deanna Durbin smashup was so final they couldn't even "reconcile" convincingly for publicity pictures!

■ Can't they be friends? You know the answer to that one. Hollywood didn't invent the divorce court. Oh, we've done our fair share and a bit over to keep them in business. But you must have run up against a divorced couple or two—or three?—in your own neck of the woods. Can *they* be friends?—Same here. Some can, some can't. As a non-literary gent of my acquaintance used to say, "It's accordin' to the poisson—"

Kiddies don't seem to be the decisive factor. Offhand, I think of five Hollywood marriages blessed by the patter of little feet, then broken. Of these, two pair are friends—John Payne and Anne Shirley, Bob Walker and Jennifer. Flynn and Damita aren't. Neither are Joan Blondell and Dick Powell. Nor Lana and Stephen Crane—

Now I'm no analyst, and I don't propose to go delving into souls. Of course, it would be nice if I could bring you information straight from the horse's mouth. But we columnists don't have working agreements with the horses—no offense to man or beast intended. All we can do is rush in where angels fear to tread, and you know what that makes us.

I tried it with Bob Walker. He'd been chatting amiably enough, soaked to the skin though he was from a water scene. Till I ups and chirps, ever mindful of my duty to my public, "And do you and Jennifer plan to re-marry, Bob?"

"If you'll excuse me, Miss Hopper, I think I'll go get some dry clothes."

Sure, we crack the (*Continued on page* 55)



Steve Crane and Lana Turner parted the worst of friends. Altho her mom's friendly with him, Lana's always out when he calls on Cheryl.

Despite their knock-down, drag-out tiffs, Mayo Methot's always been madly in love with Bogie.





No heartbreak when hermit Brent and personality girl Annie realized they weren't made for each other.



Dick Powell and Joan Blondell stayed mad. She has custody of the kids; he sees them irregularly.

John Payne and Anne Shirley tried their level best to save their marriage for the sake of daughter Julie. They're still friends.





Elsie Reade, a Pursuit Pilot's wife, is shown with Bates' "George Washington's Choice"—completely pre-shrunk, white only—82"x 110" or 96"x 110". (Dress by Claire McCardell.)

A Home to Match His Dreams



Longing for the day when your husband will come marching home? Then start planning the type of home he dreams of coming back to. Start with deep-toned walls to satisfy his hunger for rich, zestful colors. Against them place Bates' creamy white bedspread called "George Washington's Choice"—a faithful copy of the magnificent, hand-woven spread the hero of our first war chose for his bride. Only Bates, with its near-human looms, could weave such a fine replica. And even Bates can weave only a few so each one purchased will be registered in the owner's name. Truly an heirloomed spread to be enjoyed by you today . . . and your children tomorrow.

BATES FABRICS INC. • 80 WORTH STREET • NEW YORK CITY 13

Bates

BEDSPREADS WITH MATCHING DRAPERIES



Judy Garland loved Dave like a brother rather than a husband. Her biggest divorce worry was fear of hurting him.



The town's puzzled over the case of undivorced Bob Walker and Jenny Jones and their constant dates.

ARSENIC AND OLD LOVE

Continued



George Raft was heartbroken when Betty Grable broke up with him, after three years of waiting for his divorce to come through.

whip and they run, but the wrong way. Corrigans at heart.

The point I make is this. What I know, I'll tell you, and we've got our own methods of gleaning knowledge. But don't look to me for psychological research. The ghosts people wrestle with in the night might change the whole picture. But they're beyond the ken of the peepingest eye.

It's obvious that Flynn and Damita couldn't be friends. As well ask a couple of volcanoes to shake hands. They lived across the road from me. I've seen him kiss the top of her head with such tenderness, I wanted to bawl. And I heard the echoes of the final storm that broke them up—

Errol's the original lone wolf, never meant to be a husband. Lili was bitter because he didn't welcome the child. If he ever mentions his son's name, I've never heard tell of it. But a picture of Sean smiles up from his dresser at home. Lili spends most of her time in Florida, Errol favors Mexico for vacations. Their paths don't cross—

However, Lili brought suit against him not long ago. Little matter of income tax on (*Continued on page* 56)



her alimony which, according to her, he'd agreed to pay.

"*Did* you agree?" one of my colleagues asked him.

Errol, I must say, stands firm under attack. "Why should I?" he grinned. "Might establish a precedent. Next thing, I'll be paying for the safe deposit box where she keeps my money."

The Powell-Blondell bitterness is harder to crack. One of those so-called ideal marriages that explodes in your face. Dick's friends call it a triangle. Joan's friends say that Dick's clutch was too tight on the purse-strings. Mutual friends use that overworked word, incompatible.

Dick's as crazy about Joan's Norman as about his own Ellen. In the heyday of their bliss, he adopted the little boy. After the separation, he bought a house, thinking he'd have the kids for weekends. It didn't work out. So he lives with his father in North Hollywood, sees the children of course, but not at regular intervals. Now there's the Allyson angle. June and Dick are constantly together. Will they marry? —*You* tell *me!*—The divorce won't be final till June, they say, so marriage talk's silly.

You recall that the Payne-Shirley bust-up was another of those thunderbolts. But Anne and John were loyal. Neither had an unkind word to say of the other. On the contrary. You felt that they'd reached their decision with prayer and anguish, and your heart ached for both of them. For the longest time, Hollywood hoped they'd get together again. It wasn't to be.

Julie was their prime concern—that Julie shouldn't suffer for the mistake they'd made. When John and Gloria De Haven fell in love, he sent her to see Anne. The girls like and respect each other. Julie won't be torn between two factions. With a child's happiness at stake, they acted like civilized adults instead of spoiled brats.

The day John married Gloria, I ran into Anne at the hairdressers'.

"Well, what do you think?" I asked, prepared for the snub total, because Anne had never opened her yap to the press.

I was pleasantly surprised. Eyes shining, voice soft, she said: "You know, Hedda, I'm marrying Adrian Scott, and I'd like the whole world to be as happy as I am. But especially, Gloria and John. Because Julie's happiness is all mixed up with theirs, so mine is, too!"

Jennifer Jones and Bob Walker have also managed to salvage treasure from the wreck. Of course, the situation's different. Neither is involved with anyone else. No divorce has been applied for. They see each other all the time. Jennifer won't so much as hire a nurse without consulting Bob. When she goes out of town, he moves in to take charge of the kids. He helped trim their tree, and they all spent Christmas together.

Most of us gasped at the notion of Bob and Jennifer as lovers in "Since You Went Away," which started production right after the break. They took it calmly. Only time they felt awkward was when people stared, wondering how they felt. Acting's a passion with them both—to such a degree that they can divorce the personal from the professional. Each intensely admires the other's ability. Bob says he'd rather work with Jennifer than anyone in Hollywood. Some day they hope to do a play together. Each will talk with pleasure about the other—except on one point. Mention the break, and they're clams. Bob goes for dry clothes. Jennifer shuts her pretty mouth. I'm licked.

Lana Turner's a law unto herself. Always was, always will be. In love with Greg Bautzer, she married Artie Shaw on the rebound. (Just one woman's opinion, on which she refuses to be budged.)

(*Continued on page 67*)


SONNY SINGS
"I'm Gonna Hate Myself in the Morning" and "Egyptian Ella"
It's an eyeful in TECHNICOLOR...
and a FORTUNE in FUN!
PARAMOUNT'S
"Bring on the Girls"
AND BRING ON THE BEAUTIES!
BRING ON Marjorie Reynolds dancing and singing again, as she did in "Holiday Inn."
starring
VERONICA LAKE
SONNY TUFTS
EDDIE BRACKEN
MARJORIE REYNOLDS
with
Johnny Coy • Peter Whitney
Alan Mowbray • Porter Hall
Spike Jones and His Orchestra
Directed by
Sidney Lanfield
BRING ON Veronica Lake sizzling cigarette girl who makes the boys light up!
BRING ON THE MUSIC with Spike Jones and his City Slickers still trying to find Chlo-ee?
BRING ON THE DANCING who trips the light of nimble Johnny Coy fantastic fantastically!

Judy Garland engaged to Vincent Minelli . . . No divorce for Bob Walker . . . Kidnappers threaten Grable.



When actor Paul Brooks spotted plea in local newspaper asking for dolls for needy kids, he staged a party to promote the idea. His steady gal, Jeanne Crain, hostessed and assembled loot.



Ann Rutherford and Bob Hutton led singing at Brooks party. All Hollywood's gone overboard for peek-a-boo handbags, each gal trying to outdo her cronies in filling bag with precious items!



"You pay the cover charge and I'll dance with your wife," quipped Van Johnson to Keenan Wynn, at table with Evie's sister, Sally Hancock. Van appears daily at studio in charro outfit bought in Mexico!

Louella Parsons' Good News



Since he owns no phone in his hilltop home, Bill Eythe has a friend on neighboring peak take his messages on their phone, flash messages across wide valley to him via signal code. Above, with 5' 2" "Dresden doll" June Haver at Mocambo.



Lana Turner's starting new vogue for pierced ears and pendant earrings and giant feather crests. Although Turhan Bey still refuses to talk about her, even to his studio, he's lifted self-imposed ban on being photographed with her!

● Just a few new little things about Frank Sinatra:

He likes you particularly if you call him "Frank" instead of "Frankie" or "Frankie Boy."

If you are a gal, and he likes you, he calls you "Baby."

He doesn't like unexpected callers.

If he comes to your house, he isn't flattered if you insist on playing his records all evening long. "Heard 'em all a hundred times," he grins.

He hates those Hollywood drag-around telephones and won't talk over the 'phone when he is eating.

He's curious and always looks out the window to see who is calling on the neighbors.

He's forgetful about telling people that he can't come to parties and wonders why they get a little peeved with him because of it. He never gets peeved when somebody fails to show at one of his parties.

He likes red on blondes and white on brunettes.

And here's a little secret: Shhhhhh—but he's getting tired of those bow ties!

* * *

Gloria De Haven is so much in love with John Payne that she just goes around looking for things to do for him. "I'm not going to be one of those career wives who lets a husband go around getting out his own laundry," sniffs little Gloria, who is the cutest bride in town.

The other day Johnny actually thrilled her by *asking* her to do something for him. He was late to the studio, but he wanted a pair of shoes shined, and he asked Gloria if she would drive over to the village, wait while they were shined, and then bring them to him before ten o'clock.

Little Mrs. Bride was so thrilled with an honest-to-goodness domestic chore to do that she decided to go all the way! She'd shine the shoes herself! But in her anxiety to get at the polishing job, she forgot to look at the bottle and poured black polish all over Johnny's brown shoes!

Scared to death she would be discovered, she drove like mad into Beverly Hills to buy him a new pair with her one remaining precious shoe coupon —but the Beverly stores don't open until 10 o'clock —the time he needed his shoes for the first scene.

The next thing that happened was that she got a "flat" on the way to the studio and had to wait an hour and a half to get it fixed. At noon, a frantic little bride dashed onto Johnny's set crying her eyes out.

"Oh, you needn't have gone to so much trouble, Baby," said Johnny nonchalantly, "I had left the

new Film-Finish Powder

Smoother new texture...lovelier shades for that flawless film-star "finish"

It's star dust magic . . . this new Woodbury Film-Finish Powder! Made to give your skin the same enchantment...*every day*...stars like the lovely De Haven have on the screen!

New five-way blending creates *stay-fresh shades*, smoother *new texture* that *clings*, hides lines and blemishes, never clogs, cakes, nor turns pasty. Choose from 8 film-star shades *now!*



GLORIA DE HAVEN now appearing in **"BETWEEN TWO WOMEN"**, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. Woodbury NATURAL adds flower-petal fairness to a pink-and-white skin like Gloria's.



YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP $1. Now with your $1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your shades of matching lipstick and rouge. No change in the box; all Woodbury Powder is the new "Film-Finish."

Also boxes of Woodbury Powder 25¢ and 10¢, plus tax

Woodbury Film Finish Powder

shoes I *really* needed in my dressing room last night!"

* * *

I love her, but so help me, Betty Hutton whips up some of the darndest rigs. She showed up for a "personal" at the Hollywood Canteen the other night wearing a tight, black satin cocktail suit, tennis shoes, a tweed coat, her hair in pigtails with two red bows tied on the ends!

The entire effect was that of a sexy Sis Hopkins.

* * *

After "Kiss and Tell," Shirley Temple won't have to go to school on the set any more. Since Shirley is kissed twenty-two times in this picture, maybe it's just as well that a school ma'am is still around.

* * *

Wonder where Joe Cotten developed that mad attachment for bright yellow gloves?

He wears them all the time—daytimes, of course.

But on him—they look good.

* * *

Lana Turner dropped over to see me the other day, and you can take my word for it—she's deeply in love with Turhan Bey. She talks about him just as though he were a little boy. And when a girl gets maternal about a man—look out. She said, "I call him my child boy friend!"—and Lana's only twenty four!

* * *

I was one of the early arrivals at the party M-G-M threw in honor of MODERN SCREEN'S fifteenth anniversary. (Pictures will appear in the June issue.) I came in with Hedy Lamarr who wore a filmy grey chiffon dress especially designed to hide her figure. She looked so beautiful when she told me she hoped it would be twins. I had to say, "Oh, that's too much, Hedy. Imagine two more looking exactly like you!"

Judy Garland, wearing the last gasp in tailored suits, was being kissed by many M-G-M'ers who hadn't seen her since the announcement of her engagement to Vincent Minnelli. She was also getting a lot of kidding about the change this romance has made in her personality. "She actually arrives on the set on time she's so anxious to get away!" they heckled Judy.

Cute little Elizabeth Taylor, all done up in red, arrived with a chipmunk on a leash! She's crazy about her pet—but it looks too much like a small rat to me! Since "National Velvet," Elizabeth is rated as one of M-G-M's most important stars, so I suppose she can keep on leading the 'munk around.

Robert Walker came in "stag" now his romance with Shirley Patterson is over. He and Jennifer Jones are not going to get an immediate divorce—and may never file. It's the children. Separated or not, they are devoted parents.

* * *

The saddest-note-of-the-month: Joe E. Brown's little daughter, Mary, injured in that crash

Louella Parsons' Good News



Glendale branch of Sinatra fan club (WAFS) donated completely furnished recreation rooms to Birmingham Hospital, in Frankie's name. He and Burns and Alan had radio crew in hysterics before, after and *during* show!



It's rumored Clark Gable is currently romancing with cover girl Anita Colby. Good news in the Lucille Ball heart department: She and ex-hubby Desi Arnaz revived the flame on holiday vacation in Idlewild, Calif.



Now that Bob Landry romance is off, gossip links Deanna Durbin with Felix Jackson. Her 1944 salary from Univ. reached astronomical heights of $282,250!



Flynn's one of those lucky dogs who rolls his own smokes, so he isn't suffering from ciggie shortage. Pals with Bruce Cabot, honorably discharged from Army.



FINE AMERICAN PERFUME

At An American Price...Three fifty the Ounce†

Poetic Dream*

FOR SHEER ENCHANTMENT

LEIGH

A DIVISION OF SHULTON, INC.
NEW YORK AND TORONTO

†PLUS TAX
*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

with Freddie Bartholomew's car, has developed complete paralysis of the right side of her face. But the doctors are hoping it is just a temporary thing.

And speaking of heartbreaking things—how splendid that the tragic shooting which resulted in Susan Peters' paralysis from the waist down, won't even halt her career.

Susie, I am happy to report, has been offered a radio contract, and as soon as she is well enough, she could be wheeled into the broadcasts. She has a wonderful speaking voice, and she is such a fine little actress.

As you know, one of the most popular singers on the air is confined to a wheel chair, but she has risen to fame and fortune in spite of her affliction.

Everybody is pulling so hard for Susan. If love and good wishes can help her, she will be carrying on again very soon.

* * *

Whoops! What a fracas Maria Montez pulled at a recent party when somebody complimented Greer Garson because her hair was "naturally" red.

Maria seemed to take it as a personal insult for some particular reason and hit the ceiling. "My hair *is* naturally red, too!" she shrieked. "How dare anyone say otherwise." No one had!

Sometimes I think Maria stirs up these tempests just for the excitement of it. She and Gene Tierney had another little explosion at the same party later on over something equally silly.

* * *

I've been writing about movies for over thirty years (and admit it), but I've never had anyone bowl me over with such a knowledge of the old timers and old pictures as Van Johnson displayed at Sally Wright's dinner party.

Van, who is just 29 years old, was my dinner partner, and someone started discussing the fine old pictures Richard Barthelmess used to make. "I'd like to do some of those old Barthelmess pictures," said Van. "They were great. Particularly 'Tolable David.'"

"Good heavens!" I gasped. "Do you remember that?"

"Sure," said Van, "wasn't it a great performance Ernest Torrence gave?"

That started it. From there on he started kidding me about my memory. While I could remember the stars of most of the pictures he mentioned, he shamed me by remembering the character actresses and actors and many of the directors.

I've always said I'll still be going to movies when they have to wheel me in to see them. But I'm sure they must have started wheeling Van in to see them when he was still in his baby buggy!

Let you in on a little secret: His favorite movie star of all time is Greta Garbo!

* * *

The raveroos around the 20th Century Fox lot about Jeanne Crain certainly have not gone to her head. Everybody says that she will be one of Hollywood's biggest stars after "State Fair"—so I was interested in meeting her again on the set.

She's certainly a level-headed youngster. I

think she is the only starlet in town who frequently takes a bus to the studio.

"But since that awful fright I had last year when a dog jumped on me and bit me while I was waiting for a bus, I'm not as crazy about them as I used to be," she laughed.

She does her own marketing and pressing. "I feel foolish having people wait on me hand and foot. I'm able-bodied."

* * *

Everybody is talking about that Army newspaper that ran a completely blank page with the caption:

"BOYS, HERE IS WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR. A PICTURE OF LANA TURTURNER NUDE ON A SNOW PILE!"

* * *

For days, everyone was wondering what was the matter with Betty Grable?

She refused to go anywhere, and she and Harry James declined all invitations. Finally, the story came out. She had received a kidnapping threat, and so they stayed home every night, guarded by two burly policemen.

There was never a threat to kidnap the baby, as first reported. Before the police could arrest the would-be kidnapper, he made his get-away, but he's known to the police, and he had better not return.

* * *

MODERN SCREEN's association with the Naval Aid Auxiliary's plan to sell stars' autographs has proved one thing beyond the shadow of a doubt. Van Johnson is the boy whose autograph the girls all scream for!

There are others who are close runners-up such as Frank Sinatra and Robert Walker.

The Naval Aid Auxiliary made close to $8000 so far—and by the time this is published, I have no doubt it will be much more. You fans who want autographs, see page 18.

* * *

The dinner guests of Adrian and his pretty wife, the former Janet Gaynor, were warned that something was in store for them as soon as they sat down to dinner.

Notes were at each place saying, "If you are nervous, easily frightened or a coward—DON'T REMAIN." Of course, everybody stayed—some to regret it.

Immediately following dinner, in walked a woman with a twelve foot python (snake to you) curled around her neck. Well, Mrs. Basil Rathbone, who loathes snakes, almost fainted. Other guests turned pale, and only Irene Dunne had the intestinal fortitude to touch the snake. "But never again!"

The party was given in honor of Lady Mendl, and Adrian thought that Elsie, who adores anything out of the ordinary, would get a great kick out of the "stunt." Heaven knows the snake was tame enough. Seemed to want to snuggle up to everybody!

* * *

I have been very pleased by the number of letters I have received from those who read GOOD NEWS in MODERN SCREEN telling me *who* and *what* they want to hear about. I particularly want this column to be what you readers want. Please write me often. I love to get letters—and they are by far the best way for me to keep up with you. Guess that's all for now. See you next issue.

Newest Make-up Idea Stars on Broadway

TWO MAKE YOU TWICE AS LOVELY



Jergens Make-up Cake Matching Jergens Powder

"Jergens Twin Make-up seems like magic!" says Frances Westcott, whose beauty brightens U. S. O. and Broadway shows. "Gives such complexion smoothness and color . . ."

First—sponge on *Jergens Make-up Cake* (contains special skin-softening oils)—for lively color, a *flawless* look.

Then—fluff on *Matching Jergens Powder*—for *twice* the loveliness!

The Cake plus matching Powder comes right in one box—$2.00 value for $1.00.* Try this Broadway-acclaimed Jergens Twin Make-up *today*. Six skin-tone shades.

Jergens Twin Make-up
Both in one box
Both for $1.00
($2.00 value)

JERGENS POWDER "TRY-IT" SIZES, **25¢, 10¢**

*Plus Tax

Modern Screen's



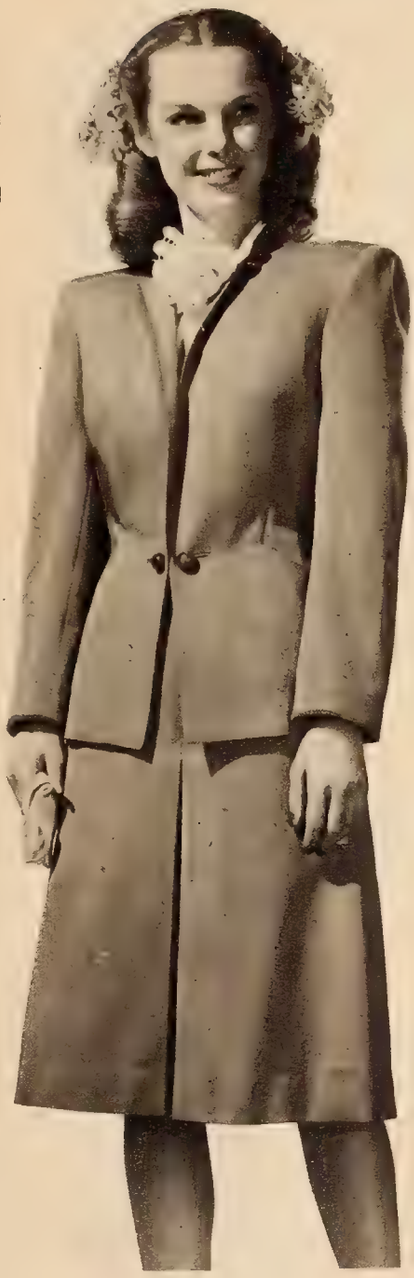
Right for each other. This two-tone Kessler-Schwartz suit and the hat and bag set you can make yourself from a MODERN SCREEN pattern.

by Jean Kinkead

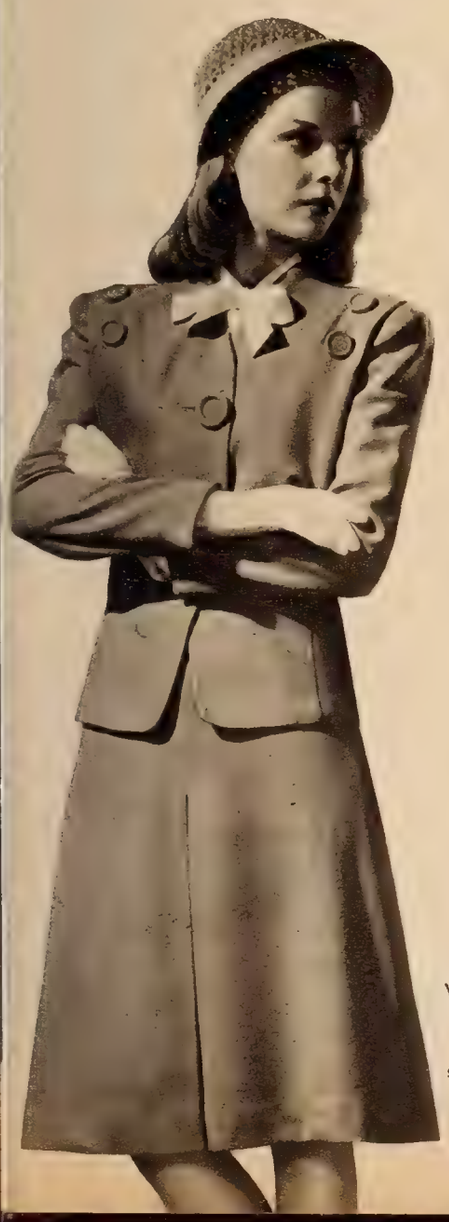


Jane Ball, currently in "Keys of the Kingdom," models a Polly Parker wool suit trimmed with black silk braid. Straw cloche by Brewster. All blouses on these pages by Judy Bond.

Fashion Guide



Your guy'll love the soft, slimming lines and stitching detail on this Jr. Deb gabardine. Just the way he'll go for your pretty Madcaps halfhat.



What wonderful shoulders you'll have in this Grace Jr. all-wool crepe suit with flange shoulders and self buttons! Cloche by Madcaps.

■ Remember when a suit was strictly without flash? Practical as an egg-beater, sure, but absolutely the last thing you'd wear on a Bright Night. And remember when some people were considered the "suit type," while others —nice kids and all that—just weren't? Golly, how stuff has changed. Suits this spring are smooth, smooth babies that get around like mad, and the "suit type" is as extinct as a Dewey button. Just to prove it we've found five really-to-drool jobs.

This one's for a bride: No time for a big splash. Just a tiny intimate wedding in the little church you've gone to all your life. You want a suit lovely enough to make Bill's breath catch in his throat, versatile enough to survive a long train trip with mobs of in-laws at the other end. We'd choose this Junior Deb in soft wool gabardine in a sentimental shade of blue. The stitching on the jacket is new and smart, the lines are sheerest flattery. The price is right. On your shining hair, this angel of a starched string hat copied from a John-Frederic design by Madcaps and priced impossibly low. Have it in frosty white for your wedding, in navy for the choo-choo.

This for a Junior Executive: Maybe no one knows you're an executive yet, but *you* can feel it coming on. The other gals look to you for words of wisdom; you're the lady they summon for the really tricky dictation; you actually don't mind staying overtime because you're in love with your job. Those are the symptoms, and gosh, since you're going to be a big shot, you have to look pretty fancy. No strain at all in this knockout all-wool purple suit by Polly Parker trimmed with black braid. The cardigan has the simplicity that's the true mark of sophistication. The skirt is beautifully tailored with a slim straight back, a kick pleat in front. If you're not completely sold—this'll do it. There's a zipper! The good-looking cloche is black straw fashioned inimitably by Brewster. The whole heavenly ensemble looks so utterly upper-bracket, yet it's priced for you $20-30-a-week chicks.

Here's one for Frankie fans: You're young and (*Continued on page* 66)

PYREX WARE COOKING QUIZ!



1 FOOD COOKS 1/3 FASTER IN PYREX WARE BECAUSE:

(A) It supplies its own heat ☐
(B) It absorbs radiant oven heat ☐
(C) It's the "hottest" item in the cooking utensil field ☐



2 YOU SAVE STEPS AND WORK WITH PYREX WARE BECAUSE:

(A) You bake, serve, and store in same dish ☐
(B) It's easy to carry ☐
(C) It runs around by itself ☐



3 PYREX WARE IS EASIER TO WASH BECAUSE:

(A) It makes soap sudsier ☐
(B) It's waterproof ☐
(C) Sticky foods don't cling to its smooth surface ☐



PRESSED IN GLASS

4 LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK WHEN YOU BUY GLASS UTENSILS BECAUSE:

(A) It's so good-looking ☐
(B) It's easy to find ☐
(C) It's the mark of Pyrex ware, the original heat-resistant glass cooking ware, a product of Corning Research in Glass ☐

ANSWER BOX

OF COURSE you know the right answers but here they are anyway:

1 (B); 2 (A); 3 (C); 4 (C).

BY THE WAY, the baking dish above is the Pyrex Double Duty Casserole...really 2 dishes in 1: Bottom serves as open baker. Cover makes pie plate. 3 sizes. Quart size..only **50¢**



IF YOU HAVEN'T tried Pyrex ware here's a good start. The Pyrex Deep Pie Dish is swell for cooking and serving individual pies, soup, cereals, custards, apple sauce. 8-oz. size, only **10¢**

cute, and in spite of the malarkey you take from the press and your families, you're awfully beautiful people. Because this is your very first grown-up spring, the first spring with Guys in it—and because we sort of like you, we found you a suit from Kessler-Schwartz that has everything. You'll love the hip-length box-jacket in dusty pink piped with navy; the bracelet-length sleeves; the wonderfully cut, go-with-everything navy skirt. You'll love this suit because it's so unmistakably new, so unmistakably *you*. And—oh lovely!—it's priced low enough to please your pop. The white rayon crepe blouse looks (but isn't) expensive with embroidery down the front and on the sleeves. The sweet hat and bag are make-it-yourself items, these being of navy faille trimmed with pink buttons.

For a gal with a guy: They call you madam in the stores, now. A couple of cherubs call you "mom." But there's a GI who calls you "baby," and he's coming home! Hide those third-season numbers you've been wearing. Get yourself a new hair-do, some 51-gauge stockings and a suit that will be almost worthy of that first unearthly moment at the station. Our vote goes to a stupendous black and white checked tweed job from Janecraft that isn't pictured on our pages. It has an exquisite bolero jacket trimmed with black braid, and a built-up skirt that does the neatest things for a waistline. It's a dramatic suit, slim and tapering and significant as an exclamation point. It's the most expensive one in our collection, but if you're in a damn-the-torpedoes mood, in a nothing's-too-good mood—and aren't you?—this is it.

For a party girl: If you're a high-school senior with a brace of beaux, a careerist with office-door johnnies, a gadding little matron, you can't live without this precious suit. It's a Grace Junior of kitten's ear blue wool crepe, and the lush fabric, the flange, the fitted jacket all conspire to make it as festive as a gardenia in your hair. It's a suit you can dress up or down with your choice of Judy Bond blouses and your choice of a hat. The wisp of headgear on our model is a pin-money Madcap that comes in a dozen mouth-watering color combinations.

There you have 'em, our five super suits. When you've figured out which is for you, send us a note, and we'll give you all the vital data. How much, where to buy, other available colors, anything you want to know. If you love 'em all and can't decide, give us your measurements and your age, and we'll help you make up your mind. Come on, drop your fashion problems smack in our lap, and we'll get you all glamoured up for spring and stuff. That's a promise. Just leave us show you. This is us: Fashion Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, 16, N. Y.

* * *

Here's how you can make that smart hat and bag set pictured on page 64. Send 25c to MODERN SCREEN PATTERN SERVICE, *Post Office Box 224, Station G, New York 19, N. Y. Comes in sizes from 10 through 20. Be sure to indicate your size and request pattern number* 1729.

MOVIE STUFF

Who you kiddin'? Promising you'll shell out "next time?" Looky, pal, if you could manage to dig up the sheckels to take in that extra movie, you can manage to give out with its equivalent for the Red Cross War Fund. So when the ushers in your local movie theater start passing among you for your contribution to the War Fund during the week of March 15-March 21, give—it's one of the most painless ways we have to keep help coming and misery going.

"PYREX" IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF CORNING GLASS WORKS, CORNING, N. Y.

ARSENIC

(Continued)

of life. Which includes Mayo spite of the battles and general eart belongs to daddy, and her eat.

uffers, too. I've seen his eyes fill g of Mayo. She's no girl to be rough a w off lightly. It's a little pathetic ted each o im insist he wants her to be hap- as love—for s no object—let her go to New th free, they clothes, find a play, start fresh— e linen and er anything but love. Point out With Steve, st is ashes, and his answer's is career can n't give what I haven't got." ry goes. Wh of that statement is Mayo's zzed with un

e, *I* didn't di aft got the same kind of jolt. bitious boy, other who took too much for push his wa pected his girl to stick for- e last thing l and plucky, Betty stuck for tor. Discharg waiting till George could ma- ing he did vorce. Harry James had nothing ham! went t the break when it came—she ould have m n met him—she was fed up. Be that as i reeled under the wallop— mplete, to alk of anything else—cried on my ere were , "Why couldn't she wait?" eryl's n't you think she waited long urt. ugh?"

th t As for Mrs. Harry James, she's the hap- oth iest girl I know—much too happy for re- urn entment. George has his pride to keep ma's im , sh n. They probably nod as they for an ex though I'll bet George looks the For the pas y if he sees her first.

the Turn Rooney fooled me. I thought he mething's might re-marry. Lord knows use where re together enough, went dancing ama. She alladium the night before he left Now let's p. But in Birmingham, Mickey was d Garland a party, and there in the kitchen anna's m weet Seventeen, cooking spaghetti. hed, and in Hollywood had ever cooked e all said for Mickey. There was some- neither so fresh, so wholesome, so normal uple who etty Jane and her background that d gave ou sick of the phony, fell with a thud. Whereas J re married by the minister who'd mustn't d her—after he'd had a long talk th love, ickey, to make sure that "my little y, it will be safe with you."

ace. As a husband went overseas, the wife m—like th to visit his mother. I met her in u've prob G-M commissary—no startling e divorce out a sweetfaced child with curly m not to re ir and the loveliest soft eyes. She ch awful that, a plain camel's hair coat and ow I did e make-up. Now she's gone home mforting h for the baby and, like millions of Then ther her man to come back from this ts hurt m able war.

rd and C I heard Ava say wistfully: "If I'd ve's dea as much about life then as I do kes the you can bet Mickey and I would d Georg together."

an noth g been wrong about those two, I'm od natu repared to climb out on another ide ma I've always maintained, and main- uldn't o this day, that Ham Nelson's the tle in c man Bette Davis loved. Yes, there tle the arny, and now there's Corporal Riley, bbed ou still say that if she's ever to find e hermit's piness in this world, it will be -a-laugh

laugh with upstanding American gent— nday's chi why he walked out. He loved Paulette ar ly, he's never re-married, but he ms. For stand playing super to a movie out Charli e day you'll have to take orders e's always he once told her. And by gum! them tha in a broadcast he directed for ghs fro nd got the most terrific boot out r. But too.

eat L tain Nelson's now doing a man-size Paul for General MacArthur—put up the auty radio station in the Philippines—had ated chance to come home, but turned it ns wn. "Not till I broadcast from Tokyo," els Kids on leave from the South k Oona e forever showing up at the rs. B rgess notes from Ham to Bette. She ther once a big day—lunch in the Green room, tour of the lot, a wonderful visit



You'll treasure your Speidel watchband more, as time goes by. For these bands of beauty are made with infinite pains and knowing touch, by the same Speidel craftsmen who have made Speidel famous for 80 years for jewelry of beauty, long life and distinction.

Watchband shown on man's wrist — $12.50

Women's Watchbands — $9.00 FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED

PYREX WARE COOKING QUIZ!



1 FOOD COOKS 1/3 FASTER IN PYREX WARE BECAUSE:

(A) It supplies its own heat ☐

(B) It absorbs radiant oven heat ☐

(C) It's the "hottest" item in the cooking utensil field ☐



2 YOU SAVE STEPS AND WORK WITH PYREX WARE BECAUSE:

(A) You bake, serve, and store in same dish ☐

(B) It's easy to carry ☐

(C) It runs around by itself ☐



3 PYREX WARE IS EASIER TO WASH BECAUSE:

(A) It makes soap sudsier ☐

(B) It's waterproof ☐

(C) Sticky foods don't cling to its smooth surface ☐



PRESSED IN GLASS

4 LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK WHEN YOU BUY GLASS UTENSILS BECAUSE:

(A) It's so good-looking ☐

(B) It's easy to find ☐

(C) It's the mark of Pyrex ware, the original heat-resistant glass cooking ware, a product of Corning Research in Glass ☐

ANSWER BOX

OF COURSE you know the right answers but here they are anyway:

1 (B); 2 (A); 3 (C); 4 (C).

BY THE WAY, the baking dish above is the Pyrex Double Duty Casserole...really 2 dishes in 1: Bottom serves as open baker. Cover makes pie plate. 3 sizes. Quart size..only **50¢**



IF YOU HAVEN'T tried Pyrex ware here's a good start. The Pyrex Deep Pie Dish is swell for cooking and serving individual pies, soup, cereals, custards, apple sauce. 8-oz. size, only **10¢**

"PYREX" IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF CORNING GLASS WORKS, CORNING, N. Y.

cute, and in spite of the gone mad over. take from the press and Judson went to you're awfully beautiful peop door, they'd this is your very first grown-up thoroughly first spring with Guys in it—ginated—only we sort of like you, we found domineering from Kessler-Schwartz that has opression of You'll love the hip-length bo Vic Mature, dusty pink piped with navy; 'd never had. length sleeves; the wonderfu sweep her off with-everything navy skirt. Y girl who'd re-suit because it's so unmistak on. unmistakably *you.* And—o figure in town priced low enough to please y gart. I'm not white rayon crepe blouse loo Bogey's mad expensive with embroidery d a clear case. and on the sleeves. The swee s in the towel are make-it-yourself items, nd Mayo have of navy faille trimmed with played it for

For a gal with a guy: T t laughing in-madam in the stores, now. cherubs call you "mom." But happened to who calls you "baby," and n met—some-home! Hide those third-sea sence, the Bo-you've been wearing. Get your Jerry Geis-hair-do, some 51-gauge stocking nciliation suit that will be almost worthy Bogey first unearthly moment at the station. The vote goes to a stupendous black and w checked tweed job from Janecraft that is she pictured on our pages. It has an exquis So, bolero jacket trimmed with b not br ree-and a built-up skirt that does an salvage things for a waistline. It's a dra slim and tapering and significant clamation point. It's the most one in our collection, but if y damn-the-torpedoes mood, in a too-good mood—and aren't you?—

For a party girl: If you're a hi ennifer senior with a brace of beaux, a ntaine with office-door johnnies, a gadd times. matron, you can't live without thi thes or suit. It's a Grace Junior of kit atever blue wool crepe, and the lush b some-flange, the fitted jacket all conspi morous, it as festive as a gardenia in e more It's a suit you can dress up or d take your choice of Judy Bond blou leave your choice of a hat. The wisp cause gear on our model is a pin-mon e, you'll that comes in a dozen mout Brooks, color combinations. , Mrs.

There you have 'em, our five s others, When you've figured out which assigned send us a note, and we'll give Aides. vital data. How much, wher en and other available colors, anything e wives to know. If you love 'em all an Arnold, cide, give us your measurements cal de-age, and we'll help you make up y Buster Come on, drop your fashion r pre-smack in our lap, and we'll get assis-glamoured up for spring and stu Naval a promise. Just leave us show y Lana is us: Fashion Editor, MODERN SCR *Betty* Madison Avenue, New York, 16, *Benny harlie*

* * *

Here's how you can make tha e 206 hat and bag set pictured on page 6 rned 25c to MODERN SCREEN PATTERN *Post Office Box 224, Station G, urner or 19, N. Y. Comes in sizes from To be-20. Be sure to indicate your s ld band-quest pattern number 1729.*

MOVIE STUFF

Who you kiddin'? Promisi nics and shell out "next time?" Looki d Cross you could manage to dig ey still sheckels to take in that extra s and you can manage to give out wit and equivalent for the Red Cross hing Fund. So when the ushers in y nan local movie theater start passi ne among you for your contribution es the War Fund during the ations. March 15-March 21, give—i still need the most painless ways w keep help coming and mise

what's left of life. Which includes Mayo out. But in spite of the battles and general hell, her heart belongs to daddy, and her agony's great.

Bogey suffers, too. I've seen his eyes fill up talking of Mayo. She's no girl to be brushed off lightly. It's a little pathetic to hear him insist he wants her to be happy—money's no object—let her go to New York, buy clothes, find a play, start fresh—he'll give her anything but love. Point out that the rest is ashes, and his answer's ready. "I can't give what I haven't got."

The truth of that statement is Mayo's tragedy.

George Raft got the same kind of jolt. He was another who took too much for granted—expected his girl to stick forever. Loyal and plucky, Betty stuck for three years, waiting till George could maneuver a divorce. Harry James had nothing to do with the break when it came—she hadn't even met him—she was fed up.

George reeled under the wallop—couldn't talk of anything else—cried on my shoulder, "Why couldn't she wait?"

"Don't you think she waited long enough?"

As for Mrs. Harry James, she's the happiest girl I know—much too happy for resentment. George has his pride to keep him warm. They probably nod as they pass by, though I'll bet George looks the other way if he sees her first.

Mickey Rooney fooled me. I thought he and Ava might re-marry. Lord knows they were together enough, went dancing at the Palladium the night before he left for camp. But in Birmingham, Mickey was asked to a party, and there in the kitchen stood Sweet Seventeen, cooking spaghetti. No girl in Hollywood had ever cooked spaghetti for Mickey. There was something so fresh, so wholesome, so normal about Betty Jane and her background that Mickey, sick of the phony, fell with a thud. They were married by the minister who'd baptized her—after he'd had a long talk with Mickey, to make sure that "my little girl will be safe with you."

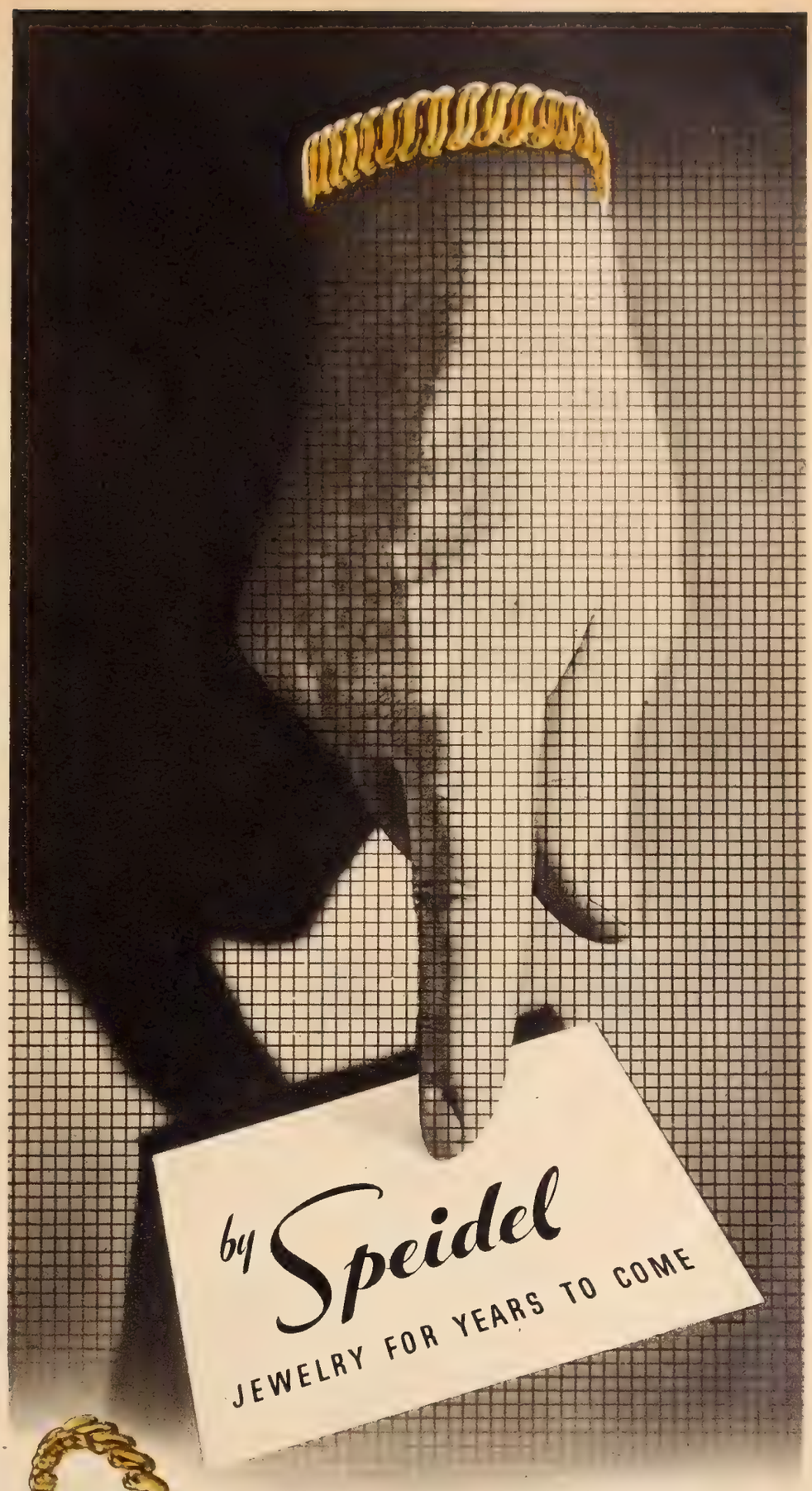
The husband went overseas, the wife came out to visit his mother. I met her in the M-G-M commissary—no startling beauty, but a sweetfaced child with curly brown hair and the loveliest soft eyes. She wore no hat, a plain camel's hair coat and very little make-up. Now she's gone home to wait for the baby and, like millions of girls, for her man to come back from this interminable war.

Once I heard Ava say wistfully: "If I'd known as much about life then as I do now, you can bet Mickey and I would still be together."

Having been wrong about those two, I'm now prepared to climb out on another limb. I've always maintained, and maintain to this day, that Ham Nelson's the only man Bette Davis loved. Yes, there was Farny, and now there's Corporal Riley, but I still say that if she's ever to find real happiness in this world, it will be with Ham.

He's an upstanding American gent—which is why he walked out. He loved Bette deeply, he's never re-married, but he couldn't stand playing super to a movie star. "Some day you'll have to take orders from me," he once told her. And by gum! she did—in a broadcast he directed for OWI—and got the most terrific boot out of it, too.

Captain Nelson's now doing a man-size job for General MacArthur—put up the first radio station in the Philippines—had a chance to come home, but turned it down. "Not till I broadcast from Tokyo," he said. Kids on leave from the South Pacific are forever showing up at the studio with notes from Ham to Bette. She gives them a big day—lunch in the Green Room, a tour of the lot, a wonderful visit



You'll treasure your Speidel watchband more, as time goes by. For these bands of beauty are made with infinite pains and knowing touch, by the same Speidel craftsmen who have made Speidel famous for 80 years for jewelry of beauty, long life and distinction.

Watchband shown on man's wrist — $12.50

Women's Watchbands — $9.00 FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED

on the set.

Corporal Riley *could* make a liar of me, but the bet's still on. I say she'll wind up Mrs. Ham Nelson—if she knows what's good for her.

Which brings us to the man most dependent on his ex-wife, and the girl most tenderly concerned about her rib-tickling ex-husband.

The man's Private Red Skelton, who's dooding fine. While in basic training at Camp Roberts, he gave so many camp and hospital shows that he dropped twenty pounds and had to study at night with a flashlight under the blankets. Now he's in special training, and all indications point to an overseas chore. So Edna spent hours of backbreaking and heartbreaking toil to produce what's probably the only portable gag file in captivity—a matter of 180,000 routines.

That's a labor of love in any man's language. Edna's still Red's manager, looks after all his affairs. Professionally, he can't get along without her. Nobody understands his work as she does. Professionally, he's her job. But portable files and flying back East to see him over the holidays are above and beyond the call of duty. Romance is gone. Red's engaged to Georgia Davis, and I hear from my gossip-carrier pigeon that Edna's pretty well occupied with Frank Borzage. Just the same, I can tell you, there's a warm, steady affection between these two that nothing can touch.

Strictly speaking, Louis Hayward isn't Ida Lupino's ex-husband. No divorce action's been taken. Their marriage was headed for the rocks before he entered the Marine corps, but Ida wanted to give it another chance.

Louis'd always suffered with asthma. Under war conditions in the South Pacific he grew worse and was slated to be shipped home before Tarawa. Head of a photographic unit, he didn't want to go home. "Let me go in and make my pictures," he begged, "and take the film back with me." He got back, a very sick boy. Only by packing him with adrenalin, could they keep him breathing.

Ida hovered over him like a broody hen, administered the hypos herself till he had to be taken to the naval hospital at Corona. When he got his Naval survey—the equivalent of an Army medical discharge—they talked things over and agreed to call it a day. "But I want the right to keep worrying about you," said Ida. "So don't let's divorce till you want to marry again—"

"Or till you do—"

"That won't be for a long, long time, if ever."

But the gal I adore is Joan Crawford, who doesn't know from subtleties. Give Joan black and white—none of your mealymouthed grays, none of that old stuff about liking the man you've divorced—

On the set one day, "The Phantom Lady" came up. Everyone skirted the name of Tone, till Joan reached out and dragged it down by the forelock. "And Franchot!" she yipped. "Wasn't he wonderful? You could smell the ham clear to the back of the house!"

There was also that interview. The writer spoke of the success of Joan's current marriage. La Belle drew herself up. "I think it's vulgar," quoth she, "to refer to *this* marriage. As though I'd been married before!"

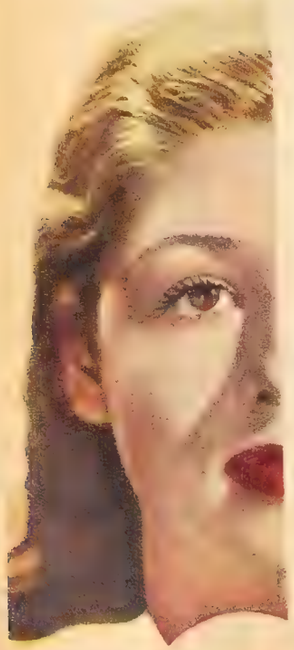
The writer's eyes popped.

"My dear child," Crawford pointed out kindly, "we simply ignore any other marriage."

Bravo, Joanie! Spoken like the last great queen of the Hollywoods.

MAKE THIS ASTOUNDING

half and half TEST TODAY!



NEW non-drying cake makeup brings you glowing beauty in 2 minutes

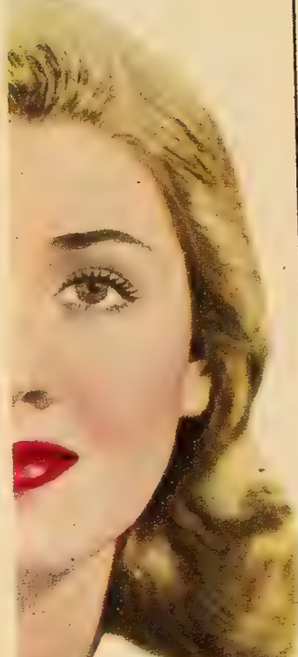
Make this startling test against *any type* of make-up. Apply the new *non-drying* Starlet on half of your face quickly and easily. Then—study your mirror *closely*. Note the rich glowing overtone—the flawless rose petal finish—the soft blending of the glamorous warmer shade. See how tiny blemishes, wrinkles disappear.

This new loveliness *lasts* for many hours. No dry "masky" feeling. New, secret formula blends *three* delicate skin-protecting oils *including LANOLIN*. Performance proves! Make the Starlet half-and-half test *today*.

Enclose 50c in coin or stamps . . we will send you postpaid our lovely new plastic compact with a generous supply of Starlet cremed cake makeup. Use coupon below!

Choose Your Shade

IF YOU ARE	FOR DAYTIME	FOR EVENING
Light Blonde	No. 1	No. 3
Medium Blonde	No. 2	No. 3
Light Brunette	No. 3	No. 4
Medium Brunette	No. 4	No. 5 or 6
Dark Brunette	No. 4 or 5	No. 6
Light Redhead	No. 2	No. 3
Medium Redhead	No. 3	No. 4



STARLET

cremed cake makeup

in 6 attractive shades

$1.50

also in 50c size

PARFAIT POWDER PUFF COMPANY
1510 N. Ogden Ave., Chicago 10, Illinois
Please send me postpaid new Starlet makeup compact. *I enclose 50c.* Check shade desired.
☐ 1. Creme Light ☐ 2. Creme Medium
☐ 3. Natural ☐ 4. Rachel ☐ 5. Rose ☐ 6. Rose Tan
*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City, State*_____

JUNE ALLYSON

(Continued from page 32)

"No. But if I were sure I could learn to be good, I'd be sure—"

The upshot was that she went back to finish high school. Mother's heart was set on it, and June didn't mind. In fact, she was sort of glad to go. She'd still be only sixteen at graduation. Meantime, she could make up her mind—

head vs. heart . . .

That's what she told herself. But her mind must have been made up from the start. Because one day she brought her beribboned diploma home, and next morning she was trying out for "Very Warm for May."

Dick Rodgers was there. It wasn't his show, but neither was "Sing Out the News," and he'd been there, too. He remembered June. She seemed to amuse him.

"Still sing without music?"

"Yes, I do—"

"What'll it be?"

"'Are You Having Any Fun?'"

"That's what you sang the last time—"

"Yes, I know—"

Golly, what a dope!—Yes, I know. Yes, I do.—Why couldn't she talk snappy, like the other girls—?

She finished her song. "Better take her," Rodgers said to Bob Alton, the dance director. "Else she'll sing it again next time, and I couldn't stand that—"

Her dancing hadn't improved perceptibly, but they liked her voice, so they gave her a line here and there. When she started rehearsing with the principals, she met Tommy. Tommy sang in the show. He was wearing a porkpie hat that looked cute and silly on top of his dark, lean face. His face was wonderful—it was so alive, she couldn't keep her eyes off it. Till she found him looking back, and blushed like an idiot—

After rehearsal, he came straight over. His pal was taking one of the girls out to dinner. Would June go along and make it a foursome?

"Who, me?" The words slipped out—she just couldn't help it. All through high school without a single date, and here was the nicest boy in the show asking her to dinner.

Tommy howled. "None other," he said, and that's how it started.

Having a boy friend was wonderful enough. Having him turn out as perfect as Tommy made your head spin. She might have known it was too good to last—

One of the other boys told her. He said he was a spokesman. "Look, June, we went into a huddle on this thing. We don't want to step out of line, but you're pretty young and you haven't been around much. Do you know about Tommy? Do you know he's got a wife and kids—?"

Inside, she keeled over. But somehow, she managed to look him straight in the eyes and keep her voice steady. "Of course I know. That's all he talks about. That's why we're friends, because I like to listen—"

He gave her a funny look. "Oh well, it's all right then—"

But she couldn't face Tommy—hid out till rehearsal started, ignored his signals, kept her eyes turned the other way, dashed for the dressing room the minute they broke. He finally caught up with her—

"What's wrong?"

She'd meant to be haughty and dignified. Instead, she blazed. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself, taking girls out and your poor wife probably working herself to the

bone—"

"*What* bone? What *wife?*"

"Oh, don't worry, I protected you I told them I knew all about her—"

"Are *you* kidding?" Then light began to glimmer. To June's amazement, he grinned. "There's an honored stage institution, known as The Rib. They pulled a fast one on you—"

"You mean it's not *true?* Oh Tommy," she blubbered, "and I walked right in."

"Chalk it up to experience, honey. Now let's go eat—"

The show ran for six months, and Tommy was June's guardian angel. He approved and encouraged her ambition. He was kind and understanding, and he knew the ropes. He was also firm.

He showed her how much better girls looked in simple clothes and subtle make-up. She was shy as a deer. He bolstered her self-confidence. "People won't bite. You've got a good head. Don't be afraid to say what you think." He laid down rules for success. "They'll tell you you've got to know the right people. That's the bunk. Talent and hard work'll turn the trick, and you've got the talent." June hated the taste of liquor, but even if she hadn't, Tommy's views on the subject would have scared her off. "Poison," he maintained, "is quicker and more painless—"

Most important of all, he found a man in the show who was a marvelous dancing teacher. June practiced with him every morning.

wine, woman and song . . .

Of course they were in love—or thought they were, which amounted to the same thing. In a little Italian restaurant, all breadsticks and atmosphere, he gave her a ring. "Now it's official," he said, and ordered red wine. Wine was all right, within limits. They clinked glasses, and drank "To Us," and laughed at Tommy, rolling spaghetti with his left hand, because his right refused to let go of June's.

"Higher and Higher" was a Rodgers and Hart show. Tommy wasn't in that one, but he egged June on to ask Dick Rodgers if she could understudy Billie Worth, the second lead—

"I dance better now, Mr. Rodgers. I've been taking lessons—"

He grinned down at her. She still amused him. "You have? Well, let's wait till after the opening and we'll see—"

They were opening in New Haven. You never had understudy rehearsal till the show'd been running a couple of weeks in New York. But June got busy learning the songs and trying to master the intricate dance routines.

"That redhead'll probably get it," she told Tommy. "She's had much more experience—"

"Never mind who gets it, you learn it—"

"Yes sir," she said, dropping her voice an octave to indicate humor. (She still does it).

Dress rehearsal in New Haven. No Billie Worth. Stage manager, wild-eyed, raps for quiet. "Billie Worth's sick. Can't go on tomorrow. Who knows the songs?"

"I do." That's Redhead.

"Me, too." The small voice is June's.

Two hearts thump in jazztime, while the boys go into a huddle. It comes up Redhead. They rehearse her till 4 A.M., then another huddle, weary and dispirited.

"The voice isn't big enough, but she'll have to do—"

"Why not try the other kid?

June sings and they perk up. She takes one of the dance routines with Lee Dixon. He and Billie had worked on the bedroom dance for weeks—you couldn't learn it properly in less, but you could fake it. At eight, they call a halt—. The consensus

(*Continued on page 74*)



Key to Charm!



This super value brush that anyone can afford!

● To bring out the natural beauty of your smile, make your teeth sparkling bright with Dr. West's "25", a plus value toothbrush that's priced right! Made with nylon bristles that won't shed, Dr. West's "25" gives you the vital safeguard of precision polished bristle ends. And its special brush head conforms to all the surfaces of your teeth.

Of course, the *finest* toothbrush money can buy is Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft, the *only* brush made with waterproofed, anti-soggy "Exton" brand bristling!



Sad! Hair messy . . . and her skin badly needs cream-care.

by Carol Carter

Glad! Hair, make-up neat, skin aglow with cream-care.



FACE TO FACE



Our gal's face-to-face ideal, Jenny Jones.

■ You're face to face with Hollywood glamour when you look in the mirror! You, too, are pretty! Now, now, it's not that your old friend, Beauty Ed Carol Carter, is trying to flatter you. Just that with the proper use of creams and powder, you can uncover hidden beauty. And Hollywoodites set a fine standard for you. Not, I hasten to add, that a petite brunette should try to mold herself into another Lauren Bacall. Thing to do is to find the cinema girl nearest your own type and use her as a model. Like the youngster that magic make-up man Eddie Senz found to have hidden charms equal to those of Jennifer Jones. He recombed her hair, simplified her make-up and taught her proper skin care.

You echo "'proper skin care'—I'd like to learn about that!" And that exactly is what I'm going to tell you about. You can't begin to be a beauty unless your skin is glowing, healthy, lovely. Proper use of beauty creams will help you out here.

First off, let's scotch that silly superstition about cream growing hair. Look, if it did, wouldn't Jack Benny smear it on his head to stop all those jokes about his baldness? It just isn't so.

Creams come in wide variety. Heading the list is *cold cream*. Useful stuff, too, for it cleanses, lubricates and protects the skin. You'll also find lined up on beauty counters a wide array of *general purpose creams*. They may vary a bit from the cold cream type but have much the same uses. For cleaning only, there are the so-called melting or *liquefying cleansing creams* with a mineral oil base. To be good (and you surely want it good!) a cleansing cream must have

two very definite qualities: It should become liquid at body temperature; and it should be light, so that it does not destroy the elasticity of the skin.

It's a grimy world we live in, say I, as my clattering typewriter raises a cloud of dust. It takes vigilance to keep to the cleanliness which is next to loveliness. By vigilance, I most certainly do not mean lengthy routines. Yours is a busy life. But you should find time to clean face and throat frequently: When you hop out of bed of a morning, just before dinner and again just before you lay your tousled head on the pillow. The trick in cold cream cleaning is to get every particle of dirt and make-up thoroughly smothered with cream. Then when you wipe it away, you'll be sure there's not a trace of grime that has escaped.

Spread on a generous coating of cream with quick upward strokes. (It's divine stuff to dig your fingers into and still more divine to put on your face.) Your skin feels delightfully cool—freshened already. Apply with gentle strokes always upward from the base of the throat; up and out from the chin; caressingly around the eyes; carefully down the sides of the nose and over the chin where powder and oil have a tendency to collect and blackheads to form. Then work the cream right up to the edge of your hair, where dirt sometimes gets trapped and overlooked. Spank it in briskly for at least three minutes, to bring up circulation, get your face tingling pleasantly. And remember not to stop at the chin line. Continue right down over the neck—as far in front and back as your lowest dress neckline.

Now for tissuing off. The trick in this is to use a clean piece of tissue for each "wipe," to avoid all chance of tracking dirt back on again. Take two tissues, one in each hand, and work up and out from the center of your face, switching to a clean spot for each swing. Slather on a second creaming to insure that "twice-clean" look. Spank it in and tissue off as before.

But you're not going to stop now! That would be like dipping a soiled blouse in snowy suds and pulling it right out. A bit of rinsing is called for. Here's (*Continued on page 91*)

The Countess of Carnarvon

A colorful and glamorous figure of international society is the Countess of Carnarvon, the former Tilly Losch. A famous ballerina, she is noted for her strange dynamic beauty . . . startling sapphire-blue eyes . . . and skin like creamy velvet. "I've discovered a *lovely* new beauty trick!" Lady Carnarvon says. "It's the 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Such a tiny, short time it takes to make my skin look so much brighter and smoother!"

Quick facial "pick-up"...1-Minute Mask



The Countess of Carnarvon has a 1-Minute Mask 3 or 4 times a week

You can "re-style" your complexion in 1-Minute!

Mask your entire face—except eyes—with a silky-cool coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave on for one full minute. "Keratolytic" action of the cream loosens tiny scales of dead skin and trapped dirt particles. Dissolves them! Now—tissue off the Mask

Results are dramatic! Your skin looks clearer, softer, even lighter! And it's ever so much smoother beneath your powder puff. Make-up goes on like a happy dream!

"Foolproof" powder base! . . . Light, non-greasy Pond's Vanishing Cream is ideal foundation for quick make-ups, too. Spread on a thin film of Cream —and *leave it on.* Smooths—protects. Holds powder *beautifully.*



Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!

Care THAT SEEMS A Caress...



To keep your skin constantly fresher, lovelier . . . wooed from distressing "wayward" periods of dryness or shine... give it daily care with these two unique creams . . .

Phillips' MILK OF MAGNESIA Creams

SKIN CREAM ... CLEANSING CREAM

HERE is care so kind... so soothing and smoothing... it seems a caress to your skin! The care offered by Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams... a care that does so much to guard your skin's fresh beauty against wayward tendencies which lead to imperfection. In both these creams—Phillips' Skin Cream and Phillips' Cleansing Cream—true Phillips' Milk of Magnesia lends its helpful, gentle hand to keeping your beauty bright. In addition, Skin Cream contains smoothing, softening oils... cholesterol, too, provided to guard your skin's moisture. Call it *care*—call it *caress*—but daily, call on Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams for help.



PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA SKIN CREAM— *Softens, neutralizes any excess acid accumulations often found in external pore openings; helps your skin stay smoothly supple. Doubles in duty as a night cream and satin-smooth base for powder. 60¢, plus tax.*

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM — Feel its *richness*—see *how cleanly it tissues off, removing make-up, surface dirt and accumulations from outer pore openings. That's why it leaves your skin feeling sparkingly fresh! 60¢, plus tax.*



(*Continued from page 71*)

is that, heaven helping them, June'll get by.

"Our fate's in your feet," they tell her.

Standing numb in the wings that night, she thinks: "If Tommy were here, if only Tommy were here—"

Lee Dixon comes up. "Listen, kid. Do anything that comes to you. Whatever you do, I'll follow. If you get stuck, go sit on the bed and I'll dance like mad. Then *I'll* sit on the bed, and *you* dance like mad. We'll make out—"

They did better than that, they stopped the show. Again and again they were called to the footlights and bowed and bowed. The program said Billie Worth—"But it's *me*." June kept telling herself. "It's me and nobody knows it, I've got to get to a phone—"

She called Mother first. Mother couldn't believe it and then she cried, which made everything cosy because June was crying too. But Tommy was calm at tea. knew all along you could do it."

Next night Billie came back, and June returned to the chorus and nothing was changed except inside herself. And when the show closed and she went into "Panama Hattie," first thing she did was march up to Buddy De Sylva—

"Please may I understudy Betty Hutton?"

This quiet little thing? "You don't seem quite the type. But learn the songs, and I'll see—"

standout stand in . . .

She was back in five minutes. "I know the songs. Oh, I knew them all along, only I was scared to say so. Now I'm scared someone else might get to you first—"

She made no attempt to ape Betty's unique frenzies, sang the songs her own way, and got the job—

Otherwise, things went on as usual. To save the long trip home at night, she'd moved to the American Women's Club, and was sharing an apartment with two other girls—one of them Betsy Blair, soon to marry Gene Kelly. It was crowded but fun, and it had one great advantage. They were never broke at exactly the same time. You always had someone to borrow carfare from—

One night she'd gone out to dinner with Tommy, and stopped at the Club for something or other. "Message for you, Miss Allyson," called the clerk.

It said on the paper: "Miss Hutton has measles and will not appear tonight. You'll go on in her place—"

"Not me," croaked June, her face turning a delicate Nile green. She shoved the paper at Tommy. "Put it in somebody else's box. I never saw it—"

"Don't be silly, they'll catch you at the theater—"

"Not if I'm somewhere else, they won't. Good-by, Tommy—"

He grabbed her, steered her to a taxi, and delivered her in bad shape to the stage manager. For services rendered, they gave him a seat down front. June's only thought had been for her mother—

stage frightening . . .

"Call her up, Tommy. She's got a right to be in at the death if she wants to—"

For the rest, she moved as though under the shadow of doom. This wasn't New Haven, it was Broadway. She wouldn't be anonymous here, they'd make an announcement. "We regret to inform you that Miss Hutton is ill. June Allyson will appear in her place." No one's regret was more poignant than Miss Allyson's—

The manager stuck his head in. "We phoned the newspapers. There'll be critics out front—"

Her lips parted. But all that came out was a long, low moan.

The sequel will strike you as cockeyed

INFORMATION DESK
(Questions of the Month)
By Beverly Linet

Hi there:

I've been reminiscing! About what? Well, 'bout the time chorus boy Van Johnson used to hang 'round the 21 Club with the kids, and watch the famous stars come out . . . and that visit with Gregory Peck, when he told me he was jinxed where acting was concerned, as his plays had folded three in a row . . . and that last radio show Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier did night before leaving for England to forsake their careers for their country. I've some swell memories, and they're chock-full of info, too. Wouldn't you like to get in on 'em? Well—send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y. . . . and I'll dish out the dirt for the askin'. On the double now!

Much luv,
Beverly

Donald Tonkin, Detroit, Mich.: IF I WROTE LON McCALLISTER AT THE BOX NUMBER GIVEN A FEW COLUMNS BACK, WOULD I GET A PERSONAL ANSWER? . . . Sorry, Don, that was a mistake, as the box was discontinued. Lon personally asked me to direct all mail to him at Fox, Beverly Hills, Calif., and he'll try his darndest to take care of it.

Dolly Auegello, Everett, Mass.: WHO WERE THE NAVIGATOR, BOMBARDIER, AND CO-PILOT IN "30 SECONDS OVER TOKYO"? . . . Tim Murdock, Co-pilot; Don DeFore, Navigator, and Gordon MacDonald, Bombardier.

Helen Rosenberg, Brooklyn: WHO WERE PINKY, ALAN AND BOBBY IN "WINGED VICTORY"? . . . Don Taylor was "Pinky"; Mark Daniels was "Alan," and Barry Nelson was "Bobby." You can reach them and every other player in that pic, at Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, Calif.

or normal, depending on whether you've ever been on the stage yourself. The minute she came out, the minute she started singing, every tremor vanished. She felt fine and light and wonderful, completely at ease and mistress of all she did. She smiled down at Tommy—Tommy, the brave one, white faced and shaking on the edge of his seat. She hoped Mummy had come. She loved the whole audience—my, what a beautiful audience!—and the whole beautiful audience loved her right back—

Now they were gone—all the wonderful people who'd said such wonderful things. She was alone—except for her singing heart—in her dressing room. Tommy said he'd walk Mother and Dad to the subway station, while June changed. Golly, she was glad Mummy'd been there to hear—

Somebody knocked. It couldn't be Tommy back so soon—

"Just a minute, I'm not dressed. Who is it?"

"George Abbott."

She snickered. That gag had whiskers. "Don't annoy me, Mr. Abbott. I'm a very important person now, Mr. Abbott. I couldn't take a job in a mere Abbott show, Mr. Abbott—"

She finished dressing. "Are you still

(*Continued on page 79*)



By Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

Powder Perfection

Here's some enlightening news about face powders . . . all wrapped in a bright quiz that gives valuable beauty hints to you.

■ Now that your skin is lusciously smooth (after following my words of wisdom on page 72), do you find that you're suffering from face powder blues? Maybe your puss looks as if it's been dipped into a flour barrel or else it glows brilliantly through your powder? Perhaps you're moaning low because your hue is sometimes pale 'n' subdued or painted and riotous other times? The solution is a matter of technique!

To see how bright you are, cherubs, I've hatched a true-false quiz for you. Some of the statements listed below are jewels of beauty; others need a bit of alteration. The answers are in the paragraphs beneath the quiz.

1. It's easy to decide which form of wonderful powder base is for you. T . . . F . . .
2. A dab of filmy powder and the job is done! T . . . F . . .
3. Even if a gal isn't blessed with Lamarr's features, she can perform magic with powder. T . . . F . . .
4. When shopping for the most flattering shade of powder at the beauty counter, drape a blindfold 'round your eyes and reach. T . . . F . . .
5. Puffs deserve good treatment . . . Wash 'em, change 'em often. T . . . F . . .

1. TRUE. Powder bases come in three forms: cake, cream and liquid. All do a super job of keeping your powder looking fresh for hours. Bases spread a light film over your face, beautifully concealing blemishes. Your skin type makes it easy to pick your base. Cream or liquid for dry; pan-cake for normal and oily skin.

2. FALSE. Powder, (*Continued on page 121*)



Universal's Martha O'Driscoll knows how important powder is to beauty and that's why she uses care to apply it.

Try a **NEW** *shade on your nails and lips*



SEND COUPON FOR TWO SHADES

It's amazing the difference it can make in your clothes . . . the difference it can make in *you!* Chen Yu invites you to try new shades now. Buy them at your favorite store in regular sizes, or mail the coupon from this announcement for trial sizes. We will send you trial bottles of any two shades of Chen Yu's newly lustrous, chip-repellent lacquer and a bottle of Lacquerol base. Get your new Chen Yu shades now!

CHEN YU
made in U.S.A.

long lasting nail lacquer and lipstick

Important: This special coupon offer
FILLED FROM CHICAGO OFFICE ONLY

ASSOCIATED DISTRIBUTORS, INC.
200 E. Illinois Street, Dept. MM4, Chicago 11, Ill.

Send me two sample size flacons of CHEN YU Nail Lacquer and a bottle of Lacquerol base. I enclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of packing, mailing and Government Tax.

For an additional twenty-five cents, I will receive two trial size CHEN YU lipsticks in harmonizing shades to the lacquer colors I selected.

Lacquer shades here:_____

Mark X if you wish 2 harmonizing lipsticks ☐

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____



All Day a Lovely, Life-like Orchid—At Night a Shimmering "Butterfly Jewel," Glowing With Beauty—Most Alluring Effects You've Ever Seen—Makes Your Every Costume Gorgeous

. . . Now you, too, may have true "Orchid Glamour" everywhere you go, and always! This gorgeous simulated Orchid creates a sensation wherever seen . . . it's so life-like, so exactly like the delicate color, size, form and even feel of the most magnificent, costliest orchid. AND IT ACTUALLY GLOWS IN THE DARK—Glows with a fascinating, enticing beauty almost unbelievable. You'll tingle with pride each time you place it in your hair, or on dress or coat—At night its magic, soft glow will give glamour to any costume. Haven't you always longed to possess expensive, exotic orchids anytime you wished? All women do. And now you can have this sensational Glowing Orchid that will give you *perpetual* pleasure, for far less than a single, lowest-priced, cut orchid of the commonest species would cost you!

WEAR IT—THRILL TO ITS BREATH-TAKING BEAUTY AT OUR RISK—*NOW!*

This amazing new Glowing Orchid looks and feels so much like the costliest orchid that many are completely fooled. You know that few women in the world can afford the gigantic, exotic cut orchids as often as they wish—fabulous fortunes have been paid for a single specimen! But for this gorgeous, life-like replica you do not have to pay $10.00—nor $5.00—nor even $2.00! Under our special offer to introduce quickly, you actually pay only $1.00! Think what this means! You don't risk one penny. We will send you your Glowing Orchid to see and feel, wear and enjoy—and if you are not amazed and delighted, if your friends don't envy you your splendid possession, you need only return it to us.

Others Gasp with Wonder as it Glows in the Dark

Few men or women can resist the exciting allure of your Glowing Orchid when, as dusk deepens into dark, it comes to life with soft light that some say is almost ethereal. It is not dazzling, not cheaply shining, but a beautiful glow. You can't imagine it until you actually see it in your hair or on dress or coat. Then see how lovely! And hear the gasps of wonder and admiring remarks of friends.

SEND NO MONEY—*Merely Mail Coupon*

All you need do is pay the postman $1.00 plus postage, when your Glowing Orchid arrives. See how lovely it is. Place in your hair, or on any costume. See it take on an exciting, beautiful glow in the dark. Then, if you can bear to part with it, you can mail it right back to us, and your money will be refunded quick as the mails can carry it. That's a generous, fair offer, isn't it? Act on it today—this very minute while this is before you. Fill out and mail coupon NOW!



INTRODUCTORY OFFER

MAIL COUPON NOW

By sending coupon at once you will share in one of the most astounding generous offers ever made. To introduce this gorgeous orchid that glows in the dark, we make the unheard - of offer of one for only $1.00—3 for $2.50!

CHARMS & CAIN **Dept. 4-DD**
407 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Illinois

CHARMS & CAIN, Dept. 4-DD, 407 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Yes, rush me my Glowing Orchid! On arrival I will pay my postman only $1.00 plus postage with the positive understanding that if I am not delighted, I will return it to you within 7 days and you will immediately refund me the purchase price.

If you want us to send you 3 Glowing Orchids for $2.50, check here ( ).

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

JUNE ALLYSON

(*Continued from page 75*)

there, Mr. Abbott—"

"I'm still here—"

She'd never seen George Abbott, but the minute she laid eyes on the man standing there, somehow she knew. "You—you're not—really—"

"I really am. May I come in, Miss Allyson?"

Tommy thought she'd gone cuckoo. "And he said a hundred, and I said a hundred?—not believing it, but he thought it wasn't enough and he kept going up till he said a hundred and seventy-five and I grabbed it. Oh, Tommy, don't talk to me suddenly. Don't talk at all. Just hold me and let me be quiet for a minute. A girl's got room for just so much excitement. I can't take another drop."

There was more to come. The reviews hailed "little June Allyson, who ought to be a star in her own right." She played the part for a week. M-G-M's Marvin Schenk wired Arthur Freed about her. Freed told him to sign her. But June had a run-of-the-show contract for "Best Foot Forward." After that, if they still wanted her, she'd go.

two bugs in a rug . . .

The show was a hit, and so was June. It ran for a year. June moved to her own apartment in Tudor City. Tommy gave her a blonde cocker spaniel, whom she named Winsocki and loved as she loved no dog since Teddy.

On account of Winsocki, she and Tommy stayed friends. Because one sad thing happened that year. They discovered that they weren't really in love. It kind of crept up on them. For a long time, neither was willing to admit it. As long as she lived, June would never stop being grateful to Tommy. But she was a young woman now, and the time comes when you've got to make your own decisions, even when your best friend doesn't agree. Little frictions arose. Arguments grew more frequent, finally led to the night Tommy took her home and they stood at her door, wretched and angry—

"Well, I guess it's goodbye—"

"If that's how you feel about it, Tommy—"

"There's just one thing I'd like. I'd like you to give me Winsocki—"

Winsocki! He could have her house and everything in it but Winsocki! Surely he didn't mean— He did, though.

"All right," she said steadily. "I guess we both love that little pooch more than each other—"

Through the open door Winsocki came bounding, leash in mouth. She picked him up and handed him to Tommy, who started down the hall. Over his shoulder, Winsocki whimpered for June. She closed the door to shut out the sound.

Then Tommy knocked. "He wants to stay with you, June. Look, I've been acting like a darn fool kid. Any reason we can't be friends, the three of us?"

Mother and Tommy put her on the train for California. Mother tried not to cry. June didn't even try. She loved New York. She'd never traveled before. She was leaving Mother.

Four times she got off the train, and Tommy put her back on.

"I know girls who went out and never even made a picture—"

"You'll *make* a picture—"

She stood on the car platform, clutching a red horse from Tommy, a panda, a couple of balloons from her farewell party. The last they saw of her was a tear-stained face against the glass. An hour later two women stood listening at the door of her compartment—

"Come on, let's go in before she cries herself sick."

She was lying face down, with the horse and panda. They got her to sit up. One bathed her eyes, the other patted her hand. "Don't take on so, honey. My little girl went away to school and she loved it. Besides, the term's not so long. You'll be home for Christmas—"

"No, I won't," she bawled. "I'm going to Hollywood to be a star in the movies—"

They looked at each other. "And she's crying yet," one of them murmured.

"Yes, the poor lamb. Just think, she might have to kiss Clark Gable—"

That started her giggling. By the time they were having dinner together, she felt almost cheerful. She was almost looking forward to Hollywood. There'd be people to meet her—maybe flowers even—maybe even a star. That's how Hollywood did things.

Nobody met her, much less a star. At the end of two hours she'd have settled for an office boy—

All right, she'd go home, guess she knew when she wasn't wanted.

And use what for money?

Somewhere she'd heard of the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. Horse, panda and balloons, she appeared at the desk, registered and put in a call for New York. Never had the sound of Tommy's voice been so dear and familiar as from three thousand miles away.

"I'm coming home. Nobody met me. But I only brought enough money for the trip. Will you—?"

"Why don't you call the studio?"

"I don't know the number—"

"Look, June, you're a big girl now. Don't they have phone books in California?"

"Oh, Tommy, I just wanted to talk to someone who *likes* me."

Solaced and refreshed, she then called the studio. "I'm June Allyson," she announced brightly. "I'm here—"

"Yes?" said the girl.

"Well—I'm *here*—I'm supposed to be here—"

"Whom did you wish to speak to?"

Who, whom? She was getting confused again. "Whom speaks to you when you have a contract?"

We'll spare you the rest. After telling twelve people she was June Allyson, she finally got switched over to Arthur Freed. The whole thing had been her own fault in the first place. She'd arrived four days early without mentioning her change of plan to the studio.

"You'll *make* a picture," Tommy had said, and was right as usual. "Girl Crazy," "Meet the People," "Best Foot Forward." People she'd known in New York were on the lot. Through them and her work, she met others. The minute she found an apartment, she sent for Winsocki.

June thinks maybe she wasn't meant to be happy with dogs. Winsocki came scrambling out of the box and into her arms. For one lovely evening they sat by the fire together. Then the manager said, "Sorry. No dogs allowed."

lost angel . . .

A friend agreed to take him till June could find another place. She saw him every day, which was tough on them both—he cried so when she left. At last he took matters into his own paws, and went out looking for her. He never came back—

Of course, in the beginning, the whole

You can have Glamorous Hair * * * * OVERNIGHT!



Try Glover's Famous

3-WAY MEDICINAL TREATMENT

Overnight—you'll *see* and *feel* the difference! One application will convince you! Glover's leaves your hair softer, radiant, sparklingly high-lighted, with *added* loveliness, no matter what style hair-do you like best. Try *all three* Glover's preparations—Glover's Mange Medicine, famous since 1876—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress! Try them separately, or in one complete treatment. Ask at any Drug Store, today!

TRIAL SIZE—send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, packed in special carton, with complete instructions for the 3-Way overnight treatment, and useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

Apply with massage for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and excessive FALLING HAIR.



1—Apply Glover's Mange Medicine, with massage, for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp, excessive Falling Hair.



2—For soft, lustrous hair, use Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo in hard or soft water.



3—Use Glover's Imperial Non-alcoholic and Antiseptic Hair Dress. The delicate scent lingers.



Glover's, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 684, New York 1, N. Y.
Send "Complete Trial Application" package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing Glover's Mange Medicine, Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative FREE booklet. I enclose 25c.

Name.....

Address.....

☐ Sent FREE to members of the Armed Forces on receipt of 10c to cover postage and packing.



Pond's "Lips" stay on...

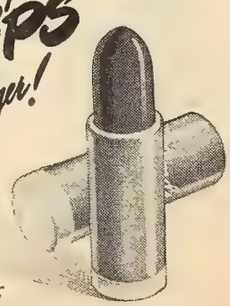


and on...



and on!

Sure thing! Pond's "LIPS" stays on Longer!



6 glamorizing shades . . .
49¢, 10¢, *plus tax*
And the big case is METAL again!

idea had been to meet Fred Astaire. The only way to do that was by learning to sing and dance. Then some day, somewhere, you'd float into his presence, all dreamy and glamorous, and he'd go into a manly swoon and say, "There's the girl I want to dance with," and you'd do a big, fat picture together—

It happened another way. Something had gone wrong with June's car and she'd tried to fix it. In slacks and an old bandanna, all greasy and hot and dashing for an appointment, she turned a corner and bumped against two men—

"Hi!" said the one she knew. "Hold on a minute. I'd like you to meet Fred Astaire—"

"Howdyado," said Fred.

"Howdyado," said June, feeling sick.

That was all. They went their way and she went hers. The lot hummed with its normal activity. Nobody heard the crash but June, as a castle in the air came toppling in ruins around her.

"Oh *golly!*" she mourned. "At least I could have been *clean!*"

June was always tearing. She tore out of the commissary one noon and all but knocked a man down. "I'm terribly sorry—"

Unlike Fred Astaire, this one really looked at her. "You're June Allyson, aren't you? I'm going to have you in a picture some day—"

"Wants to be a producer," she thought, "like everyone else. Well, I wish him luck—"

She did too—he had such a nice grin. Every time she saw him after that she'd smile and wave. A week or so later, he passed her table in the commissary. The place was jammed, he'd never find a seat. "Why don't you sit here with me—?"

"Thank you, I will."

"I've been meaning to tell you, ever since I knocked you down, I hope you get your wish—"

"What wish was that?"

"Don't you want to be a producer?" He choked over his water. "Have some bread," she said helpfully. "What do you do now?"

"I make pictures—"

"Really? What kind?"

"This and that—"

"Well, you know my name but I don't know yours. Maybe I'd recognize it—"

"My name's Joe Pasternak."

She laid her fork down carefully and dropped her forehead in her palm. "Just a minute while I die—"

"Postpone it, will you? I need you in 'As Thousands Cheer'—"

In "Two Girls and a Sailor," he gave her her first big break. Originally, she'd been scheduled to play the younger sister. Her reaction, when Joe told her about the change, was characteristic—

pretty is as pretty does . . .

There's a line in the script addressed to Patsy: "Is your sister as pretty as you are?" And Patsy answers, "Much prettier—"

June's convinced that she's not pretty. Protestations to the contrary leave her unmoved—

"Patsy'd say, 'Much prettier,' and then *I'd* come out. Who'd believe it? Leave us face it, Joe. Besides, I'm *glad* I'm not pretty. People feel so sorry for you. They say poor thing, she's got to have *some*thing, so give her the man—".

"Remind me some day to tell you I think you're swell—"

June glowed. "You *do?*"

That picture swung June and Gloria into the limelight. For June, it was all this and heaven, too. Because Fred Astaire stopped her one day and said, "I saw 'Two Girls and A Sailor.' Thought you were wonderful—"

All night her sleep was haunted. She was a child, sitting in a movie house, wrapped by the magic of a dancing dream. And the dream came down off the screen and straight up to her—who'd worn a brace for five years and never danced a step. "Thought you were wonderful," he said, "you were wonderful, wonderful, wonderful—"

love from an audience . . .

"Music for Millions" was another landmark. Singing and dancing, you can go just so far. As an actress, you can go way beyond that. Pasternak had recognized in June something deeper than prettiness—honesty and warmth and tenderness of feeling, combined with acting talent. He'd tested those qualities in "Two Girls and A Sailor." In "Music for Millions," he gave them full scope.

The biggest thrill of June's screen career came the night of the preview—the first of her own previews she'd attended, having been too scared to go to the others. Not that she wasn't scared this time. It was like a rollercoaster—you want to ride it and you don't—finally you grit your teeth, ball your fists, close your eyes and climb on—

She went with Jimmy Durant, an M-G-M cutter. They sat in the balcony, and her teeth didn't ungrit till halfway through the picture. After all, you can't be an utter dope. When people laugh and cry and keep their eyes glued to the screen, you have to admit they probably like it—

But she wasn't prepared for what followed, as she and Jimmy started down the staircase toward the main floor. A spatter of applause—faces turning toward her, smiling all round her, smiling up from below, applause swelling louder and louder— For a second she faltered, but the crowd broke to let her through, and she went on down—thunder in her ears, wonder in her eyes, and in her heart a wild prayer that her buckling knees wouldn't fold up under her—

Lillian Burns is the coach at M-G-M. Her secretary called June in the morning—

"Seen the reviews yet?"

"No, I haven't—"

"Wait, I'll read you one—"

Raves about the picture. About Margaret O'Brien and Jimmy Durante. "And most of all, June Allyson . . .

She got up and wandered round the

Please send me information on how to help the U. S. Army or Navy Nurse Corps care for our wounded servicemen.

I am a registered nurse..... ☐
I am a nurse in training..... ☐
I am untrained, but want to learn ☐

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Fill in and send to: Nurse Recruitment, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York.



Poets have said it for centuries—you know it's true! There's thrill, there's appeal men can't resist, in skin that's fragrant, *sweet.* So protect daintiness as lovely Hollywood screen stars do. "A daily beauty bath with Lux Soap makes you *sure*—leaves your skin fresh, really *sweet,*" says charming Linda Darnell. "You're ready for adventure, romance, and you *look* it!"

Make gentle Lux Toilet Soap—the delicately perfumed soap with creamy, *active* lather—*your* daily bath soap, too!

Star of
"THE GREAT JOHN L."
A Bing Crosby Production

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it... it's the soap that leaves skin SWEET!

Listen to women rave about

Softer, Safer MODESS *with* DEODORANT!

No more fussing with separate deodorant powders, Hooray! L B

This is the luxury of luxuries. Imagine the confidence, the freedom, the self-assurance! M.D.

This marvelous innovation exceeds even the ultimate! Congratulations! Mrs. G. F.



THINK of it! MODESS—the softer, safer sanitary napkin—now comes with a *fine deodorant powder* actually *sealed inside* —to help you stay dainty at all times!

This marvelous new Modess has been tried out by thousands of women for a whole year. And unsolicited letters are pouring in testifying to their enthusiasm.

Impartial laboratories have tested Modess with deodorant—compared it, in 26 different studies, with the only other sanitary napkin containing a deodorant. Result: *Modess was found twice as effective!*

You can enjoy this daintiness "extra"—at no extra cost. Ask for the wonderful new Modess with Deodorant today!

PLEASE NOTE: *Your store sells two kinds of softer, safer Modess. If you'd rather have it without deodorant, ask for "Standard Modess."*



Softer, safer MODESS *with* DEODORANT

TALL, SKINNY PAPA

(Continued from page 40)

A while ago Bob (who's the string bean type and fretty about gaining weight) was wasting away to the tune of a precious half-pound every now and then. He hot-footed it to his favorite medic, and there was nothing the doc could find more serious than an incipient hangnail.

"Hum," hummed the physician. "What do you do around the studio?"

"Why, I act," answered Bob.

"Does acting upset you?" Bob said no; on the contrary, he liked it. Acting never bothers an actor, he explained, only the ghastly results, like those terrible rushes he sees every day.

"Ah!" cried the doctor, "What are rushes?" Bob explained that they were the printed scene you'd made. The heartless critics told you whether you were good or you—er—smelled. They were the jury's verdict. They made him sweat.

"Avoid rushes from now on," decreed the wise man.

Bob has ever since. He's gained five pounds, practically fat for him.

Idle Hollywood gossips with nothing better to do than louse around the Selznick sets when Bob and his wife, Jennifer Jones, were knocking off those sweet young love scenes in "Since You Went Away," thought surely there must be a great sob story and torch epic behind the scenes as they watched Bob and Jennifer—estranged and separated domestically—give with all the tender emotions before the camera.

Bob Walker didn't get it. Neither did Jennifer. "Why it's just acting," Bob explained. "Hasn't got a thing to do with us personally." He went right on to inform the baffled observers that he thought Jenny Jones was one terrific actress and that, incidentally, she thought he was pretty fair himself. In fact one of their pet ambitions is to do a play together on Broadway.

perpetual adolescent . . .

What still baffles Bob about Hollywood and the movies is the fact that people take him for exactly what he plays on the screen. And since he's done practically nothing from "Bataan" on out but act callow youths in uniform, he's a fugitive from a bobby-sock.

Bob gets letters from 12-year-old girls asking his advice about their junior high-school problems. People are always meeting him and gasping, "Why I had no idea you were so grown up!" After his youngest part of all, the teen-age soldier in "Since You Went Away" (Bob was supposed to be seventeen in that one, and since he got away with that, he thinks it was his best acting feat to date) a GI wrote Bob a note saying, "Well, Bob, I guess you'll be almost old enough soon to be a real soldier!"

Even Bob's boys, Bobby, 5, and Michael, 4, take their dad's picture parts completely straight. Bob's parents-in-law took the two young hopefuls to see "Private Hargrove," and the next time Bob saw the kids they checked right up on him. "I said hello to you and you didn't say hello back to me," complained Bobby. "You got on the train and went to New York, didn't you?" asked Mike. "Did you have a good time?" and "Didn't you get a cold when you fell in the water?" It's that way with all Bob's actor friends, too. They know Van Johnson, and when they saw "30 Seconds Over Tokyo," they were very deeply depressed. "Now Van has only one leg left," wailed Bobby.

robber's roost . . .

Most every Sunday Bob drops by Jennifer's Bel-Air house, picks up the kids and

drives them off on a Sunday fun tour. They take in the sidewalk carnival, out near Beverly Hills, sometimes the zoo in Griffith Park, or they just stroll around the streets of Beverly or Hollywood. Hundreds of citizens who have watched Robert Walker intimately on the screen, pass the tall, young *pater familias* in his plain business suit, sedate behind tortoise shell glasses, calmly ushering his offspring along in an experienced paternal way. They must think he's just another downtown broker or insurance man on his day off. Because he has never been recognized to this day.

That's the way Bob likes it. For a fellow who's as wrapped up in his art as Bob Walker is he's about as Barrymorish as a bottle of milk. The guy's as normal as 98.6.

The only dramatic event I could dig out of his young life since he came to Hollywood (outside of breaking up with his wife Jennifer) was The Great Christmas Eve Theft, or Farewell, My Wardrobe.

Bob is baching more or less, these days high up in Mandeville Canyon in a fair-sized furnished house. Well, the night before Christmas and all through Bob's house something was stirring, and it was definitely no mouse. Because when Bob came home from Jennifer's where he'd been trimming the tree, he saw a couple of his best Brooks Bros. shirts spread out on the front lawn, boxes with fancy Christmas wrapping scattered here and there, and the front door open.

When he hustled inside the house, he spied the chair seats topsy turvy, the drawers inside out and the rugs draped over the chandelier. "Ha, ha, a gag," thought Bob until he noticed that the place was as bare as a cigarette shelf in a cut-rate drug store. He wuz robbed—and how!

Bob has taken to dating things back to the Great Theft. It's a mile post in his life, because he's had to start all over, personally speaking, since it happened. He was wearing a pair of blue slacks, a blue sports coat, white shirt and blue tie when he came home, and he wore the same all through the Christmas Holidays and even New Year's Eve. It was all he had.

Tougher still was explaining to Bobby and Michael how Santa Claus got hijacked. Because not only every present Bob had received, but every gift he had bought, went with the loot. But the unkindest cut of all came from his very own studio. Bob was making "The Princess and the Bellhop" at M-G-M, and when he reported his cleanout, they seized on the vital item right away. "The burglar didn't take that brown tweed suit of yours, did he?"

gone with the wind . . .

"Why, sure," allowed Bob. . .

A lot of scenes had been shot—but there were added scenes still to be made. And now—no suit to match. Gone with the wind. "For gosh sakes!" raved the M-G-M powers. "Why did you ever take that suit home? Why didn't you leave it safely here on the lot in our moth, burglar, bullet and buzz-bomb proof vaults?"

So you see Fate can kick up its heels and smite Master Robert Walker in the face now and then. Although most of the time, according to Bob, his private existence in Hollywood boasts all the thrills of a carrot's progress through life. What really sends Bob is his work. As long as the studio keeps him busy, he'll settle for a 10 o'clock bedtime and even burglars on Christmas, if necessary.

You see, Bob has been all wrapped up in this acting business ever since he was old enough to know beef from bully. He skipped college after San Diego Military Academy and plopped right into New York's American Academy of Dramatic Art. That's where he met and married

MARGUERITE CHAPMAN, IN THE COLUMBIA PICTURE "COUNTER-ATTACK"
STARRING PAUL MUNI



Marguerite Chapman
... her Hands say,
"Romance"

YOU: *Wish my hands were so smooth and soft.*
MARGUERITE CHAPMAN: Have you tried Jergens Lotion?
YOU: *Is Jergens your hand care, Miss Chapman?*
MARGUERITE CHAPMAN: Yes, indeed, I use Jergens Lotion.

The Hand Care of the Stars is Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1. And why?

Such sure protection against rough hands with Jergens Lotion. Like professional hand care! Furnishes beauty-guarding moisture most hand skin needs. Encourages even neglected hands to sweet-to-touch smoothness with 2 ingredients many doctors use. So simple—no stickiness. 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.



FOR THE SOFTEST, ADORABLE HANDS USE
JERGENS LOTION

"SOAPING" DULLS HAIR
HALO GLORIFIES IT!



Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it . . . leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.

2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap . . . made with a new type patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film!

3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse . . . Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!

4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant!

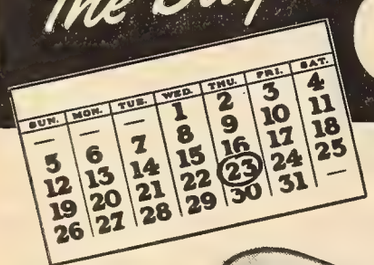
5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!

6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! Get Halo Shampoo today . . . in 10¢ or larger sizes.



REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!

Today the Day?



SAY "Sanapak" —and be safe!

NEW-DESIGN SANITARY NAPKINS GIVE YOU *Triple-Protection!*



New-Design SAN-NAP-PAKS give a wonderful feeling of comfort, safety. Made with special "Pink Layers" to give *triple protection!* Cotton faced for comfort—sleek tapered ends. All at no extra cost. So—*say "SANAPAK"!*



REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Jennifer, you know, and every bit of his adult life has been spent with a script of some sort in one hand and wistful hopes on the horizon. He and "Phil" (as he calls Jennifer) struggled through the Greenwich Village school of hard knocks, around the Cherry Lane Theater. When the babies came along, Bob kept the growing family in shoes and Pablum by rushing from one soap opera to another in Radio City. He and "Phil" tried Hollywood once before, but after a bit for Bob in a stinker, and similar sad fates for Jennifer, they had to give it up like so many other hopefuls.

annie oakleying to Hollywood . . .

Moreover, Bob considers he's in Hollywood on an Annie Oakley—a sort of free pass this time. Because he wouldn't even have come out if Jennifer hadn't captured the prize part of "Bernadette." Even then he thought at first he'd just mosey out, dabble around in Hollywood radio and look over the studios while Jennifer made "The Song." But an agent talked him out of the idea of crashing Hollywood on "spec" and into taking a test for M-G-M. When they shot him right into "Bataan," he could hardly believe it was true. In fact, his enthusiasm almost got him into a jam, but Bob Taylor saved the day.

The minute "Bataan" was finished, Walker couldn't wait to see the results. When he heard about the sneak preview, he simply had to see it. Well, that's not done by actors at M-G-M, especially young, new actors. But Bob was so eager that Tay Garnett, the director, and Robert Taylor, the star, both were touched. "Come over to the studio right away, and you can go out in the car that takes us," they offered. "It's against the rules, but what the heck!"

Of course, Bob Walker promptly told Jennifer, and she simply had to go, too. With Jenny being star on another lot, that would be high treason, Bob knew, if discovered. So he hid her in the back seat and bowled on up to M-G-M to get the Word from Tay and Bob.

That's when they told him it would be impossible for him to take his own car. "Have to come with us in the studio car or else," they explained. "As it is, we'll probably get bawled out for taking you." When Bob hung back they said, "What in the world's the matter?"

"My wife's in the back seat!" he blurted.

Well, it all straightened out when good-natured Bob Taylor came to the rescue and wangled some studio strings to let the Walker family see the sneak.

He thinks he's lucky to be kept as busy as he's been. Because outside of a light breather in "Madame Curie," they've kept Hargrove humping. That was the only time he had a chance to start a tan (he takes a swell one despite his red hair). The only real vacation he's had in two years was between "The Clock" (his next release) and "The Princess and the Bellhop" (which he's making now). Bob spent that on a ranch near Tucson, Arizona—but even then less as a vacation than a rest cure. He was underweight and feeling low, and he gained 10 pounds to melt off in his next picture. But he hasn't been back to New York since he arrived. He planned a trip a while back and was all set to go when somebody handed him a script of "The Clock." That did it. Bob got so worked up about doing the picture he cancelled his reservations and unpacked his bags. It's his favorite picture so far. (Yep, he's a soldier again, with 24 hours leave to spend with Judy Garland.) But the point is—the reaction was typically Walker—he'd rather work than play any day in the week.

It's just that he's got a one-track mind. Like he says, "I work and play in spurts."

For instance, there was a spell awhile back when Bob and his sidekick, Peter Lawford, got an attack of Mocambo-itis. Bob loves to dance, rumbas and sambas like a Copacabana siren and he got on such a run of night-clubbing with Judy Garland or Martha O'Driscoll or Diana Lynn that they swept him out nightly at closing time with the cigarette butts.

But when I saw Bob, he hadn't been outside the house at night for a month—not even to a movie—and he loves movies. That's the way he operates. Of course, one good reason why he hugs the hearth these days is that he has Harry. Bob's new bachelor life drops into two definite grooves—B.H. and A.H. Before Harry and After Harry. Harry is his colored man's man, and he's the difference between living like a civilized single gentleman and like a dismal lost soul.

The latter stage in Bob Walker's existence took place, sad to relate, right after he and Jennifer had decided to have a marital vacation. For awhile, Bob decided to do his own housekeeping and cook his own meals. But he found himself dining every night on hamburgers. He was down to a shadow of his former self when his doctor put his foot down. "Either get a cook," he declared, "or ulcers—make up your mind."

That's when Harry stepped in and took over. Now Bob comes home from work to a cheery fire in the fireplace, a drink by his chair and a good dinner on the table. He only hopes it lasts, and since Harry was ten years with his former boss, there's a good chance. Particularly, too, since Harry is travel minded and so is Bob.

man friday . . .

Harry runs Bob's Mandeville man's castle without a hitch, and until the Great Theft, took perfect care of the Walker wardrobe. Bob's a conservative dresser, with Wall Street tastes rather than the more colorful Hollywood variety. He has a weakness for socks and shirts, and in the jewelry department only cuff links—he owns neither a ring nor a watch, only a St. Christopher medal which jangles on his key ring.

When Harry says, "Mister Walker, you can have guests tonight," (Yep, *he* tells *Bob*) then there's usually one or several of Bob Walker's pals in for dinner—Pete Lawford, Van Johnson, Keenan Wynn or somebody with their gals. In spite of his night life "spurts," Bob really got broken into the solid comforts of fun at home very early in life, being hitched at nineteen, and that's what he still prefers. He has a stack of both swing and symphony records (his favorite bands are Woody Herman and Cab Calloway) and a second hand machine he bought from his barber at M-G-M. Bob knows his jive and his frustrated ambition is to own a set of drums. There's plenty of brandy in the cabinet, Bob's favorite tipple, although he's very temperate with the stuff. There are cards and chips. So the evening usually ends up in a poker or gin-rummy session, at which game, incidentally, Bob's a sort of small-time shark; although he's not really a gambling man at heart.

Bob found that out down in Florida when he was on location with "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." A Florida hot spot happened to be nearby, and one night Bob got lucky to the tune of a $300 win at blackjack. Next night he went back and tried the crap table—goodbye $300, and another $300, too. That made him see the light. Not that he's too scotch (although he really is by ancestry). In fact, at the end of "The Clock" he handed out $500 worth of gifts to the crew. At the same time Bob can look after his interests.

He used to have a brace of motorcycles that he roared around town on, but one







day he skidded on a curve and knocked himself out colder than a pickle. Word came down from Bob's studio right away—"No more motorcycles."

"Okay," said Bob, "but what about my investment in these machines?"

"We'll buy 'em," countered the studio very cagily.

"How much?" asked Bob.

"$600."

"No," said Bob.

Finally he got twice that—$1200. He keeps a manager who puts him on one of those strict Hollywood budgets that make stars go around town acting hungry and running out of dough in the strangest places. The only time that happened to Bob was the night he took Judy Garland to Mocambo, and found he had three bucks cash in his wallet when that man came around. Who paid? That's right—Judy. But she got every penny of it back, all right.

Bob drives a long, deep-breathing, beige Lincoln Continental convertible now instead of motorcycles, which is really more his type anyway. He's not what you'd call the rugged type physically. Bob's the kind of guy who can play golf okay, swim okay, play tennis okay and all that. But as to violent exercise—romping around the yard with his boxer dog, "Brook," and keeping up with his two sons on the weekends keeps any surplus ounces off his frame.

Actually, if you played truth and consequence, what Bob Walker would rather do than anything is sack down at home right after dinner with a brand new script, turn on the radio (he always studies scripts with radio music right in his ear) and figure out how he's going to make it sound real next day on the set. That to him is Heaven.

AUTOGRAPHS!

We got 'em, you get 'em. Star signatures, we mean, and *so* cheap! Scurry to page 16.

young fry . . .

As for the younger Walkers, it's a little early to do any predicting. Both Bobby and Michael look exactly like their curly-headed pop, with light red-blond hair and blue eyes and could be they're chips off the old Walker block in more ways than one.

Last winter Bob had them home for a visit with his parents in Ogden. Bob's a good Mormon from Salt Lake, originally, you know, but his folks live now in Ogden, right down the line. It was the kids' first look at a real Western winter with plenty of thick snow and steep hills for bob-sledding.

Bob borrowed a sled and took them coasting down a slick slope where a bunch of kids were belly-whopping. Then Bobby, aged 5, wanted to go down alone.

For some reason Bob said "Okay," and off Bobby zipped with the rest of the kids, while Bob watched with his heart in his mouth.

But Bobby made the grade like a veteran and quickly puffed back up to the top. His old man was pardonably proud. "That was swell, Bobby," he glowed. "Don't you want to go down again?"

"Sure, Dad," said Bobby. "In a minute—when the rest of the kids come up. There's nobody here to watch right now."

So at least, Junior has the right instincts. An actor's always got to have an audience.

ALICE IN MOTHERLAND

(*Continued from page 34*)

a pair of pretty hands—that she hasn't had a professional manicure in heaven-knows-when.

If you think Alice might be bored by such a routine, you should examine more closely the reason for her happiness in just being a wife and mother. Baby Alice is one cardinal reason, a young character entirely out of this world. Friends who telephone the Harris household hear a piping voice over the wire saying, "Hello? Baby Alice speaking." To this diminutive secretary, callers convey their messages, and Baby Alice delivers them faithfully.

to the manner born . . .

In the morning, she likes to have breakfast in bed. Upon awakening, she dons bathrobe and slippers, rushes to the bathroom to brush her teeth and splash her round, dimpled face, then returns to her bed. To the maid or to her mother she says, after rapt deliberation, "This morning I will have scrambled eggs, tomato juice and one slice of raisin toast, please." Or she will murmur, "Today I think I would like oatmeal, grapefruit and an English muffin."

One morning, after the Harris family had entertained guests the night before, and Baby Alice had been allowed to listen to the adult conversation for thirty minutes before being tucked into bed, she said, "This morning I'll have chicken Romanoff, green salad with roquefort dressing, and cherries jubilee." She managed to keep her face solemn while delivering this epic, but her eyes glinted with glee.

Alice, Sr., took the order in stride. "I'm sorry, madame, but we are out of chicken, the lettuce is wilted, and our jubilee-mixer is out of order. May we serve you something else?"

Baby Alice pursed her lips, sighed and said, Well, she was disappointed, but she supposed she would have to have Wheaties, sliced bananas and milk for breakfast. Sometimes she asks for extra thick cream on her cereal, a reality because the Harris' plantation keeps a cow, name of Daisy Mae, who supplies such luxuries.

Not only does this Junior Miss have a clear conception of food preferences, but she also knows what she likes to wear. On one of Senior's infrequent trips to Beverly Hills, she took Junior along. Senior, upon passing a leather goods store, caught sight of a midget pair of handmade cowboy boots. "Cute, aren't they?" she asked her daughter.

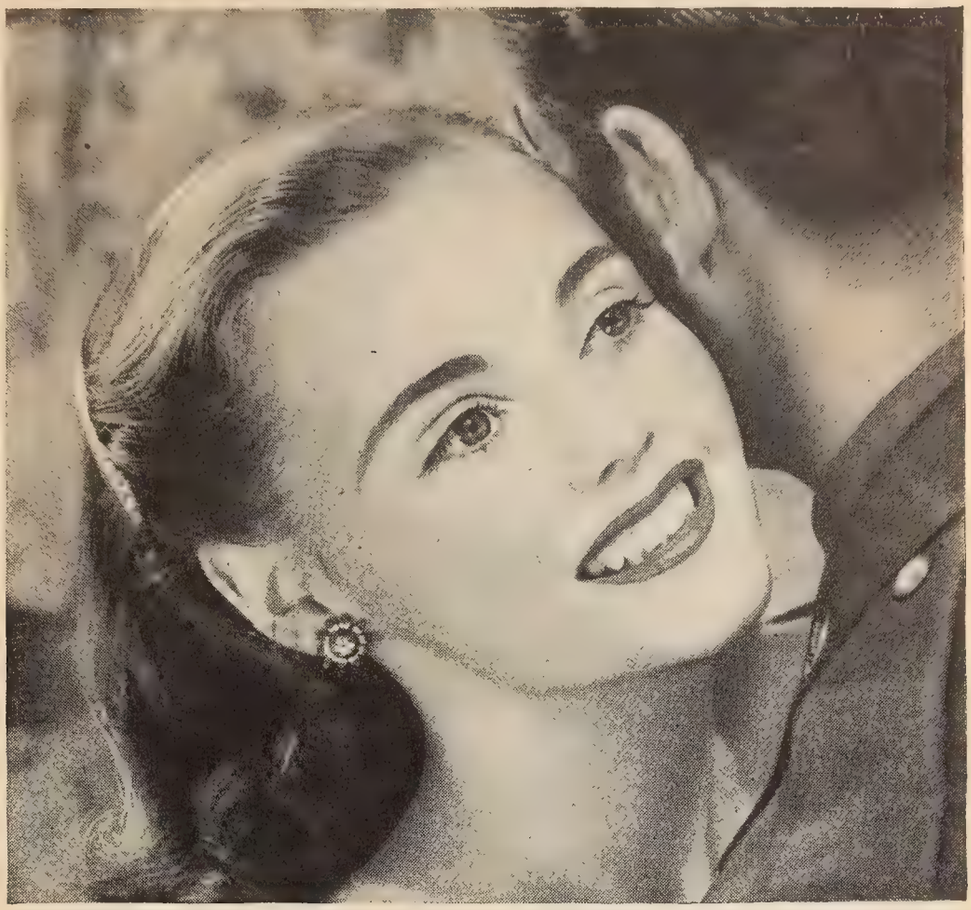
The daughter was making a button nose against the glass. "Oh, Mommy!" she drooled.

So the blue-eyed, blonde-headed pair of Alices entered the shop and asked about having a pair of boots made for Junior. The leather expert explained that he couldn't duplicate the boots, and that they were actually just window decorations, but he allowed Junior to try them on. They were a trifle large, but Junior's expression—as she strode around with plainsman's thumping—was idyllic.

It was too much for the shopkeeper. "You may have the boots," he said. When Alice tried to pay him, he demurred. "The sight of that child's delight was the finest payment a man could ask," he insisted.

Thus began the Prairie Period in the life of Baby Alice. The first thing she donned in the morning was her cowboy gear, and the last thing of which she divested herself at night was likewise. The sight of Junior clumping around in nightgown, bathrobe and boots was impressive. And,

The Loveliest Kiss...



Q. What brings a girl such kisses?

A. Skin like satin—so smooth.

Q. If only my skin weren't so dry!

A. Don't worry. A new One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream gives amazing results against dry skin.

This 1 cream does the work of 4 creams

Gives all-round beauty care—like a daily facial treatment. For every type of skin. Helps prevent drawn, dry-skin lines. Just use Jergens Face Cream regularly:

1. for Cleansing **2. for Softening**
3. for a Foundation **4. as a Night Cream**

No ordinary cream! A skin scientists' formula (by the makers of Jergens Lotion). Already popular. See your own skin become fresher, smooth—with Jergens Face Cream. 10¢ to $1.25, plus tax.



JERGENS FACE CREAM

USE LIKE 4 CREAMS—FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

Why Ugly Blemishes* respond to this medicated cream



Nurses among first to discover this effective skin aid

● Are ugly externally-caused pimples, blemishes and other annoying skin irritations spoiling your appearance? If they are, get a jar of the Medicated Skin Cream, Noxzema, and see how quickly it can help your skin back to normal soft smoothness. Nurses were among the first to discover how Noxzema helps. That's because it's a *medicated formula;* it not only smooths and softens rough, dry skin, but *helps heal* pimples and blemishes.*

Try Noxzema *today!* It's greaseless, non-sticky. At all drug counters; 10c, 25c, 50c, $1 (plus tax). *externally-caused

NOXZEMA MEDICATED SKIN CREAM



when she was invited to a neighborhood birthday party, she allowed the nurse to select her ruffled, lace-trimmed party dress, but she was adamant about those sissy patent leather slippers. She was going to wear her cowboy boots or she wasn't going to that party. Alice, hiding a grin, nodded to the nurse. And young Alice, proving something or other about her fellow juveniles, was easily the belle of the party.

During the year in which Alice, senior, has been off the screen, not one of her loyal fans appears to have forgotten her. The fan mail continued to arrive by the carload, and Alice continued to answer it. Many of the letters requested pictures, so Alice posed. While doing this portrait sitting, the studio cameraman decided to cooperate with the studio fashion department and secure a series of fashion stills. While Alice, Sr. was posing, the entranced interest of Alice, Jr. inspired the studio representatives to get a few Young Idea shots. Baby Alice was inserted into a minute bathing suit and bathrobe and, with the poise of a veteran, she held the robe in such a manner as to partly-reveal, partly-conceal her suit. She also posed in a number of street ensembles. Then, bored by the whole thing, she told the cameraman, "That's all. I'm tired," and with the graciousness of a grand duchess, she curtsied and swept out of the room.

point of pride . . .

Alice, Senior, a little bewildered, but bursting with pride in her daughter, decided to take Alice Junior on the personal appearance tour scheduled for Phil. "But where are we going?" demanded Junior. Alice told her, "To Brooklyn." Junior nodded emphatically, having overheard some of her mother's recent book discussions. "Of course—where that tree grows," she said.

While packing her own luggage, Junior rejected a dress that Alice had suggested. "It won't do, Mommy," she explained patiently. "You know how awfully it wrinkles."

When Alice, Sr. called at 20th Century-Fox to complete arrangements for her picture, scheduled to roll late in April, someone asked her what she had done with the past year of her life.

"Tried to keep up with Baby Alice, and tried to give Phyllis as good a start in life as her energetic sister has," Alice laughed. "When you see that pair, you'll realize that I haven't had a spare moment."

And her reason for returning to the screen? Junior's interest in the theatrical profession. After having listened to her daddy broadcast, and having watched his activity before his band, Junior borrowed one of her mother's long knitting needles and spent much time in front of the radio, directing the music with great energy.

One day she approached her feminine parent with a query. "Daddy makes music. What can *you* do, Mommy?"

So Mommy is going to show her—on celluloid. Alice hopes from the bottom of her heart that her next role will be dramatic instead of musical. However, critics agree that no matter in which category Alice, Sr. performs, her daughter and her fans are due for a treat.

AUTOGRAPHS!

Some splendid, some funny. All for a quarter, which isn't much money. See page 16.

FACE TO FACE

(*Continued from page 73*)

where you reach for your skin freshener or astringent to give the finishing touch to your cleaning job. Pour some on a pad that's been dampened with cold water. Sponge face and throat. Every last trace of cream disappears! Turn the pad, add a little more skin freshener and concentrate on any areas of excessive oiliness. This extra stimulation tends to normalize the pores of these areas. Now pat the entire face and throat with the pad. So invigorating! This freshener workout is for your complexion what setting-up exercises are for the figger.

Now about that liquefying cream we were speaking about. It's grand for an oily puss. Melts gently at the touch of your skin. Spreads with film-like lightness and silken-smooth swiftness over your whole face. Prime virtue: it does the kind of refreshing, cleaning-up job that oily, "coarse-pored" skin needs and it's not loaded with any ingredients that might clog a single large pore.

But your skin is desert dry? Then by all means get yourself a lusciously rich night cream. That doesn't mean that your greasy face will skid on the pillow. Not at all. Apply the cream; normal skin will absorb all it can possibly use in twenty minutes. Slither off the excess with a convenient tissue . . . and sweet dreams!

For your waking moments all of you should know about creams that do duty under face powder. (To learn about "Powder Perfection" be sure to check page 76.) Whip on some *vanishing cream,* leave it on for one full minute. When off, your skin feels silky soft, all the little rough bits of dry skin flecked away. Your face now has a mat finish that makes the perfect make-up base.

Too, there is *foundation cream* which forms a film of protection against harsh weather and conceals tiny skin imperfections. Acts to "anchor" rouge and powder in a natural finish that's utterly enchanting. The filmy consistency spreads smoothly beneath your finger tips. The least bit creates the most flattering effect, so apply it sparingly. Just dot the cream on forehead, cheeks, chin and nose; then blend it over the entire face. Faintly flesh-colored, it blends with the natural tones of your skin.

Yes, to put yourself on face-to-face equality with your chosen Hollywood beauty, you must begin with a clean, firm, glowing skin. Proper use of creams is absolutely necessary . . . your make-up then will really make you glamorous!

* * *

If you find yourself face-to-face with any beauty problems, don't despair! Just sit right down and write me a note about them . . . . about your skin, your hair, your make-up or figure worries. And, too, I'll be glad to tell you the name of any product you're interested in. Carol Carter, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Ave., N. Y., 16, N. Y.*

QUEEN OF THE MAY

That's what we'll be this next issue. And tops in the field and fullest of gab. Why not pick up your May MODERN SCREEN this early April 10? Such fun.



Be Lovely to Love

You'll never worry about staying sweet and dainty if you use

Fresh

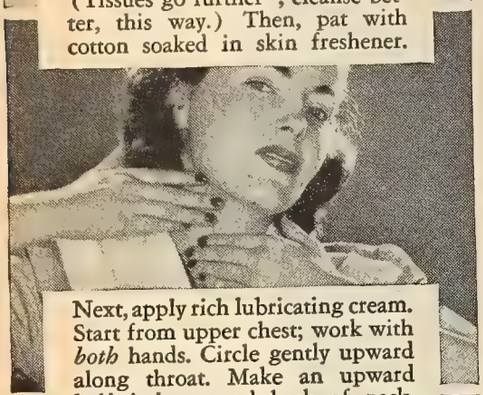
the cream deodorant that stops perspiration worries completely. It's gentle, stays creamy and smooth . . . 50¢, 25¢, 10¢



TIPS FOR A LOVELY THROAT LINE



When applying and *removing* cleansing cream, *always* use *upward* and *outward* motion. To remove, wrap absorbent Sitroux Tissue around hand, like a mitt. (Tissues go further*, cleanse better, this way.) Then, pat with cotton soaked in skin freshener.



Next, apply rich lubricating cream. Start from upper chest; work with *both* hands. Circle gently upward along throat. Make an upward half-circle around back of neck.



For firming exercise, bend head forward, relaxed; roll to right, back; left, back to front. Repeat, circling left to right. Leave cream on half-an-hour (overnight, for dry skin). Remove with Sitroux Tissue, using upward strokes. Absorbent Sitroux removes cream thoroughly; fine for hankies, too.



* Tissue manufacturers are faced with raw material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are doing our best to make the finest quality tissues under present government restrictions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX TISSUES

SAY SIT-TRUE



Chili Spareribs, golden brown, richly spiced from slow roasting in barbecue sauce is Texas "chuck wagon" specialty you'll want to try.



Constance Moore, now working in new film "Delightfully Dangerous," loves a recipe starting with "a big, juicy Texas onion."

What's Cookin', America?

By Nancy Wood

For the 10th Regional Cookery Series we roam the Lone Star State, roping in prime all star recipes

■ Take a long, wistful look, girls—those are real pre-war nylons on Constance Moore's beautiful legs in the dance number which she does with Pinky Lee and Tommy Ivo in "Earl Carroll's Vanities," her current picture, in which she co-stars with Dennis O'Keefe. Residents of Dallas, Texas, will see this new gay musical with considerable satisfaction because Connie is their home-town-gal-who-made-good. Although she was born in Sioux City, Iowa, in 1920, she grew up in the amazing state of Texas, famous for jackrabbits, long-horned cows, helium, barbecues, pink grapefruit, handsome men, onions and enormous distances from hither to thither. And you'd better not try to fence them in!

Connie started her career with the do-re-mi of singing lessons at fifteen. A natural singer, she was soon heard over a Dallas radio station. An uncle, the kind of uncle any gal would cherish, bought a Texas network program for his chain of drug stores with the stipulation that any singing would be done by his favorite niece. In 1937, Rufus Le Maire of Universal Studios, talent scout, heard her and offered her a contract at $100 a week. A year and a half of rigorous training and very minor movie roles followed. Then came romance in the form of John Maschio, actor's agent. She meant to talk only business at first, but his mind was on

romance. So Johnny missed a first-class business deal, but he married the girl and they have lived happily ever after. Little Mary Constance was born in 1941 to complete the family circle.

Johnny is very lucky! Although Constance was voted "the most beautiful girl on Broadway" when starring in the naughty "By Jupiter" in New York in 1942, she can cook! (The dish-washing afterwards leaves her cold, however.) She loves rich foods, especially chocolate cake, but rations herself sternly because of a natural feminine fear of losing the streamlining of her present very shapely figure.

Coming from Texas, Connie has a wide variety of foods to choose from. Texas is so huge that a number of climates and agricultural conditions prevail. Great quantities of peaches, apples, cantaloupes, citrus fruit, dates, figs, strawberries, blackberries, potatoes, rice, tomatoes, peanuts, pecans, onions and spinach are raised in some parts. The coast of the Gulf of Mexico is awash with all kinds of delicious sea-food. The cow country has steaks galore, although now, we are sure, they dutifully turn in their red points for these. Texas has comparatively few "spots" or dairy cows. Because beef cattle who roam the range would kick the sunbonnet right off any dairy maid approaching them with a milk pail, most Texans use canned milk.

"Bait" in Texas has been influenced by the cookery of the Southern Atlantic States, by the "chuck-wagon" of the cattle-grazing districts and by "adobe" foods from neighbors across the Rio Grande.

Pecan Pie is a famous Texas dessert, classed by Connie as an irresistible temptation. You wouldn't make it often these days because of its sugar content, but for special occasions, when you feel you and your guests deserve something extravagantly good, here's the recipe:

LONE STAR PECAN PIE

1 cup corn syrup
½ cup sugar
3 eggs, slightly beaten
2 tablespoons melted butter or fortified margarine
1 cup coarsely cut pecans
Juice of 1 lemon or orange, optional
1 unbaked 9-inch pie crust

Blend all ingredients thoroughly. Pour into unbaked pie crust. Bake 10 minutes in hot oven (450° F.). Lower heat to moderate (350° F.) and continue baking until a silver knife blade inserted in center of filling comes out clean. This is a rich pie so it can be cut to provide 8-10 portions.

With all the steaks and chops and roasts roaming the grasslands of that state, we have chosen "meat stretchers!"

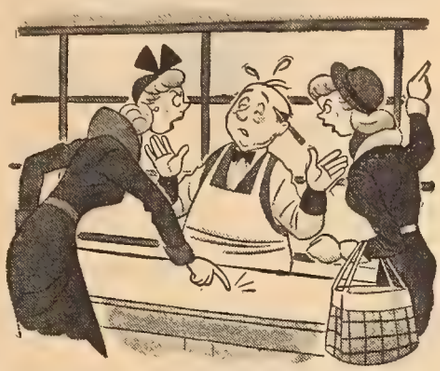
Tamale Pie, delicious served piping hot, stretches a pound of hamburger to serve six. Chili Spareribs are lickable and rich in flavor. There is Baked Stuffed Fish to serve with an early Spring dandelion or young lettuce salad. Try Texas Chili con Carne, or Baked Stuffed Onions.

While you're thinking of it, send us that stamped, self-addressed envelope for your FREE leaflet of meat-stretchers.

The MODERN HOSTESS, Dept. C.M.
MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE
149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

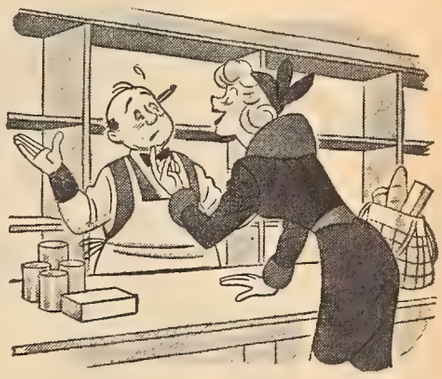
If at first you don't succeed....

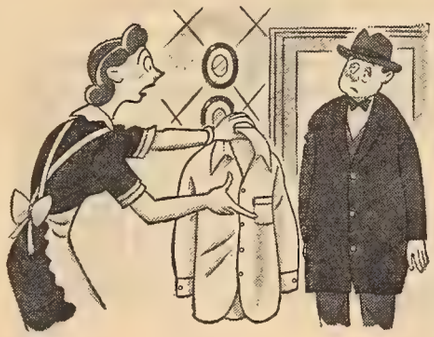
(A SEQUEL)



If you've got a little grocer
Who is worn and sad and gray—
And you ask your little grocer
For Fels-Naptha Soap ***today!***

If you nag him and you scold him
Even try your cutest tricks
Yet in spite of all you've told him
He continues to say "Nix."





Don't accuse the man of hoaxing
Don't mistrust his empty shelf—
Think of Mrs. Grocer 'coaxing'
For Fels-Naptha Soap, herself!

Fels-Naptha Soap

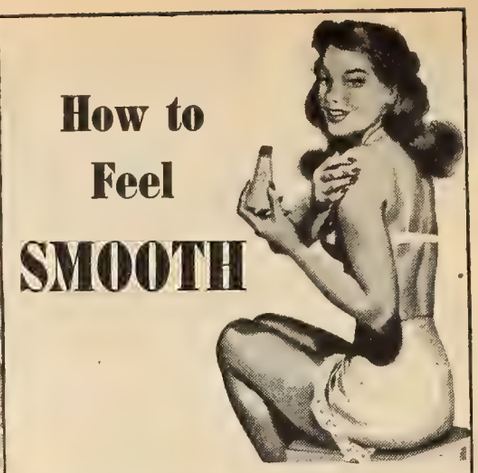
BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE" GRAY





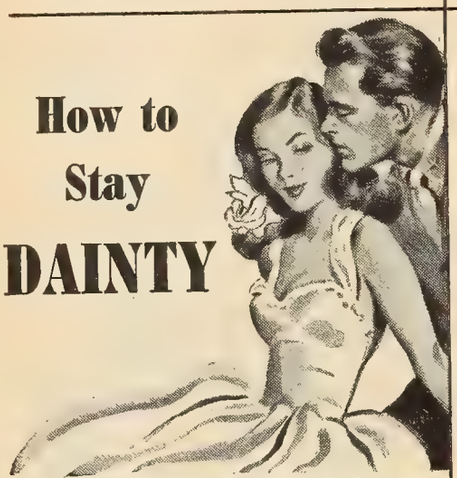
How to Keep FRESH

Bathe! Then dry yourself *gently*. Next shake Cashmere Bouquet Talc over yourself. All over. Quickly it dries lingering moisture. And gives you a ravishing freshness.



How to Feel SMOOTH

For *ultra* comfort, sprinkle some *extra* Cashmere Bouquet Talc over those little trouble-spots before you dress. It protects chafable places with a silken-smooth sheath.



How to Stay DAINTY

Pamper your body *often* with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. It's an *inexpensive* luxury. Hours after you use it, it perfumes your person with its dainty fragrance . . . the fragrance men love.



2 Shades Natural and Even Tan in 10¢ and 20¢ sizes

CASHMERE BOUQUET TALC

with the fragrance men love

WHY DON'T YOU WRITE?

Writing short stories, articles on homemaking, business, human interest hobbies, local and club activities, etc., will enable you to earn extra money. In your own home, on your own time, the New York Copy Desk Method teaches you how to write—the way newspaper women learn, by writing. Our unique "Writing Aptitude Test" tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities essential to successful writing. You'll enjoy this test. Write for it, without cost or obligation.

NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
Suite 571-D, One Park Avenue New York 16, N. Y.



WOMEN—Earn Money Sell TRU-FIT HOSIERY

Write for Outfit and Stocking FREE!

Make money, build steady business, prepare for return of NYLON HOSIERY by taking orders now from friends for **Tru-Fit Rayon Hosiery.** Sensational Customer-Fit Service provides exact leg-pattern for every type customer. Your personal hose FREE AS SALES BONUS. Outfit and sample stocking FREE. Write

AMERICAN HOSIERY MILLS
Dept. J-205, Indianapolis 7, Ind.

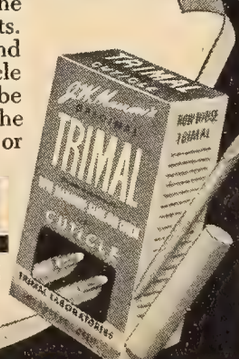
PREPARE FOR nylon

Why risk cutting cuticle?

— when it's so easy to keep cuticle trim with Trimal!

NEGLECTED CUTICLE

The safe, gentle way to remove cuticle is the same method used by professional manicurists. Simply wrap cotton around manicure stick and apply Trimal. Then watch dead, loose cuticle soften. Wipe it away with a towel. You'll be amazed and delighted with results! Ask for the 10c or 25c size now — at drug, department or 10c stores.



Use **TRIMAL**

... keeps cuticle trim without cutting

WELL-MANICURED CUTICLE

TRIMAL LABORATORIES • LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

CITIZEN CRANE

(Continued from page 47)

certificate he wrote, "November 14, 1944."

So you can see why Dick Crane gets soft and sentimental whenever a fourteenth comes around. In fact, Dick and Kay's happy home might still be a deep, dark secret if a surge of that sentiment for number fourteen hadn't hit him right over the heart one particularly vulnerable evening and made him blurt out what now he's glad all the world knows. That happened the evening Anne Baxter and MODERN SCREEN tossed a party up at Anne's house one month to the day after the Richard Cranes were Mr. and Mrs. Kay was whooping away with the flu that night, but she made Dick show up as he'd promised, and the sight of all the gay couples having a whirl made him about as happy as a mourning dove with the absent-lover blues. They began to needle him about his sad sack puss, and Dick blurted out at last, "How the heck can I have any fun with Kay home sick in bed? And on our anniversary, too!"

"Your *what!*" They practically yelled it.

Dick stuttered and stumbled around trying to cover up, but the deed was done.

solid citizen . . .

Five minutes with Dick, and you know for sure he's a solid citizen from away back. The guy's a rock—and how he ever found himself mixed up in anything as notoriously artistic and screwy as the motion picture racket is something I'll never figure out. Don't think he's not serious. Both Dick and Kay are dead set on making this acting business holler "Uncle." But at the same time Dick's absolutely hipped on not going Hollywood.

Take the time a couple of years or so ago when Dick snagged what was, until then, the biggest movie break of his life. He played a nice little part in "Susan and God" as Joan Crawford's daughter's boy friend. And while it was no bid for an Academy Award, it was a long leap forward. Maybe too long, thought Dick.

So what did Crane do, the minute he'd finished the picture, but grab a job washing dishes at night at a Hollywood drive-in for twelve bucks a week and meals! Since "Susan and God" paid off with a real roll of folding money, by all rights he should have celebrated. "Are you nuts?" his pals pestered him.

Said Citizen Crane, "I'm scared to death of going hi-hat. I want to keep my balance!"

Practically the same thing happened again after Dick rang the bell at Twentieth Century in "Happy Land." It won him a Zanuck contract and reams of publicity, besides a tidy new salary. If he needed anything then, it was a new car, or another car, at least.

They even hinted around the lot that Dick would do well to go down and look over Madman Nuntz's more up-to-date used-car models. After all, a new contract player doesn't have to spread it around, but he can at least keep his coattails from dragging on the curb.

puttin' on the dog . . .

"No," said Dick. "Maybe later—but not now. That old heap is part of me. If I went for a new one now I'd be changing—going Hollywood." So he's still pushing the '39 rattletrap around. Nobody's going to glamorize Crane unless it's his pup Muffins.

Because Dick even carried his stubborn armor against Hollywood elegance right down to the dogs. He'd long craved a pup around the house—the last one he had was a collie when he was three—so when

Kay and Dick got hitched and found the little hillside hideaway, first thing Dick suggested was an addition to the family—strictly canine. Kay had a lot of ideas on the dog subject, and most of them leaned to various breeds of thoroughbreds. Dick likes pedigreed pups, too, but—that old complex about suddenly going gorgeous stopped him.

"I think," said Dick soberly, "it would be a lot better taste if we just went out to the pound and got a mutt."

Kay sighed that she'd see, and in a day or two she greeted Dick one evening with the cutest woolly coated little white female Maltese terrier you ever saw. "Muffins" it was from the start. She's a personality pup supreme, and she's already famous. "Get's twice the publicity I do," Dick growls good naturedly. But here's the pay-off:

Trotting past a Hollywood kennel one day, Kay and Dick were hailed by a man who came running out all hot and bothered. "What a beauty!" he cried. "What a perfect specimen! A show dog! Where did you get her?"

Dick and Kay said "The pound."

The man clapped his brow like he'd had a mental hot-foot. Then he jabbered out the amazing facts that Muffins was a very rare sample of Maltese terrier with all the points and perfections of a canine aristocrat.

Maybe I'd better explain that along with this absolute allergy to any brand of Hollywood chi-chi, Dick Crane carries a sober, industrious, logical and studious urge to be a really topnotch actor. It took him a lot of long years since he got out of high school to make up his mind about what he really wanted to do with his young life—and once he'd found out—well, have you ever noticed that slightly bull dog jaw he wears week-days and Sundays?

Dick pumped gas in gas stations. He herded trucks and rippled his muscles as a day laborer, too, trying to find himself. He skipped college and tried the school of hard knocks. Once he spent a season on the complaint desk at Sears-Roebuck, patiently trying to untangle the woes of irate customers with beefs. He gained a poise and manliness that you catch right off when you meet him, and he thanks his lucky stars now that he got a chance to meet the people and see what made them all tick. So—from the moment he went on a stage in a Bliss-Hayden school amateur production, mastered his first stage fright and felt the thrill of acting, he knew what the answer was. "Okay—so acting's my business. Then I'll know my business!"

old times . . .

Here's an example:
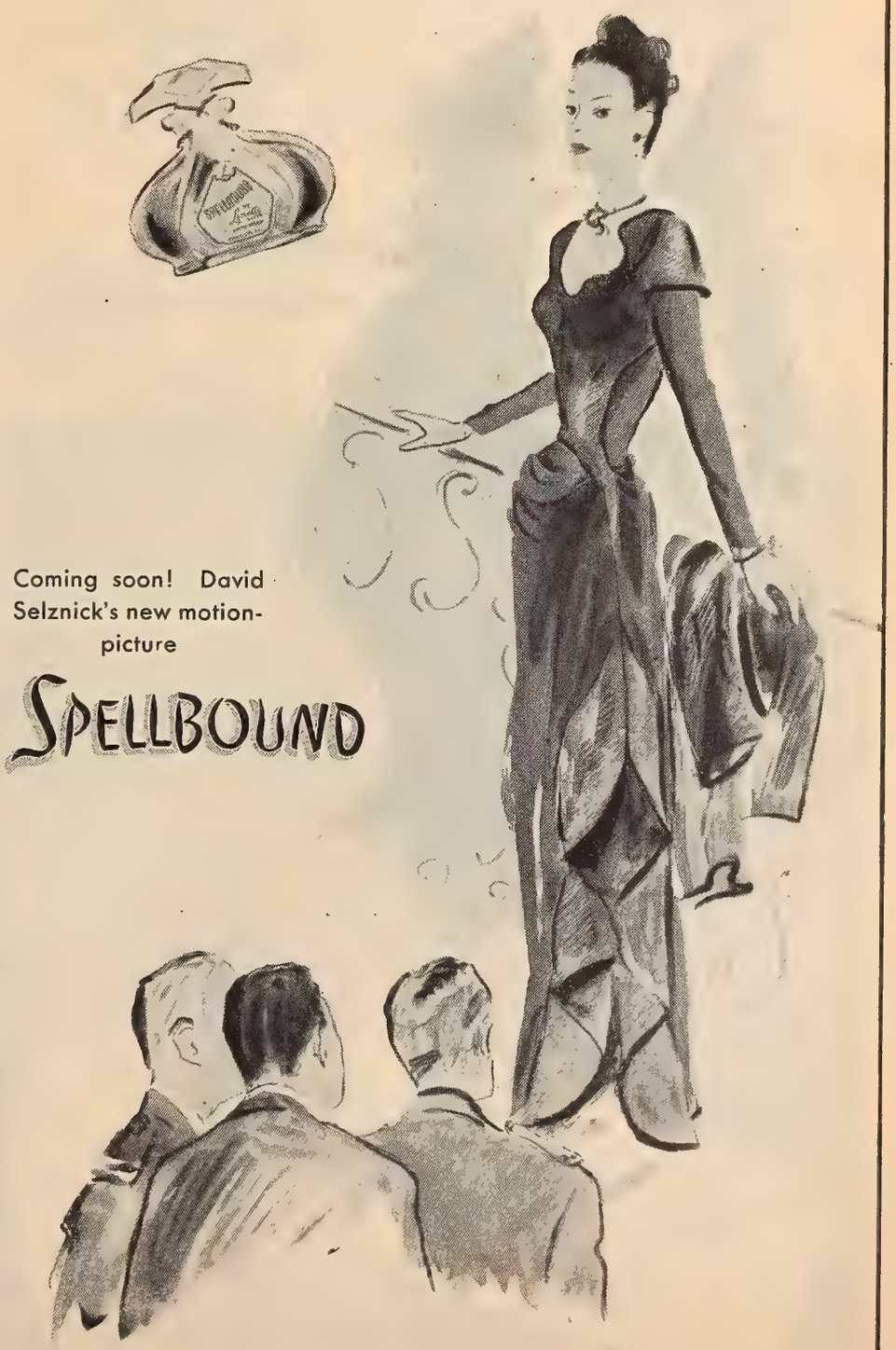
When Dick came up for "Happy Land," which as you know was his first crack at the real recognition, he faced a knotty problem. His part added up to a kid of seventeen, and Dick was twenty-five. So what did he do? He took a notebook and went around to all his school pals and interviewed them on what cooked when he was young and gay. Then he grilled his mother about what he talked like, how he acted, how he wore his hair, what he looked like. In short, he went back about eight years in every department—and he clicked on the screen in a tough assignment.

When he met up with Kay Morley and fell like a load of bricks, Dick Crane found himself coupled up with an ambitious girl after his own serious heart. She's a beauty, brunette, slim but dreamily built, with dark eyes with just a slight Oriental slant to them. The result is something special for beauty that first got Kay started in Hollywood. She made the team right away after Long Beach high school as a Goldwyn Girl. But that wasn't enough—just being a movie

SHE'S WEARING

SPELLBOUND

perfume by LYNETTE



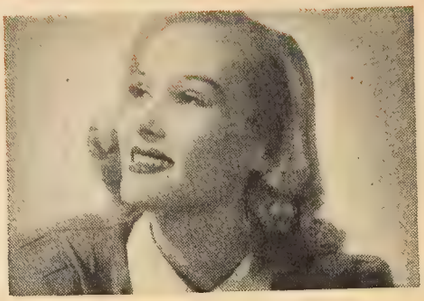
Coming soon! David Selznick's new motion-picture

SPELLBOUND

LYNETTE PERFUMES, 741 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

GUARANTEED

a lovelier make-up...





6 shades
$1 • 50¢ • 25¢
plus tax

Hampden Cream Make-up gives you a glamorous new complexion immediately. Makes you look youthfully fresh; keeps your skin soft as a butterfly wing. Conceals skin flaws and holds powder on for hours.

Try Hampden; if it does not give you the loveliest make-up, return to 251 Fifth Ave., N.Y., for full refund.



hampden
POWDER-BASE

Never dries or cakes your skin!



showhorse. Kay has brains and talent underneath her beauty. By the time Dick met her, Kay was well on her way to being a young actress around the studios. It was Dick's agent, talking about picture parts, you'll remember who introduced them. By now she's played the lead in a Republic epic, and Dick will tell you right off, "I'm mighty proud of her. She's a swell little actress."

So they're two of a kind, and their favorite fun at home is acting out scenes from plays. In fact, except for their anniversary splurge on those Fourteenths I mentioned, the newlywed Cranes never budge outside their house after dinner. Instead, they haul down a stack of scripts and plays and emote away at each other like a couple of Barrymores.

the human animal . . .

This is where poor Muffins comes in. Kay and Kick have a particular scene they'd rather tackle than anything. It's from James Thurber's hit, "The Male Animal," one where Dick goes a little on the berserk side and tears up the joint. The furniture gets tossed around a bit, and all in all it's too much for Muffins.

The first time they let themselves go on "The Male Animal," Muffins high-tailed for the bed (where she usually sleeps rolled up at their feet), and she didn't come out for twenty-four hours. The next time she stayed under two days. They've done all they can to explain to the poor pup that it's just art in bloom but it looks like murder to Muffins!

Kay and Dick live in the funniest little joint you ever saw. They call it "The Third Bear" because it's the smallest of three little guest cottage offshoots of an opulent old estate up in Laurel Canyon. It clings to the side of a hill and looks like something out of Grimm's fairy tales. It's nice and remote so that neighbors can't complain no matter how many tempests of art and drama they stage. It's plainly furnished, neat but simple. There's not an ounce of elegance to make Dick feel uncomfortable or make his old pals shy away.

A Southern California raised boy, he has loads of pals around town in all kinds of rackets. You wouldn't know a one if I named them, outside of possibly Dick's best chum, Johnny James, a young actor, another, Bob Mitchum, and possibly his agent and friend, Bert Marx. They come up to The Third Bear with their wives, and it makes Dick and Kay happiest when they can all loaf around and whip up a mess to eat. The only thing Dick Crane ever asks of his guests is that they don't treat him like a movie star and that they let him go around snapping candid cameras of everybody, because he's one of those photographic nuts. However, he pays them off in the end with a Crane Special, which is a grilled steak.

But that sort of thing sums up Dick. He's a homebody as never was. He likes to fix doorknobs and electric switches and take the refrigerator apart. He ruined a perfectly good alarm clock just because he had an idea he could make it wake him up. No commercial clock yet made can turn the trick so Dick had a Rube Goldberg invention dreamed up with a few sirens and explosions and things. Once, he claims, he slept two days without a look at the sun, but maybe he just dreamt that. It's a fact, though, that Crane's one obvious vice is a tendency to show up late for appointments. I hate to have to tell this on Dick, but it's a matter of record that he was even late to his own wedding!

That's why, when you ask Dick Crane about his talents, he grins, "The things I do best are sleep and eat!"

That's not real gospel, but it's true that Crane, like Crosby, is a "no-nerves" phenomenon. He's on the easy-going,

phlegmatic, poised side, and his major worry in life is keeping down to size in spite of all those hearty meals.

He's never had an anxious twitch in front of a camera, on a stage or before a mike since his first amateur stage performance. That's very probably, he admits, what's behind his very real and pressing horror of changing personally—of going Hollywood. "It's like this," he'll tell you very shrewdly. "What I've got that clicks on the screen is naturalness. What I've got to do is keep it!"

He used to study his lines at night and prep up like a Phi Beta before final exams. He had a letter-perfect memory, and once he got his speech he was set—too set. One day in an Army training picture Dick was handed a long speech. It was really a dinger —technical and tough— and he sat up late that night learning every syllable. Well, when they lined up, the director cried, "Wait a minute! I've got some changes." He slashed out a couple of lines here and a couple there. That did it. Dick had his mind so set on the job that when he hit those gaps he got a mental block. He ended up blowing sky high and having to read the thing off a blackboard.

That taught him a lesson. Now he never learns a line at home, just thinks the meaning through (and talks it over with Kay), then he catches the speech before he goes on.

wang wang blues . . .

The only time Dick ever spoiled a take that he can remember was his death scene in "Wing and a Prayer." It was a water tank scene. They had it lined up with a mesh of caps to explode like machine-gun bullets hitting water and a powder charge on a life raft that was to blow up under water like a torpedo at a certain moment in the scene.

In the melee the life raft with the explosive somehow got blown around by the wind machine, smacked Crane right on the rear under water and promptly set itself off with a wicked "Ka-wooosh!"

That wasn't in the script. Neither was it written down for Dick to leap the heck out of there yelling, "Holy Gosh, I've been shot in the fanny!"

What really embarrassed Dick was that just before the fiasco scene a group of visiting naval officers' wives had arrived on the set, and he didn't rest easy until he'd gone around to all of them personally and apologized for the colorful yipe.

the torso terrific . . .

Dick takes a lot of kidding from his pals about getting fat, but it's no joke for him to keep it streamlined. Ever since that famous coatless pajama scene in "Wing and a Prayer" which made the bobby sockers (and some older girls, too) squeal à la Sinatra, Dick Crane has been on the spot as "The Torso." It's kept him busy his spare hours.

He kept plugging away at sports all through his school days—track, basketball, baseball. He played fullback on his high school team and got elected captain. He worked summers at the Los Angeles mountain camps. In his spare time he packed all over the Sierras chasing deer and other game. Dick tuned his reflexes, too, racing hopped-up jallopies in AAA meets at Muroc Dry Lake.

Maybe you didn't know it but Dick Crane almost took a serious crack at the prize ring.

But his mother worried about it (and rightly), so he stopped at last.

Anyway, he's "The Torso" whether he likes it or not, and Crane aims to care for it, and still enjoy his vittles. At age 27 that calls for action. His answer is a rigid system of sleekline exercises, that Dick plugs away at in Easton's Gym on the Strip.

New! TAKES ONLY 2 TO 3 HOURS!
GENUINE BEAUTY-SALON TYPE

Cold Wave PERMANENT

Complete with same ingredients used by beauty shops on costly cold waves

79¢

Plus 8c Federal Tax





Satisfaction Guaranteed

Now, you can give yourself a perfectly exquisite, cold permanent wave at home, in only 2 to 3 hours. Think of it! . . . only 2 to 3 hours! Just do this: Put your hair up in "CHIC" De Luxe curlers . . . dab each curl with the amazing "CHIC" Quick-Wave solution . . . and almost before you know it, you have a gorgeous, crowning halo of beautiful, soft, natural looking curls and waves.

A "CHIC" De Luxe Cold Wave is safe to use on all types of hair . . . fine, medium, coarse . . . bleached or dyed. Excellent, too, for children's hair. Remember, "CHIC" De Luxe is a genuine, beauty salon-type cold wave with the same ingredients used on costly cold permanent waves.

A "CHIC" De Luxe cold permanent lasts for months and months.

GET "CHIC" DE LUXE AT
ALL DRUG . . DEPARTMENT . . VARIETY . . 5 AND 10c STORES

If you cannot get "CHIC" De Luxe or "CHIC" Regular at your dealer, order direct.

chic Regular PERMANENT WAVE KIT



You can also give yourself a perfectly beautiful permanent wave with the "CHIC" Regular Home Kit in 6 to 8 hours. "CHIC" Regular is on sale at stores listed above, which also feature "CHIC" De Luxe Home Kits.

59¢ complete

THE LINHALL CO., Dept. L-112, St. Paul 1, Minn.
Please send me:
( ) "CHIC" De Luxe. Price 79c (Plus 8c Fed. Tax).
( ) "CHIC" Regular. Price 59c (Plus 2c Fed. Tax).
Send C. O. D. (If check or money order is enclosed, all postage charges are prepaid.)

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... *Zone* ..... *State* .....

Time to wake up your kitchen with COLOR!





- It's always time to brighten up your kitchen!
- Wake up dreary shelves with colorful Royledge shelving.
- Just fold down the lively border and see the room snap to life.
- Take your pick of exciting colors at your 5 and 10, neighborhood or department store.
- Only 6¢ for 9 feet with sturdy, double-thick edge!

Royledge SHELVING



FREE ENLARGEMENT OF YOUR FAVORITE PHOTO

from Famous HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS

Just to get acquainted, we will make you a beautiful professional 5x7 enlargement FREE of any snapshot, photo or negative. Be sure to include color of hair, eyes and clothing, and get our bargain offer for having your enlargement beautifully hand-colored in oil and mounted in a handsome frame. Limit 2 to a customer. Your original returned. Please enclose 10c to cover cost of handling and mailing each enlargement. Act now! Offer limited to U. S. A.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS 7021 SANTA MONICA BLVD., Dept. 606 HOLLYWOOD 38, CALIFORNIA

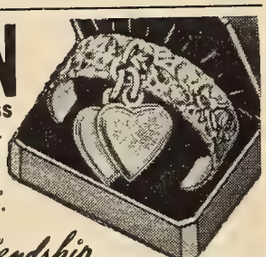


STERLING SILVER

The latest thing for afternoon or evening wear is precious, cheerful, sterling silver heart charm rings, necklaces and bracelets.

TRUE LOVE and FRIENDSHIP RING GIVEN For Promptness

Included with your order for matching Bracelet and Necklace on 10 days' examination. Send today and accept this valuable ring as our get-acquainted gift. Precious, sterling silver ring is extra wide.



Wear *True Love and Friendship* 10 DAYS TRIAL BRACELET and NECKLACE

Sentimental, sterling silver hearts are richly embossed and have space for the engraving of initials of loved ones. Ring given with your order for both the necklace and bracelet. Wear on ten days trial. If not satisfied, return the necklace and bracelet within 10 days and your money will be refunded, **BUT YOU ARE TO KEEP THE RING AS OUR GET-ACQUAINTED GIFT**, in any event.

SEND NO MONEY Write today. When your package arrives you pay the postman only $1.95 each for necklace and bracelet plus mailing cost and 20% Federal Tax. Supplies Limited.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO. Dept. 16-Y, Jefferson, Iowa

Like most husky guys Dick Crane has the disposition of a gentleman angel. Gets along like a top with his in-laws, Kay's Long Beach folks. Kay chums up easily with Dick's mother, too, and they get together on all holidays and have a swell time.

The only time, in fact, on record that Dick got his dander up was the last time he and Kay stepped out on their monthly "anniversary." They were leaving a cafe when a drunk got a quick vision of lovely Mrs. Crane and cracked, "Hi, Beautiful!" Well, that didn't bother Dick any—but Kay elected to rise above it, and the drunk got a bit nasty. "Won't talk, hey?" and on like that. So Dick just grabbed him by the shoulders, snapped his neck a few times to sober him up.

Dick's a modest dresser—a dark tailored suit every time, a dark knit tie, a white shirt. He likes his brown hair cut short Eastern style. He goes for a dash of cologne here and there after he shaves (twice a day when he goes out.) He likes cigarettes and pipes. He reads best sellers. He can take jive or leave it but prefers just pretty, tuneful music. He sings around the house (and with a rich baritone that is really something). He's an average sentimentalist, with a wrist watch his mother gave him on his twenty-first birthday that he won't take off, and a lucky tiger's eye ring that he's worn in every picture. He keeps a four-leaf clover a fan sent him in his wallet. He likes to dance, but slow and to sweet music, does a miserable rumba, like most mere males. He's an incurable beach hound in the summer and tans up like a Kanaka.

happy land . . .

Dick hates crowds on general principles and abhors previews. He's thrifty with both his small change and his banking money, and like any typical American hubby he's worked out an insurance plan that will protect Kay and put him on Easy Street when he's fifty. He's a lousy gambler, likes poker sessions and gin-rummy—but always loses his shirt. His conservative citizen outlook slipped only once on the horses. That was when he needed 100 bucks to pay a doctor bill and got a red hot tip on a ten-to-one "sure thing." He borrowed ten bucks to get him the hundred—only he lost the ten-spot instead, and that cured him.

The main worry in Dick Crane's life, right now—is that he's a 4-F because of a punctured eardrum, the sad result of his reckless slugging days. Meanwhile he hustles around on hospital entertainment tours every idle stretch.

When you get down to ambitions, Dick Crane's number one dream is to crack this acting business in a big way, with Kay Morley right along side. Number two, maybe, to own a triplex apartment where he and Kay can live in one and rent out two (he's a canny Scot, that guy). And after that, if he gets on Easy Street, a rambling country house with a photographic dark room where he can putter to his heart's content. Oh, yes, there's an immediate objective, too—Dick wants a honeymoon—and in one particular place, New York City. He's planning that after "Captain Eddie" gets safely in the can.

As for other imponderables such as acts of God—well, haven't I been saying all along that Dick Crane is the Solid Citizen supreme? Sure he wants kids. So does Kay. So far Muffins has beat them to the punch with five furry bundles in a quintuplet blessed event. That's quite a feat to beat, and I don't think the Cranes have their hopes quite that high.

But you never can tell. After all, his friends call Dick "Storky" Crane, don't they?

SPELLBOUND

STORY

(*Continued from page 39*)

sharply against the desk-top: "I've no time for it."

"No time for me? Or no time for love?"

"Both."

Fleurot shrugged: "One tries," he said. "There's no harm if one tries."

"None at all," Constance said crisply.

"Very well, then," Fleurot said. "Back to science. Back to our very pleasant Green Manors, our little sanitarium. Back to our patients—our mad, interesting patients—and their neuroses and psychoses."

"Back to work," Constance said drily.

"To work," Fleurot nodded. "By the way, what do you think of our new head and master—Dr. Edwardes?"

"I don't know him."

"He's due in today."

"He's got a fine reputation. He's done some remarkable work in psychoanalysis. I think he'll measure up to the standard Murchison set here."

"It's a little sad for Murchison, isn't it?"

"Yes," Constance said. "It's a little sad."

They both looked out of the window again where the pleasant buildings of Green Manors held against the blue sky. You would never know, seeing them casually, that Green Manors was an institution for the mentally deranged.

turbulent minds . . .

Edwardes turned out to be, somehow, not quite what Constance expected. He was younger than she had thought, for one thing, remarkably young for one already so famous: and very slim, straight and tall. And handsome. Not that that made any difference to Constance.

It was all quite ridiculous. Yet she felt she was almost blushing as she re-read Edwardes' note asking her to drop by to discuss one of her patients. She shrugged angrily at herself and rose from her desk. She walked firmly down the hall and knocked crisply on the door to Doctor Edwardes' office.

She found him in his office with one of her patients, Garmes. Garmes was saying intensely: "Doctor Petersen has been very kind. I know she's trying to help. She tells me I have a guilt complex. But I tell you I killed my father—"

Constance said quietly: "It isn't true, Garmes. Sometimes people feel guilty for something they never did. It goes back deep into their childhood. It becomes a guilt complex. And one day instead of being a bad dream it becomes a reality to the patient."

"Yes," he said slowly. "That's right."

They watched Garmes go out of the office. And Constance had again the feeling that she had felt the first time she met Anthony Edwardes—that he was somehow under a strain.

"It's lovely country you have up here," he said.

"Yes, it is," Constance said.

"I've really never been shown around. I've a slight headache, I'd like to get out. I wonder—" The telephone rang and he bent to it with an irritated frown; he spoke into it in short, choppy sentences: "Yes, this is Doctor Edwardes . . . Who? . . . Norma Cramer? . . . I'm sorry I don't know who you are . . . please, I'm very busy . . . " He hung up sharply and turned back to Constance.

love from a stranger . . .

Late that night Constance was still up. She slipped into a dressing robe and snapped the light on in her room. She walked up and down restlessly. She

Sure, I know I should use "Scotch" Tape!





. . . but right now "Scotch" Brand Tapes are sealing cartons that carry supplies to our armed forces . . . doing so many other war-important jobs that home-front chores must wait.

You've likely shelved a lot of "Scotch" Tape tasks—like mending torn pages and sealing packages and holding shelf paper neatly . . . waiting for the day you can get at them with your first roll of postwar "Scotch" Tape.

But your fighting man's *not* waiting. He's getting all he needs and he'll continue to get it . . . as long as he needs it.

Some day though, you'll get "Scotch" Cellulose Tape to your heart's content . . . and listen—it'll be a *better* transparent tape . . . more convenient, more useful than ever.



FOR ↑ QUALITY . . . look for the "SCOTCH" trademark.

It identifies the more than 100 varieties of adhesive tapes made in U. S. A. by Minnesota Mining & Mfg. Co., Saint Paul 6, Minnesota.

SCOTCH BRAND Cellulose TAPE

© 1945 M. M. & M. CO.

Helps reveal your fresher CLEARER 'TOP SKIN'

...with all its natural blushing charm!



This Remarkable Method In Skin Culture Also Marvelous For Enlarged Pore Openings and To Loosen Blackheads

If the skin (even of young girls) doesn't constantly "flake off" those dried-up, faded, aging top-skin cells—your complexion often appears muddy, drab, coarse-textured and lifeless.

This "flaking off" process is practically *invisible* but it *takes place* as any skin specialist will tell you.

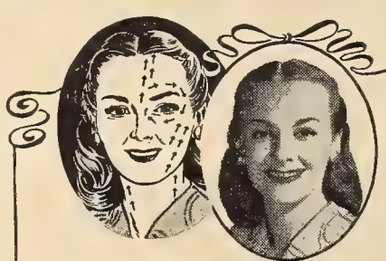
And here's why Edna Wallace Hopper's White Clay Pack is so helpful in hastening this process along—why it's one of the quickest and most effective ways to reveal this underskin with all its naturally clear, blushing freshness.

The Simple Easy Treatment

Just spread Hopper's White Clay Pack over your face and neck. Lie down and *relax*. Feel how refreshing its tightening, stimulating effect is on tired tissues and muscles. Wash off after 8 minutes. Now look in your mirror—

Notice how that tired, faded look seems to disappear. Your skin appears so *alive* looking. The mild rubefacient or "blushing" action of Hopper's Clay Pack helps give your skin a thrilling glow—a bewitching rosy charm and fascination which should captivate the most "hard-to-impress" he-man.

Use Hopper's White Clay Pack whenever you want to look your own dazzling best on short notice—and to help maintain an enviable 'top-skin' thruout the years. Buy Hopper's Clay Pack at any cosmetic counters.



Homogenized Facial Helps Give Face and Neck Exciting 'BEAUTY-LIFT'

Always use Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream every night. This super-lubricating cream works wonders for face and neck. Press an extra amount of cream over any lines or wrinkles. Leave on at least 8 minutes or overnight. Also excellent base for make-up.

Edna Wallace HOPPER'S WHITE CLAY PACK

couldn't sleep; images from the past day kept flashing through her mind—the lean, hard figure of Anthony Edwardes outlined against the sky as they climbed the hill behind Green Manors.

She pushed open her door and slipped noiselessly into the hall. She needed something to quiet her, a book perhaps. She'd find something in the library and read until her eyes closed over the heavy pages. Coming back from the library, she noticed a sliver of light under the door of Anthony Edwardes' room. Abruptly, she knocked . . .

Edwardes was still awake, seated at his desk. He looked tired, a little drawn. Constance stood awkwardly at the door for a moment.

She said a little unsteadily: "I was going to tell you that I came in because I wanted to talk to you about your book. I just took it out of the library. But that isn't true."

He said: "No?"

"No. It isn't. That isn't the reason."

"Did I tell you how much I enjoyed our little outing today?" he said. "It was kind of you. More than kind, really. And that isn't the point either." He leaned forward. "You're lovely, Constance. I know why you came in."

"Why?"

"Because something happened to us today. Because we're in love."

She was halfway across the room then, and she saw him rise and come toward her, and she knew then that it was true and that she was in love with him. She always remembered it that way, that sharp moment of realization just before he reached her, just before his face was buried against her own.

Then suddenly, he was pushing her away, and on the desk the phone was ringing insistently. He kept staring at her.

"Tony," she said, "what's wrong?"

He said tensely: "I'm all right."

"What is it?"

"It's not you. The robe. The white robe. The lines on it."

He became aware of the ringing of the phone, and he turned to it slowly. "Who? . . . Garmes . . . attempted suicide . . . is in surgery . . . yes, of course, I'll be over."

He said slowly to Constance: "I'm all right now. You heard what I said on the telephone. Garmes has run amuck. We've got to get over there . . ."

But he wasn't all right. At surgery, Constance watched him closely. She saw it when his whole face tightened as he leaned over the operating table, his knuckles like small white lamps gripping the edge of the table.

"What are we doing? Why are the lights out? Put them on. Unlock the doors. You idiots. What do you know about guilt complexes? He did it. He said so, didn't he? Put on the lights . . ."

He was weaving, and he began to fall before Constance got to him. It was Fleurot who caught him.

"Heart, do you think?" Fleurot said.

"Overwork," Constance said. "You could see he was under a strain."

anonymous love . . .

She sat with the book in her hands beside his bed under the dim light waiting for him to wake. The book was opened to the flyleaf. On it was Anthony Edwardes' autograph. Beside it was the note Edwardes had sent her to come to talk to him about Garmes.

The handwritings were different!

His eyes were opening. Then he saw her, and he half smiled and tried to say something.

"I folded, didn't I?" he said.

Her hands were flat on the book, and she said quietly: "Who are you?"

"So you know . . . I don't know who I

am . . . Not Edwardes . . . I couldn't be Edwardes . . . because I killed him . . ."

She said softly: "Do you remember what I told Garmes? About a guilt complex? I think this is the same thing, Tony. You're suffering from amnesia . . . and we can cure that. And we can cure your fears about Edwardes . . ."

"Fears? It's not a fear. I must have killed Edwardes. How did I know his name? You're right. There's a locked door in my mind. But behind that locked door is—murder . . ."

"Tony, trust me. You must trust me."

He said steadily: "I do."

"Then you'll do what I say?"

"What do you want?"

"Go to sleep now. Rest. And in the morning we'll go at it again."

But he didn't keep his promise. He left in the night, stealing away from Green Manors. And it was just as well that he did. For the girl who had called him earlier, Norma Cramer, came to Green Manors late that night . . . with a sheriff. She had been Edwardes' secretary, and she had recognized on the phone that it was not the voice of her employer. The sheriff questioned Constance; and she said she knew nothing, she didn't know where he had fled . . .

And all the time she was aware of the sharp press of the square envelope she was trying to hide, the letter she had found under her door. A letter that read:

"Dear Constance:

I cannot involve you in this. I am going away. If the police come, tell them they can find me at the Empire State Hotel in New York. I will be there alone . . . waiting . . ."

Constance listened for the sound of the sheriff's car driving away from Green Manors. And then she moved swiftly. She packed a small bag. In the dark corridor, she paused listening. Quiet. Then finally she ran down the hall and out the door. It seemed strange: How long ago was it, forty-eight hours? Forty-eight hours ago she had been a woman untouched, devoted only to her work. Now she was running off, like a thief, to find a man who had possibly committed a murder. Now she only knew that she was in love and that somehow she had to help this man . . .

She found him at the hotel.

"Tony, I had to come."

"Where are the others?"

"I'm alone."

"The police?"

"They don't know where you are, Tony. You mustn't tell them yet. Let me try. Tony, I can help you. I can help both of us. Do you remember how we climbed the hill behind Green Manors? I knew then I loved you . . ."

"Love," he said bitterly. "I love you with all my heart. With all of a murderer's heart. I can't let you risk—"

She was close to him, reaching toward him, pleadingly: "I can help you, Tony." She found his hands and holding them to her lips, she suddenly saw the scars like two vivid tracks: "Tony, you've been hurt. You've been in an accident. Where?"

"I don't know."

"Think."

"I don't know."

"They're burns. Where could you have been burned?"

His face was tortured: "Air . . . I was in the air . . ."

"Alone?"

"No. There were others. A plane. Yes, a plane. Transport, Medical Corps. Over Rome. Hit us. Caught fire . . ." He fell back against the back of the chair.

"Tony," she said. "We know now. We know you were a doctor in the medical corps. That you were hit by flak, and the plane exploded . . ."

He said: "Yes, I think I can remember that now—"

"It's something to go on, Tony."

"It's something go on," he said flatly. "Until we reach the point where I remember meeting Dr. Edwardes . . ."

lost memory . . .

The days became nightmares of urgency and tension. They had to flee, always jus ahead of the police, because a clerk became suspicious, or a bellboy suddenly eyed them too sharply. They were always afraid. And in the stolen quiet minutes they had to probe, always deeper into the forgotten past. Until Tony turned on her, his face contorted, almost with hatred, crying: "Stop it, stop it!"

But little by little the picture was coming clearer. His initials were J.B.; he had been in the war; he was a doctor; there was something in the past, in his childhood, that weighed heavily.

It didn't all tie in yet. And then Constance decided to take him to Brulov, the man who had been her teacher. So one night they found themselves in Brulov's small house in Rochester, knowing the police weren't far behind. Brulov knew, of course. You couldn't fool Brulov.

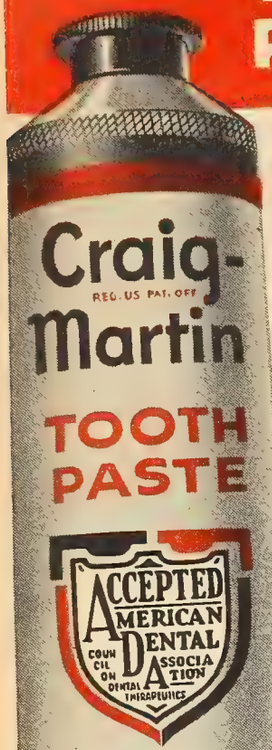
"Maybe you are a fool," said Brulov. "This man quite possibly did murder Edwardes. In any case his condition is always dangerous. You never know what he might do. Still if you want me to help . . . yes . . ."

So they prodded Tony once more, forcing him to talk, making him declare any nonsense that entered his mind.

"I seem to be in a gambling house . . . I am playing cards with a man with a beard . . . I say Twenty-One, I win . . .



SAVE MONEY!
use Craig-Martin
TOOTH PASTE



Cleans Teeth with Efficiency
Polishes Teeth with Safety
....No other dentifrice can honestly claim MORE!

ACCEPTED AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION
COUNCIL ON DENTAL THERAPEUTICS

Compounded with MAGNESIUM HYDROXIDE the active ingredient in MILK OF MAGNESIA

ASK YOUR DENTIST

Millions of tubes used in American homes and millions more by the men and women of our armed forces.

COMFORT MF
CHICAGO.

GIANT 25¢ TUBE
SHOWN FULL SIZE
Sold at 5¢ and 10¢ Stores

WHY QUALITY COSTS LESS

Thanks to modern science, 5c or 10c buys you a better toilet soap than grandma's 25c to 50c best. Thank science, too, for a safe, refreshing tooth paste compounded with magnesium hydroxide, the active ingredient in Milk of Magnesia, at Craig-Martin's amazingly low prices. See the giant 25c tube pictured above and the bargain 10c tube at leading 5c and 10c stores—equal values in Craig-Martin Tooth Powder. Mail coupon today for FREE brushing chart that shows you how to clean teeth efficiently.

COMFORT MFG. COMPANY
500 S. Throop St., Chicago 7, Ill. (3)
Rush me FREE chart showing efficient tooth-brushing method.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone....State.....
PRINT PLAINLY

the proprietor comes in . . . he has an argument with the bearded man . . . suddenly I am on a high place . . . I see a man teetering on the edge of a roof . . ."

Outside it began to snow. The soft white flakes danced like a white curtain before the window, filling it, until the whole window was white. Tony suddenly stopped talking, staring at the window. And then he rose and he said unsteadily: "Pull down the shade. PULL it down!"

He fell back into the chair. Constance was at his side in a moment. She stroked his face and she said: "It's all right now, darling, it's all right. It's coming clear."

Brulov said: "Leave him alone. He will be all right in a moment."

Constance said eagerly: "The high place . . . a mountain of some sort. And the teetering man was Edwardes, of course. He must have seen Edwardes fall off a cliff or a mountain. That was how it happened. But where, what mountain?"

"His fear of white," Brulov said. "That must be connected. Perhaps a mountain covered with snow. A winter resort."

"A skiing resort!" Constance said. "Edwardes was wild about skiing. Yes, of course. That's where it must have been. Do you remember Tony, talking at one point about swooping, about wings. Perhaps that has to do with the name. Heaven. Or Angel. Angel Valley . . ."

He was coming out of it now and he sat up slowly in his chair and he said in a far-away voice: "Gabriel Valley . . ."

"That's it, then, Tony," Constance said. "We know now. All that's left to do is to go out there. We can discover the rest if you and I piece together what must have happened between you and Edwardes."

"You mean reenact it?" Tony said slowly.

She nodded.

"And suppose that I did kill Edwardes. That he didn't fall off the cliff. That I pushed him off—"

"Then," Brulov said flatly, "you might try the same thing with Constance."

"No," Tony whispered. "No."

"We must try," Constance said. "Listen to me. I know this is not scientific. But I am certain there's no murder in your soul. I know it because I love you. Loving you, I know what you must be like inside."

missing link . . .

His eyes were on her as they came down the slope together. Gabriel Valley lay wreathed under the cold sun. The snow glistened and sparkled like a carpet of white gems down the side of the mountain. They had begun at the very top of the run, and now gathering speed, they were weaving down the mountainside, Constance a little bit ahead. She looked behind her and waved to Tony.

This was the place. Here in a few moments, a few minutes at the most, they would discover what had happened that day with Edwardes. Constance believed with all of her heart, and yet. . . . She couldn't help the growing sense of tension and she looked back to Tony, trying to see his face, against the whip of the snow.

Then it happened, so swiftly that she had no time to think. The ski trail curved right, and she swooped with it. Suddenly ahead she saw the lip of a cliff. It had been hidden from view until this last moment, this last turn. She knew she was going too fast to stop or to turn aside. It came looming up at her with all the terrible speed of a waiting fate. Then, in the moment before she steeled herself for the fling into space and nothingness, she felt the smash of a body against her own and abruptly she felt the whip of snow against her as she rolled on the ground.

She sat up. Tony was sitting up not very far away. His face was dead white, white as the snow. He was staring at her with glazed, almost closed eyes. But even then

Powers Model SLIPS



Endorsed by John Robert Powers
in fine rayons about $1.79 at better stores

Write for free booklet — "A Word About Modeling" by John Robert Powers

* trade mark

Louis Herman & Co.
creators of MOVIE STAR SLIPS
Dept. I
159 Madison Ave., N.Y. 16, N.Y.



Color Hair
THIS PLEASANT EASY Way
DOES NOT STAIN SKIN OR CLOTHING!
As a Hair Color Specialist for over 40 years, I am proud of my Color Imparter. CLEAN and EASY TO USE; it can't leave Stains. Requires no skill. Wonderfully good for home use. As you use it, the Gray Hair slowly becomes Darker; each application deepens the color. Use fingers, comb or brush; as easily applied as a lotion. FREE TRIAL BOTTLE I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and booklet "All about your hair." No skin test needed. Must delight you or money back.
ARTHUR A. RHODES, Specialist, Dept. 77 LOWELL, MASS.

FREE
Beautiful Sample Enlargement, also a De Luxe Studio Folder—both absolutely free. Just send this ad with any photo. Enclose only 10c for mailing. Canada also. Two Natural Tone sent C. O. D. for only 58c plus post. Negs. 59c.
New York Art Service, 200 W. 72 St., N. Y. C.



Make Any Article GLOW IN THE DARK with Magic New Discovery!



Don't pay big prices for luminous articles. Make your own! Sell at big profit or keep for your pleasure. With our complete outfit, and confidential instructions, it's easy! A stroke of the brush — any article glows in the dark like magic! Lasts indefinitely. Absolutely harmless. Over 100 uses. Use on ties, flowers, jewelry, house numbers, furniture, pictures, statues, toys, etc. Order NOW! Supply limited. Money-back guarantee.

$1.00 Send No Money

Complete LITE-GLO Kit, $1.00. Send name, address, pay postman $1.00 plus postal charges. Send cash. We pay postage.

LITE-GLO Dept. 365-LD Topeka, Kansas

she knew what must have happened, and her heart was singing.

"Tony—" she said. "Do you see how it must have been? You were skiing with Edwardes as you were with me. He was out in front as you came toward the cliff. You saw it coming and you tried to warn Edwardes. You tried to catch him and stop him as you caught and stopped me. But he was going too fast. You never caught him. He went over the side—"

Tony was shuddering: "Poor man. And you. You might have—"

And then he reached for her.

They were almost gay, waiting in the lodge before the fireplace. They felt free for the first time in weeks. They had gone to the sheriff and had told him the story. He was out now to retrieve Edwardes' body. If they found it there, it would corroborate Tony's story.

They sat together on the long leather sofa before the fire and watched the flames leap and sputter over the logs.

"I always loved you," she said. "I think from the first time I saw you."

"The first time I saw you," Tony said, "you were frowning over one of your reports."

"I promise never to frown again."

"Darling," he said. "Darling."

They heard the sheriff then, stamping his feet clear outside. As soon as he came in, they rose, looking toward him. He said:

"Yes, we found him there."

"I told you," Constance said.

The sheriff said softly: "There was a bullet in his back—"

It was Tony who first saw what he meant and watching him, Constance, saw the light drain from his eyes until they went dazed and tired again.

"I arrest you for the murder of Dr. Edwardes," the sheriff was saying.

quaint question mark . . .

She was on the train again, going back to Green Manors. For there was nothing else to do just now. She couldn't help Tony. She needed time to think. She needed the quiet of Green Manors to go over the whole thing again and find out where she had made her mistake, where she had forgotten some terribly important detail. It was there in the dreams, she was sure . . . the answer. Tony hadn't killed Edwardes. But who had?

The familiar buildings of Green Manors were flowing past. She would be in the station soon. She remembered painfully each detail of how he looked and what he said. She remembered the slope of his jaw and the swimming depths of his eyes and the wonderful joy of his smile. It couldn't be Tony.

The train slid to stop. She reached for her small bag. And on familiar ground, looking at the sweeping elms and the quiet hills, the question beat insistently; and she knew that she would have to find an answer. Who killed Dr. Edwardes?

She walked steadily down the tree-lined road: Who?

THE CAST

Dr. Petersen.....*Ingred Bergman*
J. B.....*Gregory Peck*
Matron .....*Jean Acker*
Harry .....*Donald Curtis*
Miss Carmichael....*Rhonda Fleming*
Dr. Fleurot .....*John Emery*
Dr. Murchison.....*Leo G. Carroll*
Garmes .....*Norman Lloyd*
Dr. Graff.....*Steven Geray*
Dr. Hanish.....*Paul Harvey*
Dr. Galt.....*Erskine Sanford*
Norma .....*Janet Scott*
Sheriff .....*Victor Killian*
Dr. Alex Brulov...*Michael Chekhov*

See THE DIFFERENCE! *Feel* THE DIFFERENCE!





MY ONE CREAM INSTANTLY BEAUTIFIES YOUR SKIN—AND THE *"Patch Test"* PROVES IT!

See and feel your skin become fresher, clearer, younger-textured!

I DON'T just *SAY* that Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream does wonderful things for your skin. I PROVE it—prove it by means of the "Patch Test"!

Just choose a part of your face that is too oily, or too dry—or where you have a few blackheads or big pores. Rub Lady Esther Face Cream on that one part of your face, and wipe it off. Wipe it off *completely*. Then see how that patch of skin gleams with new brightness and clarity! Touch it—feel how the dry little flakes are gone!

What happens to that small patch of skin will happen to your *entire face* when you use Lady Esther Face Cream. *For it does the 4 things your skin needs most for beauty!* **(1)** It thoroughly *cleans* your skin. **(2)** It *softens* your skin. **(3)** It helps nature *refine* the pores. **(4)** It leaves a smooth, perfect *base* for powder.

Make the *"Patch Test"* Tonight!

You'll never believe the difference a *single application* of Lady Esther Face Cream can make in the appearance of your skin—until you see it for yourself. So get a jar and make the "Patch Test" tonight. See living proof that this *one cream* is all you need for a softer, smoother skin—a *dazzling-fresh* skin!



Lady Esther **4-Purpose Face Cream**





Danger! don't cut Cuticle

CUTTING can be painful—even dangerous—leaves nails looking rough and ugly! Try Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover—see how smooth and neat it keeps cuticle! Quickly it softens and loosens dead cuticle, so you can wipe it off. Wonderful, too, for cleaning under nail tips and removing stains. Only 10¢, or 35¢ for the large size (plus 20% Federal Tax). Get Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover today.



CUTEX
OILY CUTICLE REMOVER



LINNEA PERFUME

"A Breath of Old Sweden"

$3.50

For Sale in Gift Shops, Drug and Department Stores

Linnea Perfume brings you the refreshing fragrance of Scandinavian woodlands. Discovered by the world's greatest naturalist, Karl Von Linné, who named and classified 12,000 flowers and shrubs, the quaint fragrance of a little Swedish woodland flower so entranced Linné that he gave the flower his own name. Linnea Perfume brings to you the fragrance of the Linnea flower.

That "Modern Screen" readers may enjoy the thrill of knowing this lovely fragrance, we have prepared a "Get Acquainted" package, prepaid to you for only 25c. This package not sold in any store. Mail coupon now for yourself and friends.

Please send.....**"Get Acquainted" Packages.**

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Enclosed find $.....

LINNEA PERFUMES, INC.
200 W. Ohio St., Dept. 20, Chicago 10, Ill.

EVERYTHING'S JAKE!

(Continued from page 36)

directions, catching bugs with his wide open mouth.

"Hey, you guys!" yelled an older seaman who'd been on this run before. "Don't you know that what goes up comes down? Get below before some shrapnel tags you!"

Dick Jaeckel wouldn't have left that deck even if they'd slapped him in irons.

When Richard Hanley Jaeckel starts to add up all the thrills he collected on his first cruise in the U. S. Merchant Marine Service, he has to stop and think. There was the great thrill of planting his feet on the bridge and steering a fast ship loaded with Yank troops and war cargo to distant battlefields. The bang, too, of buddying up with other rugged guys dedicated to getting the stuff through that licks the Japs. There was the thrill of danger, the rumors of subs and blasted ships on the very course his own tub steered. The excited crackle of "S-O-S" coming through the night from a tanker swamped in a heavy gale. The mingled thrills and shocks of finding dead Japs piled up below Suicide Cliff on Saipan and still littering the bloody pillboxes of the Marshalls. The color of new horizons, strange lands, exotic people, a *luau* in Hawaii, a stockade of Jap prisoners on Saipan, the Mariana island natives, the waterfronts of the big Pacific ports.

no more "chicken" . . .

You might as well get this straight about Dick right now: All that "baby" stuff they iced him with like a birthday cake in both his movies is out the window—*fini, kaput,* washed up. It always irked Dick that "cute kid" stuff that stuck after his "Chicken" baby Marine part in "Guadalcanal Diary" and "Beezy," the Navy infant in "Wing and a Prayer." Maybe that's why Dick was such a reluctant dragon about being a movie star, why he had to be practically roped and hog-tied by Darryl Zanuck to make his second picture after the first one brought him raves.

It burned Dick to an even finer crisp to realize that he *was* young—darn it—seventeen, that he looked kiddish with his crew cut, round face, big eyes and wide grin. When actually he had had all his growing pains years ago and was a member in good standing with a bunch of he-guys, the JUGS (Just Us Guys), every one of whom was an athlete like Dick himself, and most of whom had beat him long ago to this war business.

It didn't make it any easier to get the razz from his pals about being a swoon kid in times like these when guys grew up fast. And even when he'd pestered his anxious mother into signing consent for him to be a Maritimer and escaped to "Guadalcatalina" (as the Maritimer boots tabbed the Catalina Island training camp), he ran right into the same old malarkey.

"Chick-en!" Every time he passed a certain seaman he got that jeering call in a tone that was nasty. "Hel-lo, Chick-en. How's my Chick-en?" The guy had seen the movie of course. He resented Dick. He poured it on, with unprintable variations. Dick was a lowly boot and helpless. If he even talked back, he was out on his ear. All he could do was cut his palms with his nails and growl down deep in his throat. But it made him sick—mad.

That same razz-artist wrote Dick a letter not long ago, incidentally, and Dick got it by air mail, way out on a Pacific Isle. "Look, Jake," he wrote. "I'm sorry I needled you in boot camp. It was a lousy trick. I thought you were a Hollywood punk, but you can take it, and you're

okay in my book. Have a good trip, and I wonder—would you write me once in a while? I'd sure like to hear what's cookin' with you."

But it was a mess of things like that back last fall, along with Dick Jaeckel's urge to get clear away on his own, that made him sit right down on the idea of passing more time in the US Maritime cadets, training to be a ship's officer. One of his JUG pals, Jay Richards, went for that and just graduated the other day. Dick's pretty young mother, Millicent, liked the idea for Dick, too. Dick's young mater has always been more like a pal to him than a parent. But she's only human. Mothers always want the best break for their sons. But Dick had to have action, and he knew it. He couldn't stand any more school. When he and his JUG pal, John McCroskey, who'd enlisted and booted through camp with him, qualified for ordinary seamen and had weathered their shakedown jobs on a channel boat, Dick and he decided the time had come to shake loose for the real thing. They signed on for a sea voyage out of San Francisco.

Dick didn't even stop home in Hollywood to say goodbye. There might be complications. Jake and John hit the highway thumbing north up the Coast. In Frisco he called his mother and told her the news. "I'm shipping out," he said. "I don't know where, but I think it's the South Seas, Espiritos Santos, the Fijis, maybe Saipan. Don't you worry."

rich man's poor boy . . .

It was R. Hanley Jaeckel's first breakaway from home in his young life. Purposely, he carried only a few bucks to eat on. He'd sold his car, the snappy '36 heap, in Los Angeles and mailed the check home to be banked. He thought he'd be berthed aboard ship right away, so he was stony broke when he hit San Francisco. Dick has always held a high disdain for money. He's even sensitive about it. Although his folks, fur magnates, have never had to bother too much about where their next dollar came from, Dick has preferred to act all along like a poor boy.

But he'd never been busted before, clear away from home with the problem of meals and a place to flop. There was some waiting on his shipping papers. Dick checked into a crummy waterfront hotel on the strength of his pay to come, $8 a week. It was hardly the Waldorf. The rooms had no doors, for one thing, and when the dock wallopers, stevedores and seamen came roaring in at night off a spree anything was likely to happen, and usually did. To anyone else it might have been a sordid experience, but to adventurous Dick it was swell. He battled the fleas and the noisy guests who stumbled into his room. By day he stripped to the waist and stevedored cargo on board the C-1 to earn his check. At night he learned to stay away from the hotel until it was late enough to sleep. With Johnnie McCroskey he sampled the waterfront bars and clip joints, just to get toughened up. That's where Dick had his first fight.

situation well in hand . . .

It was a booze-happy Marine on leave who started it. He was a big guy, but he was out of line, and when he spied Dick and Johnnie come into the bar, he got nasty about "civilian punks." He inferred in blunt language that they ought to be home in bed and not out getting in the way of a Marine on a tear.

"Say that outside," invited Dick, because he was sore. First because of that kid stuff. That was like a red flag to a young bull. Second, because he was a U. S. Merchant Mariner with a Union Card saying "Richard Hanley Jaeckel.



Clothes
CAN RUIN
THE WOMAN!

Protect your natural SWEET SELF with NEW

ODO·RO·DO

CREAM DEODORANT

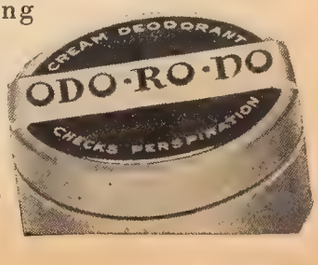
Lady, *you're sweet.* So is your dress. But it may rob you of your daintiness and charm by imprisoning and building-up offensive, underarm perspiration odor.

Stop this threat to your Sweet Self *before you dress* with fast-acting, long-lasting ODORONO . . . the new cream deodorant that works to protect you *faster than you can slip on your slip!*

The new ODORONO Cream Deodorant contains science's most effective perspiration stopper . . . protects you against perspiration troubles up to three days.

Soothing, smoothing . . . the new ODORONO Cream Deodorant does not irritate your skin. Prevents perspiration stains, will not harm fine fabrics. Can be used right after shaving. No waiting to dry. Will not turn gritty in jar.

So before you think of what dress to wear . . . think of your Sweet Self . . . use new, snowy-white ODORONO Cream Deodorant for instant, full, long-lasting protection. **39c.** Also 59c & 10c. (Plus Fed. Tax)



Be Just as Sweet After You Dress with



26 days in April?

Why should *your* April be shorter than any one else's April? Why should *you* be the one to stay indoors and feel let down? Start using *Tampax* during your period-days. It makes a big difference when you have discarded the belts, pins and external pads. You realize what a bother they have always been and your spirits perk up surprisingly.

The Tampax method for monthly sanitary protection is based upon the principle of *internal absorption*, long known to doctors. Tampax itself is made of pure surgical cotton compressed in neat individual applicators, making insertion so dainty that your hands need not touch the Tampax. No odor. No chafing. No bulges or ridges to show through the clothing and cause you to feel embarrassment.

Tampax comes in 3 *absorbencies:* Regular, Super, Junior. Quick to change; easy to dispose of. Sold at drug stores, notion counters. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. Economy Box contains 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies { REGULAR SUPER JUNIOR



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Member in good standing, Sailor's Union of the Pacific." The Merchant Marine don't wear uniforms on shore leave unless they want to, but that was no sign he had to take any guff, not the way he felt after shouldering plane parts into the C-1 hold all day.

Well, nobody got hurt, but they had it out in the alley, and when it was over, the situation wasn't well in hand for that Marine. But it was for Jake.

Dick's not touchy or belligerent, but he is handy with his dukes and, being an ex-high school football, basketball and track star, he's nobody to pick on. He had to square off again once later aboard ship when a sailor started pushing him around because he looked young and tender. Only the second time victory came high for Dick. The captain called him up and told him sternly that scrapping wasn't done aboard that particular ship. What's more, he fined Dick $40 in pay. But it was worth that to Dick to slap down any last, lingering hangovers of that "Baby" and "Chicken" stuff.

Seaman Jake Jaeckel was neither rich nor good lookin' as you'd expect a movie star to be by the time his "tub" steamed out the Golden Gate. What few bucks he made stevedoring on the San Francisco Embarcadero and the Oakland docks he had to blow for a durable satchel of gear—dungarees, weather jacket, slicker, socks, shoes and shirts. It set him back thirty dollars, and he stowed it all in one little bag along with a few assorted brands of smell pomades and toilet goos. They've always called Dick "The Lotion King" because he smears himself with the most odoriferous preparations in the drug shoppes.

John McCroskey, Dick Jaeckel and crew heaved anchor in the 5000-ton C-1 after 15 days loading, and they hadn't even cleared San Francisco's beautiful bay before they knew that anything could happen on this cruise—and probably would. They slipped out fast in a fog (a C-1 is a war-built cargo ship not as big as a Liberty tub but faster) with the fog horn giving out with a "Bee—O—Bee—O" blast every couple of seconds, it seemed. Just by luck it was on Dick's watch that they almost smacked this other steamer in the pea soup mist. Dick was standing by watching the helmsman when he spotted the gray hulk sliding right across their bow not farther away than he could spit, it seemed. Then he got knocked to the floor when the engines reversed, and the ship shuddered like it had just suffered a Sunday punch. It seemed to Dick that the two ships peeled the paint off each other if it wasn't blistered off first by the skipper's cussing.

It was mostly a green crew that manned the ship, so the few old timers thought they were in for some fun. Dick was no old salt or anything like that, but he'd been fairly water wise ever since his catboat days as a kid off Long Island. Neither he nor John McCroskey were lubbers enough to fall for the guff that went on. In spite of their training, it took a long time to get wise to all the lines and shackles and hitches and hatches and to savvy automatically the snappy orders the bos'un sang out. But Dick wasn't born yesterday, and he was on the lookout for gags.

He didn't have to wait long. First came along a salty seaman carrying a pole long enough to vault over the bridge. "All right, mate," he told Dick. "Get forward and stand by to pick up the mail buoy."

"The what?" said Dick.

"Mail buoy. You'll see it. Just keep a sharp look out at the bow, and when you see the mail bag, hook it with this here pole. Mail buoys are parked along the ocean every hundred miles, you know."

"Oh, yeah?" said Dick, giving him his

NECK-LINE ROUND-UP



PREST-O CHANGE-O DICKEY

at all leading chain stores

That choir boy look for the young in heart . . . a washable rayon sharkskin dickey. It works color magic with sweaters, dresses or suits—either Hi- or V-neck. So easily changed it needs no sleight of hand technique. Only 39¢



HOWARDS • FIFTH AVENUE
417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

BE A NURSE LEARN QUICKLY, EASILY AT HOME



Splendid income, new social contacts, and the satisfaction of serving humanity can be yours as a Trained Practical Nurse. Ages 18 to 60. High School not necessary. Training plan welcomed by physicians. Prepare in spare time. Many earn while learning. Nurse's Outfit and placement service included FREE of extra cost. Write now for facts and fascinating FREE sample lesson pages.

WAYNE SCHOOL of PRACTICAL NURSING, Inc.
2301 N. Wayne Ave., Dept. K-8. Chicago 14. Illinois

MONEY $ MONEY $ MONEY

CASH FOR YOUR SPARE TIME

Your spare time is worth money. It's a cinch to make $$$ at club meetings or friendly calls with Everyday Greeting Cards, Birthdays, Anniversaries, "Get Well," etc. They're unique—clever, luxurious. "Diamond Dust" finishes, unusual papers, startling effects. No experience needed. Gives you YEAR 'ROUND EXTRA INCOME. Send only 60 cents for SAMPLES worth $1.00—TODAY.

ARTISTIC CARD CO., 252 Way Street, Elmira, N.Y.

New luminous Gardenia GLOWS IN THE DARK



$1



Bewitching new glamour to enhance your feminine charm. A lovely, perfectly fashioned gardenia for daytime wear, it is truly sensational at night. It actually glows in darkness, with a gentle, flattering radiance, entrancing to all who see it.

Wear it on your dress or hair for that special date. He'll be fascinated and delighted! Of durable material, specially treated. Mysterious glowing properties are enduring. Removable comb.

Send $1 now. We mail postpaid. You'll be delighted, or we refund, of course. Luminous gardenia earrings to match, also $1 postpaid.

THE LUMINOUS FLOWER SHOP
3 West 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y., Dept. 24.

toughest look and spitting over the side into the wind. "I'm not expecting any letters."

rest in peace . . .

Of course, Merchant Mariners don't sit around all the time cooking up ribs and practical jokes. Dick had to work like all the rest, and when he finally got back in San Francisco after his 4 months at sea, his clothes were so far gone from rips and tears, so messed up with paint stains that he just tied them all up in a shirt and slipped them over the side into San Francisco Bay with a "Rest in Peace" prayer.

The only miseries he endured were just laughs, really. A piston rod down in the engine room smashed his finger and made him swear blue blazes once when he was oiling the engines. The tub tangled with a few squalls and storms, but Seaman Jake never even had a butterfly tummy until the home trip when they hit a real hurricane that blew waves up to the flying bridge. It reached its peak just after he'd been to mess and gone up to take the wheel. That's when the "S-O-S" came from two cargo ships sixty miles back who cracked into each other in the twister. It could have been that excitement, some bum chow or just a plain case of too much weather for a green sailor.

aloha ho! . . .

That's something Seaman Jaeckel doesn't talk about though—unless he plays truth and consequences. He'd much rather dwell, if he has to, on more pleasant aspects—like Honolulu, Hawaii, the first port of call. Dick had never seen the Islands. So he acted just like any tourist. He charged out to Waikiki Beach, hired a surfboard and skimmed in on the long rollers that are nowhere else in the world.

But it wasn't until his last night on the Islands that Dick got a look at the real Hawaii. A cop he'd met in San Francisco ran into him and Johnnie McC. hanging around the bright spots and gave them the Word. "This ain't the real thing," he explained. "It's just sucker stuff. Come along with me, and I'll show you boys the McCoy."

He steered them off to a Hawaiian family he knew who were tossing a *luau*, which is a combination clambake, jive-jump and old home week. Dick saw the real hula there (and even cut a few grass mats himself). He feasted on raw fish, rice and a dozen exotic chow entrees, and he heard native scat numbers that made the records he'd heard sound phony. He learned that "Aloha" meant everything from "I love you" to "bottoms up" and even "goodbye." He sailed next day with a slight *okolehau* hangover but with some wonderful memories and a new chapter in his education completed. Another one started the minute the "tub" steamed out of Pearl Harbor for the South Seas.

They took on troops in Hawaii and joined a convoy, zig-zagging clear to Eniwetok in the Marshalls and that took a lot of time. With all those GIs on board and time on their hands—guess what happened? That's right—the tub turned into a floating Monte Carlo, only not so elegant.

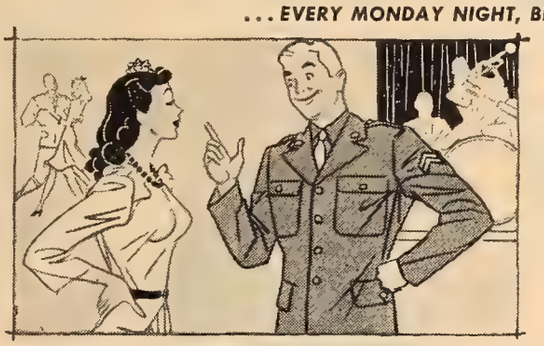
In no time at all Jake Jaeckel was sharp as a tack on the finer points of pedro, stud poker, pitch and acey-deucy, and his crap rolling arm was well broken in.

Of all the chapters of Dick Jaeckel's seagoing education, however, Saipan is the only one printed in red ink. Dick was a good guesser when he picked that rugged island as one of the C-1's destinations, away back in Frisco. One dawn Dick saw the rugged isle looming out of the clear Pacific sea, and he would have sworn it was Catalina back home, except for all the greenery. The first minute they had off from duty, Dick and John bustled

HANDY ADVICE by ARLENE FRANCIS



"But watch out for the villain—rough, dry skin,"
says Arlene Francis, star of famous Hinds "Blind Date" radio show
. . . EVERY MONDAY NIGHT, BLUE NETWORK



I SEE YOU MEETING *THE* MAN
You know he's the one for you the moment you meet him . . . and think he feels the same about you, from that look in his eyes. You dance . . .



AND HERE YOU MIGHT LOSE HIM
if your hands are rough. They get that way so quickly these windy days. But if you've used Hinds Honey & Almond Fragrance Cream . . .



IT'S SMOOTH SAILING FOR LOVE!
Hinds contains special ingredients for helping soften your skin. That's why Hinds helps hands keep lovable.



HINDS FOR HANDS THAT GET HELD
Keep your hands velvet-soft and appealing (in spite of work or weather). Use Hinds. Then you know you'll meet romance more than half way when it comes your way.

Why Hinds is so helping to hands

● Hinds contains special softening ingredients science says have a particular affinity for skin. So naturally, rough chapped hands respond to rich, soothing Hinds. If your hands' natural skin lubricants have been depleted, help them back to softness and smoothness with Hinds hand lotion. Ask for Hinds at any toilet-goods counter. 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, $1, plus tax.



Copyright, 1945, by Lehn & Fink Products Corporation, Bloomfield, N. J.

HINDS for HANDS

New!
"ColorStay" LIPSTICK



— Satisfies that 'Beauty-Hunger'

Princess Pat Lipstick is made by a new process that prevents fading so successfully ONE application keeps your lips as lovely as two or three applications of less lasting lipsticks. And so divinely smooth, *due to lanolin.* Choose from these exciting shades:

Siren: A ripe true red. Spectacular for medium and red heads. A stunning shade on any type.

Freshman Red: The darlingest pink-red imaginable—pert, youthful. Surprisingly subtle, but in a new more interesting way.

Orchid: Moonbeam-cyclamen shade. Suggestive of silk-clad queens—trysts, dreams. Definitely needed for that dressy date tonight.

Natural: Medium, a new version. Warm color, flattering to every type.

English Tint: Turns to prettiest hedge-rose. New glamour for teen-age blondes, and conservative women.

Light: Orangey-red. Sweet, disarming. Very effective on girls with hazel or light eyes, fair skin.

Tan: Bronzy, tropic red. Exciting for brown-eyed, out-door types. Gives youthful swing to tan make-up.

Gay Plum: Luscious, exotic—yet winsome and young. Intensifies the appeal of dark-eyed beauties with medium complexions.

Gypsy: Vivacious, ultra-smart. Adds a vibrant charm to girls with dark eyes, black hair and olive skin.

PRINCESS PAT LIPSTICK

—stays on longer.
—has an "expensive" fragrance.
—makes beautiful clean, firm outlines.
—has smoother texture of precious lanolin.

Into cheeks—
touched with Princess Pat Rouge

there comes color that is vibrant, glowing, yet sincerely natural—so *real that it actually seems to come from within the skin.* For sweet harmony in make-up, simply ask for Princess Pat Rouge, Face Powder and Lipstick at your favorite cosmetic counter.

PRINCESS PAT
BEAUTY AIDS

ashore lugging sacks for souvenirs, and they weren't disappointed, although they had some trouble with the MPs every now and then.

Dick and his buddy set out to explore the island from the low shelf where the Marines first landed to the high cliff where the last of the desperate Japs took headers into the surf—Suicide Cliff they call it now. Along the way they collected Nip helmets, knives, Jap ammunition and insignia, and stuffed them in their souvenir bag. Dick craved a Jap rifle, but the Marines had got there first.

shooting the works . . .

They made a lot of trips like that—about every day between deck watches. They visited native villages and picked up a few words of Saipanese, or whatever you call it. Dick saw his first women in weeks on Saipan in—of all places—a Jap prison stockade. He saw his first movies in weeks, too, on Saipan at the famous open air theaters which every Hollywood star on tour has visited, from Betty Hutton to Bob Hope. "Jane Eyre" and "Up in Arms" were the hot features.

Six separate times while Dick's ship was lying off Saipan, the Japs came over for a whack at the bomber field. Sometimes day and sometimes night, and it happened so suddenly that every time, it seemed to Dick, it was over before it got started, and he kept kicking himself because he hadn't brought a camera along.

Dick and his mates started "sweating out Christmas" on Saipan away back on December 1. One day the scuttlebutt said they would sail and make it home in time for egg-nog. The next day a black rumor of delay would pop up. Finally sailing orders came through, but that very day so did reports that Japs had been sinking ships between there and Pearl Harbor.

"That means we zig-zag," gloomed Dick. "All over the ocean. Get home around Easter, maybe."

When that was all cleared up, the next word was that their cargo home would be troops going back on leave.

"Well, that means we go convoy," mused Johnnie dolefully. "The creeps—we'll hang our stockings up in a porthole yet—wait and see!"

home was never like this . . .

But just to show how those things work out: What really happened was that the C-1 sailed home riding high and empty and never even stopped at Pearl Harbor, but came straight on into San Fran.

Dick Jaeckel thought he could hardly wait for the train to roll down the Coast back to Hollywood. His pants were bulging from his payoff dough, almost four months of it and quite a wad—every dollar of it earned. A seaman gets two days leave for every week at sea, too, and it added up to almost a full month of liberty for Dick. He twirled his brand new silver Merchant Marine anchor ring and visioned what a kick it would be when he slipped on his comfy old sports jacket and slacks, settled down at home in an easy chair and got ready to tell the gang of JUGs all about it and after that—well—called up a certain Girl and just said casually, "Guess who this is?" Merry Christmas and Happy New Year! You could say that again.

It would be a very nice way to end Dick's sea-going saga, all right. But when I saw Dick, things hadn't quite worked out as expected. "Hollywood," stated Seaman Jake, "is lousy." He looked rested, recuperated and fit as a fiddle and definitely not the type, age nor temperament to take such a bearish view of life. But there'd been some changes made. I guess there are reasons at that. C'est la guerre.

For one thing, the housing shortage had caught up with his mother, Millicent, and she was living around at friends'. So Dick stayed with his pal, Jay Richards, just back from the Maritime cadet school.

As for the JUGs—heck, there was nobody around. They were all scattered to the seven corners of the world. No bull sessions. Dick fooled around a little, taking in the Palladium, some solid cafés and a couple of parties with his mother, and got on the phone to stir up things, but it wasn't too successful. He didn't even go out to the studio.

So he clipped his leave short by ten days and signed to ship out of New Orleans on a tanker at the earliest sailing. He thought he'd like to cruise as far away as possible—maybe to South America and whatever the tip of that is—Patagonia? (Could be that's where Dick is now.) He'll be an Able Seaman in two more months, and if he feels then like he feels now, he'll go right on striking for mate's papers and sail around for years and years.

Oh yes—I forgot to mention another thing about that sad situation Dick Jaeckel found when he got home. This Girl. It seems she was a casualty of war or rather a bitter example of what a sea-going man is always running up against.

She was engaged. Practically married.

I don't know how much that had to do with Dick Jaeckel's outlook—but I could guess. He seemed to take it very philosophically. "Chalk it up to experience," said Dick in a low voice.

Which is another sign the guy's getting grown up, even if he's still only eighteen.

DEATH TAKES NO HOLIDAY

During the time that World War II claimed 121,363 American lives, 495,000 Americans died from cancer.

Those are statistics. Those 495,000 human beings were not. They were flesh and bone and spirit, men, women and babies, possibly loved ones from your own family, almost half of whom could have been saved if the public had contributed enough money to carry on adequate experimentation and detection clinics.

Last year 18,000 children under 14 died of this disease, one in every eight adults died of it and if this ratio continues, 17,000,000 of today's living Americans will die of cancer.

These are not pretty figures to read. They are not pretty to think about. Especially when not one of us has a guarantee that we will not be that 1 out of 8 to so die.

Cancer *can* be cured. It can be arrested. But money is needed to carry on the work. April has been designated "Cancer Control Month"—so for every movie you see, soda you drink, magazine you buy, put aside an equal amount to give to the Cancer Drive.

It may save a life very dear to you.

CORN SUFFERERS!



Here's Good News Get Greater Relief

NEW BLUE-JAY

WITH PAIN-CURBING NUPERCAINE

HERE'S RELIEF *you've never known before* from corn torture! New, improved Blue-Jay Corn Plasters now activated with *war-proved* Nupercaine.

Here's what Nupercaine does: it deadens tormenting nerve ends around hard "core" of the corn—it's harmless—you enjoy the absence of surface pain! Wonderful relief!

Of course Blue-Jay gives you INSTANT relief from shoe pressure that makes corns hurt deep down. While Blue-Jay's gentle medication *loosens* the "core" itself until you're ready to lift it out, Nupercaine eases the surface soreness often so painful. For less painful corns get *regular* Blue-Jay.

ONLY BLUE-JAY HAS NUPERCAINE

Insist on Blue-Jay. It's different, too, in new, more comfortable, "streamlined" design, and *flesh-tinted color*. For sale at drug and toilet goods counters. Don't accept substitutes.

For more serious foot ailments, see a chiropodist.

A product of
BAUER & BLACK
Division of The Kendall Company, Chicago 16

For New Blue-Jay look for red Nupercaine panel... regular Blue-Jay in Yellow and Blue package without panel.

NOW AN ADDED INGREDIENT
NUPERCAINE*
A BRAND OF DIBUCAINE
FOR GREATER RELIEF FROM CORN PAIN
* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

IT'S HERE! A New SECURITY PLAN



Pays Both HOSPITAL & DOCTOR BILLS

CASH BENEFITS INCLUDE

Hospital Expenses for Accident up to **$540.00**

Hospital Expenses for Sickness (beginning 7th day) up to **$540.00**

Doctor Expenses for Accident up to **$135.00**

Loss of Time from Work up to **$300.00**

Accidental Death **$1000.00**

War Coverage & other valuable benefits.

***Protection in case of* SICKNESS or ACCIDENT**

Here's a real Security Plan ... designed to give the protection you need against expenses resulting from Hospitalization. In case of unexpected sickness or accident ... go to any Hospital in the U.S. or Canada, under any Doctor's care. We pay your expenses in full accordance with Policy provisions.

Individual or Family

You are eligible for this low cost Protection from birth to age 70 ... without Medical Examination. The famous North American Plan is sold direct ... at a saving to you. The Company is under the supervision of the Insurance Department. Sickness and accident strike suddenly ... BE PREPARED! Mail coupon. No Agent will call.

FULL DETAILS FREE!

NORTH AMERICAN MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
Dept. MM5-4, Wilmington, Del.

Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3c A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

THEY JUST COULDN'T SAY GOODBYE

(Continued from page 42)

might depend on how Mr. Payne felt about it—"

Mr. Payne felt fine about it. He knocked at the door that Saturday night—

"Who is it?"

"Payne," said John. And Gloria opened the door to her future husband.

They looked cute together at the party—he so big, she so little. It hadn't been as strange as Gloria'd expected. They got lost, which was funny, because John kept saying he could find the Ladd place with his eyes shut—

"Maybe you'd better shut them then," she suggested.

But they just went up and down hills and asked people, and finally a little boy said, "Sure. There's a heck of a party around the corner—"

For two people who'd never met before, conversation proved surprisingly easy. They stayed till 10:30, dropped by at the Clover Club for one dance, then he took her home—

"It's been awfully nice," said Gloria. "I had fun—"

"Me, too," said John.

now i know ...

No sparks flew. It wasn't love at first sight, it was just a date. Marriage? Don't be silly. At nineteen and headed for stardom, Gloria had things to do. Also definite views on the marriage question, packed with good, hard sentiment. No marrying for her, just to be married. When the right man came along, she'd know him. If it meant waiting till she was 30 or older, she'd wait. As for John, his mind was on the house he'd just bought—on Julie, his daughter—on picking up the career he'd dropped when he enlisted in '42—on anything but marriage—

That's how it was when they met, and when John phoned her a couple of days later and took her to the Cugat opening at Ciro's. Just a date. Just good company for each other. From the first he called her Button. Never Gloria. "I'd like you to meet Button De Haven," he'd say. They went to movies and to the beach, and he came to dinner at Gloria's house. Both dated other people. But the better they got to know each other, the better they liked being together—

It took a separation to make them realize what was happening. John left on a camp tour and was gone for two weeks. Gloria went out with other boys, but didn't seem to care about it much. The world was a little askew till the phone rang one night, and she heard John's voice again. Then *she* went away—to Palm Springs with her mother and sister. And John came down, and that's when they both began wondering—

To outsiders, the whole thing seemed sudden. They met in September and were married on December 28th. To Gloria and John, the only sudden part was the wedding date. They hadn't known each other long, but they'd made it their business to know each other well.

Coming home from the beach one day, John had said: "How would you feel about not dating anyone else?"

They talked it over. It wasn't to be an engagement, just a kind of test. If they missed seeing other people, they'd know it wasn't right. Well, they found it *was* right, that's the best way they know how to put it. Being together gave them a sense

"The gleam in your hair puts that gleam in his eye"





The action-lather cleanses thoroughly, leaves hair easy to manage — *and no other shampoo gives your hair such gleaming highlights.*

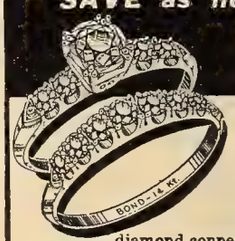
Does Not Change Color of Hair

10c 25c 45c At Drug and 5 & 10c Stores

Hennafoam Gleam Shampoo

SAVE as never before!

Genuine Fine-Cut **DIAMONDS**



Not chips, but genuine, fine-cut sparkling diamonds poised in superbly styled 14 kt. solid gold settings! At amazingly low prices made possible only by our wholesale diamond connections. Engagement rings, handsome men's rings, men's and women's matching wedding rings. Don't miss this chance to SAVE!

Write today for **FREE** *illustrated booklet*

BOND DIAMOND CO. Dept. M 7
562 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

WHOLESALE DIAMOND DEALERS SINCE 1887

Money Back If Blackheads Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, muddiness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, fairer, smoother looking skin. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug toiletry counters. 30 million jars already used. Ask for Imperial size, or write for a generous Free Sample to Golden Peacock Co., Inc., Paris, Tennessee.

CRO-PAX

for CORNS CALLOUSES BUNIONS



AT ALL 10c STORES

FOREST CITY PRODUCTS, INC. • CLEVELAND 13, OHIO

of peace, being together made them feel right inside—

They talked everything out beforehand. Their careers. Julie. Gloria's mother. She's very close to her mother. Mrs. De Haven thought John was wonderful, but Gloria was her baby. Her engagement might come as a shock. Gloria wouldn't do anything to hurt her mother. . . They talked out all the problems—present, past and future—and how to deal with them—John with the soberness of experience, Gloria with a wisdom beyond her years. *This* marriage had to be built on granite, this was for keeps—

Then Gloria told her mother. To her mother, it did come as a bolt from the blue and no one's pretending otherwise. But after the first shock and the hugs and the tears, Mrs. De Haven asked only one question. "Are you sure, Gloria?"

"So sure—"

It wasn't the words so much, as a look in the shining, steadfast eyes. "Then that's all I want to know—"

John phoned *his* mother in Virginia. "Don't be surprised when you hear I'm engaged, Mom—"

"Wonderful, son. Now we can send you your hope chest." It was a great day for Rosie, John's aunt, who's 70-odd and sews like an angel. She'd started on his linens when John went into the Army. But they sent Gloria something better than linens. It came that night while she was at the movies with John. Mother left it under the little nightlight in the bathroom. "We'll just love having you in the family," it said. "All our love. Mom and Rosie."

They wanted a honeymoon, so they planned to marry when John finished "The Dolly Sisters." Meantime, there was plenty to do. The house, for instance—Colonial with green shutters—the kind of house Gloria'd always wanted to live in—

"Now I know why I bought it," said John.

Decorating had been started along strictly masculine lines. "Now I know why I'm marrying you," Gloria said. "So I can change things—"

They went to the beach a lot. Gloria'd never had much time for sports. Under John's tutelage, she was learning how much fun she'd been missing. At Palm Springs he gave her her first riding lessons. Now he was teaching her to swim. One day he appeared on his motorbike, and her mother and Marjorie watched wide-eyed as little Gloria climbed up, tucked her arms round his waist and went snorting off as cool as you please—she, who'd never even *smelled* a motorbike till that minute—

Often, they'd take Julie along to the beach. She calls Gloria Button too, and they're fast friends. What's more, Gloria and Anne Shirley are friends, which speaks volumes for both. We'd like to quote Gloria on the subject, because we've rarely heard clear, straight, grownup thinking better expressed—

commonsensical . . .

"It's ridiculous to imagine we shouldn't meet, or that we'd meet and freeze each other up. We've got one terribly important thing in common—Julie's happiness. Anne brings her over and the baby sees us together and accepts it as natural. In February, Anne's marrying Adrian Scott. Julie'll spend her time between us. She adores her mother, but she's also fond of me. No one could ever replace her father, but she likes Mr. Scott. That's how we all want it. That way, there's no strain or tension for the baby. There'll be two homes where she's loved and needed, and she'll grow up knowing that the people in those homes are friends—"

Saturday before Christmas, they went to a dinner party attended by a few close friends.

After 7 SHORT WEEKS

—the radiant girl she never dreamed she could be!





Before

Charita McCann—New Rochelle, New York, secretary, took the "Powers Girl" training she was "just average"—now her friends agree she's beautiful, charming, poised!

WHAT THE POWERS HOME COURSE OFFERS YOU

Just a few of the 60 exclusive Powers Home Course Features:

YOUR FIGURE: Simple, easy ways to give you a model figure. Personalized for *you*. Gain or lose—you can perfect your proportions.

YOUR MAKE-UP: Photo-Revise shows your own beauty highlights, ideal make-up and hair-do, individually designed by an expert.

YOUR STYLE: How to save up to 3 times the price of this Course and be "best-dressed."

YOUR VOICE: Fun-to-do helps to make speech more attractive.

YOU: The man's viewpoint. Mr. Powers gives the formula for charm and magnetism.

WHAT THE POWERS HOME COURSE HAS DONE FOR OTHER GIRLS

Mr. Powers' students have written:

"Has given me the 'lift' I've needed for a long time."—"I've lost about 10 pounds—4 inches off my hips."—"My friends tell me I look so happy and sure of myself, they envy me."—"My complexion is already clearing beautifully!"—"I've found a better job, thanks to you."

READ HOW the "Powers Girl" training can do as much for you—help you to a lovelier figure, perfect style and grooming—greater appeal!

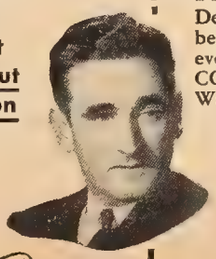
ARE you, too, "just average" in looks and personality? Have you ever dreamed of being prettier, more poised, more charming, more sought after?

Now you, too, can actually see your dreams come true! John Robert Powers, creator of the famous "Powers Girls" will help you personally to achieve your heart's desire. In a few short weeks, at modest cost, you discover to your joy what wonders correct make-up, hair style, voice training, styling planned especially for you can do. Instruction is individual!

You get the personal advice of the trained Powers School faculty. It's easy—fascinating—fun—and what a wonderful reward! So don't wait a day longer to start becoming the more attractive—more sought-after girl that you really can be.

Clip the Coupon NOW

Send for the fascinating booklet that tells you without charge or obligation how to become a lovelier . . . more successful YOU.



John Robert Powers

John Robert Powers Home Course
247 Park Avenue, Suite D205, New York City

Dear Mr. Powers: Yes, I want the thrill that comes from being prettier, more poised and charming than I've ever been! Please send me full details of your HOME COURSE and your illustrated booklet "The Powers Way."

Name_____
(PLEASE PRINT)
Street_____
City & Zone_____ State_____
Occupation_____ Age_____

Thrilling New Hair "Make-Up"

adds sparkling highlights ...lustrous color effects



"She's *almost* attractive" too often describes the girl whose make-up stops at her hairline ... who depends on a shampoo alone to reveal the true beauty and brightness of her hair. For your hair — like your face — needs a note of *color* to look its loveliest!

No matter what color hair you have, you can give it fresh sparkle and achieve a smart new color effect with Marchand's *Make-Up* Hair Rinse! You can enrich the natural hair color ...give it a "warmer" tone or a "cooler" hue... even blend little gray streaks in with the original shade! A color chart on the back of the package shows which of the 12 Marchand shades will give the effect you desire.

After your shampoo, dissolve a package of Marchand's Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Gone is all soap film! Your hair is glorious with shining new color ... softer and more manageable, too!

Marchand's Rinse goes on and washes off as easily as facial make-up. Not a bleach — not a permanent dye — it's *absolutely harmless.*



Made by the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

"When are you going to be married?" someone asked.

They'd given up the idea of waiting for "The Dolly Sisters." It looked as though John might go straight from that into another, and Gloria's schedule was still more uncertain. They'd been thinking of January. John would finish recording on the morning of the 28th, and be free till the 12th—

Up spoke a voice. "What's wrong with the 28th? You'll have almost two weeks."

Out of the hubbub and laughter, the crossfire of questions and answers and suggestions, two voices finally rose—

"*I* can manage," said Gloria calmly.

"Then what are we waiting for?" asked John.

You couldn't do anything Sunday, and Monday was Christmas. Gloria's family had dinner at John's. He gave her a topaz, to be set in a ring—and a tweed topcoat, made by his own tailor. She gave him a pair of gold cuff links, bought before their engagement was announced. Marjorie had been dubious. "D'you think it's all right, giving a man jewelry?"

"For *this* man, it's all right." That's when Marjorie began wondering—

The shopping turned out to be a snap. For the wedding, an adorable ice-blue satin suit, blue being John's favorite color. Sidney Guilaroff at the studio was going to make her hat. On Christmas Day, she'd worn the blue angora sweater Marjorie knitted, with a matching band in her hair and a beige wool skirt. John was so crazy about it, he'd asked her to wear it for going away—under the new topcoat. Mother gave her the most exciting thing in her trousseau—a powder-blue maribou jacket that came to her knees. From the age of nine, she'd pined for a maribou jacket. But when birthdays and Christmas rolled around, there was always something else she really *needed*—

Two whirling days and their memories. Teasing Marjorie, their maid of honor, who was wearing white—

"She'll look more like a bride than I will—"

"What happens if I get nervous and marry the wrong girl?"

Gloria's horrible fear that she'd say something wrong in the responses. She and John getting out their prayerbooks, and rehearsing the beautiful solemn words together. Dinner with John Wednesday, saying good night for the last time as Button De Haven. Going home to supervise the packing, but Mother and Dad and Marjorie had it all done—

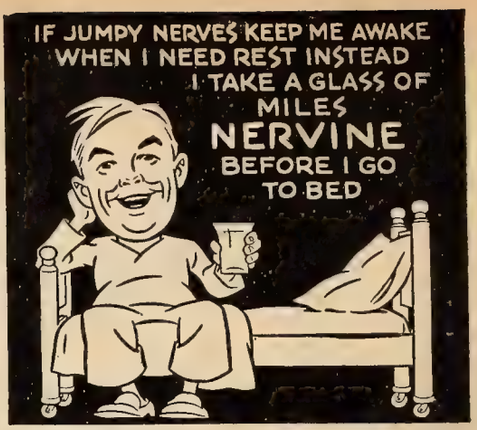
Last minute things next morning. Everything perfect, except she had to wear rayon stockings. John always teased her because they bagged at the knees. Imagine walking down the aisle with your knees bagging. But what could you do, if rayon was all you had? Then, an hour before the wedding, Ann Rutherford like an angel to the rescue—

"Hold everything. I've got a pair of nylons for you."

Dressing at the church. Sidney Guilaroff came with her hat—the loveliest miniature picture hat—blue satin crown, black tulle brim, blue roses. Her suit was new and blue, the little pearls in her ears and round her throat were old, the prayerbook was borrowed from Marjorie. John's white orchids were pinned to her shoulder, and she felt fine, thank you, not a bit nervous. Next thing she knew, they had smelling salts at her nose—

oh, promise me . . .

The tiny sweet church in Beverly was candlelit, and trimmed with white gladiolas. The family and a few close friends had gathered. The wedding march, and two small boys walking down the aisle, lighting the altar candles. Then Marjorie. Then



DON'T try to **force** sleep. This often makes your nerves even **more** tense. Instead, try

DR. MILES NERVINE

(Effervescent Tablets or Liquid)

Dr. Miles Nervine is a scientific combination of mild but effective sedatives which relaxes nervous tension to permit refreshing sleep. Get it now to have it handy when you want it. Buy it at your drug store on our money-back guarantee. Read directions and use only as directed. Handy-to-carry Effervescent Tablets. **35c and 75c;** Liquid, **25c and $1.00.** Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

Try DR. MILES NERVINE

Your Photo on 250 Stamps $1.69



Use them on Letters, Books, Greeting Cards

It's new! It's exciting! Your favorite photo or snapshot reproduced on smart, exclusive stamps. Large-sized (1⅛" x 1½") on fine gummed paper— just wet the back and apply. That man of yours in service will get a real thrill seeing your picture in every letter.

Hundreds of Novel Uses

Photo Stamps can be used on greeting cards, announcements, business cards, job applications, etc. Identify your books, records, sheet music, etc.

PHOTOPLATE CO., Dept. 4-DD
161 W. Harrison St., Chicago, 5

Send No Money

You don't risk one cent — simply send photo or snapshot (no negatives). On arrival, pay postman $1.69 plus C.O.D. postage on MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. If cash accompanies order, we pay postage. Original photo returned. Mail your order TODAY!

MORNING COUGHS



Why start the day with hawking, "morning coughs" due to nose and throat congestion caused by colds, sinus, and catarrh? Try this "old stand-by method" that thousands for 69 years have used . . .

HALL'S TWO METHOD TREATMENT.

Loosens and helps clear up phlegm-filled throat and nasal congestion or money back. Ask your druggist. Write for FREE Vitamin and Health Chart today!

F. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 34, Toledo, Ohio

NOW Foamy Medication



"UPSET" SKIN

Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Soap is a *special* soap containing the same costly medication as 104 year proved Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Ointment. Whip up the rich cleansing FOAMY MEDICATION with finger tips, washcloth or brush and allow to remain on 3 minutes. Amazingly quick results come to many skins, afflicted with pimples, blackheads, itching of eczema and rashes externally caused that need the scientific hygiene action of Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Soap. For your youth-clear, soft loveliness, give your skin this luxurious 3 minute foamy medication-treatment. At toiletry counters everywhere 25c or from E. T. Browne Drug Company, 127 Water Street, New York 5, New York.

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8 x 10 Inches on DOUBLE-WEIGHT PAPER

Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture.

Original returned with your enlargement.

57¢

3 for $1.25



SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo, negative or snapshot (any size) and receive your enlargement, guaranteed fadeless, on beautiful **double-weight portrait quality paper.** Pay postman 57c plus postage—or send 69c with order and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. **Send your photos today.**

STANDARD ART STUDIOS
100 East Ohio Street Dept. 1335-D Chicago (11), Ill.

Gloria, on her father's arm, looking as serene as if she'd never heard of a smelling salt. But John says her hand shook the whole time it lay in his, even when he slipped on the plain gold band, with its guard of rubies—Gloria's birthstone. It was a single ring ceremony, because John always wears a ring that belonged to his father—

The little reception at a friend's home. Gloria grabbing the one person John didn't know, and introducing them, so she could say, "My husband—"

Then the goodbyes and the rice and the last hug for Mother, who just waved like the rest, and never shed a tear—and how Gloria loved her for it knowing how she felt. And Mary Ellen and Clarence at the door of their house, welcoming her in, calling her Mrs. Payne as easily as if she'd been Mrs. Payne for a month at least. And dinner at their own table with the Lazy Daisy, and changing for the trip and off to Palm Springs in the rain—

And howling next morning over a corny gag of Dad's. He'd stuck a package in her bag, all done up in tissue and blue ribbons, which turned out to be her mangiest tennis shoes—

"The reason I married you," said John, "is because you're a baggypants comic at heart. I've been waiting to find someone cornier than myself, which I thought was impossible—"

tapeworm hostess . . .

As it happened, they had only four days at Palm Springs. John was called back. But they didn't mind. All that seemed to matter was being Mr. and Mrs. John Payne. They could honeymoon nicely in a white Colonial house—

Which is what they've been doing.

Sometimes Gloria gets breakfast. She can scramble a mean egg, but hates to clean up. Her eating habits move John to awe. She devours potatoes and laps up desserts, the gooier, the better. She outeats him at every meal but breakfast, and even there she's beginning to catch up. Her first words in the morning, and her last at night are: "I'm hungry—"

John feels her head. "You couldn't be sick and eat like that. On the other hand, you can't eat like that and be normal. Why don't you weigh 250 pounds?"

He'd rather have her casual than glamorous. Likes her in slacks and sport shirts and sloppy joes. And pigtails. "I look fresh out of school," she protests.

"Is that bad?" asks her husband.

She's a pest about presents. Let Gloria find out that a present is on the way, and she'll give you no peace till she knows what it is. She can't wait for the day. Long before Christmas, she knew all about the topaz and the coat. This burns John up. On their first anniversary—they'd been married a week—he gave her a lovely little tourmaline cross—

"It's a standin for your real wedding present, which isn't ready—"

"Oh, John, it's so beautiful for a standin!" Brief pause for decency's sake. "What's the real one?"

"The real one," he informed her grimly, "will be a surprise if it kills us both—"

She couldn't budge him that time—had to wait till it came—an old-fashioned diamond pendant on a thin gold chain—

Because John's been away so long, Julie's with them now. Her "Hi, Button!" rings through the house. Five next July, she's the roughneck of the world—licks the tar out of boys three years her senior. Once Gloria buffed her nails to show her how pretty they looked with the grime off. Now they've got to be buffed every day. "Look, Poppy, how pretty—"

"My, what a clean little girl you are—" This inspires her to stay clean for a full five minutes.

Is a wife to blame

IF SHE DOESN'T KNOW--



these intimate physical facts?

YES! She's *decidedly* to blame. Because in this age of enlightenment and frankness there's no excuse for ignorance of facts on proper intimate feminine cleanliness which often can mean so much to womanly charm, health and happiness. There's no excuse for ignorance of *what* to put in her douche.

Mistakes Many Women Often Make

Many women still foolishly use old-fashioned methods of douching with weak, homemade mixtures of vinegar, salt or soda, which DO NOT and which CAN NOT give the germicidal and deodorant action of Zonite. Or they often use overstrong solutions of harmful poisons which may burn, severely irritate and damage delicate tissues—in time may even impair functional activity of the mucous glands.

If only you'd use this newer, scientific—THOROUGHLY MODERN—method of douching with ZONITE—how much happier your life might be!

No other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to delicate tissues as Zonite.

Discovery Of A World-Famous Surgeon and Renowned Chemist

The formula of Zonite was the first type of liquid antiseptic in the world that was non-poisonous.

Yet Zonite *instantly* destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances, helps guard against infection—kills every germ it touches. Of course due to anatomical barriers it's not always possible to contact all germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE OF THIS! No germicide kills germs *any faster* or *more thoroughly* than Zonite. It kills all *reachable* living germs and keeps them from multiplying. Positively non-irritating, non-burning, non-poisonous for feminine hygiene. Use Zonite as directed as often as you want without risk of danger.

Buy a bottle of Zonite today from any drugstore.

Zonite
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

FREE!

For Frank Intimate Facts of Newer Feminine Hygiene—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. 504-G, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and receive enlightening FREE Booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

"MY Don Juan Lipstick STAYS ON!"



Says
Paula Stone
FAMOUS ON SCREEN, STAGE AND RADIO

"My lips stay lovely hours longer without retouching... That's why Don Juan is tops with me."

4 beauty extras:
See what they do for your lips

1. **DON JUAN STAYS ON** when you eat, drink, kiss, if used as directed. No greasy, smeary effect.
2. **LIPS STAY LOVELY** without frequent retouching. Try today.
3. **NOT DRYING or SMEARY.** Imparts appealing "glamour" look. Creamy smooth—easily applied.
4. **STYLE SHADES.** Try Raspberry, rich, glowing, or Number 5, medium red, flattering, youthful looking. Other shades, too.

De luxe size $1. Refills 60c. Junior size 25c. Tax extra. Matching powder, rouge & cake make-up. Trial sizes at 10c stores. In Canada also.

DON JUAN MILLION DOLLAR LIPSTICK

BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR ... and look 10 YEARS YOUNGER



● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c and $1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get BROWNATONE today.

STAMMER?

GET THIS FREE BOOK!

This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 43 years. **Benj. N. Bogue, Dept. 2270, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.**



• The pins with a lasting grip
• Smooth finish inside and out

Scoldy Lox BOB PINS
NEVER LET YOUR HAIR DOWN

All the lessons she'll ever need in child training, says Gloria, come from watching John with Julie. One evening the baby had finished her prayers, blessed her private list of friends and relations—

"Julie," said her father. "It's good to have a nice dinner and a warm bed and people to take care of you, isn't it?—Well, there are children in Greece and Poland and all over the world who don't have those things. So let's bless all the children in the world and ask God to look after them—"

"I don't *know* all the little children in the world—"

"You don't have to know them. Just think how you'd feel without Poppy and Mommy and Button to love you and give you what you need. You'd certainly want God to do something about it, wouldn't you? So let's ask Him—"

When Julie gets hold of something, she hangs on. "I don't *know* all the little children in the world—"

John stood up. "All right then, I don't want to know you. Good night. I'd rather not talk to a little girl who doesn't care about anyone but herself—"

Five minutes. Ten minutes. "Poppy!" He went in. "Poppy—I don't *know* all the little children in the world—but I'd like God to bless them—"

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When we were in California three years ago, my husband worked at the "Bit Of Sweden" Restaurant. One evening, while waiting for him, I noticed a crowd gathering; they were waiting for Spencer Tracy to finish dinner and come out.

When he finally did, he was escorting a tall, slender young woman who seemed to melt into the background. I didn't pay much attention to her until Mr. Tracy looked up from signing autographs and announced, "You'd better get this young woman's signature, too. She's going to be one of your top favorites one of these days."

Good guess, Spencer Tracy, spotting Ingrid Bergman so early in the game.

Mrs. J. C. Wilcoxson
Louisville, Ky.

The Paynes are still honeymooning, spending most evenings by the fire with the radio on. They're both radio fans—anything from mystery thrillers to comedians, corny or otherwise—any music from Rachmaninoff to swing. Or they talk about the future—the flowers they'll plant—the patio John's going to enlarge—the spinet they've ordered. John plays by ear, and Gloria not at all. They're both going to take lessons. They're going to build a shack with their own hands above Malibu. They're going to Virginia in the spring to see Mom and Rosie. Till finally Gloria wails, "I'm hungry," and they go to the kitchen to gorge on hot chocolate and cookies.

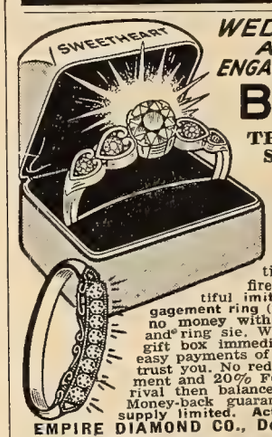
They've laid down one rule. Never to go to sleep or to leave each other on a disagreement. To settle it then and there, if it means not going to work or staying up all night. There haven't been any arguments yet, knock wood, but when they come up—and they will—you can always talk things out and reach a compromise. You don't have to walk away in a huff. Happy marriages don't just happen. You have to work at them. If that means giving in, fine. You give in a little to save something big—



HELP KEEP Blonde Hair FROM DARKENING

Simple Home Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter SAFELY

Made specially for blondes, this new shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded hair. Called Blondex, its rich cleansing lather instantly removes the dingy film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair lustrous highlights. Safe for children. Get Blondex at 10c, drug, dept. stores.



WEDDING AND ENGAGEMENT RING BARGAIN

TEN DAYS' TRIAL—SEND NO MONEY

Introductory offer: With every order for smart, new, Sterling Silver Solitaire engagement ring we will include without extra charge exquisite wedding ring set with eight imitation diamonds matching in fire and brilliance the beautiful imitation Diamond solitaire engagement ring (the perfect bridal pair). Send no money with order. Just name, address and ring sie. We ship both rings in lovely gift box immediately and you make just 2 easy payments of $2 each, total only $4. We trust you. No red tape as you make first payment and 20% Federal tax to postman on arrival then balance any time within 30 days. Money-back guarantee. War conditions make supply limited. Act NOW.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. ST-354, Jefferson, Iowa



ITCH CHECKED IN A JIFFY

Sufferers from the torturing itch caused by eczema, pimples, scales, scabies, athlete's foot, "factory" itch, and other itch troubles are praising cooling, liquid **D. D. D. Prescription.** This time-proved medication—developed by Dr. D. D. Dennis—positively relieves that cruel, burning itch. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes and comforts even the most intense itching in a jiffy. A 35c trial bottle proves its merits or your money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. Prescription.**

LUCKY in NUMBERS Lucky Love

Stop worrying and wondering. Get the facts according to numbers. Send me your complete birth date. Get your new personalized forecast on **Love, Business, Finances, Travel, Pleasure, Health, Home, Responsibility,** friends and associates. I send you your *PERSONAL NUMBERS* forecast taken from your full **birth date.** Formerly a $5.00 service. All for only 25c. Rush birth date, a 3c stamp and 25c in coin. FREE—Mail your order promptly and get a dictionary of 300 **Common Dreams.** Satisfaction guaranteed.

APPLIED NUMBERS, Dept. 84
3833 Applegate, Cincinnati 11, Ohio



DRAW for MONEY

Be An ARTIST!

Trained Artists Are Capable of Earning

$30 - $50 - $75 A WEEK

Use Your Spare Time to Prepare for a Profitable Art Career!

It's pleasant and interesting to study Art the W.S.A. way. **COMMERCIAL ART, ILLUSTRATING, CARTOONING** all in One complete course. No previous Art experience necessary—hundreds have profited by our practical methods since 1914. TWO ART OUTFITS furnished with training. Full information in FREE BOOK, "Art for Pleasure and Profit." Write today. State age. **WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Studio 804-P, 1115—15th St., N. W., Washington 5, D. C.**

DON'T BELIEVE IT!

(*Continued from page 45*)

she bent the low-slung sizzler into his big brown eyes. "Hey," grinned Bogie. "Turn it off a minute. I got a name for you. 'You're the Look.'"

"Is that so?" drawled Betty. "How about you?"

"Me? Oh, I'm 'the Hangover,'" said Bogie.

Betty has a lot of names, as you might have gathered. Betty, Charlie, Slim, Junior, The Look and just Bacall, like just Garbo. Oh, yes, and Lauren. That's the one officially up in lights from now on, so maybe we'd better use that, although it's not her real handle at all. She borrowed it from her grandmother.

You can tell that from the gold tag-bracelet she wears on her right wrist. It says "Betty Bacall," and it's a gift, she'll admit, from a man. What man? Just a man. *The* Man, by any chance? Yes, Lauren confesses, *The* Man. "There's a love in my life," she states openly. Who's that? Lauren levels the Look and then wipes it away with a sweet smile. She's not telling, and she's not kidding, either. Nobody in Hollywood knows who The Man is or where he is. Lauren is close-mouthed; nice about it, but still zipper-lipped. (*The Man, of course, as we all know since this was written, is Bogie*—Ed.)

Somebody asked her the other day, "Who's your best friend?"

Betty answered seriously. "My dog, Droopy. He's the only one who never betrays a confidence."

So, obviously, Betty can be stubborn about some things.

One of them is going Hollywood, even in a minor way, turning into Miss Movie Star. Betty's against that. Glamour gags her. She's not the type, inside or out. She's not pretty, and she knows it, not doll baby-Shirley Temple-Jeanne Crain-Linda Darnall pretty. Her cheekbones are too high, her mouth is too wide and not even a first cousin to a cupid's bow. She has a scar on her right cheek (a little one). Her blond hair is streaked by the sun, and when you ask her if it's naturally wavy, she says, "Heavens no—that's a permanent!" Her eyes aren't pools of azure but a frank gray. Her teeth are not strings of pearls. She's trim all over but no Betty Grable. I still think she's darned good looking—added up—but Betty says no. "Call me interesting looking," she suggests. Okay.

Anyway, when the Warner Brothers saw the first rushes of "To Have and Have Not" and realized what a prize package they had on their hands, they got ideas. Before the picture was released, she had twice as much publicity as any other gal in Hollywood. It wasn't all press agentry, understand. Betty had something—a whole lot. Walter Winchell took one look, spent his whole column on her. The magazines photographed her from every angle. Both the United Press and the Associated Press gave her titles like "Most Interesting Actress of the Year." The snooty fashion bibles named her Model of the Year. Bacall got letters from service guys overseas naming her this and that. One pigboat outfit in Japanese waters broke the silence of the silent service. They voted Bacall "The girl we would most like to sink to the bottom with!!"

beauty for the best . . .

When the tornado first got going, it sucked away every picture of Lauren Bacall in the studio—whisht!—like that. They called Betty into the gallery for a mess of glamour sittings. But first Perc

LOSES 45 POUNDS

—and an Inferiority Complex

"My husband's birthday gift to me—the DuBarry Success Course—has brought new happiness to us both," says Mrs. Rita Unger of Hagerstown, Md.



"Just to stand before the mirror and see a figure you're proud of! Just to have the satisfaction of slipping into a size 14 dress after wearing a 38 for years! Just to hear the compliments of your family and friends on how wonderful you look! Those are rewards any woman would be willing to *work* for. But they came to me when I finished the DuBarry Course, and the weeks I had spent on it hadn't been work at all—they had been more of an exciting adventure.



Before

"I had put on weight after my babies came, until I weighed 178. Then, for my birthday my husband gave me the DuBarry Success Course. (Don't tell me husbands aren't observing and thoughtful!) The very first week I lost 8 pounds, and began to feel buoyant and gay. Today I weigh 133, and my figure is as slim as the day I was married. My skin is lovelier and softer, my hair lustrous and alive, and for the first time I know how to use make-up effectively. With all that weight gone, I have a surprising amount of energy. Thanks to DuBarry, I am getting more out of life than ever before. I can really enjoy my family and my home. Of course, my husband takes the credit, but that's all right with me!"

Photo above shows Mrs. Unger when she weighed 178. Never tired now, she says: "I do my housework in half the time."

After

LOST 45 POUNDS
BUST 5½" LESS
WAIST 6½" LESS
ABDOMEN 5½" LESS
HIPS 7½" LESS
THIGHS 4" LESS

HOW ABOUT YOU?

If *you* are dissatisfied with your personal appearance, find out about this simple plan that has helped Rita Unger and more than 175,000 other women and girls to be fit and fair, ready for strenuous wartime living. The DuBarry Success Course shows you how to bring your weight and figure proportions to normal, how to care for your skin, how to style your hair becomingly, how to use make-up to enhance your natural beauty—how to make the most of yourself. You follow at home the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Use the coupon—it will quickly bring you the full story of what this Course can do for you.

DuBarry Success Course

ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association



With your Course, you receive a Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations.

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON,
Dept. SR-59, 693 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED HEREIN
REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY

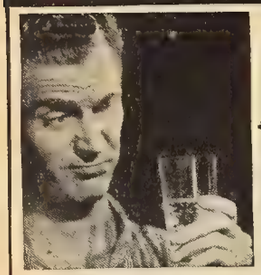
Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Miss
Mrs. _____

Street _____

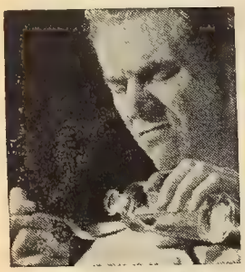
City _____ Zone No. if any _____ State _____

A WORD OF WARNING TO LAXATIVE USERS



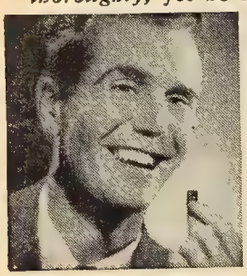
Some Laxatives are Too Strong-

It doesn't pay to dose yourself with harsh, bad-tasting laxatives! A medicine that's *too strong* can often leave you feeling worse than before!



Others are Too Mild-

A laxative that's *too mild* to give proper relief is just as unsatisfactory as none at all. A good laxative should work *thoroughly*, yet be kind and gentle!



But— EX-LAX is the Happy Medium!

Try the

"HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

Ex-Lax gives you a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is gentle, too! It works easily and effectively at the same time! And remember, Ex-Lax *tastes good*—just like fine chocolate! It's as good for women and children as it is for the men-folks. 10c and 25c.

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD—

Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle.

As a precaution use only as directed

EX-LAX The Original Chocolated Laxative



Glamour at your FINGERTIPS!

When he fondles your hand and turns it over in his, what does he see? Are your nails exquisitely groomed, glamorous, FLOWERY TREATED?

Get the FLOWERY habit. These manicure products have been standard for more than 30 years. Glamour is right at your fingertips! Simply make regular use of Flowery Emery Boards, Orange Sticks and other aids to beautiful hands. Flowery Emery Boards are 5c, 10c, 15c and 20c for a box of 12. Get Flowery products at leading drug, chain stores, department stores and beauty parlors.

SENT FREE: Color illustrated booklet "Your Hands," crammed full of beauty secrets.

Flowery MANICURE PRODUCTS

Dept. B, 3636 Park Ave., New York 56, N.Y.

Westmore, the beauty expert, stood off and cocked his experienced eye. He knew just what to do. They were yelping for glamour stills of Bacall, weren't they? Okay, we'll give 'em the glamour.

"That hair," began Perc, "has more stripes than El Morocco. Better tint it. The mouth—too big. We'll paint that up. That scar—hand me my collodion tube. Tweezers, please, for the eyebrows. Now about the nose—"

"Look," interrupted Bacall icily. "Just wait a minute. Who do they want these pictures of? I mean, whom?"

"Lauren Bacall, of course."

"Then for Pete's sake, don't make me somebody else! What," inquired Betty caustically, "did they sign *me* for if they wanted somebody different?"

There wasn't much answer to that. It's no use arguing with Betty, anyway, when her mind's made up. They took the pictures plain. There weren't any complaints.

It seems to Betty Bacall that all she has done since the lightning struck her is make photographs. No girl outside of Jane Russell has ever had such a pre-picture hurricane of hurry-up orders for Bundles of Bacall. Because she's grateful to her old modeling alma mater, "Harper's Bazaar," for the break it brewed her, Betty keeps right on modeling clothes for them. I don't know how many publications there are in the USA, but it's a safe bet that 99 per cent of them want a picture of Betty. Recently, it got so that Lauren was watching the birdie between takes, during lunch hours, before breakfast and after dinner. Right before "The Big Sleep" was finished and she fled to New York for a vacation, Betty was about to collapse with the screaming meemies. She was beefing around the set about her weary load, and Bogie Bogart heard her.

"Oh, for God's sake, Charlie, shut up!" he snapped. Lauren did. She just stared.

"Listen, Creep," said Bogie pitilessly, "you wanted to be an actress, didn't you?"

Betty knew what he meant. She grinned, and then wiped it away. "Yes," she said. "I did. I always did."

She never made a truer confession. There's plenty more back of Bacall than just freak publicity, a hot look and a crazy break. She's had stars in her eyes for years. Now that the stars are right up close—well—Betty's not so sure it's for her for keeps. She can see the tinsel already, which is a good healthy sign. But there was a time when the divine fire burned bright. She acted like the most stage-struck kid ever whelped and it worked, too. What lit the divine flame was a lady who acts on the stage next door to Lauren now. Name—Bette Davis. But I'll get around to that later.

Lauren Bacall is part French and part Russian by ancestry although her folks were settled in the USA several generations before she came along. Betty's an only child, and it's been her and her mother since she was a tot, because her parents split up early. Oddly enough, that's turned out to be sort of a break—that and the fact that she was born right on Manhattan Island, back in 1924. I mean, both circumstances have given Betty a self reliance and older-than-her-years outlook that has come in handy.

hookey'ed inspiration . . .

She was a naturally smart kid, too. Got out of Julia Richman High in New York at 15, without being a girl grind or a book beetle. In fact, at the school she was exposed to before Richman, Highland Manor in Tarrytown, the class prophecy tossed this bouquet at Betty when she graduated, "Betty Bacall—girl most likely to grow up and break men's hearts." Corny, of course, but not so far off the beam, either, as it turns out.

BEAUTIFY YOUR BUST LINE (Instantly)



An attractive full Bust Line is a short cut to glamour, poise and self-assurance. If your Bust Line makes you self-conscious, try the new (special up and out) Peach Cupbra. Use it for a week. If you are not delighted, send everything back and your money will be refunded. Write now. SEND NO MONEY. Send only your name and address and size of your old brassiere. (State whether small, medium or heavy.) When you get your Peach Cupbra with direction booklet, pay postman $1.98 (plus postage). (Plain wrapper.) Read your direction booklet and wear your Peach Cupbra for a week. If you are not absolutely delighted with your new lovelier figure, send it back. It is positively guaranteed to please you. Join the hundreds of women who enjoy a lovelier figure with Peach Cupbra. Please print name and address clearly. Write today to **Party Peach Co., Dept. 9D, 72 5th Ave., N. Y. 11, N. Y.**

Give Your Feet An Ice-Mint Treat

Get Happy, Cooling Relief For Burning Callouses—Put Spring In Your Step

Don't groan about tired, burning feet. Don't moan about callouses. Get busy and give them an Ice-Mint treat. Feel the comforting, soothing coolness of Ice-Mint driving out fiery burning . . . aching tiredness. Rub Ice-Mint over those ugly hard old corns and callouses, as directed. See how white, cream-like Ice-Mint helps soften them up. Get foot happy today the Ice-Mint way. Your druggist has Ice-Mint.



A real bargain! Latest rage of Hollywood. Graceful charms on a lovely chain—8 tiny images of delight—love heart, horseshoe, 4-leaf clover, hand, key, etc. (emblem of true love, friendship). You'll cherish it!

Hollywood Spray Pin adds dash and sparkle to every costume. You'll tingle with pride when you wear it. Artistically set with sparkling simulated Rhinestones in exquisite design. Creates a sensation.

SEND NO MONEY—10 DAY TRIAL

Money Back Guarantee. Send name and address. Pay postman only 98c plus postage and 20% Federal tax for Bracelet and Hollywood Pin, or mail $1.20 and we pay postage and tax.

International Diamond Co.
2251 Calumet Ave.
Dept. 215, Chicago 16, Ill.

Betty's mother has been a business woman all her life and still is. She has a secretarial job in a Beverly Hills defense firm now. That left the budding Bacall more or less on her own to obey her impulses during the day, and she never faltered.

One fine day at Richmond High, when Lauren was a fascinating fourteen, she felt much too good to sit in school. So she pretended she was sick. With her best girl friend she hookey'ed out and hopped a subway to a Broadway movie. It was Bette Davis in "Dark Victory," and Betty and the g.f. sat through it twice. Betty Bacall staggered home in a dreamy daze. Why couldn't she act like that? Darn it, she could, she would!

Well, right after that Bette Davis came to New York in person and in the flesh, straight from Hollywood. When Lauren learned that one of her mother's secretary friends knew Bette's private secretary, she didn't stop until she'd squeezed out a promise to meet her idol. The date was arranged all right, and Lauren took along the girl friend for moral support. She didn't want this to be one of those worshipping fan things. She wanted, above all, to keep her dignity and show Davis she was a sincere admirer. That way she might learn a thing or two, not get the old routine.

So the girls showed up at the Gotham Hotel, and Bette Davis was very gracious. But Bacall just couldn't find her tongue, and the poor girl friend lasted until the last minute—then fainted dead away at Davis' feet! It was awful, stark tragedy to Bacall, and she cursed herself (and the girl friend) all the way home. But Bette Davis had managed to put in some encouraging words for an ambitious girl to cling to—and that's really what started all. Even to this day, though, the cat grabs right hold of Lauren's tongue when she faces Bette Davis.

They met for the first time in Hollywood in Warner's Green Room, one noon hour. Davis remembered the New York episode and chatted away like the always interesting magpie she is. All Lauren could say was, "Yes . . . yes . . . no . . . uh-huh. . . ." and such drab monosyllabic mutter, and normally she's no dummy at all.

Right after she called the publicity man who'd introduced them. She was in an agony of self reproach. "What must Bette Davis *think* of me?" she wailed. "I acted like such an awful, horrible, silly jerk."

"Come on by," soothed the press agent. "We'll go down to Bette's set and you can redeem yourself." So they did—but it was the same thing all over. Lauren blushed like a milkmaid instead of a smart New Yorker, stuttered out her cramped cliches—was all hands and feet—or at least that's what she thought. But if Bette Davis noticed her awe, she never let on. Again she babbled away charmingly and ended up by calling Henry Blanke, the producer, and plugging Lauren enthusiastically for the lead in his next epic, "The Fountainhead," which every actress on the Warner lot is fighting and praying to win.

Betty Bacall had more than hero-worship to kick her along, of course. She knew she could act; she knew she had it in her. She was just one of those people who know from the start. She was blessed with a divine impatience, too. She had natural nerve and a capacity for direct action. So Betty ruled college out because that takes years and years, and getting started in show business is a young girls' game. Instead, Betty took a short flyer at the National Academy of Dramatic Arts at sweet sixteen. But that seemed elementary to her, and besides she wanted action. Besides, too, she wanted a few dollars. In fact, she had to have 'em.

So she went right down in the clothing district and got a job modeling—not deluxe, uptown modeling (as she did later on)—but very obscure dog-meat modeling in the crowded wholesale cloak-and-suit temples. It was tiresome, dull work, but there was a reason: Seventh Avenue was right next door to Broadway, and Broadway was going to be her oyster, or else.

Betty's story gets a little familiar, right here. It's the old, old Broadway beginners' refrain, in fact. But bear with me. She haunted the places stage-struck hopefuls are supposed to haunt—in her noon hours, days off and such. It took her quite a while to discover that the chances of success sitting outside a producer's door were about 100,000 to one. Pounding pave-

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One day, my uncle, who was employed by a Los Angeles garage, was asked to deliver Jon Hall's car to him and then drive him to the studio.

When he arrived at Mr. Hall's home, attired in his every day coveralls, the actor met him at the door—in a sarong and sandals!

At my uncles' glance of amazement, the star explained, laughing, "Well, I see you're in your work clothes—and I'm in mine!"

Valerie Vacco
Chicago, Illinois



NOW..try the shampoo

made from *Natural Oils* CONTAINS PATENTED RINSING AGENT

NOW AVAILABLE for you . . . Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo combines mild Cocoanut Oil and vegetable oils into a perfectly blended shampoo. As recognized authorities on hair care for over 50 years, the F. W. Fitch Company ask you to try this beauty shampoo.

At Drug Counters
Generous 6 oz. Bottle
50c



Leaves Hair Softer . . . Not "Drying" . . . Helps make your hair feel surprisingly softer . . . look silkier. After shampooing, your hair will have a lovely, soft gloss and be easy to manage.

"Mountains" of Lather . . . In either hard or soft water, a small amount of Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil gives huge swirls of billowy lather that loosens and floats away all dirt, dust and other hair accumulations.

A True Beauty Shampoo . . . Brings out the natural beauty of your hair by revealing those shy highlights that lend glamour to every hairstyle. Helps give your hair a radiant, healthy-looking luster.

Patented Rinsing Agent . . . Makes rinsing a simple, easy job. This special agent goes into action with the rinse water to carry away remaining particles. No special after rinse is required . . . hair and scalp are left immaculately clean, refreshed. Damp hair combs out easily . . . without troublesome snarling.

Delightfully Fragrant . . . You'll like the clean, fresh scent of this clear liquid shampoo. It leaves your hair with a pleasing, delicate fragrance. Try Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

FOR DANDRUFF...ask for and use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo . . . the *only* shampoo whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application is backed by one of the world's largest insurance companies. No other shampoo can make this statement.



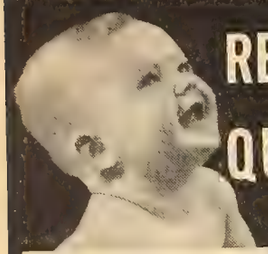
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY

A Shampoo for the whole Family

Fitch's TRADE MARK
SAPONIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

The F. W. FITCH COMPANY, Des Moines 6, Iowa · Bayonne, N. J. · Los Angeles 21, Calif. · Toronto 2, Canada

TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy it from your druggist today

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

EYES TIRED?



TWO DROPS



QUICK RELIEF

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then soothe and refresh them the quick, easy way—use Murine. Just two drops in each eye. Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle—and oh, so soothing! Start using Murine today.



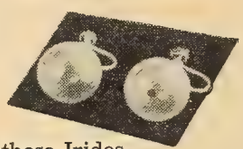
MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES • CLEANSES • REFRESHES

★ *Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps* ★

REPLICA PEARL EARRINGS GIVEN





To make new friends, these Iridescent Replica Pearls set in screw type Earrings are given with your order for both the necklace and bracelet. Be first to enjoy wearing them. Send today and accept these Earrings as our gift to you.

Wear NECKLACE And 2-Row Matching **BRACELET**

Enjoy wearing a gorgeous replica of an expensive pearl necklace and matching, two row bracelet,—all without risking a penny. Send for both the necklace and bracelet and accept them on ten days trial. Money refunded if you return them, **but YOU ARE TO KEEP THE EARRINGS as our get-acquainted gift,** in any event.

10 DAYS TRIAL

SEND NO MONEY *Supply Limited*

When your package arrives you pay the postman only $2.95 each for Necklace and Bracelet plus mailing cost and 20% Federal Tax. Write today!

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 55-CE, Jefferson, Iowa

RARE Replica Pearls with that true iridescent luster are now rare. Hand polished, carefully selected pearls with clasp. Necklace is 17½ inch single strand.



New ENLARGEMENT 3¢

Just to get acquainted, we will beautifully enlarge your favorite snapshot, photo, Kodak picture, print or negative to 5x7 inches, if you enclose this ad with a 3c stamp for return mailing. Please include color of hair and eyes and get our new Bargain Offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike colors and sent on approval. Your original returned with your enlargement. Send today.

STAMP

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept.2000, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

GRAY HAIR KILLS ROMANCE



YOU KNOW gray hair kills romance . . . makes you look years older . . . might even cost you your job! Yet you are afraid to color your hair —afraid people will know your hair has been "dyed". **Banish these fears now—forever!** Today with Mary T. Goldman's new, scientific **color - control** you can transform gray, bleached, or faded hair to the natural-looking shade you desire, quickly, **or** so gradually your closest friends won't guess! Pronounced harmless by competent medical authorities (no skin test needed). Will not harm your wave or change smooth, soft texture of your hair. Inexpensive, easy to apply. For **over 50** years millions have found **new hair beauty** by using Mary T. Goldman's in the privacy of their homes. So help yourself to beautiful hair—today! Buy a bottle of Mary T. Goldman's at your drug or department store on **money-back guarantee.** Or, if you'd rather try it first, mail coupon below for free test kit.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 505 Goldman Bldg.
St. Paul 2, Minn. Send free sample. Check color
☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown
☐ Medium Brown ☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

a close look. She was invited to one of those gala Elsa Maxwell party productions. All the great Hollywood ladies were decked out in the most formal finery, and the jewels were out of the safety deposit vaults. But Betty showed up in a plain number without a diamond in sight, her hair loose, her shapely hands and arms bare of jewels. She looked like a college girl who'd got into the wrong party by mistake. So she went over in a corner and sat quietly like a pussy cat. But not for long. By the end of the evening most of the males were swarming around Lauren Bacall like bees.

Privately, Betty Bacall's no more slinky or sophisticated than the girl next door. A couple of glasses of sherry is her limit in the drinking department, although she's a heavy cigarette smoker when she works (those nerves, again). She likes music (plays the piano) and likes to dance, too, and it's gotten so that when Emil Coleman sees her come into Mocambo, he swings right into "That Old Black Magic," her favorite tune. When she's sitting around the apartment, though, Betty prefers to tune the radio to sombre symphonies and gloom herself into a state of delicious sadness. That's where she is most of the time—home—because she hasn't a lot of friends.

Her fashion modeling background has blessed Lauren with solid taste in clothes and grooming. She always looks sharp as a tack, she likes tailored suits, trim dresses, sweaters and skirts and for let-down, neatly cut slacks, which on her willowy hips look perfect. Her favorite colors are green and brown. She hasn't a mink coat or even a furpiece. Betty treats her taffy top to a permanent wave, but she uses no other make-up come-ons except lipstick, no nail polish and no baubles besides the dog-tag bracelet and a mammoth gold ring that looks as though half the bullion from Fort Knox were in it. You can see it if you look at any of Bacall's pictures because she has never taken it off.

"I used to think I wanted to give my life to acting," recalls Bacall. "Die in greasepaint, and all that. But now I'm not so sure. There's something sort of empty about it, you know," she observes with blunt Bacall candor. "Look at all these movie stars. Happy? Uh-uh. When they get what they want, they don't want what they get!"

"After all," she'll sigh huskily, "women were meant to be wives!"

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Recently, Peter Lorre made a personal appearance at one of Hartford's leading theaters, his act consisting of both comedy and dramatic scenes. Right in the middle of one of his monologues ("The Man With The Head Of Glass"), a small child became so terrified that he started screaming, thus creating a terrible disturbance. Whereupon the actor interrupted himself, murmured to the embarrassed mother, "Will you please take that poor scared child out of here?"—and continued right on giving the rest of the audience hysterics!

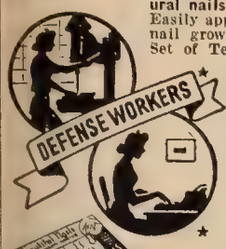
Josephine D'Onofrio
Hartford, Conn.



NOW! *Beautiful* NAILS AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

So natural they even have half moons

NEW! Smart, long tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with Nu-Nails. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. **Will not harm nor soften natural nails.** Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c. All 5c and 10c stores.



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

To protect your nails against injury—infection, breaking or discoloration, always wear NU-NAILS! Marvelous protection for defense workers, housewives — women everywhere.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

NU-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS

5251 W. Harrison St., Dept. 15-D, Chicago

Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a **free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co. **231-R Frontier Bldg.**
462 Niagara Street, **Buffalo 1, New York**

DIFFICULT DAYS *Made Easier*



WHEN you suffer from **Headache, Simple Neuralgia or Functional Monthly Pains,** take

DR. MILES ANTI-PAIN PILLS

Get **Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills** at your drug store—**25c and $1.00.** Read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.



ALAN LADD

MOVIE STAR PHOTOS

Direct from Hollywood
Get Yours NOW

All the latest stars and poses.

REAL PHOTOGRAPHS—GUARANTEED

List decorated with MOVIE STARS mailed FREE with each photo. Send name of your FAVORITE with fifteen cents to cover handling and mailing.

HOLLYWOOD SCREEN EXCHANGE
Box 1150—Dept. 2
Hollywood 28, Calif., U. S. A.

COMPLEXION BLOTCHY?
From External Causes

Soothe and smooth it the simple, time-tested Resinol way...Resinol Soap daily for gentle, exquisite cleansing...Resinol Ointment to relieve roughness or pimply irritation and thus quicken healing.

Let Resinol help you as it does others.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

POWDER PERFECTION

(*Continued from page 76*)

then work the powder down between the brows over the nose, lips and chin. Use a generous amount of powder. The powder on your chin should be smoothed into your neck with a circular motion. Go back to your forehead and work the powder across it. Do the same on your cheeks but use a downward motion. A baby brush or the clean back of your powder puff should dust away the excess, leaving your skin as glow-y as a dreamflower. Notice that the eyelids are left untouched. That's so you won't give them a dry look. A clean piece of absorbent cotton will remove powder specks from your hair-line. Didn't think there was so much to powdering your face, did you?

3. TRUE. Your powder can do a super glamour job for you. Features that are too prominent (like your determined jaw or longish nose) can be toned down with a darker shade of powder. Apply each shade separately. It requires a deft touch and patient blending so that the powders merge into each other. Dark circles beneath the eyes shouldn't worry you. Cover them with powder.

4. FALSE. Choosing your powder should be a careful task. First keep in mind your skin coloring with hair playing a close second. If you are a blond with a heavenly tan, you should cling to a rosy powder. If you have light hair and pale skin, then a light powder with pink under-tones—a peachy powder—should be used. If you are a glamorous brunette, you can play up either the light or dark tints. A medium golden color or a rosy beige will flatter your type. An ivory-tinted powder base with a slightly darker powder is for you, if you're a redhead with a pale skin. Freckles will be blended into the background by this make-up device. To team with your make-up base, there's a new non-chromatic powder. If your skin is sallow, it can be brightened by a clever choice of powder. When summer skips in, don't toss your pale powders to the winds. Mix them with the more tawny shades to produce the effects you want.

5. TRUE. Sometimes we take splendid beauty aids like puffs for granted and abuse them. Frequent sudsings will keep them clean and fluffy. If you use the disposable type, keep spares in your make-up kit. Change these every day. Incidentally, that handy compact of yours will keep your precious powder ready for instant use.

Lushly simple, wasn't it? And that's just how easy the steps are to powder perfection. See if you don't achieve head-turning beauty when you spare extra seconds for choosing and applying powder.

SPELLBOUND

PRODUCTION

(*Continued from page 39*)

vard. The time: From dawn to dark. Refreshments: Doughnuts and coffee. Entertainment: A real Blood transfusion given to a real Marine. Guests of honor: The American Red Cross. Admission: One pint of blood.

There were tears, tears of gratitude and happiness, in the eyes of the Red Cross nurse who hostessed the event, when she said goodbye and gave her thanks to the officials-in-charge at the end of that party! For she left with quarts and quarts and quarts of life-giving blood—blood to make plasma enough to save the lives of hun-

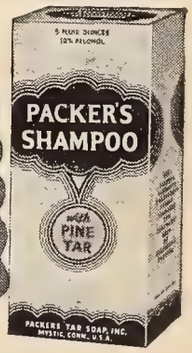


Her own fault—if she'd check her hat, pillow or hairbrush, she wouldn't be sitting home nights. She'd realize that the scalp perspires, too—and that the hair, particularly oily hair, quickly collects unpleasant odors.

She'd use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo regularly and never *risk* scalp odor again. This gentle shampoo, which contains pure medicinal pine tar, cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly and leaves the hair fresh and fragrant. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears.

Don't risk having scalp odor—*and not know it.* Let Packer's care for your hair and scalp. You can get Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo at any drug, department or ten-cent store.

PACKERS *Pine Tar* **SHAMPOO**



Leg Muscles Sore from too much exercise?

Relieve that pain with **ABSORBINE Jr.**



and ITS FRAGRANCE LASTS!

Beautiful Simulated BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN AWAY



Smart new, dainty Sterling Silver Ring set with sparkling simulated **Birthstone** correct for your birth date — **GIVEN** for selling only 5 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each. Send name and address today for order. We trust you. Premium supplies are limited. Don't delay.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-354, Jefferson, Iowa

GLAMOUROUS MOVIE STAR PHOTOS



Get Real Beautiful Portraits of your most favorite Movie Stars **NOW** 7 for $1.00

LINDA DARNELL 20th Century Fox Star

You will thrill at the very latest shots, individual poses, finest quality glossy prints, which give each photo a sparkling lifelike appearance.

Ready to frame or put in your album or scrapbook. Size 8 x 10—seven different photos for $1. postpaid. We have world's largest collection. Order as many as you desire.

Also Large Selection of Unusual Pin-Up Photos 12 for $1.00 postpaid

FREE! with your order, a beautiful illustrated catalogue listing all the Movie Stars in Hollywood.

IRVING KLAW

212 East 14th St., Dept. AA4, New York 3, N. Y.

dreds of wounded soldiers, sailors and marines. And in her hands were stacks of pledge cards with the written promise of more blood in the weeks to come!

It wasn't easy to give a party like that. It would have been simpler to have invited a chosen few, stirred up a few Martinis and filled a buffet with expensive, rationed food. But, tired as they may have been at the end of that long, difficult day, the people at Selznick knew they'd given themselves the nicest birthday party they'll ever have. And boys who might have died on a battlefield will return.

And "Spellbound" is the proof that in ten years Selznick Productions has gathered to it some pretty terrific names in show-business. This picture combines the acting talents of Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck with the special talents of Alfred Hitchcock (director), Ben Hecht (screenplay), George Barnes (photographer), Artist Salvador Dali, designer Howard Greer and all working on a story written by Francis Beeding. That's a hard combination to equal.

Most of the skiing scenes in this were filmed in the beautiful Wasatch Mountains, near Salt Lake City. Because of technical difficulties, the scene where Peck saves Miss Bergman from going over a precipice was done at the studio. A hundred-foot ski run, sloping at a thirty-five degree angle, was built inside a sound stage at the Vanguard studio. Real snow (used to the depth of approximately twelve inches) was made by grinding fifty pound chunks of ice in a machine expressly designed for this purpose. More than forty tons of the stuff were used, as a complete change of snow had to be made every hour. For safety's sake,

AUTOGRAPHS!

Of Bacall and Bogart, Hope and Hutton. And Hedy. Of 155 other stars. See page 16.

a comforter-covered rope ladder was stretched taut across the end of the ski run to stop the stars' descent should Peck fail to catch Miss Bergman and pull her down for the scheduled fall.

Ingrid is an expert on skis, but Gregory had never been on them. Clarita Heath Reiter, instructor from Sun Valley, was brought in to teach the actor and to act as technical advisor on the ski sequences. . . . No one but the master of ultra-modern art, Mr. Dali, could have designed the sets depicting Gregory's dreams. The artist made more than a hundred sketches, besides five oil paintings in black and white. Some days Dali worked from 8 A.M. to 1 P.M. scarcely taking time out for meals. . . . Earl Ray, "breakaway" expert, has a genuine pride of achievement in having produced the workable, hollow plaster statues into which Miss Bergman was fitted for the scene where she becomes a faceless statue and flies into thousands of pieces. The body of the statue, including the train for the Grecian robe worn by Miss Bergman, was done in a single cast in plaster. Cracks were then scored in the interior. Fine wires were imbedded in the statue, and workmen, stationed beneath the raised platform, pulled these wires at a signal from Hitchcock. The only sleight-of-hand involved in the whole scene is when Miss Bergman turns into a statue. Six men worked five weeks to perfect and complete the twenty-four statues needed for rehearsals, tests and takes. And since the models had to be molded by sprinkling layer after layer of thin, wet plaster on Miss Bergman and the robe she wore, it was often necessary for her to stand rigid for as long as two hours at a time.

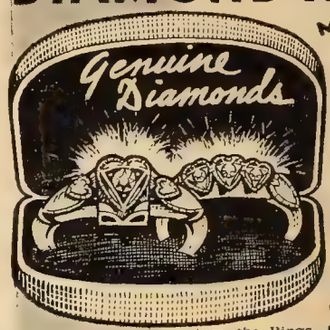


REMEMBRANCE LOCKET GIVEN



Dainty, 2-tone **REMEMBRANCE LOCKET** with space for pictures of loved ones—**GIVEN** for promptness with your order for both Rings. Send today.

DIAMOND RINGS



MATCHED BRIDAL PAIR

Enjoy wearing rich, sparkling, genuine Diamond Rings. Romance design engagement ring set with flashing, Rose cut diamond solitaire in sentimental, sweetheart mounting. Wedding ring is deeply embossed. 10K yellow gold, set with 3 genuine chip Diamonds. Send for both Rings today and accept them on 10 days trial. Money refunded if you wish to return the Rings, **BUT YOU ARE TO KEEP THE LOVELY REMEMBRANCE LOCKET AS OUR GET-ACQUAINTED GIFT,** in any event.

$6.50 Each BOTH FOR 9.95

EMPIRE

SEND NO MONEY

Either ring only $6.50 or both for $9.95 plus postage and 20% Federal Tax. SEND NO MONEY with order, just name and ring size. Pay on arrival, then wear rings 10 days on money-back guarantee. Rush order now!

DIAMOND CO.
Dept. 6-DH, Jefferson, Iowa

Do You Want LONGER HAIR



BRUNETTES, BLONDES, TITIANS! • • •

Just try this **System** on your HAIR 7 days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of LONGER HAIR that so often captures love and Romance.

HAIR MAY GET LONGER

when scalp and hair conditions are normal and the dry, brittle, breaking off hair can be retarded by supplementing the natural hair oils, it has a chance to get longer and much more beautiful. Just try the JUELENE **System** 7 days and let your mirror prove results. Fully guaranteed. Send $1.00 or C. O. D. plus few cents postage. Your money back if you are not fully delighted. Write today — to the

JUEL CO., 1930 Irving Park Rd., Dept. E603, Chicago 13, Ill.

MOVIE STAR PHOTOS AND BANDLEADERS



Movie stars and bandleaders galore! Love-scenes and pinups you'll adore! Everything you can ask for *and more!* We have the pick of all the Hollywood lots. FREE ALBUM with every $5 order. Every purchase you make (no matter how small) a credit toward YOUR FREE ALBUM.

All photos 8 x 10 original and glossy. 4 for $1.00; 12 for $2.50. Free Folder. Send money order or cash. Dept. S.

FREE PHOTO With Every Order

M. P. STUDIOS Box 151, Times Sq. Sta. New York 18, N. Y.

PICTURE RING $1.



Exquisite Onyx-like Picture Ring—made from any photo. **Send No Money!** Mail photo with paper strip for ring size. Pay postman only $1.00 plus postage. Hand tinted 25c extra. Photo returned with ring. Money back guarantee. Send photo and ring size now.

PORTRAIT RING CO., Dept. G-25. CINCINNATI, O.

Made from Any Photo or Picture! SEND NO MONEY!

PRETTY LEGS



BEAUTIFY CONTOURS, EASILY, QUICKLY!

New, lovely proportions for your legs: hips, thighs, calves, ankles, etc.—in this healthful, new, astonishingly easy way. **Only a few minutes per day in your own home.**

EFFECTIVE, LASTING RESULTS!

Used successfully by hundreds of smart women everywhere.

WRITE FOR FREE LITERATURE TODAY!

Surprise everyone: get started now, without obligation, by mailing coupon immediately to

ADRIENNE
915 SHREVE BLDG., Salon H, SAN FRANCISCO, 8, CAL.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

Beautify Your FORM Contour

Don't be embarrassed by a flat, undeveloped or sagging bust. Do as thousands of other women just like yourself are doing. They have learned how to bring out the loveliest contours of their figures, whatever their bust faults. Now you, too, can do the same . . . safely, easily, and positively.

HIGHLY ENDORSED BY MANY DOCTORS

Your flat bustline can be miraculously beautified into full and alluring contours. Or, if you are the pendulous type, it can be rounded into high and youthful loveliness. All you have to do is follow the easy directions on exercise, massage, brassieres, diet, etc., given in the great medically-endorsed book, "The Complete Guide to Bust Culture." Adopt these simple, self-help measures at once and your bust will positively appear full, firm and shapely . . . the proud glamorous curves which make you more desirable than ever.



OUR OFFER
SEND NO MONEY

You can now obtain this unique book by A. F. Niemoeller, A.B., M.A., B.S., at a remarkable price reduction. Formerly $3.50. Now only $1.98. Guaranteed harmless. Amazing lifetime results. SEND NO MONEY. Just mail coupon now.

HARVEST HOUSE, Dept. D-397, 363 Broadway, N.Y.C. 13
Send the COMPLETE GUIDE TO BUST CULTURE in plain package. On delivery I will pay postman $1.98 plus few cents postage. If not satisfied I may return it within ten days and my $1.98 will be refunded.

Name.....

Address.....

☐ CHECK HERE if you want to save postage. Enclose $1.98 with coupon and we ship prepaid.
Canadian orders, $2.50 in advance

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

LEARN NURSING AT HOME



High School not necessary. No age limit. Send for FREE "Nursing Facts" and sample lesson pages. Earn while learning. Act now!
Post Graduate Hospital School of Nursing
152 N. Wacker Drive Chicago 6, Illinois

FOOT RELIEF

New Soothing Foot Plaster. Easily Cut to Any Size, Shape





Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX, a new, superior moleskin foot plaster—velvety-soft, cushioning. When used on feet or toes, it quickly relieves corns, callouses, bunions and tender spots caused by shoe friction and pressure. Soothes and protects the sore spot. Splendid for preventing blisters on feet and hands. Economical! At Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ stores.

Dr Scholl's KUROTEX



MR. STARDUST

(Continued from page 30)

brought with him from the Coast had done a quick vanishing act, and he'd been lucky to land a barker's job, with no experience. He thought determinedly, it isn't acting but it's kind of like it. Working on a crowd, making them feel things. It'll be good training.

Probably it was, but it was tough on the voice. For twelve hours a day, Greg and the other 'talker' kept up a grind of chatter alternately—a half hour off and a half hour on. Pay—twenty-five dollars per.

There weren't so many jobs around in those days. When Greg left the Fair, he landed one as guide at Radio City and heaved a sigh of relief. The Peck lecture technique was a definite novelty, and was frowned on by the other guides and the authorities. It was, however, highly popular with the tourists.

"Listen, these poor jerks are worn out already from sight-seeing when I get 'em," he used to say. "They've seen Grant's Tomb and the Statue of Liberty and Times Square, and their feet hurt. They don't give a damn about statistics, they want rest and a little entertainment."

This was all well enough, but it wasn't acting. And Greg had left the University of California with one firm resolve: To become an actor. He hadn't had time to do much about it in college, although he did take part in a few plays there, and loved it. But he was working at half a dozen different jobs to put himself through college, besides being on the crew and taking a pre-med course. He and two other fellows lived in an apartment which they got free in return for doing janitor service. One of their duties was to light the hot water burner in the morning at six A.M., and when it was Greg's turn he was quite apt to oversleep and forget it. Then, come seven o'clock, there would be irate poundings on the door and shocking language from the tenants who found their bath water the approximate temperature of an Eskimo's backyard.

Another of Gregory's activities was managing a parking lot on the days when there were football games. The lot wasn't in a very good location. But Greg lettered an enormous sign which said "Parking—$1. Stadium just over the hill." It neglected ot mention that "just over the hill" was a distance of a mile.

Greg paid for his meals by waiting on table at a sorority house. He didn't think much of sororities—still doesn't.

"They're snobbish and undemocratic," he told his best pal firmly. "They line the girls up at some dizzy tea during 'rushing' and look 'em all over. The ones that look expensive are *in*. Then they pledge the ones with the best looking legs and the ones with cars. Fine system."

Gregory had another little racket during college—inspecting for an automobile insurance company. When a man would ask to have his car insured, Greg would go out to his place, look the car over, make a lot of impressive looking notes. At the end he was supposed to write a short sketch of the prospective "insuree."

"One guy was very snooty," he remembers. "He acted like a first class jerk. So did I louse him up! I went back and reported that the place was full of empty bottles and his breath reeked of whiskey, and he was shifty-eyed and obviously a bad financial bet. Presto—no insurance!"

You can see that with all these side lines, there wasn't much time for acting ambitions to flower. That was why Greg at last made up his mind to start for New York. But Broadway doesn't exactly put



NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses



REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



LEARN MILLINERY AT HOME

Design and make exclusive hats under personal direction of one of America's noted designers. Complete materials, blocks, etc., furnished. Every step illustrated. You make exclusive salable hats right from the start. We teach you how to start a profitable business in spare time. Low cost and easy terms. Expert milliners are in demand. Free National Placement Dept. Send for free catalog.
LOUIE MILLER SCHOOL OF MILLINERY
225 N. Wabash Ave., Dept. 184, Chicago 1, Ill.

Let Nadinola's 4-way action *help you*
CLEAR UP EXTERNALLY CAUSED PIMPLES
GENTLY LOOSEN BLACKHEADS
LIGHTEN, BRIGHTEN DULL, DARK SKIN



Don't give in to unlovely skin! Try famous Nadinola Cream, used and praised by thousands of lovely women. Nadinola is a *4-way treatment cream* that acts to lighten and brighten dark, dull skin—clear up externally caused pimples—fade freckles—loosen and remove blackheads. Its special medicated ingredients help to clear and freshen your skin—make it creamy-white, satin-smooth. Buy Nadinola Cream today and use only as directed. A single treatment-size jar is positively *guaranteed* to improve your complexion or your money back! Costs only 55¢, trial size 10¢. Also—

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

NADINOLA, Dept. 30, Paris, Tennessee
Send me free and postpaid your new deluxe edition Beauty Booklet, richly printed in full color, with actual photographs and sworn proof of the wonderful results from just *one jar* of Nadinola.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



April showers may be good for spring flowers but exposure to fickle weather never helps hands

USE

Mary Lowell

HAND CREAM

★ For red, rough, chapped hands and arms.
★ Marvelously effective for hands subject to frequent exposure.
★ Ideal for children's arms and legs.
★ An excellent powder base.
★ Smooth brushless shave or after-shave cream.
★ Will not smudge clothing or soil bedding.
★ Neither sticky nor greasy.



Jar, 55c plus tax at your beauty shop or cosmetic counter

Also

Mary Lowell DEODORANT

Subtly scented, effective perspiration retardant. Protects up to three days. Skin-safe. *50c plus tax.*

HOUSE OF LOWELL, Inc., Tipp City, Ohio



VOGUE PRODUCTS 1151 Seward St., Hollywood 38, Calif.



NEW HAIR GLAMOUR TREATMENT

Men love to run their fingers thru a woman's long wavy beautiful hair—one of the secrets to a woman's charm in winning the one she loves. Now you, too, can use this NEW AMAZING "HAIR GLAMOUR" TREATMENT. Its SECRET FORMULA helps retard dry, brittle hair from breaking off due to lack of natural oils. Therefore, this formula may help HAIR GROW LONGER, if other hair, scalp conditions are normal. And if you also like your HAIR WAVY, beautiful and soft you shouldn't miss trying this sensational treatment!

READ WHAT A FEW SATISFIED USERS SAY:—"... it is good. My hair really looks better and has more life than before . . ."—Mrs. M.L.S., Williamsport, Pa. "... I can't thank you enough. It did my hair so much good ..."—Miss R. H., Carlsbad, New Mexico. "... It really worked wonders for me . . ."—R. C., New York, N. Y.

SEND NO MONEY! **FREE 10 Day Trial!**

Don't send a cent. Try this "HAIR GLAMOUR" TREATMENT at our expense for 10 days and then see if he will notice and thrill to the new glamour of your hair. Also FREE PERSONAL DIRECTIONS. Just deposit with postman on delivery 98c plus postage, or send only $1 and we pay postage. 2 treatments $1.69. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE if not completely satisfied. Every day you delay—romance passes you by! WRITE NOW!

FREE "HOW TO SET YOUR HAIR in LATEST STYLES by YOURSELF"

This new hair improvement guide is yours free with order of "Hair Glamour" Treatment. Contains many latest hair styles—some used by movie stars. Each style has simple step by step illustrations instructing you how to set your own hair beautifully, quickly and professional like! Hair styles that help you appear glamorous, sophisticated, casual, demure, etc. Remember, LONGER, SOFTER HAIR is easier to manage when getting your hair. Limited copies—get yours now!

GUARANTEE SALES, 21 West 45th St., Dept. 664, N. Y. C.

out a mat with *Welcome* on it for young men with no acting experience. It was while he was working at Radio City that he heard about the Neighborhood Playhouse. It gave a few scholarships to promising applicants. So Gregory went over to see the director and read a couple of parts for him. The director listened and nodded.

rhythm boy . . .

"You have a certain amount of dramatic ability," he said ruminatively. "Now we'll turn you over to Miss Graham, who will see if you have rhythm. Rhythm is very important."

Miss Graham was Martha Graham, the well-known classic dancer. She looked at Greg appraisingly. "You're very tall, aren't you?"

Greg was used to that. He just said "Yes, ma'am."

"We will try you on rhythm. Go in the dressing room and put on the shorts you will find there, please."

Greg emerged in a moment, tall, muscular and Tarzanish in the shorts.

"Now," said Miss Graham firmly. "Leap. Bound. Run. And roll over."

Greg wasn't happy about it, but he did it. And apparently he did it with Rhythm. Because he passed the test, and he got the scholarship. He took a two-year course at the Playhouse and did stock in the summers. After that, came a really miraculous opportunity. A chance to go on the road with Katharine Cornell's company of "The Doctor's Dilemma." As it turned out, this was even more momentous than Greg thought. At the railroad station in Philadelphia, their first stop, he noticed a strikingly pretty little blonde among the company.

"Who's the blonde dish?" he asked, with what now seems to him astounding coolness.

"That's Miss Cornell's hairdresser and make-up expert," he was told. "Her name's Greta something-or-other. She's Finnish. Cute, eh?"

"That," said Mr. Peck, "is the understatement of all time." He advanced toward the pocket edition blonde with determination in his eye. The determination got him exactly nowhere—then.

You see, Greta had a mind of her own. Also a beau of her own. She saw no point in swapping him for this big Gary Cooper type, who probably couldn't act for sour apples. What was he doing in a Cornell company, when he had never even been on Broadway? He had a nerve.

it's love, love, love . . .

By the time they reached Boston, she had changed her mind a little. They had their first real date in Boston—cocktails at the Copley Plaza. Gregory volunteered to tell her fortune.

"Just a way of getting to hold your hand, my sweet," he confessed airily, later on in their courtship. "I held it and talked along, and hadn't the least idea what I was saying."

"You said I'd marry a tall, dark man."

"And will you?"

Greta wasn't sure yet. Neither, to tell the truth, was Gregory. It was the first time he'd ever been really in love, and it alarmed him.

Gregory had never bothered much about girls. He was a Senior in High School before he'd ever had a date. It took him four months to get up nerve enough to ask for that one. The girl was very pretty and very popular. He used to pass her in the hall at school a couple of times a day, and give her a sideways glance from his dark eyes. After a little, she got so she glanced back. Then he started grinning at her—the fascinating Peck grin. She smiled. He was, he told himself, Making



Do Men Admire You, Women Envy You?

Science has discovered the facsimile of Nature's substance which gives skin its youthful quality! TRUM contains this costly and amazing young-skin ingredient called Estrogen, which is **actually absorbed** by your skin to do its work under the surface to help **firm, freshen** and strengthen tissues. Let your mirror be the judge of its **amazing benefits!** Have this "vitalizing" substance bring "bloom" to your skin. **APPLY ON THAT PART OF YOUR BODY WHERE YOU WANT THE MOST GOOD DONE,** or your face, neck or hands.
With each order for TRUM we will include **FREE** a doctor's brochure for

"Bust Development and Care"

Send $3.00, which includes Federal tax and postage. (If C.O.D. $3.50). **TRUM,** "BUST DEVELOPMENT AND CARE" and complete directions sent in plain wrapper. We are so sure you will be pleased that we GUARANTEE to refund the purchase price if you are not more than satisfied with results after using. Order yours NOW!

TRUM, 220 Broadway, Dept. BVC. New York 7, N. Y.

Feet Can Offend Even More Than Bad Breath

A Social Handicap No One Need Suffer

Don't let foot odor embarrass you and offend others. It's needless. Just sprinkle Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder on your feet and into your shoes and stockings every day. You'll not only enjoy security from foot odor, but also quick relief from hot, steamy, tender feet and discomfort of new or tight shoes. Helps prevent Athlete's Foot by keeping feet dry. Start using Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder today. Costs but a trifle. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores, Toilet Goods Counters.

MOVIE STAR PHOTOS

Latest shots of your Hollywood favorites. High gloss gives life-like appearance. Full 8 x 10. 25c each, 5 for $1.00.
FREE—Catalog of over 250 miniature photos including 16 pages of "Pin-Up Paradise" sent with order of 50c or more. (State 2nd choice.)
Alan Ladd—Paramount Star In "Duffy's Tavern"
ALPHA PHOTO SERVICE
Dept. B-4, 1235 Sixth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.





Thrilling Work COLORING PHOTOS

Fascinating vocation learned at home by those with aptitude. Thrilling pastime. Koehne method brings out life-like colors. Free booklet.
NATIONAL PHOTO COLORING SCHOOL
1315 S. Michigan, Dept. 2364 Chicago 5

EASY TO LEARN



SORORITY and FRATERNITY PINS

Also Club Pins and Emblems. Artistic designs. Finest quality. Reasonable prices from 55c up. Write for illustrated catalog.
Dept. Z. Metal Arts Co., Rochester 5, N. Y.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST



Use DERMOIL

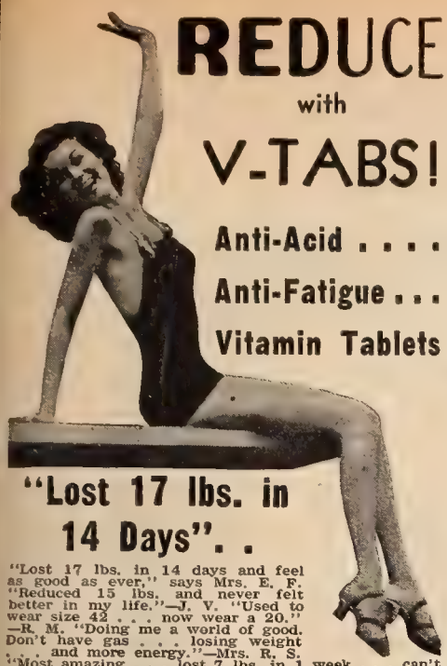
Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and **Dermoil** with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent **FREE.** Write for it.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining **Dermoil.** Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. **Dermoil** is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. **Send 10c** (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. **Write today** for your test bottle. **Caution:** Use only as directed. Print name plainly. **Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores** and other leading Druggists. **LAKE LABORATORIES,** Box 547 Northwestern Station, Dept. 6609, Detroit 4, Mich.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

©1938 LAKE LAB

REDUCE with V-TABS!



Anti-Acid . . . .
Anti-Fatigue . . .
Vitamin Tablets

"Lost 17 lbs. in 14 Days". .

"Lost 17 lbs. in 14 days and feel as good as ever," says Mrs. E. F. "Reduced 15 lbs. and never felt better in my life."—J. V. "Used to wear size 42 . . . now wear a 20." —R. M. "Doing me a world of good. Don't have gas . . . losing weight . . . and more energy."—Mrs. R. S. "Most amazing . . . lost 7 lbs. in 1 week . . . can't thank you enough."—Mrs. L. I. "Lost 14 lbs. and feel so much better . . . don't bloat and have gas."—Mrs. O. K. These are but a few of the many letters in our files. Why don't YOU see what V-Tabs will do for you?

NOT A CATHARTIC

V-Tabs are not a cathartic. They help reduce fat by supplementing your regular diet when taken instead of a heavy lunch, and also tend to take away that abnormal appetite caused by over-acidity or fatigue. If you are overweight, always tired, full of acid and yet like to eat try V-Tabs. As fatigue and acidity disappear, your normal appetite will return and you will no longer crave the quantities of food that cause the excess fat deposits.

QUICK . . . HARMLESS . . . PLEASANT

With intake curtailed, the body feeds on its own surplus fat, and weight goes down . . . quickly! Mail coupon today with $1.98 and save postage or order C.O.D. plus postage. Take the full month's supply according to directions in the booklet. If not satisfied with results . . . if you do not lose weight and feel better . . . we will refund the cost. Act NOW!

V-TAB CO., Dept. D-15, P.O. Box 205, Times Sq. Sta., N.Y.

MONEY BACK AGREEMENT

V-TABS CO., Dept. D-15
P. O. Box 205, Times Square Sta., New York

Send me one month's supply of V-TABS (120 tablets)

☐ I enclose $1.98.

☐ I will pay postman $1.98 plus postage.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

No Canadian Orders — Please print plainly.



Premiums GIVEN! **Send No Money Now!**

Send name and address! **Girls! Boys! Ladies!** Attractive Wrist Watches with face smaller than a dime, rings, dishes, jewelry; other personal and household premiums or **CASH COMMISSION** easily yours! **SIMPLY give** colorful pictures with **White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE** for chaps and mild burns sold to friends at 25c a box (with popular picture) and remit amounts stated for premium wanted, as explained in catalog sent with order, postage paid by us. Our 50th year. Write for trial order of salve and pictures on trust to start.
WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. 10-49, TYRONE, PA.



RELIEVE Asthmatic MISERY!

A Free Sample will prove why Dr. Guild's GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMATIC COMPOUND brings needed relief from asthmatic misery. Write J. H. Guild Company, Dept. V7, Rupert, Vt., for Free Sample. Cigarettes, only 50¢. Powder, 25¢ and $1.00 at nearly all drug stores. Use only as directed on package.



Progress. Came a day when he said "Hi!" and she came right back with "Hello, there!" It only took him a month after that to get to the point where he stopped her and said, "Look, how about going to a show with me Friday?" He didn't say it very distinctly because somehow his voice had gone way down to his shoes. Other boys' voices squeaked when they got nervous. Greg's went very, very baritone.

"I'd love to go," the girl said, and fluttered her eyelashes slightly.

"Will you go dancing with me after the show?" Greg held his breath. He'd been taking dancing lessons downtown for months now, in preparation for this moment.

"I think that would be divine!" All girlish enthusiasm.

So everything was set. They couldn't miss. Greg borrowed his dad's car and practically polished the paint right off it. He went over and picked up the girl at her house. And embarked on the dullest evening he ever spent in his life.

"I wasn't very sharp with girls at that point," he admits. "I didn't know how to make with the talk or even with the passes. We covered all the people we knew in the first half hour and then went on to 'What do you think of our team?' The show was good, but we didn't laugh at the same things. And somehow when we got to dancing, the steps I'd learned didn't seem to be the ones she knew. I never asked her for another date, and I guess that was okay with her."

He got interested in another girl soon after that, though. She had twelve brothers, and the first time Greg went to see her he felt like a murderer facing twelve jurymen. But he passed their inspection, and after that they all had a pretty good time together.

In college he dated occasionally, but not seriously. One girl, he always figured, was a lot like another, and who cared? But that was B.G.—Before Greta. Now he suddenly realized that girls weren't in the least alike, and that one girl could wrap the world up and tie it with a pink ribbon just by smiling at you.

You get to know people very well indeed on the road. You see them at all hours of the day and night, under all sorts of conditions. It's a good proving ground for matrimony. Greg and Greta got married exactly one year and three days after they first met. Greta's mother sent them a beautiful handmade lace tablecloth for a wedding present.

"Isn't it beautiful? It must have taken her at least three years to make it," Greta enthused.

Gregory did a slight double take. "Three years? Hey, I've only known you for one year."

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When Frank Sinatra was in Cleveland, the usual throng of bobby-soxers surrounded him. "Give me a kiss, Frankie," one enthusiastic Miss demanded. "No can do," he answered. "Come on, be a sport, fella—but looky, if you won't kiss me, how's about my girl friend, here?"

Without a moment's hesitation, Sinatra bent down and gave the girl friend a loud, resounding kiss.

The girl friend was three years old.

Lucile Taylor,
Cleveland, Ohio

"Stay perky through your period!"



Be yourself—bright and active. It's easy with Midol. And it's so sensible. Just take Midol at the first sign of menstrual pain. It contains no opiates . . . gives quick, three-way relief of functional discomfort—easing cramps, soothing menstrual headache, brightening you when you're "blue". Get Midol now at any drugstore. Be ready for *comfort*.

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

MIDOL

Used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

FREE ENLARGEMENT

Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge your favorite print or negative, photo or picture to 8x10 inches — FREE — if you enclose this ad. (Pictures should be clear and sharp; negatives give best results). Information on hand tinting in natural colors sent immediately. Your original returned with your free enlargement. Send today. Limit 1 to a customer.
GEPPERT STUDIOS, Dept. 463, Des Moines 2, Iowa



Easy as A-B-C

Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

LEARN AT HOME FOR LESS THAN 7c A DAY

Simple as A-B-C. Your lessons consist of real selections, instead of tiresome exercises. You read real notes—no "numbers" or trick music. Some of our 750,000 students are band LEADERS. Everything is in print and pictures. First you are told what to do. Then a picture shows you how. Soon you may become an excellent musician.

Mail coupon for our illustrated Free Book and Print and Picture Sample. Mention your favorite instrument. **U. S. School of Music, 1444 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. 10, N. Y.**

SUCCESSFUL 47TH YR.

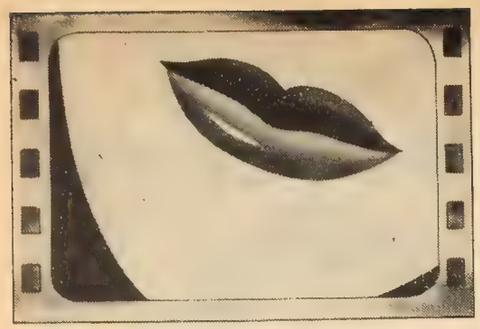
U. S. School of Music, 1444 Brunswick Bldg., N.Y. 10, N.Y.

Please send me Free Booklet and Print and Picture Sample. I would like to play (Name Instrument).

Instrument..... Have you Instrument?.....

Name.....
(Please Print)

Address.....



For Magnetic Lips

LIKE YOU SEE IN THE MOVIES

. . . take a tip from Hollywood . . . fashion your lips with TIPSTIK. You'll find the clever, pencil-pointed, unbreakable applicator wonderful for precise lip lines. No more messy fingers, smears, ragged edges! And the rich, creamy rouge, concealed in the black plastic case, is just right in texture . . . stays on for hours, too. Yes, with TIPSTIK you can be your own make-up artist.

DO AS HOLLYWOOD GIRLS DO

USE



TIPSTIK FOR PRECISE LIP LINES

25c (PLUS TAX) AT DRUG AND 10c STORES

Choose from 5 Glamorous Hollywood Reds

RUMOR RED dark ☐ ROOKIE RED rich-red ☐ RALLY RED light ☐

RIVAL RED medium ☐ RENO RED blue-red ☐

TIPSTIK COSMETICS, Dept. MO-4
3424 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 26, Calif.
My favorite store is out of TIPSTIK. Enclosed is 30c (25c plus 5c excise tax). Please send TIPSTIK postpaid in shade checked.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

MOVIE STARS PHOTOS

12 for only $1.00

NEW, thrilling shots of your favorites. Glossy. Individually posed. Complete assortment.
FREE! Catalog of over 200 fascinating miniature photos with order. (State 2nd choice.)
Jeanne Crain—20th Century-Fox Star in "State Fair."



GLAMOR-TONE PHOTO SERVICE
Dept. E-4, 1233 Sixth Ave., N.Y. 19, N.Y.

SOLE YOUR OWN SHOES with TREDS

THE STICK-ON SOLES THAT STAY ON

Thin or worn-through shoes easily and quickly soled with TREDS. Anyone can do it. Long-wearing, waterproof, non-skid soles for shoes, rubbers and boots. Cement TREDS on brand-new shoes and original soles will never wear out.

TREDS will not mar floors.
Protect The Sole And You Protect The Shoe.

One pair of TREDS, tube of cement, applicator and scraper—all complete with full directions on display card. Only 25c at your favorite Hardware, 5c and 10c or General Store. Due to war restrictions, your dealer may be temporarily out of TREDS, but keep asking for them. Thank you.

AUBURN RUBBER CORP.

"Oh, well. She knew I'd marry *somebody!*"

sad sacks . . .

That first week of marriage, Greg got quite a scare. Greta, who was usually the sunniest, brightest girl in the world, began to go around like a sad sack, no laughs, no animation, no nothing. Greg just plain didn't dare ask her what was wrong—he thought he knew. He thought "Ye gods! The girl is sorry she married me!" He too, began to go around looking very Gloomy Gus. Oh, they were a fine pair! It wasn't till some time later that Greg found out Greta had had the flu that week, with a temperature of 103. She hadn't wanted to worry him, so she stayed on her feet and kept going somehow. "She certainly scared the hell out of me in the process," he says ruefully.

Gregory got a part in a play called "Morning Star" after the Cornell tour was over. It was a very English play, with everyone talking in clipped, British accents. Greg's part was a big one—Emlyn Williams had played it in London—and he was pretty elated about it. "Morning Star" opened in Philadelphia, and the critics came, saw and departed to write the worst notices about Gregory Peck that an actor ever lived through. They did *not* mince words! "They said I was terrible, and they were right," Greg says. "The show was to open in Broadway the next week, and I knew if I got notices like that my first time in New York, I might as well look for another profession. So Greta and I went to work on it. Every night after the theatre we'd rehearse. I'd play my part, and Greta would play all the others—in a clipped, Finnish accent! We kept that up for a week, and when the play opened in New York, my notices were okay."

The play closed again in three weeks, but Greg got another part immediately on the strength of his performance. It was opposite Martha Scott in "The Willow And I." That closed, too. So did the next one. "Kiss of Death Peck," Gregory began to call himself, only half kidding. But by then Hollywood had waked up to the fact that there was a nice, new, shiny leading man loose on Broadway—one who could really act. Greg was signed, and he and Greta headed for the Coast. His first picture "Days Of Glory" didn't do too well, but Peck did fine. For once when Hollywood said "Sensational!" they really meant it. Before Gregory could recover from his initial surprise, he was cast in one of the biggest roles of the year, that of Father Chisholm in "Keys Of The Kingdom." Next came "Valley Of Decision" opposite Greer Garson, and "Spellbound" with Ingrid Bergman. His new picture will be "Duel In The Sun."

house on the range . . .

Hollywood was confusing at first. Acting in front of the camera is different in so many ways from acting onstage. Then there was the matter of "rushes." As you know, they're the straight, undoctored film of the day's takes. Greg used to go and look at them with the rest of the cast and then go home and practically beat his head against the wall. He was awful, the picture was awful, the critics in Philadelphia had been right! Until one day Greta said, practically, "Why do you look at them, Greg? There's no law that says you have to, is there?" He stared at her in amazed admiration. There was the Finnish mind for you, direct and to the point. He hasn't seen any rushes since, and he leads a happy life.

He and Greta live in a recently purchased house about five miles from civilization. They have a handsome son, named Jonathan, aged six months, who rules them with an iron hand.

Greg and Greta ride a lot, and swim. One day he and Greta were riding on the desert. She had a fast horse, a big, strapping bay. All of a sudden it shied, and then was off like an outsize jackrabbit. Greg yelled frantically and started in pursuit, but his horse wasn't fast enough. Greta, looking tiny and helpless, disappeared over the hill ahead. By the time Greg got to its summit, there wasn't any sign of her. He was almost out of his mind with worry. For two hours he rode around, calling her name ("I must have sounded like a tenor singing 'Chloe.'") And looking for the body. Until he rounded a corner and met a station wagon. In it was Greta, with three cowboys.

"Oh, *there* you are, dear," she called airily. "My horse took me back to the stable, and you never showed up. I was beginning to worry about you." Women!

Gregory is a fine swimmer. His facility in that line dates back to a childhood at La Jolla, California. Greg and the other boys used to get up at seven every morning and head right for the beach. There were wonderful caves to play pirate in, and the water was warm and clear and exciting. Their favorite sport was diving for abalone. Abalone is a sort of fish with a hard shell. It fastens on rocks several feet under water. The kids used to take iron bars with sharp points, and dive down and pry the abalone off the rocks. Then they'd sell them to the butcher for a nickel a pound. One time Gregory got his fingers caught under an abalone shell, and he'll never forget it. He was ten feet under water, and he couldn't get loose. He couldn't do anything, in fact, but hold his breath till the pressure in his chest felt like a red-hot iron. At last, one of the boys said "Old Greg's been down a pretty long time." And then three of them dived in and at last managed to pull him loose. To this day the taste of abalone makes Greg shiver.

Maybe it's because Gregory has worked at so many different jobs and lived with so many different kinds of people that he has such a knack of making friends. He isn't aggressive about it, but people find themselves automatically liking this tall young man with the easy smile. When he arrived on the set of "Valley Of Decision," he was at something of a disadvantage. The crew was used to having Walter Pidegon play opposite Greer Garson, and who was this Peck character anyway? But Gregory went about his business quietly, was friendly in an unobtrusive way, and they began to think he was a pretty good guy. At the end of the shooting, the crew presented him with a sports shirt accompanied by a fancy poem, which Greg treasures beyond gold and diamonds.

eight-baller . . .

There was a little custom that when anyone made a bad "fluff," he would get a large eight-ball hung around his neck. One day Greg started on a scene in the library. He delivered his lines in his best, dramatic manner. It was a long speech, and he felt pleased with the way he was putting it over. No one interrupted, but when he got through, there was a dead silence. Then a member of the crew approached him and solemnly draped the eight-ball around his neck. It wasn't until that moment that he realized he had delivered a speech in the library which belonged to a scene that took place in the kitchen a month later.

It was Tay Garnett who christened Greg "the king-size Sinatra." And presented him with the loudest, largest bow tie in existence. But Gregory can't, in all honesty, be tagged with any other name than his own. He is too definite a personality, too completely himself. He is Gregory Peck—and, gosh, who could ask for anything more?

Now a Salon-Type COLD WAVE

PRICED WITHIN REACH OF ALL



Look for this head on the COLD WAVE Home Kit you buy. It is your assurance of receiving the best—there's none finer on the market, regardless of price.

A NEW COLD WAVE PERMANENT

In 2 to 3 Hours at Home

Science has, at last, discovered a new COLD WAVE solution that gives natural-looking curls and waves in 2 to 3 hours, at home. Contains the same ingredients used by beauty salons giving COLD WAVES costing up to $10.00, $15.00 or more. The result will be luxurious curls and soft, easy-to-manage waves. Your new permanent will last months and months.

If you can comb your hair, you can give yourself a Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE, and do it in 3 quick steps. Simply get a Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE Kit at your favorite dealer. First shampoo, then apply the salon-type curling solution, prepared especially for home use, and put up in curlers. (60 supplied with each kit.) In 2 or 3 hours set in latest fashion. You'll be amazed with the fascinating results. Works "like a million" on children's soft, fine hair.

Only Charm-Kurl contains "*Kurlium*"* the quick working hair beautifier—that's why only Charm-Kurl gives such wonderful results for so much less. No wonder women everywhere say Charm-Kurl SUPREME is the nation's biggest Home COLD WAVE value! Insist always on Charm-Kurl SUPREME with "*Kurlium*."*

*"*Kurlium*" is U. S. Registered. No one else can make this statement.

The New Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE

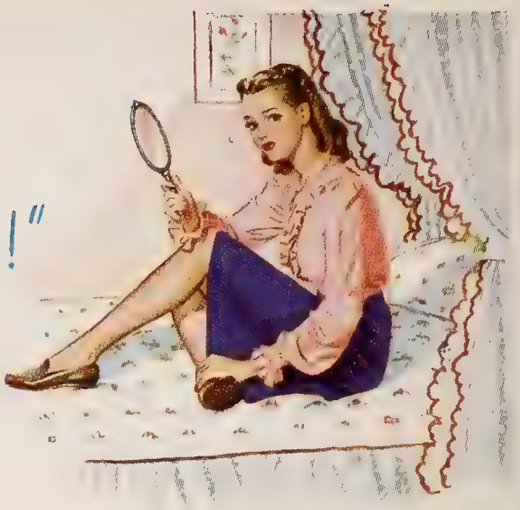
COMPLETE HOME KIT *Only* 98¢ PLUS 14c TAX



Each kit contains a 3-ounce bottle of salon-type COLD WAVE solution, 60 curlers, 60 end tissues, cotton applicator, neutralizer and easy-to-follow instructions.

The new Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE Kit is for sale at Department Stores, Drug Stores and 5c and 10c Stores. Get one today—thrill to new-found glamorous hair beauty by tonight.

BIG SISTER SAID: "My complexion needs help!"





I SAID: "Better get that Ivory Look!"



SHE DID—AND HE SAID:

"Mm-mmh..pretty smooth"...

Here's how your skin can be softer, prettier, too!

Wouldn't you like to have that Ivory Look . . . to see your skin become clearer, smoother, lovelier? All you have to do is stop being careless about your complexion. Follow baby's Ivory Soap routine!

Change to regular, gentle cleansing with that pure, mild cake of Ivory. You can't buy a purer soap no matter how much you pay.

Ivory contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin. No wonder it's the soap more doctors advise than all other brands put together! 99 44/100% Pure



More doctors advise Ivory — THAN ALL OTHER BRANDS PUT TOGETHER

P. S. TO PATRIOTS: Help save vital war materials. Avoid soap waste. Make Ivory go as far as possible.

"hat's My Boy!" by VAN JOHNSON'S DAD

Modern Screen

• A DELL MAGAZINE • A DELL MAGAZINE
DELL
• A DELL MAGAZINE •



...YRIGHT DEPOSIT.

...ss Library of Congress Serial Record
MAY

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

M-G-M clicks with "The Clock".

★ ★ ★ ★

You'll find Judy Garland and Bob Walker at their very best. Their very best is pretty darn good.

★ ★ ★ ★



He's a soldier on leave in New York—the big city, strange and bewildering. She happens to be hurrying through Penn Station. They literally bump into each other.

★ ★ ★ ★

Judy takes Bob in tow—a sort of one-woman USO—breaks her dates and—

★ ★ ★ ★

Well, the story that's told through these two characters is as intimate and gay a shadow tale as you've ever seen.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's a wonderful forty-eight hours that screenwriters Robert Nathan and Joseph Schrank tell in about two.

★ ★ ★ ★



Judy is even better than in her unforgettable "Meet Me In St. Louis". Bob is better than in "Hargrove".

★ ★ ★ ★

Vincente Minnelli ("St. Louis") directed "The Clock". It's a sensitive job and one to be proud of. Ditto, Arthur Freed—the producer.

★ ★ ★ ★

Besides Judy and Bob, you'll like James Gleason, Keenan Wynn, and Marshall Thompson. "The Clock" packs a sock.

★ ★ ★ ★

Some pictures that are coming along from the world's leading studio should be noted in your book of early futures.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Ziegfeld Follies" is the biggest, most beautiful musical ever filmed.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Anchors Aweigh", starring Frank Sinatra, Gene Kelly, and Kathryn Grayson, is tops in gaiety and song.

★ ★ ★ ★

Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn will thrill you in Phillip Barry's comedy "Without Love".

★ ★ ★ ★

The coming juvenile star is "Butch" (Jackie) Jenkins of "National Velvet".

★ ★ ★ ★



We're all set to celebrate our 21st birthday.—

—Leo

modern screen

STORIES

***JEANNE CRAIN, Life Story**
Jeanne didn't have a screen-dream in her heart till a beauty crown sent her off to tea with Orson Welles and a date with fame 30

***P.S. ON THE PAYNES**
Two pages chockfull of color and romance. Mr. and Mrs. Johnny and Glo— "At Home." 34

TO THE FANS: GOD BLESS 'EM!
Hedda Hopper hangs orchids (and thistles) on the Hollywood great. Some of whom forget to remember that there's no such thing as an actor without an audience—or a star without a fan! 36

LITTLE MISS REMARKABLE
Acting's a wonderful game of "Let's Pretend" to wee Maggie O'Brien, but once in a while the game gets almost too exciting— 38

MOTHER AND I REMEMBER
No wonder 20th Century-Fox is celebrating its thirtieth anniversary, with gals like Betty Grable James around to blow the candles and Mother Grable to help think of a memory for each year..... 40

"JANIE" GETS MARRIED
Modern Screen's Hail and Farewell to Joyce Reynolds. Hail to a Brand-new Missus, farewell to a star who's leaving us..... 42

***SO NICE TO COME HOME TO**
Sorry, gals, but we gotta Tell All. That though you're positive that quivery slide in Frankie's voice is for You Alone—well, y'know, there's always Nancy . . . and Nancy Sandra . . . and Frankie, Jr. 44

***BLONDE OF THE YEAR**
At only nineteen, June Haver's a specialist—at playing Cupid, collecting acres of squushy hearts, washing dishes. At being a very new and very pink champagne-y starlet..... 46

***THAT'S MY BOY!**
Van Johnson's dad brings out the family album and shares his reminiscences. They're intimate memories—memories of a man willing to share his love with the world as well as his son..... 48

***ON TOUR WITH SUE AND ALAN**
A picture story of the wonderful GIs Laddie and his Sue went out to meet; the kids with the hands gone or the eyes or the legs—but never, never the heart..... 54

***"IF I COULD BE WITH YOU . . ."**
Betsy Kelly felt like any other girl saying goodbye to her husband, wondering how long before "So Long" becomes "Hello."..... 58

***COLOR PAGES**

Jeanne Crain *in 20th-Fox's "State Fair"* 30
John Payne *in 20th-Fox's "The Dolly Sisters" and* **Gloria DeHaven** *in M-G-M's "Between Two Women"* 34
Frank Sinatra *in M-G-M's "Anchors Aweigh"*..... 44
June Haver *in 20th-Fox's "Where Do We Go From Here?"* 46
Van Johnson *in M-G-M's "Thrill Of A Romance"*..... 48
Alan Ladd *in Paramount's "Salty O'Rourke"*..... 54
Gene Kelly *in M-G-M's "Anchors Aweigh"* 58

FEATURES

Editorial Page..... 29
First Aid..... 71

BEAUTY FASHION DEPTS.

Spring Goes To Your Head..... 66
Modern Screen's Fashion Guide..... 68
Sweet and Hot by Leonard Feather..... 6
Co-Ed 8
Movie Reviews..... 12
Modern Screen Picture Quiz..... 14
Super Coupon..... 26
Good News by Louella Parsons..... 60
". . . and she can cook, too!"—Marilyn Maxwell..... 88

COVER: Van Johnson in M-G-M's "Thrill Of A Romance"



ALBERT P. DELACORTE, *Executive Editor*
HENRY P. MALMGREEN, *Editor*
SYLVIA WALLACE, *Hollywood Editor*
KAY HARDY, *Hollywood Promotion Manager*
OTTO STORCH, *Art Director*
BILL WEINBERGER, *Art Editor*
GUS GALE, *Photographer*

Editorial Assistants: Charis Zeigler, Mickey Ghidalia, Marion Dunant
Service Dept.: Ann Ward. Information Desk: Beverly Linet

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on form 3578 and copies returned under Label Form 3579 to 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York

Vol. 32, No. 6, May, 1945. Copyright, 1945, the Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 149 Madison Ave., New York. Published monthly. Printed in U. S. A. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Single copy price, 15c in U. S. and Canada. U. S. subscription price, $1.50 a year. Canadian subscription, $1.80 a year Foreign subscription $2.70 a year. Entered as second class matter Sept. 18, 1930, at the post office, Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional second class entries at Seattle, Wash., San Francisco, Calif., Dallas, Texas, and New Orleans, La. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Names of characters used in semi-fictional matter are fictitious. If the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trade mark No. 301773.



A 48-hour pass..a lonely soldier..and a girl in a million!

Two days were all they had...
to make their first date...
to hold hands in a taxi...
to kiss in the park...
to ride home in the dawn
with the milkman!
It's a story as gay as Spring
and as exciting
as love itself!



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"ST. LOUIS" JUDY GARLAND and ROBERT "HARGROVE" WALKER

They Click in **The CLOCK**

JAMES GLEASON • KEENAN WYNN • MARSHALL THOMPSON

Screen Play by Robert Nathan and Joseph Schrank • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by ARTHUR FREED • An M-G-M Picture

Sweet and Hot

BY LEONARD FEATHER

It isn't very often that a magazine can lean back, light a stogie, put its feet on the desk and mutter, "Well, *now* we've got everything." As we say, it's not often, but it is done—and MODERN SCREEN is doing it right now! Because now we've got Leonard Feather, who's not only a musician's musician, and a critic's authority, but also a fella who's just as enthused and just as tickled with really good jazz as you. So since it'll probably be a few issues before you get to know him personally, we'd like to give you now a little official data on MS's own Gentleman of Jazz: Leonard Feather.

He's ass't editor of METRONOME and jazz editor for ESQUIRE as well as chairman of Esky's annual All-American Concert, one of which he just ran off in Hollywood. As a matter of fact, that's the theme of this first column. You've probably heard him em-cee'ing his own WMCA quiz show, PLATTERBRAINS and his Black & White recordings as pianist and orchestra leader, Dinah Washington, Lena Horne and Dinah Shore have used his original blues numbers and Lionel Hampton popularized many of Leonard's top tunes.

So, as you can see, we think Leonard's pretty much tops in his field. We think he's versatile and talented and a very modest minor genius. We like him and welcome him into the MODERN SCREEN gang. We're sure you will, too.—THE EDITORS.

CALIFORNIA DIARY

WEDNESDAY—So this won't be a lonesome journey after all. As soon as I got on the train in Chicago today I bumped into **Georgia Gibbs,** the CBS thrush, on her way back West to resume her airings after an illness in New York.

Georgia and I found an enthusiasm to share in **Pearl Bailey,** a great young singer formerly with **Cootie Williams'** band. Georgia caught her at the Blue Angel night club in New York and agreed that her combination of good looks, personality and swell voice, plus a sense of humor, ought to land her in Hollywood before long.

Also met **Jeri Sullavan** in the club car; she's Hollywood-bound for a screen test having given up her CBS sustaining show. Jeri told me the long and complicated story of the origin of "Rum and Coca-Cola," which has become a big song hit and bears her name as part-composer. It's based on a traditional theme that originated in Trinidad. Jeri's happiness is dampened by the fact that she hasn't recorded the tune herself.

FRIDAY—Hollywood greeted me with a sunny smile today, despite all my friends' warnings about the rainy season. My first evening in town was well spent in a visit to the "Case O'Bananas"—that's the musicians' special term for the Casa Manana, a big ballroom in Culver City. The **Johnny Thompsons** drove me out there—Johnny is **Harry James'** ace arranger—and we arrived in time to help the James band celebrate its sixth anniversary.

It was good to (*Continued on page 116*)



Swing got swung good at a terrific 3 confab—Ellington, Leonard Feather, D. Kaye.



Hollywood's most meteoric Star Sensation in his first rough, tough and terrific role since his screen return . . . falling for a girl with stars in her eyes while he tames a man-killing horse and a lady-killing tough guy!

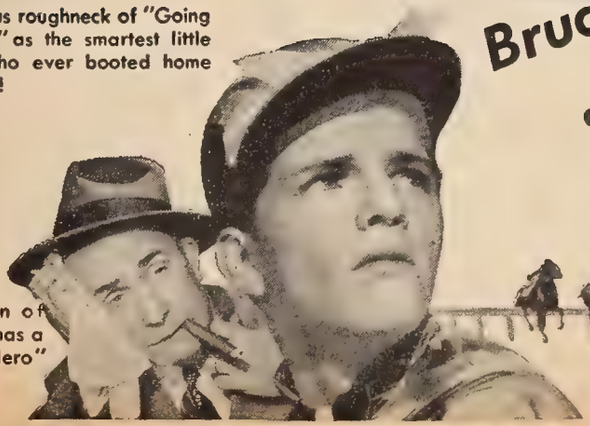
Paramount Presents

Alan Ladd and Gail Russell in "SALTY O'ROURKE"

with William Demarest · Bruce Cabot · Spring Byington and Stanley Clements

Directed by Raoul Walsh

The riotous roughneck of "Going My Way" as the smartest little jockey who ever booted home a winner!



The Miracle Man of "Morgan's Creek" has a new "Conquering Hero" to hail!



THE THRILLS OF BIG TIME RACING YOU CAN'T SEE NOW!

Original Story and Screen Play by Milton Holmes

SALOME, Where She Danced

in TECHNICOLOR



THIS IS THE PICTURE...

for which producer Walter Wanger conducted his highly publicized, year-long search for "The Most Beautiful Girl in the World" - to portray Salome.

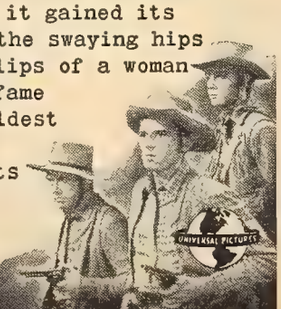


THIS IS YVONNE DeCARLO

glamorous American beauty who was selected from over 20,000 of the world's loveliest women to play the title role. We predict . . that she will be the screen sensation of 1945.

THIS IS THE STORY...

of the West's most notorious town and how it gained its name . . when the swaying hips and teasing lips of a woman of fire and fame tamed its boldest hearts - challenged its wildest excitements!



SEE AD ON OPPOSITE PAGE

CO-ED

That green stuff doesn't grow on trees, and it's best not to whip it up in the cellar— read on for pin money hints for you pin-up'sters

■ There's more on your mind than bangs and a beanie this spring; we know that from your letters, and gosh, we're awfully proud of you. You're thinking about college in the Fall; about shouldering some of the family responsibilities, about preparing for a job. Big thoughts for little gals! "We've got big dreams," your letters tell us, "but it takes money to make them real, and money's what we're short on. Aside from printing it in the cellar, how does one get same?"

Ah, there are ways, gals. We can think of a dozen ways. So if you're clamoring for a little independence, for the wherewithal to buy some high-voltage summer clothes, for a seashore vacation, for a ticket to Fort Bragg—read on.

There's Gardening: You can plant your own and peddle your produce, or you might plan and plant gardens for others. You can only do this, of course, where the ground has already been plowed — as in community garden projects—or in spaces where there has been a garden before. Five dollars for a garden fifteen by fifteen isn't a bit too much. For information, quiz the garden club or Victory Garden committee, and drop a quarter on that wonderful little pocket gardening book. Once the garden is under way, you can offer to take care of it (weeding, watering, harvesting) for a flat monthly figure of perhaps $7 a month.

There's Errand-running: If you've a bike, why not hire it and you out to the local stores three or four days a week after school? Deliver groceries, drugs, flowers—and charge fifty cents an hour for your time. This, plus occasional tips, snowball into a fat weekly take.

Baby-sitting: If you've a knack for this you are practically made, financially. Your family will probably set a ten o'clock curfew on week nights, and of course they won't want you "sitting" every night, but even at that you'll mint money. *(Continued on page 77)*

CO-ED LETTERBOX

■ Every now and then I have to turn down a date because I already have one. (Whee!) It's easy when I know the boy quite well, but when it's one I've never dated, I get all fluttery and sputtery and scare him off for good. How to cope? Jane C., New Jersey College for Women, New Brunswick, N. J.

Work up a stock answer, and when the occasion arises, you'll be able to rattle it off with all the poise in the world. Something like, "Gosh, Bob, you're sweet to ask me, but I'm busy this Saturday. Will you try me again?"

■ All the other gals write asking for advice on warding off the wolves, but what I'd like to know is how to egg 'em on. I have dates fairly often, but it's always strictly brother-and-sister. I'm pretty enough and witty enough. What do you suppose is wrong? Daphne H., Salem, Mass.

Don't be alarmed, pet. It's ever so flattering to be dated just for you, instead of for woo. If a boy you really like shows up, you can easily let him know that an advance or two (*Continued on page 97*)



JEAN KINKEAD



The Tale that Set the West on Fire!

Salome!..Lure of the West!
Loot of the Lawless!.. love prize
of 1000 swaggering gunmen
from Texas to the Rockies.

Walter Wanger
presents–

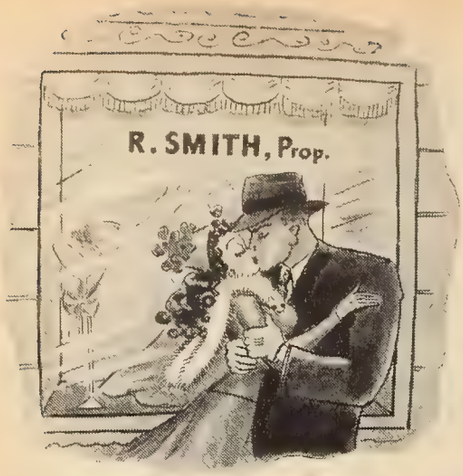
"SALOME, *Where She Danced*"

in TECHNICOLOR



with **YVONNE DeCARLO** *The Year's Prize Eye-Surprise!* **ROD CAMERON · DAVID BRUCE**
WALTER SLEZAK · ALBERT DEKKER · MARJORIE RAMBEAU · J. EDWARD BROMBERG
and Salome's Seven Ravishing Veils!

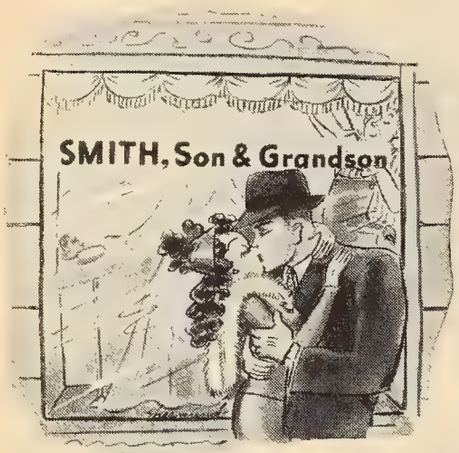
Screenplay by Laurence Stallings. From an original story by Michael J. Phillips
Directed by CHARLES LAMONT Associate Producer, ALEXANDER GOLITZEN Produced by WALTER WANGER **A UNIVERSAL PICTURE**



Pond's "Lips" stay on...



and on...



and on!

But definitely! **Pond's "LIPS"** *stay on Longer!*



Six kiss-provoking shades . . . . . Try new "Beau Bait"—rich, rosy-crimson!

The BIG case is only 49¢—*plus tax*

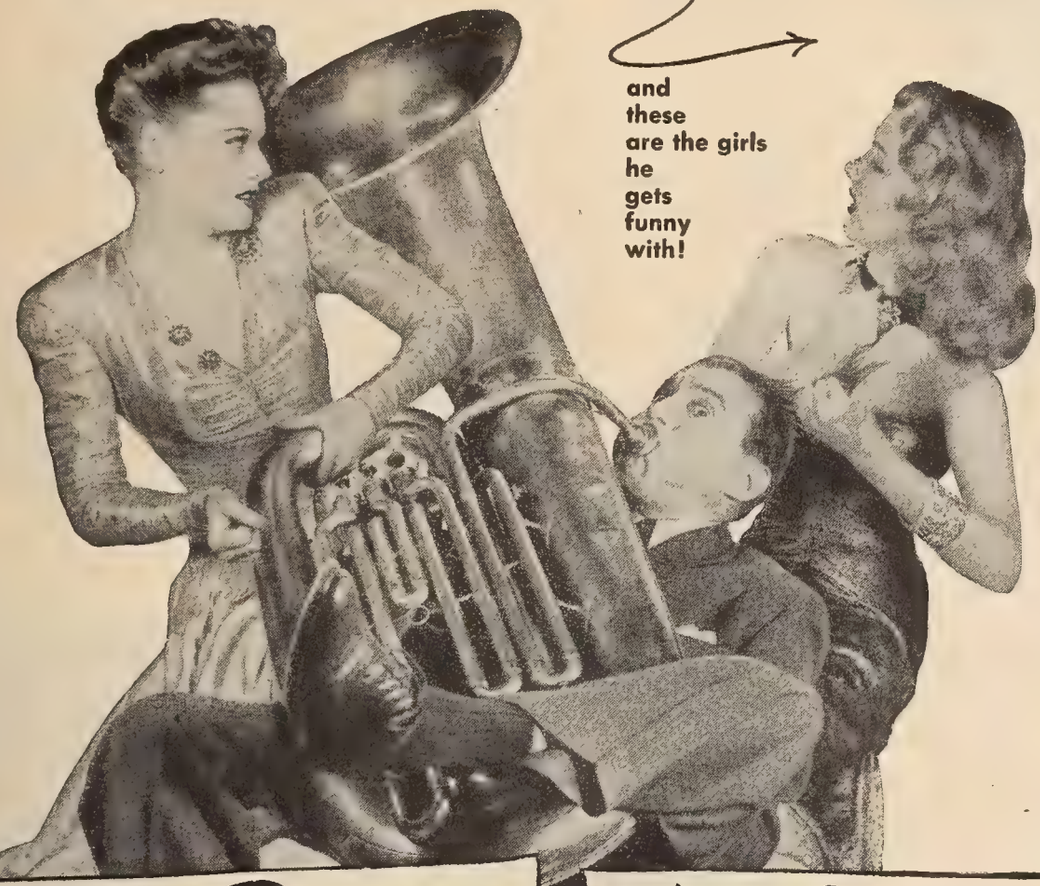
MOVIE SCOREBOARD

116 pictures rated this month

We're listing just the very topnotch films that we think ought to be on your "must" list. Ratings are gleaned from our critic and newspaper critics the country over. 4★+ means unsurpassed, 4★, excellent, 3½★, very good, and 3★, good. C denotes that the picture's recommended for children.

Movie	Rating
Abroad With Two Yanks (United Artists)	C 3½★
Adventures of Mark Twain, The (Warners)	C 3½★
American Romances (M-G-M)	3½★
And Now Tomorrow (Paramount)	3★
And The Angels Sing (Paramount)	3½★
Barbary Coast Gentleman (M-G-M)	3★
Between Two Worlds (Warners)	3★
Big Bonanza, The (Republic)	3★
Big Noise, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Bowery to Broadway (Universal)	3★
Brazil (Republic)	3½★
Bride by Mistake (RKO)	3★
Candlelight in Algiers (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Can't Help Singing (Universal)	4★
Canterville Ghost, The (M-G-M)	3½★
Carolina Blues (Columbia)	3½★
Casanova Brown (International Pictures)	3½★
Climax, The (Universal)	3★
Conspirators, The (Warners)	3½★
Dark Waters (United Artists)	3½★
Desert Song, The (Warners)	C 3★
Destination Tokyo (Warners)	4★
Double Indemnity (Paramount)	4★
Doughgirls, The (Warners)	3½★
Dragon Seed (M-G-M)	4★
Enter Arsene Lupin (Universal)	3★
Falcon in Hollywood, The (RKO)	3★
Fighting Lady, The (20th Century-Fox)	4★
For Whom the Bell Tolls (Paramount)	4★
Frenchman's Creek (Paramount)	3★
Gang's All Here, The (20th Century-Fox)	C 3★
Gaslight (M-G-M)	4★
Goodnight, Sweetheart (Republic)	3★
Going My Way (Paramount)	C 4★+
Great Flamarion, The (Republic)	3★
Greenwich Village (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Grissly's Millions (Republic)	3★
Hail the Conquering Hero (Paramount)	4★
Hairy Ape, The (United Artists)	3½★
Heavenly Days (RKO)	C 3½★
Henry Aldrich Plays Cupid (Paramount)	C 3½★
Here Come the Co-Eds (Universal)	3★
Hi, Beautiful (Universal)	3★
Hitler Gang, The (Paramount)	3½★
Hollywood Canteen (Warners)	3★
Hour Before the Dawn, The (Paramount)	3★
I Love a Mystery (Paramount)	3★
I Love a Soldier (Paramount)	3★
Impatient Years, The (Columbia)	3½★
In Old Oklahoma (Republic)	C 3★
In Society (Universal)	C 3★
In the Meantime, Darling (RKO)	3★
Invisible Man's Return, The (Universal)	3★
Irish Eyes Are Smiling (20th Century-Fox)	C 3½★
Janie (Warners)	C 3½★
Jungle Woman (Universal)	3★
Kismet (M-G-M)	3½★
Lake Placid Serenade (Republic)	3★
Lost in a Harem (M-G-M)	3★
Main Street After Dark (M-G-M)	3★
Marine Raiders (RKO)	3½★
Marriage is a Private Affair (M-G-M)	3★
Mark of the Whistler, The (Columbia)	3½★
Meet Me in St. Louis (M-G-M)	C 4★
Minstrel Man (PRC)	3★
Mr. Skeffington (Warners)	3½★
Mr. Winkle Goes to War (Columbia)	3★
Music for Millions (M-G-M)	4★
National Velvet (M-G-M)	C 4★
No Time For Love (Paramount)	3½★
None But the Lonely Heart (RKO)	4★
Objective Burma (Warners)	4★
Pearl of Death (Universal)	3★
Pin-Up Girl (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Rainbow, The (Kiev Studios)	4★
Rainbow Island (Paramount)	3½★
Riding High (Paramount)	3★
Roger Touhy, Gangster (20th Century-Fox)	3★
San Diego, I Love You (Universal)	3★
San Fernando Valley (Republic)	C 3½★
Secret Command (Columbia)	3½★
Sensations of 1945 (United Artists)	3½★
Seventh Cross (M-G-M)	4★
Show Business (RKO)	3½★
Since You Went Away (United Artists)	3½★
Singing Sheriff (Universal)	C 3★
Something for the Boys (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Song of Bernadette (20th Century-Fox)	C 4★
Song to Remember, A (Columbia)	3½★
Step Lively (RKO)	3½★
Story of Dr. Wassell, The (Paramount)	3½★
Sunday Dinner for a Soldier (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Summer Storm (United Artists)	4★
Sweet and Lowdown (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Take It Big (Paramount)	3★
Take It or Leave It (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Tall in the Saddle (Republic)	C 3½★
Thin Man Goes Home, The (MGM)	3★
Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo (M-G-M)	4★
32 Rue Montmartre (French Films)	3½★
Three is a Family (United Artists)	3★
Till We Meet Again (Paramount)	3½★
Together Again (Columbia)	3½★
Tomorrow The World (United Artists)	4★
Two Girls and a Sailor (M-G-M)	4★
Very Thought of You, The (Warners)	3½★
West of the Rio Grande (Monogram)	C 3★
When Strangers Marry (Monogram)	3★
When the Lights Go on Again (PRC)	3★
Where Are Your Children? (Monogram)	3★
Wilson (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Wing and a Prayer (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Winged Victory (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Woman in the Window (RKO)	3½★
Youth Runs Wild (RKO)	3★

Very FUNNY!!



Jack (HOT LIPS) Benny — Alexis (KISSABLE LIPS) Smith

in "THE HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT"

(..and the laughs last all day!)

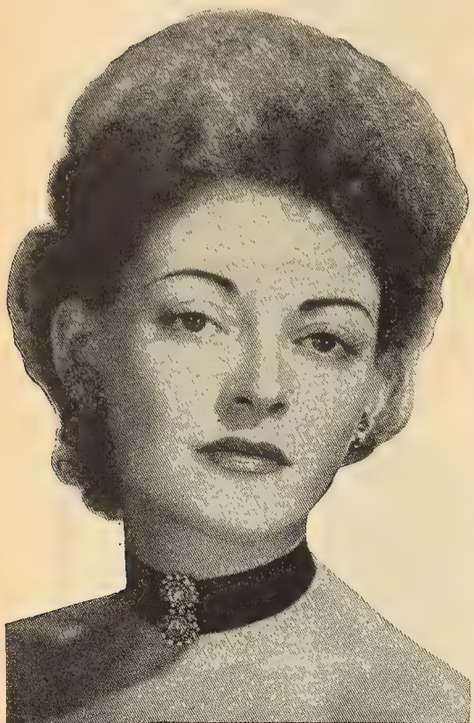
with
DOLORES MORAN · ALLYN JOSLYN · REGINALD GARDINER
GUY KIBBEE · JOHN ALEXANDER · Directed by **RAOUL WALSH**

Screen Play by Sam Hellman & James V. Kern · Based on an Idea by Aubrey Wisberg · Music by Franz Waxman

WARNER RIOT!

Princess DIMITRI ROMANOVSKY

This internationally famous beauty is the wife of Dimitri, son of Grand Duke Alexander of Russia. Until recently she lived in London—now resides in the United States.



Subtle Charm . .

"In international circles, charm, good manners and perfect grooming go hand in hand," says Princess Romanovsky. "And nothing adds so much to the subtle charm of a woman as the fragrance she uses. I use Djer-Kiss perfume because it is so *young*, so enchantingly lovely, and in such exquisite taste"



Pronounced "DEAR KISS"

DJER-KISS PERFUME

THE WORLD'S MOST ROMANTIC SCENT

BY Kerkoff

MOVIE REVIEWS

By Virginia Wilson

THE AFFAIRS OF SUSAN

■ In these days of the man shortage it seems like adding insult to injury to give us a picture about a girl who has four men in love with her. However, it's a gay and amusing picture, so come home, Paramount, all is forgiven. Susan is played by Joan Fontaine, so you're not surprised at the number of men who want to marry her.

The first man, Richard (Walter Abel), is the go-getter, business type. He loves Susan because he thinks she is so patrician. Susan is an actress, and when she returns from a U.S.O. tour, Richard promptly proposes. Susan, an obliging girl, says yes. That, Richard soon finds, has always been Susan's trouble. She is forever getting herself engaged to one man or another. She even got married once. . . .

That was to Roger (George Brent), who fell in love with her because she was the most naive, innocent and honest girl he had ever met. Roger was a producer, and he decided Susan was just the type to play Joan of Arc in his new show. But after they were married he tried to change all the qualities in her that he had admired her for. Result: Fights, lots of them. Susan loved a good fight. Eventually, however, she got tired of battling, and got a Reno divorce.

Then Mike (Don Dafore) entered her life. Mike was a breezy Westerner with lots of money, who came to New York looking for adventure. Susan represented Glamor to Mike, and they became engaged. But Roger kept bouncing in and out of the romance, to Mike's fury. He was wildly jealous because Susan obviously *liked* having Roger around. With the episode of the jewelled clip, which you'll have to see to appreciate, their engagement came to an end.

Then along came Bill (Dennis O'Keefe). If you like the poetic, dreamy type, Bill is your dish. Susan thought he was hers, until Roger (*Continued on page 16*)



Susan (Joan Fontaine) had 4 men who loved, but couldn't catch her! There was Roger, blase N. Y. producer whom she married—en route to Reno. And Richard and Mike and Bill (D. O'Keefe, above). But no matter how fast the fellas chased—there was always Roger

Back in that strange world called "Home"

A pilot finds his dreams are shattered . . . a girl despairs of ever being adored . . . 'til they meet by a miracle of love and keep a rendezvous with rapture!



The story of a hero, facing his greatest crisis when he comes home to love again!



Dorothy McGuire · Robert Young

the Lovers of "Claudia"

Herbert Marshall

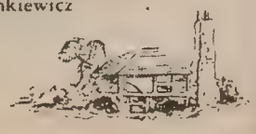
"the Enchanted Cottage"

Mildred Natwick · Spring Byington · Hillary Brooke · Richard Gaines

Directed by John Cromwell · *Produced by* Harriet Parsons

Screen Play by DeWitt Bodeen and Herman J. Mankiewicz

Based on the play by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero



RKO RADIO PICTURES

To Families and Friends of Servicemen: This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.

BETTY CO-ED OF HOLLYWOOD PRESENTS

EXCITEMENT FROM HOLLYWOOD!

"NAILHEAD JUMPER"



ORDER BY MAIL DIRECT FROM HOLLYWOOD

Two-tone harmony...glamour-plus tailoring! Smart nailhead trim. Two-tone idea, slenderizing waistband make you look slim as a reed! Sizes 10 to 18. **$7.98,** plus postage.

"Bow Blouse"—Flattering high neck—coquette bow! Long full sleeves! Rich rayon fabric, in white only. Sizes 32 to 38. **$3.98,** plus postage.

SEND NO MONEY. WE MAIL C. O. D.

Or save C O D charges by enclosing cashier's check or money order plus 25c mailing charge

Buy with confidence from Hollywood's pioneer mail-order fashion house!

If you are not completely satisfied, we will gladly refund your money!

BETTY CO-ED OF HOLLYWOOD Dept 937

6253 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood 28, California

PROMPT DELIVERY!

BETTY CO-ED of HOLLYWOOD, Dept. 937
6253 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood 28, California

Please send "Nailhead Jumper", at **$7.98,** plus postage.
Powder and Navy ☐ Green and Brown ☐ Gold and Brown ☐ Red and Navy ☐ (Mark 1st and 2nd choice of color combinations)
Size: 10 12 14 16 18 (Circle size wanted)
Send "Bow Blouse", at **$3.98,** plus postage
Size: 32 34 36 38 (WHITE ONLY)
(Please print name etc plainly)
Name_____
Street_____
City_____ Zone_____
State_____

MODERN SCREEN'S PICTURE QUIZ

You're a never-fail M. S. reader, so go ahead and perfect-score yourself a perfect 12 percent! Kidding aside, these questions *would* be tough for anybody not hep to the game, but for you . . . So do try to pick the correct answer from the four suggested beneath each pic. 9-12 denotes a most super info, 6-9 we-e-ell and below 6? Uh-uh. (See page 132 for the answers.)



1. Never *these* twain shall meet, even though they're:
   a. cousins
   b. brothers
   c. father and son
   d. brothers-in-laws



2. These smolderings led up to the famous line:
   a. "23, skidoo."
   b. "Wow!"
   c. "It's even better when you help."
   d. "Let's go on for ever."



3. First he sawed her in half, now they're one. Their youngun's:
   a. Prudence Penny
   b. Penny Cartwright
   c. Rebecca Welles
   d. Jennifer Jones



4. Raised on croon and corn, their hearts belong to Daddy:
   a. Van Johnson
   b. Van Heflin
   c. Frank Sinatra
   d. Bing Crosby



5. Greer started a "flat-top" sailor hat vogue in:
   a. "Blossoms in the Dust"
   b. "Madame Curie"
   c. "Mr. Chips"
   d. "Mr. Skeffington"



6. Just back from 4 years ambulance driving in Britain, her estranged husband's:
   a. Claude Rains
   b. Robert Donat
   c. Laurence Olivier
   d. Leslie Fenton



7. The love bugs of the 30's in:
   a. "The Mad World"
   b. "The Single Sin"
   c. "X Marks The Spot"
   d. "Change of Heart"



8. It's 12 years since she played in "Rasputin" with her 2 brothers, now she's:
   a. "Ma Mott"
   b. "The Czarina"
   c. "Miss Moffat"
   d. "The Panther Woman"



9. "Now Voyager" got Henreid a boost, got itself an Oscar for:
   a. Best photography
   b. Best dramatic music score
   c. Most expensive wardrobe
   d. Longest clinches



10. In the early '30's, this was known as "It," she was known as:
   a. Vera Vague
   b. Hedy Lamarr
   c. Clara Bow
   d. Barbara Stanwyck



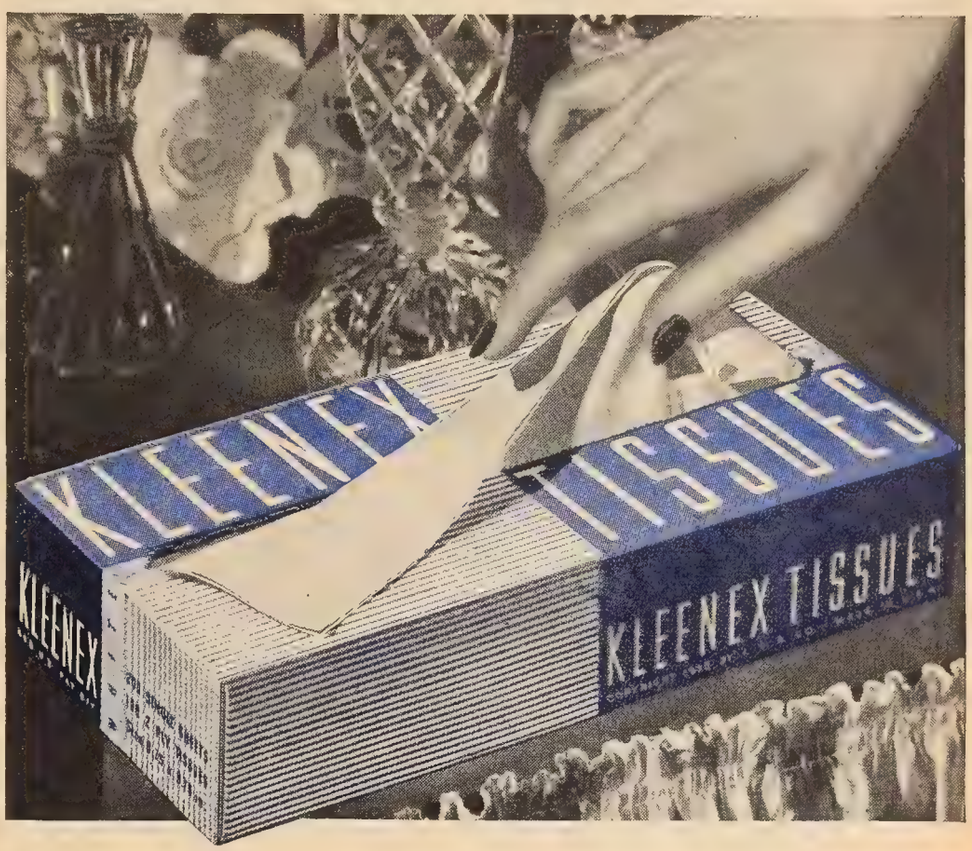
11. England claims him for her greatest Romeo, Hollywood as its favorite:
   a. Hamlet
   b. Nero Wolf
   c. Simon Templar
   d. Sherlock Holmes



12. You saw right through *her* in:
   a. "Topper Takes a Trip"
   b. "Ghost Goes West"
   c. "Farewell, My Lovely"
   d. "The Invisible Woman"

A special process keeps Kleenex

Luxuriously Soft – Dependably Strong



Only Kleenex* has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double-tissue at a time!

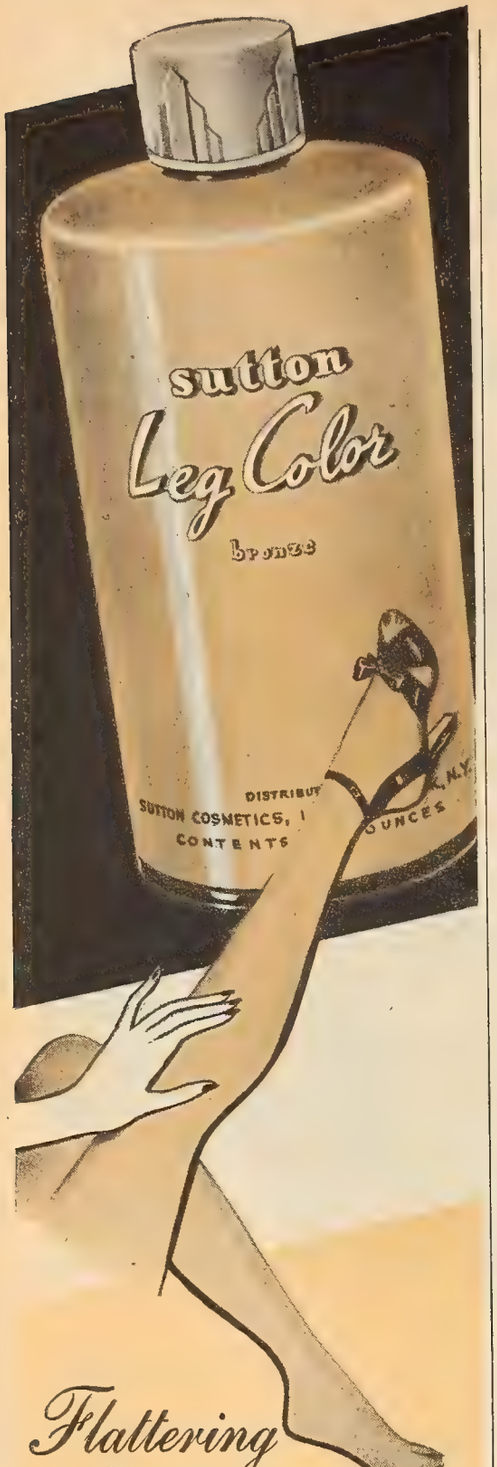


YOUR NOSE KNOWS – THERE'S ONLY ONE KLEENEX

In these days of shortages we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: consistent with government regulations, we'll keep your Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

There is only one KLEENEX



Flattering
Sutton
LEG COLOR
in the season's most popular shade . . . BRONZE

★ Will Not Rub Off
★ Will Not Streak
★ Waterproof
★ Glamourous as Sheerest Nylons

60 APPLICATIONS

SIX OUNCE BOTTLE *only* 59¢

at Your Favorite Cosmetic Counter

SUTTON COSMETICS, INC.
385 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 12*)

turned up again. That finished Bill. . . .

So now there is Richard and they are engaged. He wants her to marry him right away. But hold everything! Here comes Roger again!—*Par.*

P. S.

This is based on an original story by Thomas Monroe titled "The Chameleon" . . . . This is Joan Fontaine's first comedy role and puts her in modern dress for the first time in her past five pictures. . . . The outfits are designed by Edith Head. Because of the story, that of a gal with four complete character changes, her clothes had to fit four different types of women. Joan also has eight completely different hair-dos in the picture. . . . Don DeFore was signed to a seven-year contract because of his performance in this picture. . . . Casting director Robert Mayo was given Hollywood's most coveted assignment—that of finding twelve girls with the most beautiful legs in the world. They were to be used for the George Brent audition scene. . . . . Joan was a prisoner in her Joan of Arc suit of armor. A clasp became stuck and it was 90 minutes before prop men could release her. They used, yep, a can opener! . . . . When the picture was completed, Joan was photographed in her various characterizations of Susan by four of the nation's outstanding photographers. As the intellectual Susan she was "shot" by Paramount's Whitey Shaffer. As the outdoor girl she was photographed by Paul Hesse. Henry Waxman pictured her as the glamorous Susan and Hurrell posed her as the patrician lady. . . . Coming from retirement on his Arcadia, California, fruit ranch, David Abel handled the photographic assignment for the movie itself.

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

Are you looking for something unusual? Bored with the strictly routine? Then catch "The Picture Of Dorian Gray." It's completely different—and completely fascinating. Hurd Hatfield gives a terrifyingly real performance in the title role, and George Sanders plays the most cynical character ever seen on a movie screen.

There is a curious attraction to evil. Wickedness in itself has the lure of the forbidden. This is the story of a very wicked man, but you will find it none the less interesting for that. The plot has been changed considerably from the Oscar Wilde novel, but fortunately the Wilde touch has been retained in the epigrams which punctuate its dialog.

The history of Dorian Gray begins on a day when the artist Hallward (Lowell Gilmore) has just finished his portrait. The picture is a beautiful thing for Dorian himself is beautiful with the shining beauty of youth and purity. But that day he meets Lord Henry Wotton (George Sanders). Henry is a brilliant but decadent man, who expresses his evil ideas with such cleverness that they exert a complete influence on Dorian. The boy is moved by Henry's admiration of his looks to make a wish. He wishes that as the years advance, it could be the portrait which would change instead of his own face. Impossible? Yes, of course. But it happens.

Dorian falls in love with a pretty little singer, (Angela Lansbury), and intends to marry her, until Henry persuades him that marriage isn't necessary. The affair ends in tragedy for Angela, but Dorian, under Henry's influence, shrugs it off with callous indifference. Years of dissipation follow. Strange stories are told in London about his evil habits, yet suspicion is almost allayed by a look at the purity of his unchanged face. And the portrait is hidden away . . . until a day when someone sees it and dies as a result.

When Dorian at last finds love with beautiful Gladys Hallward (Donna Reed) it is far too late. Heaven and hell have fought for his soul and heaven has waged a losing battle.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

The portraits of Dorian used in this picture were painted by the Albright brothers, Ivan and Malvine. The last, and most horrible of the series of paintings—the canvas which Dorian rips in rage—took over six months to paint. . . . Ivan Albright was also given the job of making the blue clock (which hangs by the picture) grow gradually older. For the last scene Ivan took a hammer and rapped on the clock. The thing splintered to pieces. Ivan had thought the timepiece was made of blue enamel, instead it was a porcelain antique—valued at four hundred dollars. . . . Hurd Hatfield had to practice for many hours to learn to stab that penknife into the desk in the nursery scene where he murders the painter. When the scene was having its dress rehearsal, Hurd let go the knife too quickly and it flew—point first—toward director Albert Lewin. "Cut!" yelled Lewin, "cut and run for your lives!" . . . . Hatfield, seated in his dressing room on the set, was singing "Long Ago and Far Awaaaaaaaaay" when a sailor passing by stuck his head through the door, frowned, and said, "tsk, tsk." "Don't you like my singing?" asked Hurd. "Naw!" answered the sailor, walking away. Later that day Hurd was introduced to the same boy in gob's uniform—it was Frank Sinatra, there for a picture! . . . Hatfield (the guy who came to Hollywood for a week end eighteen months ago!) has a lot of work to do in this one. He's in 355 of the 359 scenes—an unusual amount for a newcomer. . . . Hurd was dining at Romanoff's one evening—couldn't stop glancing at the lovely gal at the next table who seemed to be continually glancing back. Finally, he walked over and introduced himself, claiming he was sure he knew her but couldn't remember when or where. The girl laughed—"I'm producer Joan Harrison—we shared space on a page in Vogue Magazine last month!"

SALTY O'ROURKE

Alan Ladd doesn't look like a tough guy. He doesn't sound like one, either, with that nice, quiet voice of his. But give him a gun and a couple of gangsters to cope with, and he'll have you shivering in no time. The way he does in "Salty O'Rourke" which is tops in entertainment.

Salty (Alan Ladd) is a racetrack gambler. Not a very desirable character on the face of it, but somehow he's a swell person. Take the jam he's in right now. He's got to pay twenty thousand bucks to an unpleasant bookie named Baxter (Bruce Cabot) just because Salty's partner owed it to him when he died. Baxter is the kind of guy who means it when he says "Pay me in thirty days—or else." The "or else" is conveyed by a small, clicking sound denoting sudden death for Salty if the dough is not forthcoming.

Salty and his trainer, Smitty (William Demarest) have to do some fast thinking.


You will never live a more sinister drama...nor a more exciting one!
COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents
Paul MUNI
in
COUNTER-ATTACK
(Adapted from the BROADWAY STAGE SUCCESS)
Thrilling with tenseness!
Towering with bigness!
Startling with suspense!
with
MARGUERITE CHAPMAN · LARRY PARKS
Screen Play by John Howard Lawson
Directed by ZOLTAN KORDA

Rhonda Fleming wears

SPELLBOUND

perfume by LYNETTE

Rhonda Fleming, featured in Alfred Hitchcock's "Spellbound," a Selznick International Picture starring Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck.



741 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Salty does most of it, since Smitty just isn't built for thinking. They locate a tough little jockey named Johnny Cate who has been barred from every track in the country. They have him assume the identity of his seventeen-year-old kid brother. Then they get a horse named Whipper which can cover the ground faster than a stolen car. No jockey but Johnny can ride him, but with Johnny up he's meek as a lamb. They enter him in the famous Delington Handicap, and they're all set.

Until Johnny finds out he has to go to school, since he's supposed to be only seventeen. He starts by insulting the pretty teacher, Barbara Brooks (Gail Russell), then goes on to fall in love with her. Salty keeps having to straighten things out and Barbara misunderstands his interest and falls in love with him. You can't blame her for that—Salty is a very attractive guy, but it complicates his plans considerably. Because Johnny figures Salty is playing him for a sucker, and proceeds to do the same for Salty. Meanwhile, Baxter shows up, and there's a climax which ends in sudden death. Whose death? See it and find out.

Stanley Clements handles the difficult role of the little jockey with exceptional skill. You'll be asking for him again.—*Par.*
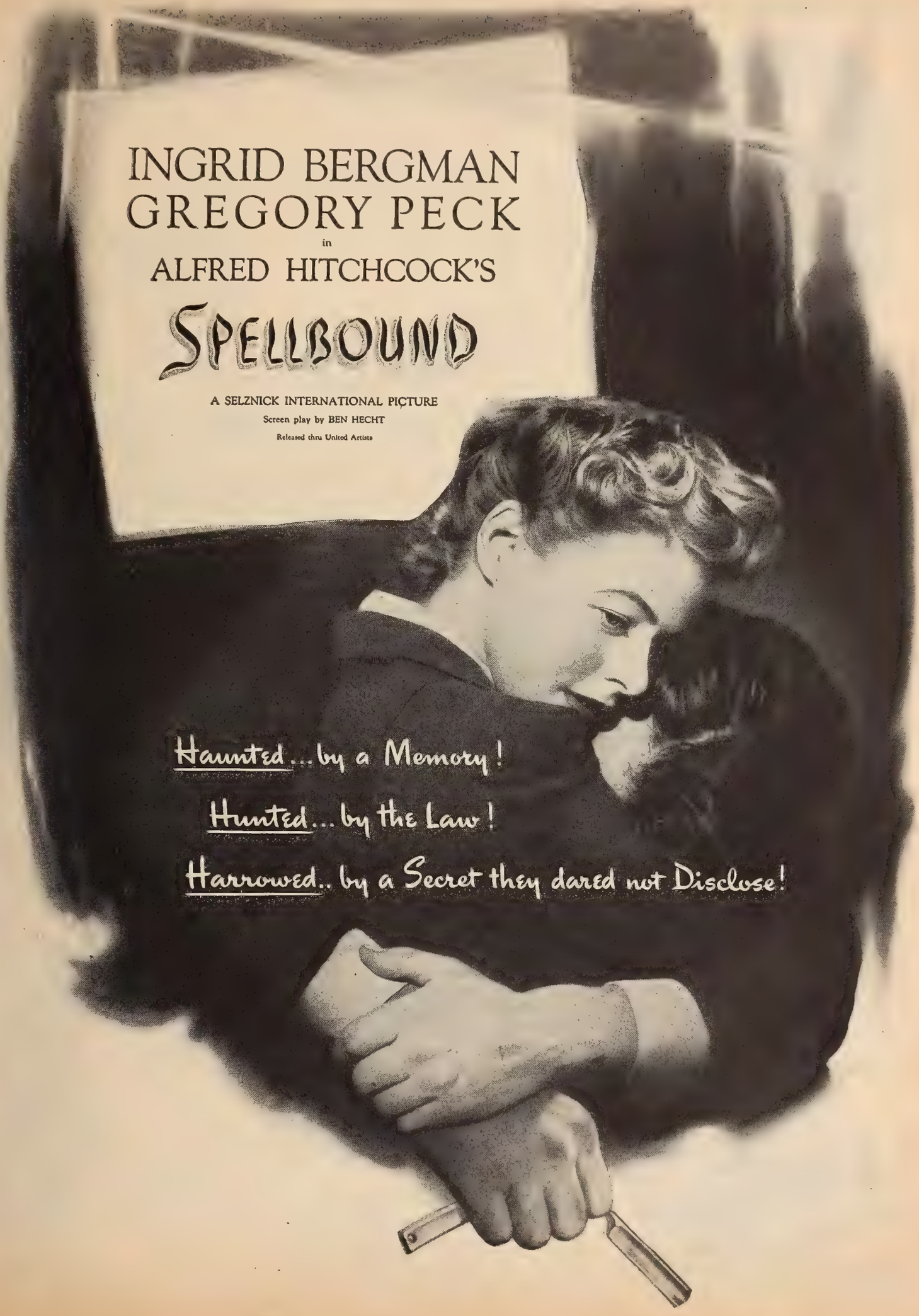
P. S.

Paramount bought this story sight unseen! Matter of fact, the idea wasn't even on paper. It was all in the mind of Milton Holmes. . . . It was a matter of Holmes outlining and acting all the parts of the picture in the DeSylva office—took him an hour and thirty-five minutes but at the conclusion B. G. said, "sold!" . . . This is the second story which the former extra and manager of the Beverly Hills tennis club has written and sold to the studios. The first was "Mr. Lucky" . . . Paramount borrowed Raoul Walsh from Warner Bros. to direct. This was his first directional assignment off the Warner lot in more than four years. He was the ideal choice because he is one of Hollywood's leading racing sportsmen and has owned several big-money turf winners. . . . Walsh and producer E. D. Leshin chose a sorrel named L'Elegant, a one-time Jock Whitney colt, for the picture's equine lead "Whipper." For the racing scenes in the picture, Paramount used a string of 50 racehorses rented from stables in L. A. County and at the Caliente, Mexico, track. Each horse in the picture had to have at least one double and "Whipper" had two. Thoroughbreds could be run only a limited time during the course of a shooting day without endangering their racing usefulness. . . . Real jockeys were used to run the bangtails. Twelve professional riders were employed for the racing sequences. Several of them, such as Ralph Neves, were nationally known riders. . . . Gail was so delighted with the Dorothy O'Hara-designed gowns (her first dress-up role) for the picture that she had the entire wardrobe copied for her personal use.

COUNTER-ATTACK

Suppose you had eight Germans in a cellar at the point of your gun. Your instructions are to capture officers only, in an attempt to get information concerning a coming attack. The soldiers deny that any of them is an officer but you are convinced one of them is lying. How can you find out which one?

That is the problem faced by Kulkov (Paul Muni), a Russian paratrooper, in "Counter-Attack." Kulkov is dropped behind the German lines with a detachment led by Vassilev (Erik Rolf). They are met by members of the Underground and led to the headquarters of the guerrilla fighters. They then attack a factory held by the


INGRID BERGMAN
GREGORY PECK
in
ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S
SPELLBOUND
A SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL PICTURE
Screen play by BEN HECHT
Released thru United Artists
Haunted... by a Memory!
Hunted... by the Law!
Harrowed.. by a Secret they dared not Disclose!

wrestler, is probably the biggest thing in pictures. Davis is six feet six, and weighs 270 pounds. C. B. DeMille discovered him at the Olympic Auditorium and gave him a part in "Reap the Wild Wind." Now Davis divides his time between the ring and the screen. He's the giant porter—in case you have to be told. . . . Return to the screen for Blanche Ring. Fans of the silent films may remember Blanche. For the past few years she's been devoting all her time to the stage. . . . Charles Brown is one of those actors who spend six months on the West Coast making movies then tear back to N. Y. for a six months engagement. He was originally brought to Hollywood to play his part in "Burlesque." . . . One of the good things that the ill wind of war blew our way was Lenore Aubert. The Viennese girl was starting her screen career in Austria when Hitler moved in so she caught the first boat to Hollywood.

HOLD AUTUMN IN YOUR HAND

This picture comes up with a brand new starring combination—one you'll see often. It's Zachary Scott and Betty Field, both of whom know their way around in front of a camera. Add a magnificent characterization of a shrill-voiced old harridan, by Beulah Bondi, and you really have something. "Hold Autumn In Your Hand" is the story of Sam and Nona Tucker. It is a story of hardship and toil and poverty—always poverty. But Sam (Zachary Scott) and Nona (Betty Field) have a quality you can't buy with money. That is faith in themselves and in each other.

Sam gives up his job as a cotton picker to rent a farm of his own. It isn't much of a farm, really. The land has lain idle for three years and is covered with underbrush. But Sam knows that the earth is rich beneath it. They take the children and old Granny (Beulah Bondi) in a truck with their meager load of possessions. When they get to the farm they find that the "house" is just a tumbledown shack, leaking at every joint. Sam was so interested in the land that he forgot to investigate the matter of the house when he rented it. Granny's wails could be heard for miles when she saw the place!

Their neighbor, Devers, is rich but he won't even lend them a cup of milk for little Jot, their small boy. He resents Sam's youth and hopefulness, and even when Jot develops the dreaded "spring sickness" or pellagra, he will do nothing to help them. "Lots of milk and vegetables," the doctor says, but where can they get them?

Sam is offered a job in a factory, unskilled labor, at seven dollars a day. He ought to take it, he knows that. It is duty to his family to take it, and yet the stubborn core of determination in his heart says "hang on a little longer." Nona stands firmly by his side in this. No matter what happens, she is willing for Sam to stick to the farm, and she tells Granny so in no uncertain terms.

Sam's decision is tested by disaster in every form you can imagine, but he and Nona never lose faith. It is courage like theirs which has made America the country it is.—*U.A.*

P. S.

Eugene Lourie, art director for the picture, attempted to make his locales authentic. But war-time difficulty in transporting acting and technical crews plus the fact that the flood scene had to do considerable damage to the land made it impossible. Instead, Lourie found a setting of cotton field and river in the Madera Valley in California. The company established headquarters there for three weeks. There were other location trips—one to Firebaugh, 26 miles from Madera, for the cotton picking scenes in which 175 actual cotton pickers were used; a week at Lake Malibu for the Devers' farm; a week in the San Fernando valley for the town and graveyard sequence; and several days in a dry riverbed near Universal City for a muddy road locale. . . . The Special Effects Department faced a terrific problem in providing director Renoir with a heavy rain and electric storm preceding a flood which devastates the countryside and completely ruins the cotton crop. Flood backgrounds were secured by damming the San Joaquin river to increase the current's flow and by floating down river trees, bits and pieces of houses, livestock and debris of all sorts. . . . The Tucker house in the picture has an interesting background. Renoir and Lourie found an old barn near Ventura, bought and dismantled it. They arranged for rebuilding of it at the studio. The set was mounted on wheels and carried north to the Madera Valley for use there and later it was brought back to Hollywood for interiors on the sound stage.

PILLOW TO POST

Have you heard the one about the traveling salesman? No, no, this one is different. The traveling salesman in this case is a girl named Jean (Ida Lupino) who sells oil well supplies for her father. At least she's supposed to sell them. So far she hasn't made a sale. She has a good prospect now, though. Slim Clark (Johnny Mitchell) who owns an oil company in Clayfield.

Unfortunately, Clayfield is an Army town, and there isn't a room to be had, unless you're an Army wife. Jean isn't any kind of a wife, but she's got to have a room

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY



"Darling, I hope you'll come home on your furlough soon. I have everything arranged just the way you like it."

so she can stay in town long enough to clinch the sale. She has a date for dinner with Slim that night, and he obviously thinks she's quite a dish. If she can *only* get a room.

By accident, she hears about one that's vacant in an auto court. Only you have to be married to an officer to get it. So Jean goes out looking for an officer, and eventually encounters a Lieutenant, a handsome one named Don (William Prince). She explains to him that if he'll just pretend to be her husband for a few minutes she can get the room, and he will never have to see her again. Don would like to do it—after all, she's a very pretty girl. On the other hand, the Army views such goings on with a stern and forbidding eye. Suppose his commanding officer, Colonel Otley (Sydney Greenstreet) should show up? "Oh, but he won't!" Jean assures him. Oh, but he *does*, and that makes it necessary for them to stay "married."

When Slim shows up for his dinner date with Jean, he is astounded to find that she has suddenly acquired a husband. He and Don don't get along at all, and at the end of the evening, no large and impressive order for oil well supplies has materialized. So Don and Jean go back to the auto court and their "wedding night." You can imagine some, but not all, of the complications.

The housing shortage has certainly been God's gift to Hollywood. But even if the fundamental situation is slightly frayed around the edges by now, you'll enjoy "Pillow To Post." Ida Lupino handles the comedy adroitly.—*War.*

P. S.

There was almost as much uproar in connection with the filming of this as occurs in the script. Ida Lupino was "captured" by an army of admirers while on location—was missing for almost a day—Bill Prince was accidentally locked up in a steam-bath part of a night—the jitterbug routine between petite Ida and Johnny Mitchell was done on one of the hottest days in the San Fernando Valley history and left Mitchell (an ex-Montana cowpuncher) collapsed from the heat—and to add to the studio headache, 280 pound Sydney Greenstreet discovered tiny motor scooters the solution to the gas problem! Then there were a few "minor" incidents like Ida's car being stolen by an unknown admirer who thought he might get a date with her when he returned it; and the theft of the front door to her home; and a bathtub skid which left her with a sprained neck ligament and the memory of a narrowly escaped brain concussion. No sooner was Ida back to work than Bill Prince was threatened with appendicitis and had to be packed in ice in his dressing room between takes—that was just prior to Greenstreet's bout with the flu.

Officials were about ready to bill the picture as "Whew! We Made It!" . . . Since most of the action took place in a ten unit auto court and none such was available, art director Leo Kuter designed one and had it built on the huge Warner's stage six. Each of the ten bungalows was a completely furnished and liveable unit—homeless waifs among the studio personnel stood around the stage looking longingly at the compact little apartments!

KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY

There have undoubtedly been lots of different reasons for girls joining the WAC. Patriotism, boredom, yen for a uniform—any number of others. But here's a new one. Valerie Parks (Lana Turner) becomes a WAC so she can get half a million dollars.

It's this way. Val is a playgirl. Champagne, nightclubs, Palm Beach—those are

P-s-t, Sally—Hold that Rumba!

Time out for 30 seconds—to keep you from dancing your charm away!



Away with you—before underarm odor has a chance to spoil your fun! What good would sweet music be if your dancing partner gave you the cold shoulder—and everyone but *you* knew the reason why?





Mum to the rescue! And not too late even though you're dressed. Isn't it well worth 30 seconds to guard your after-bath freshness with Mum? No risk *now* of underarm odor to come!

On with the dance—you're near and you're dear to the one you love! And you're taking no chances with happiness like *that.* Not while there's Mum to keep you sweet and dainty—to win you encores the whole evening long!

MUM'S QUICK—Only 30 seconds to use Mum. Even *after* you're dressed, even when you're busy, you still have time for Mum.
MUM'S SAFE—Won't irritate skin. Won't harm fabrics, says American Institute of Laundering.
MUM'S CERTAIN—Mum works instantly. Keeps you bath-fresh for a whole day or evening. Get Mum today. • • •

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is so gentle, safe, dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too.*



Product of Bristol-Myers

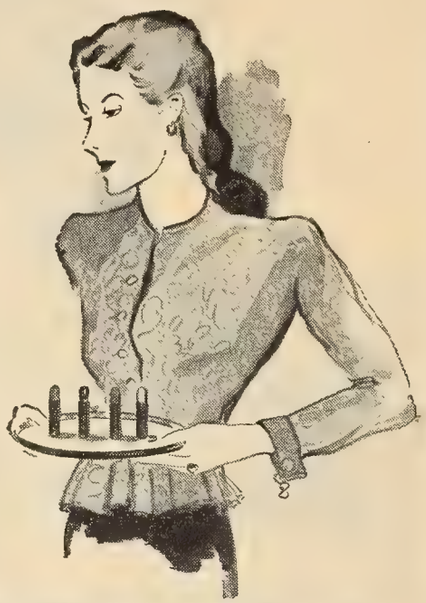
MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Lipstick I.Q. Test

FOR SMART WOMEN



WHAT'S YOUR MAKE-UP TIMETABLE?
Some girls seem to reach for their lipsticks about once every hour. Not you, of course! You're different. You use longer-lasting Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. It holds all sorts of "endurance records"—clings to your lips for many extra hours.



WHAT ARE TODAY'S SMARTEST LIPSTICK COLORS? Don't answer this one until you see Tangee's exciting new colors. There's Tangee Red-Red—bold, dark and handsome. Tangee Theatrical Red—it dramatizes your lips! Tangee Medium-Red—the fashionable new shade that goes with everything.



WHEN DO LIPS LOOK JUST RIGHT?
When they're not too dry—or too moist. Avoid these extremes by using Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Its exclusive *cream base* protects against chapping and dryness—yet does not smear.



WHAT'S HER NAME? This is Constance Luft Huhn, one of America's best known authorities on beauty and make-up, Head of the House of Tangee. Mrs. Huhn's cosmetic masterpiece—Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick—gives your lips a soft satin-smooth gleam that adds greatly to their loveliness.

Use **TANGEE**

and see how beautiful you can be

the important things to her. The trouble is, they all take dough, lots of it, and dough is the thing she is rapidly running out of. Up in Vermont there is half a million dollars sitting around in a bank vault, waiting for the day when the bank trustees decide she should have it. So far they've held it, because of her playgirl status. So why not join the WAC, and convince them she's a fine specimen of patriotic American womanhood? She can always develop housemaid's knee, or something, and get out later.

But once Val is really in the Army, she likes the darn thing. Of course basic training is tough. And she makes an enemy the very first day—a girl named Leigh Rand (Laraine Day) who is a Colonel's daughter and thinks she knows the Army cold. In spite of these disadvantages, Val is happy for the first time. She and Ann Darrison (Susan Peters) become intimate friends, with Ann doing her best to keep peace between Val and Leigh.

It's funny about those two. They're both clever and attractive and good at every job they're assigned to, but they just can't get along. Maybe it's because Leigh is secretly jealous of Val, or maybe it's Val's quick temper. Anyway, even when they get to Officers' Candidate School, they are still rivals and enemies.

Then Val gets in a mess—a bad one. It's through no fault of her own, but Leigh can't, or won't, understand that. And it gives her a hold on Val which threatens everything the former playgirl now cares for. It takes the tragedy of Ann's heartbreak over her husband's death to bring the two of them together—for the honor of the Corps.

You'll be fascinated with the way the inner workings of the WAC are shown in this picture. And when you see Lana in her uniform, you'll probably rush right out and join up yourself.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

WAC Lieutenant Louise V. White was technical advisor on this. Her greatest problem with the forty Ziegfeld Follies WACs was their hair. WACs aren't permitted to wear their hair below the collars so the chorus gals had to roll their long bobs and many of them were constantly coming unratted. The girls had to line up each morning in full uniform and stand for inspection à la regular Army. First came Lt. White inspecting the hair, then a man from make-up with a bottle of polish remover and a rag (WAC's must not wear bright polish) and then a girl from wardrobe to check stocking seams. Lt. White was thrilled with the way the girls did their close order drills—wished that all WACs might first be precision dancers in a chorus. . . . The girls found themselves talking in the slanguage of the WAC before the picture was half completed. Some of them even coined new phrases. Lana Turner's new name for Air Corps pilots seemed the best of all—she calls 'em "air males." While the picture was in production, Lana got a letter from a company of Army nurses in New Guinea which told of the girls' favorite island pastime—swimming in the beautiful blue Pacific waters. Seems the nurses had only shorts and bras made of toweling, however. So Lana shipped a case of the most glamorous bathing suits she could find—one for each nurse! . . . Lana has bought half interest in a song written by Negro singer Bill Daniels. The song's titled "Mad About You" and any proceeds to come Lana's way will go directly into a trust fund for her small daughter, Cherry. . . . Susan Peters left on an Eastern business trip at the completion of her part in the picture—it was her first glimpse of Chicago and New York.

MEDAL FOR BENNY

Do you know what a "Paisano" is? Paisanos are half-Spanish, half-Indian, and you find a lot of them in California coast towns. They're indolent and charming and they never worry about tomorrow as long as there's a jug of red wine around. Dorothy Lamour makes a lovely, voluptuous Paisano girl, with handsome Arturo De Cordova playing opposite her.

The principal character in "Medal For Benny" never appears on the screen at all. You see, Benny has disappeared from the town of Pentera before our story opens. His departure is regretted by the Paisanos but applauded by the police, with whom he was usually embroiled. He has left his father, old Charlie (J. Carroll Naish), no word of his intentions. Even his sweetheart, Lolita (Dorothy Lamour), doesn't know where he went. Lolita is being ardently courted by Joe Morales (Arturo De Cordova), but she assures him that she will remain faithful to Benny.

Besides, she doesn't think Joe would make a very good husband, attractive as he is. Joe is always dreaming up fancy schemes to make a lot of money without doing any work. The schemes always fail, since Joe's ideas aren't very practical. To Lolita's disgust, he gets old Charlie to invest sixty dollars in a motor launch to use for fishing. The first time out, the motor drops right through the boat's rotted bottom, into the blue Pacific.

Joe and Lolita quarrel over this sad event, and Joe takes out a girl from the neighboring town. She tells him that she saw Benny a few months ago, and shows him a ring Benny gave her. Joe recognizes it as a ring Lolita gave Benny before he went away. He reports this to Lolita, and she is completely disillusioned, and decides she really loves Joe after all.

The next day a terrific piece of news hits Pantera. Benny is dead! Not killed in a barroom brawl, as they might have expected, but in the Army after disposing of a hundred Japs. A whole regiment and a real live General are coming to Pantera to give old Charlie the posthumously awarded Congressional Medal. The rest is pathos and humor and drama, all done with a subtle touch you will appreciate.—*Par.*

P. S.

Frank Butler wrote the screen play on this one, but basic ideas are from the Steinbeck-Jack Wagner twenty page outline. Wagner got the inspiration twenty years ago when he returned to France and found his home town of Salinas bursting a few arteries over its acquisition of a hero, Sergeant Blank, winner of a Congressional Medal of Honor. . . . Dorothy Lamour's counting on this as a permanent release from her sarong. Went about happy as a lark at her first chance to really act. *She and co-star de Cordova formed a mutual admiration society on set. . . . J. Carroll Naish, who just about stole the show, is a one-man stock company that's played more nationalities than any man on the screen. . . . Up came another child wonder when nine-year-old Fernando Alvarado had to depend on ability instead of cuteness. . . . This was Rosita Morena's first bad girl role. She has a weekly broadcast to Latin America, by the way. It was her first English-speaking role in six years. . . . Three locations did it for this one—the one at San Fernando Mission and Paducah Street à la squalid Mexican style gave Lamour a chance to cuddle Mexican babies like a veteran office-seeker. The shot of her playing with a photogenic goat was a honey. . . . At San Bernardino Air Depot, Dottie was going strong on assembling layettes for the enlisted men's crop of gurgling cherubs.*

Are you in the know?





What's best for keeping metal earrings bright?

- ☐ *Colorless nail polish*
- ☐ *Ammonia and water*
- ☐ *Elbow grease*

They'll be all a-glitter indefinitely—if you treat those metal earbobs to a thin coating of colorless nail polish. It's tops as a safeguard against tarnish. And at Kotex time, remember that now there's a new safeguard for your personal *daintiness.*

Yes! Now a deodorant is locked inside each Kotex napkin. The deodorant can't shake out, because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on.

A king-size teen looks smoothest if she's—

- ☐ *Wedded to flat heeled shoes*
- ☐ *A frilly dilly*
- ☐ *Posture-perfect*

Are you a glamazon? Be proud of it! "Flats" are fine, but higher heels are flatterers. Shun frilly clothes. And never be a stoop droop . . . you'll look smoothest if you're posture-perfect. Poise comes too when you rout the little cares of problem days—with Kotex. Unlike thick, stubby pads, Kotex has patented, *flat tapered ends* that don't cause revealing lines. And that special *safety center* gives you *plus* protection.



If your friend doesn't introduce you—

- ☐ *Should you just stand there*
- ☐ *Walk slowly on*
- ☐ *Feel offended*

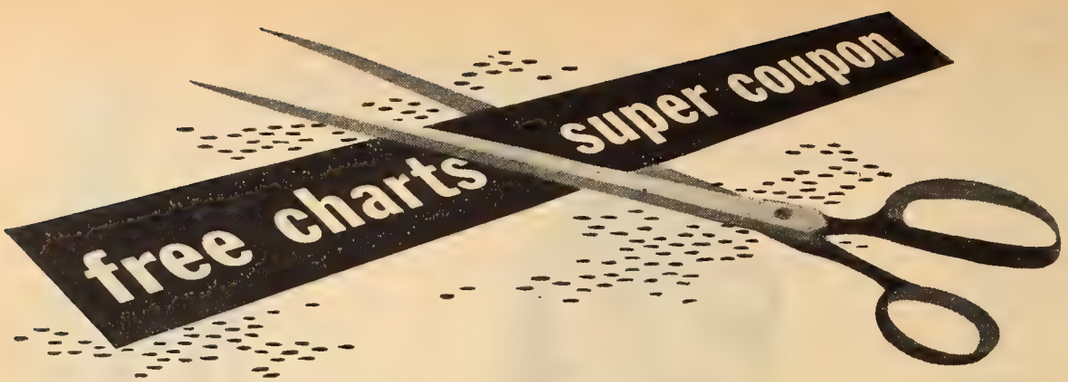
When pal Julie stops to talk with friends of hers in a public place—introductions aren't necessary. It's awkward merely to stand by. Walk slowly on. Knowing what to do can be such a comfort! So too, at "those" times, knowing your napkins can bring *real* comfort—the unfailing kind you get from Kotex. Far different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch, the softness of Kotex stays faithfully yours. Yes, Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing!*

Now—A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



CHECK THE BOXES OPPOSITE THE CHARTS YOU'D LIKE ★ NEW CHARTS ARE STARRED



SUPER ★ STAR INFORMATION CHART (10c) Our new, revised 32-page booklet. Latest pics, births, marriages, heights, weights, number of kids, love life of 500 stars. Where to write to them. New stars, stars in the Service and a complete section on Western stars. Send 10c and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

MUSIC MAKERS, THEIR LIVES, BANDS AND RECORDS (5c) New and exciting data on bands, bandleaders, vocalists—everyone from James to Sinatra. 20-page booklet, pictures of each music maker, lists of their best records. A solid must for all you hep cats. Send 5c, as well as a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

HOW TO JOIN A FAN CLUB—Have yourself a time! Join one or more of the 60 fan clubs we've listed and get snaps of your favorite star, club journals, chance for pen pals—and other splendid advantages! Read about the new MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Association. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

INFORMATION DESK—Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See box on page 71 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

STAR AUTOGRAPHS—Turn to page 12 to see how you can get autographs of all your favorite stars.



PLEASE BEHAVE!—Helpful, practical chart with tips on how to be poised, well liked. Etiquette for dating, engagements, weddings, letter writing—the works. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

CO-ED PERSONAL ADVICE—Want to know how you can get that cute guy in Algebra class to ask for a date? Or when it's cagey to pull a "hard to get"? Write to our expert, Jean Kinkead, c/o MODERN SCREEN. Tell her all, and she'll personally write you a letter answering all those important, impossible problems of the heart. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

BE A BETTER DANCER!—*by Arthur Murray* Complete, easy-to-follow directions on how to foxtrot, waltz—all the turns and tricks that'll help you follow your partner. Also dance floor etiquette, what to wear and how to be popular with the stag line. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH BOYS—*by Jean Kinkead* How to be date bait, plus a complete follow-through for when you're out with *him*. The straight stuff on getting stood up, drinking, smoking, tactics to get and hold your man! FREE, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐



HANDWRITING ANALYSIS (10c) Send in a sample of your handwriting or your G.I.'s in ink (about 25 words), and Shirley Spencer will analyze it for you and tell you how he *really* feels. Send 10c for each analysis and enclose a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope. ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE TO MISS SHIRLEY SPENCER, c/o MODERN SCREEN, but only for Handwriting Analysis ☐

YOUR INDIVIDUALLY COMPILED HOROSCOPE (10c) Fill in your birthdate: Year.....

Month..... Date..... Time.....

Name.....

Street ... City.... Zone ... State....

Send 10c to 149 Madison Avenue, N.Y. 16, N.Y. No self-addressed envelope required. ☐



GLAMOUR FOR THE TEENS—This is 'specially for gals from 12 to 18. How to really glamour yourself up. Skin care, make-up, hair-do's for your particular beauty problem. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL—For over 18s—a beauty routine, skin and nail care, make-up styled to your needs. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

HOW TO HAVE LOVELY HAIR—Encyclopedia on hair care. Hair-do's styled for you, setting instructions. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

HOW TO LOSE WEIGHT—12-page chart giving you all the safe ways to lose weight. 2 easy-to-follow scientific diets. Exercises for reducing every part of the body, plus scoring chart. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

FASHIONS FOR TALL GIRLS—*by Marjorie Bailey* Whether you're lanky-tall or chubby-tall, here are lines and styles to camouflage your height. What's tops for *you* in coats, suits, dresses. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

FASHIONS FOR SHORT GIRLS—*by Marjorie Bailey* Fashion tricks to make *you* the willowy girl of your dreams. What to choose in dresses, coats, suits, hats to make you inches taller. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

FASHIONS FOR STOUT AND THIN GIRLS—*by Marjorie Bailey* How to appear thinner or more curvaceous. Lines and styles that slenderize hips, waist, bust, legs and those to cover up that bony look. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

It's something different

You'll agree that Schlitz is truly different when you taste its delightful freedom from bitterness. Brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, Schlitz is as famous for its delicacy as for its real beer character. Its famous flavor is in tune with American taste.



Copr. 1944, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

..none of the bitterness

Schlitz



THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS



Wherever smart accessories are seen

So individual! So smartly advanced in design, so jewel-like in craftsmanship, so delicately attuned to every feminine instinct for style-rightness — compacts by Elgin American inevitably evoke admiration — and just a twinge of envy. The perfect gift.

Elgin American

ELGIN, ILLINOIS

COMPACTS, CIGARETTE CASES, DRESSER SETS

TO OUR READERS

■ Charles E. Johnson never took a screen test. He never drove a Lincoln, gave his autograph, nor spent an evening in the Mocambo. He's just a middle-aged guy who played a great game of ball when he was younger, worked hard all his life and hates to shave on Sundays. He could be your father. Except that he happens to be Van Johnson's! . . . On page 48 Charles E. Johnson tells the story of how he raised his son. We believe that it is the finest story that has ever appeared in MODERN SCREEN. And I'll tell you why . . . Any magazine that's worth its salt has to believe in something. MODERN SCREEN believes in the dignity and worth of the American family. MODERN SCREEN believes also that stars are real people with real families. Wonderful—but real. Which goes double for Van and his dad! . . . You will read *yourself* into this story. Like all American fathers, Van's dad never made a fuss over his boy. Probably no one ever caught father and son in a heart to heart talk. None of the trimmings of being a parent. But when the time came, when he was left alone with his boy, he cooked for him. He saw to it that he went to school with his teeth brushed . . . or else. And Van had the best Christmas tree in town . . . Yes, you will read yourself into the story. And maybe you will cry a little. *I* did



Executive Editor



Jeanne, the G.I.s' top thrill, hasn't found "The One" but, aping "Seventh Heaven," calls Lon McCallister. "Chico," is his "Diane."

Presenting Jeanne Crain, her lilt and laugh, her beauty and yen for books 'n' things—her life story.

By Ida Zeitlin

Jeanne Crain

Jeanne used to think that her sister Rita was twins. Not twins with Jeanne or with anyone else. Just twins by herself.

Where the notion came from, she had no idea. Unless from hearing Mother say, as she frequently did, "I always wanted twins." That's why Mother dressed them alike for so long. Till Jeanne, the shy, quiet one, said: "I think my clothes ought to be different from Rita's."

You could see it was a shock, and Jeanne hastened to explain. "I'm nineteen months older, Mother. It makes me feel babyish—"

"But I didn't know you minded. I thought you liked it—"

"Oh, I *did*—when we were little. But now—well, I think I ought to be myself—"

It kind of broke Mother's heart. Jeanne's red-brown hair was as blonde as Rita's then, and Mother loved it when people took them for twins. But she understood and respected Jeanne's feelings, and that was the end of dressing alike. Rita was disgusted. Even today she wouldn't mind dressing like Jeanne.

They were just about as different as sisters could be—



It's Bing for croonin' and Coleman for swing, tho' she likes her Cugat, too. While clubbing with Paul Brooks, or other beaux, likker's taboo! (Time out for Troc'ing, H. James' horn.)



Only beauty tricks are: 11 hours sleep and castor-oil facials. Hates clowning, loves singing, flannel pajamas, fruit and drawing. Flabbergasting new poppa Dana Andrews on "State Fair" set.





Jeanne admits expecting to look like Lamarr at rushes after being "mauled into beauty," is usually disappointed. Director Cukor once requested her to remove her eyelashes as they were "photographing too artificially." She couldn't. They were her own! (Grid Queen at Inglewood High.)

Jeanne dreamy and withdrawn, her nose forever in a book—cocky little Rita, always ready to wrestle with the world on its own terms. Calling for them at school one day, Mother found Rita with a dozen girls around her. Jeanne stood way off by herself under a tree. Years later, Mother told her about it. "It made me feel so sad—"

"It didn't have to, Mother. I never felt lonely by myself."

Yet, for all the difference between them, they were also as close as sisters can be. From the first, Rita belonged to Jeanne. "We have a baby sister for you," they told her, and she took it literally. When they brought Rita home from the hospital, she held out her arms and couldn't understand why her property wasn't handed over. As the years passed, their relationship shifted a little. Rita turned protector, worried over Jeanne's shyness, elected herself buffer between her gentle sister and any winds that blew. Of course, if *she* teased Jeanne to quit reading or drawing for something more boisterous, that was her privilege. Just so nobody else tried it. . . .

Her talent for leadership was balanced by an intense admiration for Jeanne's talents along other lines—

When she was three-and-a-half, Jeanne almost died. Double pneumonia and empyema kept her in the hospital for four months, and she came out weighing twenty-eight pounds. To amuse her, Auntie Bee—as she called her cherished Aunt Elizabeth—taught her to read. Rita didn't learn to read till she went to school. What for, when all she had to do was hand Jeanne a book, and out would come a wonderful story about Jack and Jane and Terry? Pretty soon Jeanne was reading her the funnies. And not only that, she could make pictures of cows and horses and people, even of Rita. And then one day she wrote a letter to Granny, and put it in an envelope and addressed it herself—

"Is it good enough for the postman to take?" breathed Rita. "My, but Jeanne's smart, isn't she? She's so smart that when she goes to school, I think she'll teach the teachers—"

They lived in a white stucco house in a quiet section of Los Angeles, called View Park, not far from Inglewood. Jeanne's favorite reading (*Continued on page* 103)

Jeanne Crain



Pin-up statistics: 114 lbs., 5' 5", *curves*—and "changeable eyes." From anticipated studies of astronomy, psych., French, she's shifted to Spanish with a tutor. (At finals for "Camera Queen.")

At 14, Mom used to come on her chatting away with "Margie," the little playmate who wasn't there! She soon outgrew fantasy, though, to skip three grades and finish high school at 16.





Still an unspoiled kid, she's irritated by old friends who expect her to give up studio'ing back and forth in the family car with Mom and to "make like a star." (At 3 yrs.)

A sports-proficient sentimentalist, she collects old-fashioned music boxes and keeps hinting for a chaise longue. (At a toothless 9 months.)



POSTSCRIPTS ON THE



New house is tops with Glo, with room for John's record collection starring V. Monroe plus a bar for his malteds. Swimming pool, corral, and guest house are to be added. Frequent guests are the James's and Haymes's plus G's Ma. Mother Payne sends weekly cake packages

PAYNES

First we played Cupid, then wrote up their marriage. Now we bring you our newest Mr. 'n' Mrs. — in color!



When not working, Gloria pours John's morning coffee, markets, gives command performances, and listens to her favorites: Crosby *and* Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald. She's planning a trip East in order to meet Ma-in-law.





John, soon to be seen in "The Dolly Sisters," does chores in plaids and cords, had Gloria trade her flossy wardrobe for strictly tailored numbers.

Mrs. P's new title thrills her as much as hubby's lush diamond pendant gift, chilling to radio thrillers. Loves beating poker-sharks Fred MacMurrays.

To the Fans:



Van thrives on mobs, just hopes they keep a comin'. That's Mrs. K. Wynn to his right, Mrs. Danny Kaye below.

God Bless 'em!

by Hedda Hopper

You're star-makers and star-breakers, loyal and brash—H'wood would vanish without you!

■ The other night after a preview I was just getting my jalopy warmed up in the parking lot at Carthay Circle, when I spied a mob swirling my way that looked like Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

They flowed around parked autos, climbed over and crawled under, all chasing a tall, tow-headed guy that I recognized right away. Every now and then they caught him, engulfed him to a chorus of squeals, shrieks, shouts and girlish giggles. Then he'd break away, dodge a few steps closer and get swallowed again.

I settled back to see the fun. After all, an old gal like me, I knew, was in no danger from rabid fans. Not with Van Johnson around!

After a few more scrimmages, Van hopped over the bumper of my car and into his own, the fans in hot pursuit. I had to laugh. His tie was gone, his collar ripped. His coat was buttonless and half off. Scarlet lipstick streaked his face like a Comanche's on the warpath. His hair pointed in all directions, even his hands were scratched and bleeding. He was dripping with sweat. He looked like he'd just taken on Notre Dame singlehanded, or got run over by a Royal Tiger tank. But you (*Continued on page 132*)



Clark's recovered from that cab kidnapping, not so his fan rating which is *uuup*. Photog Ball'ing with Lana.



It took veteran Hattie MacDaniel to overcome pride *and* prejudice and prove that great ladies are born, not made!



Local-boy-makes-good D. Morgan was trapped in a Wis. elevator for 5 trips 'til he gave with "Desert Song."

By Virginia Wilson



James Craig supplanted Bob Young in her affections during "Lost Angel." Leaving him broke her heart when she went off to Wash. for her "March Of Dimes" appeal.



Curious but calm, her only outburst to date stemmed from Bd. of Ed's edict banning her school attendance. M-G-M still the storm by providing a private prof, classroom.

■ It was a high desk. Too high, when you were only eight years old. Too high, that is, if you sat on a chair. But if you stood up, in your teddy bear slippers and your quilted housecoat, it was just the right height for a drawing board. You put the big empty sheet of paper on the desk, and you got out the crayons and went to work with your tongue sticking out a little to help concentration.

"Margaret, honey, are you drawing again?"

"Yes, mother." Margaret's big brown eyes were serious. "I'm drawing something very important."

"What is it, honey? Let's see."

"It's a picture of a girl. And this time she's going to be really beautiful, Mother. You know how it usually is—the boys I draw all turn out to be pretty and the girls turn out to look like boys. But this girl is going to be a—uh—a glamor girl." (*Continued on page 98*)



M. never sees her own pix—says she knows the plot, so no suspense, may have her own air show. See her in "For Our Vines Have Tender Grapes." (Beau Jackie Jenkins.)

LITTLE MISS REMARKABLE

She couldn't have a pony in the closet or a whole steak—but who's worried? Not Missy O'Brien!

A match-maker, she ogles eligibles for Aunt Marissa, but her eye's on "Lassie" director Fred Wilcox 'cause he comes to visit—with the dog!





1916—Mother missed that It, Oomph gal, Theda Bara, in "Romeo and Juliet" with Harry Hilliard, but caught her in "A Fool There Was." With the big rag-and-bone scene they put on a record of Kipling's poem—that was William Fox's idea—and it "wowed" 'em!



"Happy birthday, dear studio, and I hope you live to a thousand. I'm proud to be chosen to talk about your four-star career but there's just one hitch. My memory's not as old as you! So where I don't remember, my mother's kindly helping me out."

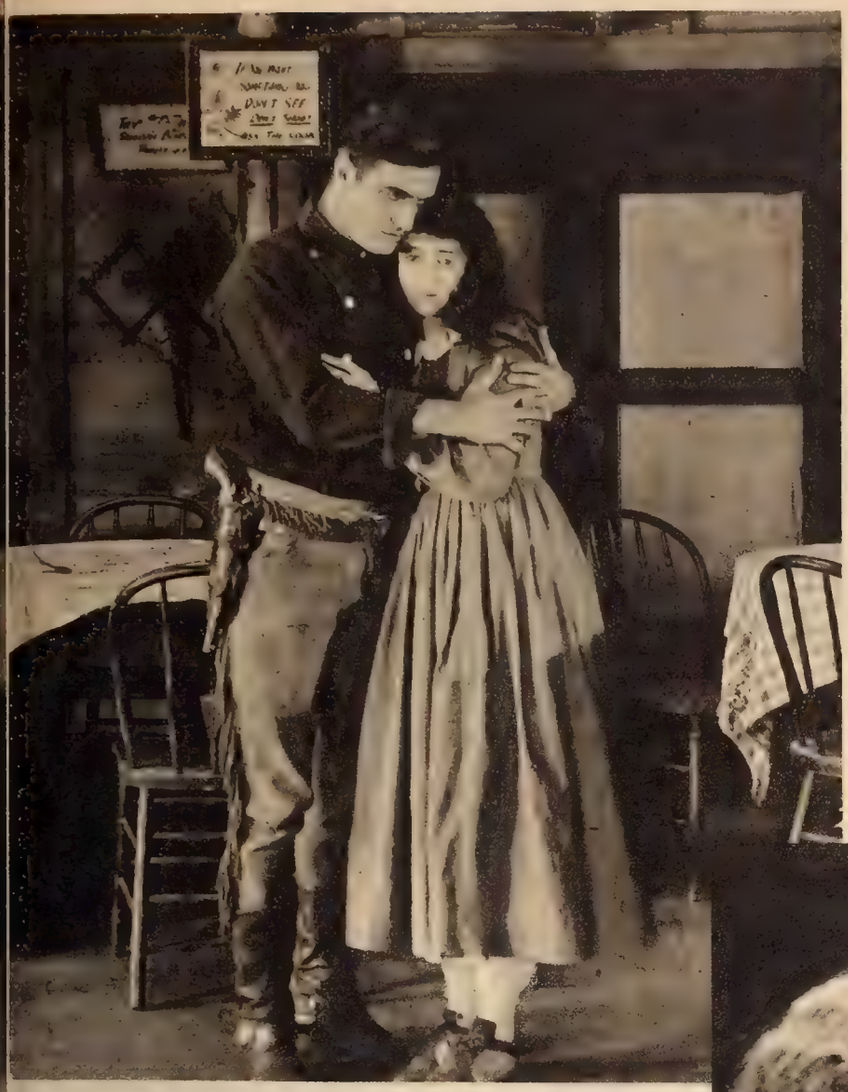


1917—A Bill Farnum movie meant a big night in St. Louis—dinner downtown, then to the Fox in time for the show before the picture. Mother says when Miriam Battista wept onto the screen (like here in "Fires Of Conscience"), the audience went *A-a-ah!* But Farnum was the main attraction. Lived like a king, now he plays bits.

MOTHER AND I REMEMBER



1926—In "Sand..." here's where we yelled, "Watch out, he's behind you!" The man's Ben Bard, who married Ruth Roland, the serial queen. Lookit Madge Bellamy's hair-do, will you? And that casual-on-purpose nude shoulder! Bet they'd never let *me* get away with it!



—How I loved Tom Mix! Saturdays, Mother'd take me sister to the corner movie—I still remember Tom in "Cupid's dup." But the minute a kid coughed she'd yank us out. Be- e my little brother died of whooping cough before I was born.

1927—Bawled so hard over "Seventh Heaven" got myself all smeared up in my candy bar. Never missed a Gaynor picture after that. One reason I hated talkies at first was because they squeezed Charlie Farrell out. But USN Lieut. Farrell's doing fine for himself now in the South Pacific.



When a studio like 20-Century's

been around 30 years, it's time

to pop the wine corks and crow.

Meet your hostess, Betty Grable.

Continued on page 110



Before her marriage, she dated Pvt. Bobbie Breen—whose autograph she once begged for! She just finished "Junior Miss," the pic S. Temple was *aching* to play, still gorges on sweets to up those 110 lbs.



She's just inherited the $200,000 fortune of her aunt and uncle, comes into control next year when she's 21. At 24 she'll get late father's Texas oil properties.



As a frosh, Joyce played the title role in UCLA's production of "Alice In Wonderland." A talent scout spied, signed her. Says she, "That's 'cause I was the only one *without* a mask!"

by Cynthia Miller

"JANIE" GETS MARRIED

Mebbe she's quit movies and mebbe we'll never get over it but Joyce Reynolds' a Mrs. now and oh, such joy!



The home-loving type, she confused execs by asking for a bit role in "San Antonio" in order to get back home where the pic's being filmed! Don't miss her "Janie Gets Married."

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Word has just come to us as we go to press that Joyce is retiring from the screen in order to care for her health, seriously impaired by that recent attack of the flu. So while we hate to see you go, goodbye, Joyce, and good luck.)

■ The telephone rang in the Reynolds' apartment one afternoon. When Joyce answered, her best friend, Mary Jane Jensen (wife of Lt. Owen F. Jensen, Jr.) said, "I hope you don't have a date tonight because Owen is here from El Toro, and he brought my cousin, Bob Lewis, with him. Let's go out on a double date."

Joyce had seen pictures of this highly-touted cousin, and she had heard a dozen stories about him. Ordinarily, she would have begged out of a blind date, but the Lieutenant was from Houston, Joyce's home town, and you know how it is with Texans—they believe in one another.

The marine fighter pilot turned out to be even better than As Advertised. He was tall, curly-haired, with a terrific drawling sense of humor. After he had acknowledged his introduction to Joyce's mother and to Joyce, she said, "Mary Jane tells me that you're from Houston, too."

"Ah'm just beginnin' to realize how little I saw of the scenic beauties of mah own home town, since Ah'm just now meetin' you for the first time," said the gentleman from the South.

Right off the bat, they discovered that they had one thing in common: That passionate love of horses that only a Texan can feel so deeply.

Joyce practically grew up on a horse. Her first, when she was little more than an infant in San Antonio, was a plump black-and-white circus pony that would bow, shake hands and cakewalk. After that she rode a sorrel gelding, and when she came to Hollywood, horseless, she managed on (*Continued on page 83*)

So Nice To Come Home To

■ Last summer, in New York, a group of his advisers were remonstrating with Frank Sinatra. "But, Frank, this affair is important. You've *got* to see these people."

Frank shook his head. "Fellows, I'm sorry, but I can't be around tomorrow afternoon. I wish," he added reasonably, "you had asked me about my plans before you went ahead and made arrangements."

One of the men said, "We hadn't made any other dates, so we thought it was all right to go ahead and promise your time to these people."

"Well, I made a date of my own, and I've got to keep it. Sorry I can't help you fellows out, though."

There was a little silence during which his friends exchanged glances. They didn't see what could be as important as this business conference.

Frank blurted out, "I promised to take Nancy, Jr. to the circus. She's so excited she hasn't talked about anything else for weeks. I'm just not going to break my promise."

Someone said Nancy wouldn't mind going the next day, or the next. Kids got distracted easily and didn't remember things like that.

"I don't know about other kids, but I *do* know about Nancy. I made her a promise and I'm going to keep it, regardless of business engagements." And keep his word to his daughter, he certainly did. And took her girl friend, Mary Anne, too.

They fed the elephant peanuts; they prowled through the sideshows to see the fat man, the bearded lady, the fire-eater and the sword-swallower. They had a stupendous time. After that, there was the three-ring main show. Nancy, having a few peanuts left, fed them to one of the clowns to whom she took a fancy. She asked her dad why he didn't sing with the band, and was pleasantly *(Continued on page 87)*



Nancy, the Sinatra Mom, is moanin' the blues: Over unkind rumors that her brief hospital stay was due to a nose-bobbing, because she rammed into Dick Powell's parked car during a driving lesson.



Margaret O'Brien, youngest celebrity ever to appear in "Who's Who," partied recently with Nancy, Jr., discussed circuses—and Sinatra! Dad proved a good sport at that Broadway show when star Lou Holtz called from stage. "And what business are *you* in, son?" Next pic: "Anchors Aweigh."

by Fredda Dudley

Frankie'll never be a "Sundays Only" dad—
not with circuses to visit or baby tears to lullaby away.



BLONDE OF THE YEAR

She's pink champagne and dream-

ing by the fire and quicksilver.

She's June Haver. by Abigail Putnam

■ Lieutenant Arnold Von de Lohe, stationed at Camp Deedrick, Maryland, wrote to LIFE magazine, when it published some pictures of Twentieth Century's dynamic elf, "I want June Haver for Christmas."

A noble sentiment, but one dispatched without considering that June Haver on the highest Christmas tree on the highest mountain on earth would provoke such a rush as would make a Grable-Turner-Goddard-Lamarr meeting on the corner of Hollywood and Vine look like a WCTU convention.

Take, for instance, that long-ago Valentine's Day, when June was fifteen. The stampede to June's house started the instant school was over for the day. The first boy to arrive parked his galoshes in the hallway, hung up his lumberjack, and strolled into the living room bearing a three-pound pink satin heart of candy under one arm.

June, thrilled to the core, deposited the gift on the library table, and invited the boy to join her before the roaring fireplace. Two seconds later the front door bell rang again. June's mother answered, and there was Beau No. 2. He shed *his* galoshes and coat, and *he* strolled into the living room bearing, as token of his esteem, a five-pound red satin heart filled with candy. He and the first boy were buddies, so the threesome before the fire was chummy, and the hot chocolate that Mrs. Haver had prepared was yummy, so the afternoon looked very copasetic. Then, the doorbell rang again.

There will be a brief pause while Mrs. Haver goes to another closet to secure additional coat hangers for what is obviously not a committee meeting of June's admirers, but a full-fledged convention.

Thirty minutes after the first guest arrived, there were seven pairs of snow boots in the hallway; one hour after the initial gift of a heart box of candy, there were eleven boxes stacked on the living room table; and ninety minutes after the first cup of hot chocalate had been served, the boy with whom June was supposed to be going steady, arrived.

He stood irresolute in the hallway, moving a stricken glance from (*Continued on page 93*)



June, now in "Where De We Go From Here?", was "farmed out" to a B'way musical for experience. She almost-steadies with Bill Eythe, paints, collects figurines—and Sinatra discs.



That's my Boy!

■ My home in Newport, R. I., is unpretentious. It's just an ordinary tan house, with a comfortable front porch where you can sit and rock in the summertime, and a yard in the back just about big enough for a gang of kids to swat a ball around in. Nothing unusual about it except that it *was* Van Johnson's house. Still *is*, for that matter. He haunts the place, that big kid. I keep tripping over his ukulele and his megaphone. Every time I open a closet, a track shoe falls out. Anyway, that house is Newport's new showplace, and it's a funny thing —but I kind of like it.

In the old days, when Van and I would watch the Sunday drivers peering at the big estates, I'd



The years have dealt gently with Charles Johnson, giving him long, quiet hours to spend, scissors and paste in hand, with his many scrapbooks, recollections of a baby son in his heart.



Van Johnson's earliest memories are of a simple frame house on Ayrault street in Newport, R.I., though it wouldn't have been home except for Dad—anti-theater at first, but now a loyal fan.



by Charles E Johnson *as told to Jean Kinkead*

Van Johnson's pop looks back and finds the years gay and heart-warming with memories of his "Red."

That's My Boy!

feel like shouting right along with him, "Yaah, rubbernecks!" But now that they're looking at *our* house, I feel kind of warm and proud. Sometimes I want to open the front door and say, "I'm his dad. Come on in and look around." And once or twice, I've done just that. You ought to see the way the kids touch his chair and his books, as if they were solid gold. And when they ask me about him, their eyes are so big, and their voices so low. Gosh, does a fellow's heart good.

People ask me if Van was a good baby. That beats me. Did any father ever admit to having a bad baby? Sure, he was good. And from the very beginning we understood each other. When he was three, his mother and I separated, and Van stayed with me. It sort of scared me at first. I mean, heck, what does a man know about bringing up a kid? Then my mother came and lived with us, so that relieved me of chores like sewing on buttons and stoking in oatmeal, and left lots of time for picnics and skating on the little pond near our house.

You know, there's a rumor around that I was a terribly strict, long-faced father. A sourpuss with a switch in one hand and a copy of the Bible in the other. Maybe the columnists figure that that makes a better story than the truth, I don't know. It doesn't bother me when I read it because Van knows how it was and that's all that really matters. As a matter of fact though, I was strict about only a few things, and one of them was that he take care of his health. I didn't let him eat bags and bags of candy the way other kids did, and I made him chew his food well. Then, I was insistent that he be in bed early every night. I guess most mothers would die over this, but I never bundled him up in the wintertime. He wore warm clothes, but he never looked stuffed with sweaters the way so many children do, and he almost never wore a hat. The result was—and I'm kind of proud of this—there were literally years in a row when Van wouldn't be absent from school. And I really and truly believe that he wouldn't have pulled



Van started playing the field of hearts early in life. He was just 6 when he discovered Miss King, the first-grade schoolmarm, and conceived the first of his many "violent" attachments. (He's the cherub in the back row, 4th from right.)



Despite the "Romeo" tag, he was popular with "the fellas," captaining the basketball team. Now maid Essie's another fan, comes to clean his Brentwood apt. 3 times a week—and make up the twin beds he alternately sleeps in!



Red's pals, spotting that charm beneath his shy seriousness, were legion, and proved the forerunners of today's "swooners." Only the fact that none of his pix are shown in Mexico explains his not being recognized there on recent trip.



He'd already started murdering the King's English at 15, still does with his "I'm to sign a cigarette *testament*," or "Hurry, we're wasting high time." But 15 wasn't too young to work after school helping Dad.

Portrait of a star—18, a h.s. graduate.





A dram., football letter man, a dreamer

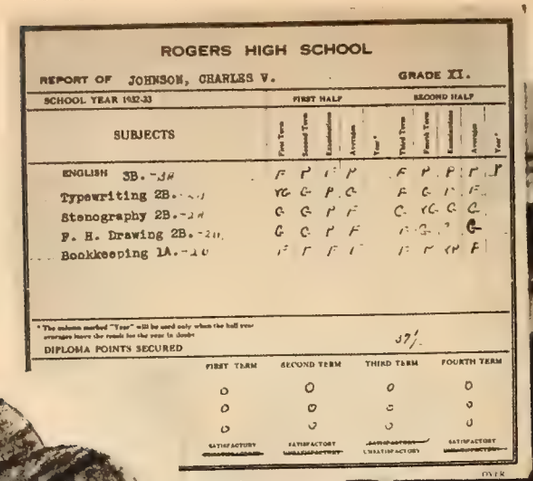


Still studying song and dance, the violin.



Dreams pay off—an extra in "Pal Joey."

No book worm, he can still qualify as a sec'y.



ROGERS HIGH SCHOOL

REPORT OF JOHNSON, CHARLES V. GRADE XI.

SCHOOL YEAR 1932-33 FIRST HALF SECOND HALF

SUBJECTS

ENGLISH 3B.-3H
Typewriting 2B.-
Stenography 2B.-2H
F. H. Drawing 2B.-2H
Bookkeeping 1A.-1C

DIPLOMA POINTS SECURED 37½

FIRST TERM SECOND TERM THIRD TERM FOURTH TERM

SATISFACTORY UNSATISFACTORY

OVER



One of the many "kid crush" sketches which papered his walls—Garbo. Next starrer's "Thrill Of A Romance."



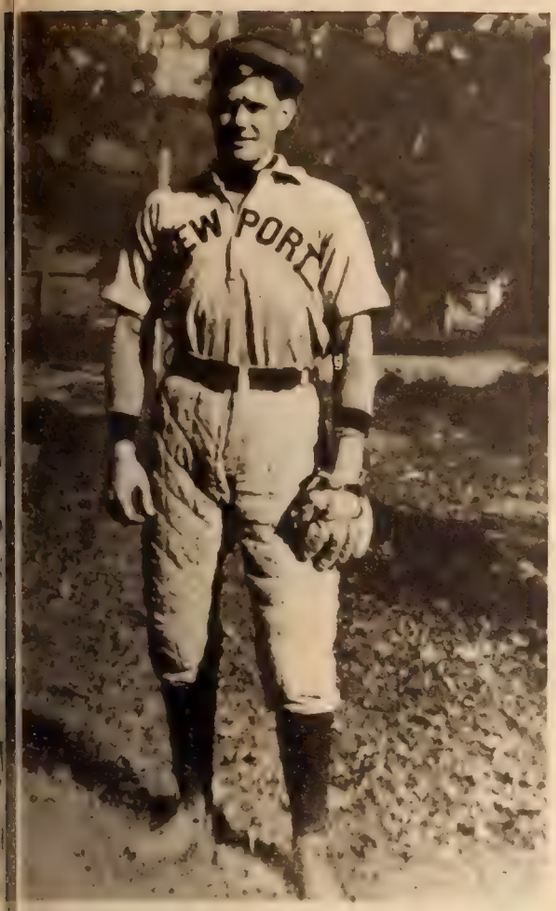
Graduation left him free to dabble at short story writing, sketching. He tried to satisfy his wanderlust by learning foreign cookery and 7 years later, he and "most interesting person" June Havoc bought a sloop while appearing in "Pal Joey."

through that accident last year had he not had that wonderful background of health.

I was strict, too, about honesty, about respect for older people, about neatness of appearance. For the rest, I didn't much care. Broken windows, an occasional fling of playing hookey, stray dogs and cats brought in to be fed—those were things to be dealt with lightly; to be chuckled over quietly when he was in bed. I honestly don't think I was strict. Golly, I never spanked Red once in his whole life. He was my buddy, you see, and for the most part all it took was a look to straighten him out.

When anyone asks me whether it was terribly hard to be both father and mother to the kid, I say, well it was and it wasn't. Every once in awhile I'd feel kind of futile and dumb. Like when he started school. I wasn't sure what kind of clothes the kids wore or anything. Women know all that stuff instinctively, I guess. It was so important that he look all right that first day because youngsters can be so cruel to each other if one of them is a little bit different. I scrubbed his cheeks and his ears and slicked down his hair, and told him to put on his brown pants and sweater. He had his breakfast and I took him over to school, standing a minute after the big front door had swallowed him up. That evening I asked him how it had gone. "Fine," he said. "Did your teacher say anything to you?" I asked. "No, dad," he said. "Are the children nice?" "Sure." I breathed a great sigh of relief. My son had gone into the world, had accepted it and had, in turn, been accepted by it. It was a big thing.

Sometimes on his birthday or on Christmas, I'd wish I knew more about fixing things sort of fancy, but we got by. On his birthday, his grandmother would bake a cake and sometimes the kids would come in, and it would turn into a party. There were never any of those big Jack Horner pies in the middle of the table, nor anyone to play the piano while the youngsters played musical chairs, no funny hats or paper candy cups. But they could make noise and sit on all the furniture and have second and third helpings of soda and ice cream if they wanted. I guess Van thought his parties were okay.



Dad Johnson once played pro baseball, where he learned the exercises Van now does to strengthen those torn right arm muscles.



Both Johnsons have worked out on these exercisers but note the inspiration—that pic of papa in the 1900's.



There's more to this son-dad tie-up than cards or phoning. Van hates holidays—"They're for families and I'm always alone." Will it be for long—or for keeps?

I never wanted Van to feel that Christmas at our house was less wonderful than in the houses where there was a mother and a father. I couldn't have stood that. Maybe it wasn't quite the same, but our Christmases were pretty good.

When he was little and still believed in Santa Claus, I'd pop him into bed right after supper on Christmas Eve and go to work. First the tree. The very biggest, fattest tree that our little living room could take care of. His grandmother and I would string it with popcorn and cranberries, weigh it down with colored balls and lights, tinsel and candy canes. It was a tree for children such as they have in the old country. Nothing sophisticated about it like the ones you see now that are all silver and blue lights. I don't suppose it was a very beautiful tree really, but if you could have seen Van's eyes Christmas morning! Underneath the tree I'd lay a big square mirror and surround it with mounds of artificial snow. I'd plant a few little branches of evergreen around to look like trees, and put little five-and-ten figures of of skaters on the mirror-lake. *(Continued on page 78)*

That's my Boy!



Dropping in at Ed. Al Delacorte's N. Y. home, Laddie proudly showed snaps of Alana, while promising Al's 2-year-old Petie a sister like her—*soon!*

By Virginia Wilson

ON TOUR WITH SUE AND ALAN

Those wounded GIs caught some of the glamour, the warmth of the Ladds, but they never saw the tears.

■ You know how hospital corridors are. Long and narrow and sort of frightening. Alan and Sue were used to them by now—they'd walked through miles of them on this trip. The corridor in this Army hospital at Walla Walla wasn't any different from the others. Nurses hurrying by in white, starched efficiency. A Gray Lady with an armful of books. A doctor who waved at them and disappeared. Then all of a sudden . . .

"Hey, Sue, look out!" Alan called. Because something was coming up behind them at a terrific rate of speed. Terrific anyway, for a hospital. It was a wheel chair, actually, one of the self-propelling kind, but you'd have thought it was a P-38, the way it was zooming along. The Ladds stepped to one side, and as it whirled by they saw the triumphant grin of a freckle-faced kid in it. He shouted "Hi!" at them nonchalantly, and then turned the corner and was gone.

"Well, get *him!*" said Alan, laughing. "The little devil can go faster in that wheel chair than I could on a motorcycle."

Sue's pretty forehead was puckered in a frown of recollection. "Alan, I've seen that boy before. Only I can't remember where."

Alan thought again of the freckled face and triumphant grin. The kid *had* looked familiar.

"I've got it!" Sue said abruptly. "Remember when you were based here in Walla Walla, while you were in the Army? Remember the boy we used to come over and visit in the hospital? The terribly thin one that was so sick?"

"So sick! He was dying! Everybody

1. The Ladds were among the 35 Hollywood Hall of Famesters invited to the President's Birthday Ball, who were on the streamliner which chugged into Wash.'s Union Station 5 hours late, thus making them miss not only the welcoming ceremonies, but their much-needed rest periods as well



said so. I'll never forget the way his ribs stuck out, or the look on his face."

"I know. But this is the same boy."

"It can't be!"

At that moment the wheel chair reappeared and descended upon them like a runaway tank. Just short of them it stopped on a dime, and the urchin seated in it laughed with delighted exuberance.

"Didn't recognize me, I'll bet!" he said, and puffed out his chest. "I look some different from last time, hey?"

He certainly did. He looked wonderful. "We're damned glad of it, kid," Alan said, and shook hands.

"You know, you and Sue helped a lot." The boy's blue eyes were serious now. "Honest, the way you two used to visit me and kid with me was swell. I sure did appreciate it. Well—I'll be seeing you around!" And the wheel chair whizzed off.

"Things like that make you feel good," Alan says slowly. "Seeing a boy as sick as that one was, around again. Seeing the guts he has. The guts they all have."

Everyone who entertains in Army hospitals comes to feel like that, but the Ladds had a better chance than most to observe the patients first hand. You see, Alan and Sue didn't "entertain" in the sense of singing or dancing or anything like that. They just went through the wards and Alan would start on one side of the room and Sue on the other. Alan would go up to the first bed and say "Hello. My name's Ladd. What's yours?" Sometimes the soldier would recognize him right away as a movie star. Sometimes not. It didn't matter which to Alan, because he wasn't there as a star. He was there as a personal friend, the kind who drops in to shoot the bull for a few minutes.

Of course, the fact that he used to be in the Army himself helped. He spoke their language, and that's a thing you can't fake. He knew GI slang, and the Army routine, and when he said hello to a boy with one arm he said it in the same tone he'd (*Continued on page 129*)



2. After settling the redcap shortage by lugging their own luggage, the whole gang scooted out to Walter Reed Hospital via a 60-miles-per-hour motor escort. To cover as many wards as possible, the group broke up into units, chatting, story swapping, signing, signing, signing autographs—and refusing plentiful GI smokes.



5. At the Wardman Park Hotel, demands came fast and furious—for his chewed gum, smoked ciggies, crumpled hankies! Laddie, who says if folks ask for his autograph, they'll get *his*, not a rubber stamping, embarrasses easy. Like visiting the suite of that slew of WAVES—after Sue decided there was safety in numbers. . . .



3. Laddie managed those 14 balls (lasting till 4 ayem), by hopping cop-escorted cabs. At one hotel, he gave with his *repertoire*—"My Ideal" and had the gals swooning for more. "But it's the only one I *know*," he protested. "Well," they shouted, "just stand there and let us look at you!"



4. At the star-honoring dinner held at the Mayflower, puckish Danny Kaye spoon-fed Kay Kyser's Georgia Carroll, just to get the reaction of the gallery—Alan and Alberto Barreto of Inter-American Affairs. Sue swears Georgia's one reason she wouldn't let Alan come East alone!



6. White House festivities centered in the East Room where the Roosevelts charmed the charmers with their simplicity and warmth. Mrs. R. captivated the Ladds by asking after Alana and grinning when Alan retorted that if the 13 R. grandchildren were anything like The Kid—wow! (See B. Granville?)



7. Swinging homewards, Laddie caught a breather in N. Y. He'd lined up another month of hospital trekking and rarin' to go again, stopped in to renew acquaintance with Petie (held by Pop Al). There's no point, figures the champ, to a short life or a merry one unless you share it!

"If I could be with you . . ."





That's baby Kerry on Dad's lap just after he finished "Anchors Aweigh." It's rumored that Gene is to be in Washington for the duration.

■ Betsy was in New York when Gene got the nod from his Uncle Sam.

She'd been expecting it right along. But, like so many things in life, it happened at the *one* moment when she wasn't expecting it. Because everything had been arranged for Gene to go overseas and entertain the troops as soon as he'd finished "Anchors Aweigh." That's why she was in New York, seeing about a play.

Career vs. marriage had never been a problem to Betsy. As compared with Gene, the stage came off a poor second-best. The stage meant New York. She thought it was horrible to be in New York when your husband was in Hollywood. She'd go even farther—didn't care about working in Hollywood (*Continued on page 123*)

By Jeanne Karr



Entire family went barefoot the day Gene packed *all* the famed Kelly shoes for the duration. Gob Kelly was nabbed by the cops after his induction physical because he cut a corner—not only was he without a license—but they couldn't recognize him in his old clothes! Lately toured Navy hospitals.

Home with Kerry and a trunk of Gene's dance-battered shoes,

Betsy Kelly dreams of the swellest gob she knows.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Laddie croons; twins for the Jess Barkers; Durbin tops Frankie's Hit Parade!

Now that the disheveling "Lost Weekend" is over, Ray's getting to his barber again. Ginger's been bragging about that film her Ma had made of all the Rogers-Astaire dances.





Most of F's mail is agent-handled; super-hot notes get personal answer—from Nancy! That Lynn orchid's a valentine from B. Walker.

■ Never got such a turn in my life as I *almost* did when I came near to having to explain *the facts of life* to 'teen age Elizabeth Taylor. Perhaps, I should say, *the facts of chipmunk life.*

I ran into 'Lizbeth on the M-G-M lot and, of course, she had that pet chipmunk with her. Can't say I'm crazy about the little animal, cute as it is. Chipmunks are too much like rodents to me. But that's beside the point. The little girl is crazy about her pet, and when she approached me with an innocent look on her face, I suspected nothing.

"Miss Parsons," said the little star of 'National Velvet,' do you know a lady chipmunk from a gentleman chipmunk?"

Gasping twice, I managed to get out a quick "No" and wondered whatever made the child want to know.

"A fan wrote me that she has a lady chipmunk that she would like very much to have marry my 'munk so they could raise a family. But, gee," frowned Elizabeth, "I don't know whether I have a gentleman—or not!"

She doesn't know! Brother!

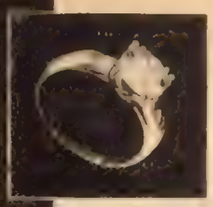
(*Continued on page 62*)

John Garfield, "mud circuit veteran," has been entertaining at the front with only short visits home. Shown here with Judy Garland, who's just announced her plans to marry Ben Vincente Minelli, director of "Meet Me in St. Louis."





Charming *HELEN RANDALL*—her complexion is cameo-like, smooth! "Pond's Cold Cream takes mighty good care of my skin," she says.



HELEN'S RING—a beautiful diamond in a square setting. The band is platinum.

HELEN RANDALL of Atlanta will wed Lt. William C. Shreve of the Navy. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Luther Hill Randall of the prominent Georgia family

She lives in a spacious Southern house with big white pillars across the front!

She looks exactly the way you think a charming Southern girl should look—*very* feminine, *very* lovely, with a complexion that's sweet-as-you-please. Another "engaged girl" *Pond's* complexion!

"I just depend on Pond's Cold Cream like anything," Helen says, "it's the *grandest* cleaner-upper—and leaves my face with such a smooth, soft feeling."

She smooths cool, luscious Pond's Cold Cream completely over her face and throat—then pats to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with another Pond's creaming—moving white-coated fingers around in little creamy whirls. Tissues off.

Use Pond's yourself—every night, every morning—and for clean-ups in between. You'll love it just as Helen does!

She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S!



AT THE BLOOD DONOR CENTER—Helen assists in making hemoglobin tests. Ever since the war began she has worked loyally as a Nurse's Aide. There are many Nurse's Aide duties needing volunteer workers. Ask your local chapter how *you* can best serve.

A few of the Pond's Society Beauties

MRS. ERNEST L. BIDDLE—*of Philadelphia's Main Line*
MRS. GERALDINE SPRECKELS—*of the Spreckels of California*
LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY—*internationally famous beauty*
MISS CONSTANCE McCORMICK—*of the Chicago McCormicks*
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.—*of the great Wilmington family*



BE SURE TO ASK FOR the big *luxury-size* jar with its wide top that lets you dip the fingers of both hands in at once. It gives you such a nice-to-have lavish feeling! Get *your* big jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

Today—many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price

GOOD NEWS

The most thrilled girl in Hollywood is Deanna Durbin—and no wonder. Frank Sinatra wrote her a fan letter—or if it isn't a fan letter, both Deanna and I will eat our newest chapeaux.

Frankie had just seen, and heard, "Can't Help Singing" and he wrote Deanna, "I had scheduled that song of yours and Jerome Kern's, 'More and More,' for my next broadcast—but after hearing you sing it, lady, I dropped it like a hot potato. It made me feel that I want to hear 'more and more' of Durbin singing it—and 'less and less' of Sinatra!"

Which is certainly mighty modest of Frankie.

* * *

Speaking of letters, Mickey Rooney wrote his Ma from France: "I'm glad I've seen all the places I've seen. But I'm so homesick, if I ever get back to California, you'll never see me East of Hollywood and Vine. Your loving son, (ex-wanderlust) Mickey."

* * *

Now that the Army has John Hodiak, Ann Baxter's mother may relent and let the kids set the date for sometime right after he finishes his training. I hope so. They are sooooo in looooove.

* * *

Glenn Ford's first day back in the movies was spent back in the Marines! And here's the way it happened.

Glenn's first picture, after getting out of the Marines, is "Stolen Life" with Bette Davis. The first scenes were to be shot on location at Laguna, a lovely beach spot about five miles from the Marine training base, Camp Pendleton.

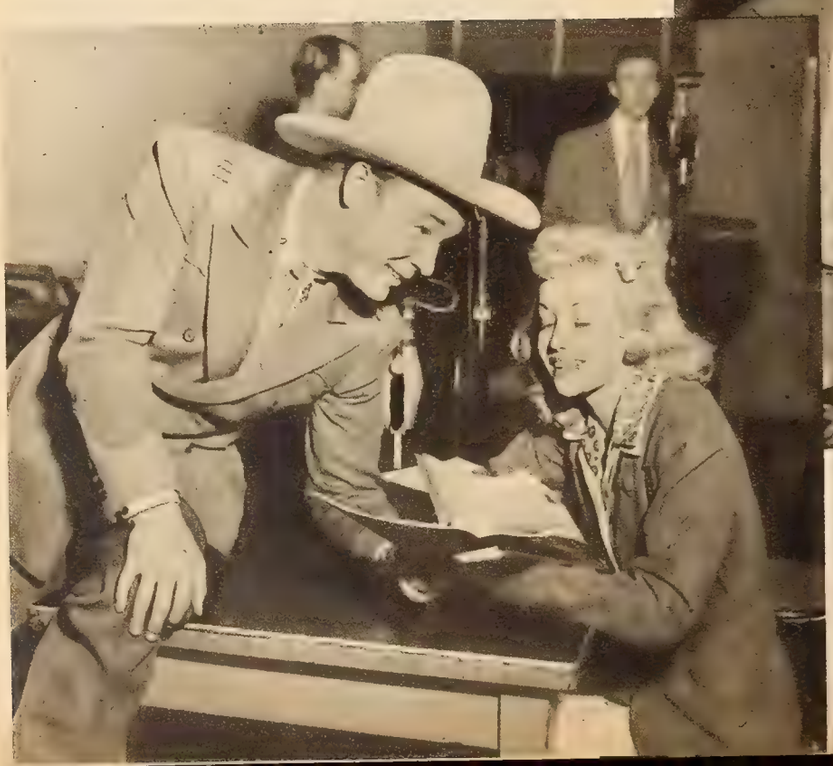
The company was no more than set up for the first day's work when six or seven young Marines showed up and perched themselves behind the camera lines to watch. (*Continued on page* 64)



Lena Horne, of "Ziegfeld Follies," and one-time chorus girl at Cotton Club, loves chatter about daughter Gail, 6, who plays house after school with M.S. photog Gus Gale's kid. (That's Carlton Moss, with Lena.)



At "Armed Forces Radio Show," Bing got the laugh from Dinah when he tripped over cable, fell flat on stage. Show was so popular B. Hope had GI's seated on stage.



Cowboy King Roy Rogers rode the table side-saddle in a radio interview with Paula Stone. Roy has more than 100 suits and not a tux or pin-stripe among them.



Settings and accessories by Lord & Taylor

Two's company! And jolly company they are, tucked away beneath their brother and sister North Stars. There's a pink one for sister, a blue one for brother . . . and twin bathrobes made of North Star Nocturne fabric.

North Star baby blankets, like the grownups in their family, are all-wool to the last fluff. They wash and wear, stay soft and snuggly. Attention: Grandmas, aunts, and fond uncles! It's a lucky, lucky baby who finds North Stars waiting in his hope chest! And lucky Daddy and Mommy, too, who know the solid satisfaction of a whole wardrobe of North Stars for every bed in the house . . . an investment that gives years and years of pleasure and comfort.

NORTH STAR
All wool Beautymap
BLANKETS

Iris (*Pictured*) is a "pocket edition" of your standard-size North Star . . . made of the same fine fleece wool. Soft shades of pink and blue or white.

FREE! *"Sleep, Baby, Sleep" . . . an engaging, informative booklet on baby's sleep problems, nursery, layette. North Star Woolen Mill Co., 233 South Second Street, Minneapolis 1, Minnesota.*

GOOD NEWS

"Boys," said Jesse Hibbs, the assistant director, "if you've come over to see Bette Davis I know she'll be glad to meet you just as soon as she arrives."

"Well," drawled the Marine spokesman, "we don't mind meeting Bette. What we really came over for was to see Glenn Ford. That mug used to be in the Marines with us—and he told us he was an actor. We've come over to see if he is any good."

Five minutes later Glenn showed up and there was a heck of a reunion. But Glenn couldn't work in a single scene that day. The heckling was terrific from the sidelines! Every time he tried to make love to Bette, the Marines let go with a long-drawn out G.I. whistle. They just "loooved" his studio make-up and his "dude" clothes. So the director let him go back to Pendleton and spend the rest of the day with the boys!

* * *

I'm going to take off my hat (the one with the flower garden on the brim) and doff it to this new crowd of young glamour girls in Hollywood. Recently, I attended a cocktail party where such (*Continued on page 71*)



Shirley's penning her autobiography. "My Young Life," with the help of Betsy Emmons covering everything up to "Kiss and Tell." Guesting with George Burns and Gracie Allen.



The gang held their breath during the Bergman visit to the Bergen show. 'Cause at rehearsals, Announcer Von Zell had been saying *Ingrid Bergan* and *Edgar Bergman!*



Vivian Blaine, the "cherry blonde," and Manny Frank celebrated their first month as Mr. and Mrs. at the Mocambo. Vivian is in "State Fair" and "Nob Hill."



at Boyd, whose husband is in the U. S. Coast Guard, poses in a room that any young couple would love, featuring Bates' "Cabin in the Pines." This spread also comes in blue or brown on tan

His Dream of Home is Bright and Shining



Ask any soldier. When he dreams of home it's always in terms of bright, warm colors—sharp contrast to the cold khakis and grays that form his wartime environment. Remember that when your husband or son is headed homeward. Plan now to refurbish your house in the refreshing shades that a color-hungry man needs . . . the gay, cheering colors you'll find in Bates' matching bedspreads and draperies. Though they represent a minor investment, they perform major decorating miracles. And they're practical, too . . . wrinkleproof and easy to launder. Many Bates patterns are unavailable now because the fine cotton yarns we use have been largely allocated to essential war needs. But they'll be back at your favorite department store as soon as government restrictions are lifted.

BATES FABRICS INC.·80 WORTH STREET·NEW YORK CITY 13

Bates

BEDSPREADS WITH MATCHING DRAPERIES

By Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

Spring goes to your head



Sparkling, soft, shimmering, silken . . . the adjectives pile up when the talk is about the tresses of Dolores Moran, Warner pretty. Brush work helps keep her glossy hair so handsome. Profit by her example!

Read all about it: Carol Carter treats herself to a home permanent wave . . . and it's a great success! She gives lots of hair info. too.

■ "Nothing is as beautiful as Spring," sings the poet. Lilacs bloom, birds fly, theater managers dust off their cold-air units! You throw your winter bonnet on the closet shelf, pack away your babushka . . . and toss your curly locks in the soft breeze. That is, if your tresses are as smooth as Dolores Moran's. If not, you had better get busy bringing a touch of Spring to your head.

Incidentally, Spring has already crowned my head with curls. Not that I'm bragging, mind you. Seems a "hair-care" story was slated but how could I speak with my own locks straight and lank? So in the line of duty I gave myself a home perm. And a great success it is!

The whole job took less than three hours. A shampoo, of course. Then I reached for the wave kit, a neat box with a curly-haired blonde highlighting the cover. In practically no time, I was as pretty as she . . . at least in the coif department. This kit is supremely complete: Three ounces of salon-type Cold Wave solution (I found two-and-a-half ounces enough, but could be you have heavier hair), a neutralizer to protect natural luster, plus fifty curlers and end tissues. There are enough curlers to "do" the thickest hair and the end tissues catch every last wisp and help transform it into a smooth ringlet. Tucked in the kit is a professional applicator to make moistening uniformly exact. And did I mention that complete instructions come with all this wealth?

After moistening my locks with the solution, I put them up in curlers and end papers. Then I V-Mail'ed and read the latest-Hopper and Parsons. Next came application of the neutralizer and, eureka! a permanent! I really thought it only fair to try this before recommending. And here you have it . . . complete enthusiasm! No discomfort, no heavy rollers, no heat. No more guess work—the new formula means soft, long-lasting curls on *any* type of hair. No more budget-bogging (*Continued on page 121*)

THIS HAS BEEN GOING ON FOR 30 YEARS!



Lewis Stone and Estelle Taylor turn on the heat in "A Fool There Was"... an early Fox Release



Styles change in love and movies. But for 30 years, 20th Century-Fox has been delivering the hits to the Movie Fans of America!

Now, we invite you to celebrate with us the climax year of three decades of history-and-hit-making.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD · CHARLES COBURN · ANNE BAXTER · WILLIAM EYTHE

ERNST *Lubitsch's*

A ROYAL SCANDAL

with VINCENT PRICE

DIRECTED BY OTTO PREMINGER

WE'VE GOT THE BIRTHDAY, BUT YOU GET THE GIFTS!



(Here are just a few!)

Betty Smith's
A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN
★
Betty Grable · Dick Haymes

Billy Rose's
DIAMOND HORSESHOE
in Technicolor!

Fred MacMurray · Joan Leslie · June Haver
WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?
in Technicolor!

George Raft · Joan Bennett
Vivian Blaine · Peggy Ann Garner
NOB HILL
in Technicolor!

20th 30

When you see this sign... see the picture!

Modern Screen's Fashion Guide

■ Cottons are back again, welcome as V-mail in your letter box. Welcome as the first sun-drenched April morning. Welcome indeed. And if we say so ourselves, the ones we chose for you are special. Lollipop colors and soft, blurred shades; lean-making stripes and certified checks. Slick office-going cottons, trousseau stuff, school-house glamour. We're awfully proud of us for finding 'em; you'll be awfully proud of you, wearing 'em. Just lookit! June Allyson is wearing 'em for you; she's proud of them, too!

You've Got a Job: Turn up at your desk looking crisp as a new dollar bill. Easy on your boss's eyes and disposition; rough on the heart of the lovestruck office boy. What are you wearing? A new butcher linen by Dorris Varnum of Jonathan Logan. Its coolie collar, oriental monogram, slim, uncluttered lines are Chinese as Shanghai, eye-catching as cute Madam Chiang. An expensively-detailed little dress that you'll wear and wear, and it's priced so that you can afford more than one. Colors from an artist's palette in rich combinations like turquoise and brown. The Coolie hat in matching fabric that June is carrying completes your China-Girl look.

You've Got a Date: A picnic by a brook with a long-legged sergeant. The Sunday afternoon you've both been dreaming about for months and months. A couple of new campaign ribbons on the guy; on the gal (that's you) an adorable striped Sacson. Sorry, no picture. No room. Completely feminine in a very (*Continued on page* 70)



Look lettuce crisp from job-at-nine to date-for-dinner in a China inspired butcher linen by Jonathan Logan. June loves the stand-up collar, the tiny sleeves. Coolie hat to match by Rego Accessories.

Cotton pickin' season's here, gals! Look, little-money lovelies—picked for slickness, for glamour, for you!

By Jean Kinkead and Toussia Pines



Lucky boy to be with you in this irresistible Peggy Paige striped seersucker! It's got everything! Wide eyelet ruffles to make you pretty, slimming striped skirt, fresh, scrubbed look—the Works!



Here's a lovely that you can whip up yourself! It's a MODERN SCREEN PATTERN, easy to get, easy to make. Make it in Amertex cotton for countless wearings.



June says she feels like a smoothie in this wing-sleeved spun rayon by McKettrick Classics! Comfort in its round neck, easy, slim skirt, button-down front. Mint-julep coolness in frosty white embroidery!

Newest Make-up Idea... A Broadway Hit!

TWO
MAKE YOU TWICE AS LOVELY



Jergens Make-up Cake Matching Jergens Powder



IMOGEN CARPENTER
STARRING IN
BROADWAY'S MUSICAL COMEDY HIT,
"MEXICAN HAYRIDE"

"JERGENS TWIN MAKE-UP makes you *twice as lovely as cake make-up alone!*" discovers glamour-wise Imogen Carpenter. How? . . .

First: sponge on new Jergens Make-up Cake, containing special skin-softening oils. For smooth and luminous new complexion beauty!

Then: fluff on the *matching* shade of velvetized Jergens Powder. For *twice* the loveliness . . . the Broadway-star way!

That's Jergens Twin Make-up—Cake and matching Powder, both in one box. A $2.00 value for $1.00.* . . . get your shade *today!*

Jergens Twin Make-up
Both in one box
Both for $1.00
($2.00 value)

70 JERGENS POWDER "TRY-IT" SIZES, **25¢, 10¢** *Plus Tax

MODERN SCREEN FASHION GUIDE

(Continued from page 69)

subtle way with its bow neck, sweet wing sleeves, pertly cut skirt. The fabric is waffle piqué, which is scarce as a carton of smokes, and it comes in a delicious shade of raspberry on white; is terribly effective in black on white. Price? Cheap.

You've Got a Baby: And next to his pop he's the *handsomest* fella! Still you don't want him getting *all* the attention when you wheel him downtown. Give him a run for his war bonds in the darling little side-buttoned job shown on page 69. We love the high sweetheart neckline, appreciate the big patch pocket that's perfect for clothes pins, safety pins, the flotsam and jetsam of motherhood. And you'll love the fly-away shoulder bow! It's another MODERN SCREEN pattern, which means it's easy to make and wear, and it's all yours for a mere twenty cents. We made it in an Ameritex check, which would be a swell idea for you, too, 'cause Ameritex on a cotton means that it won't shrink, won't fade, will stand up under hundreds of washings and will always look terrific! Want the pattern? See below.

You've Got a Crush: You like the way he smacks a baseball from Ebbets Field to the Polo Grounds practically; you swoon over the way the hair grows on the back of his neck. Briefly, he's strictly slaughterhouse, and half the senior class is mad for him. Problem: How to get him looking *your* way. Best solution we can think of is our Peggy Paige honey in Dumari seersucker. Irresistible is the swoopy neckline, the precious eyelet trim on collar, cuffs and pockets. Head-turning are the contrasting stripes, the skirt that's as full as the law allows—which is full enough for swish. Here's a dress a guy could love. A dress *he'll* love. And you can buy it out of your allowance, even if it's wee.

You've Got a Trousseau: Lucky you. A wonderful guy, and a wonderful excuse to go spreeing. If you've gone a little nuts over fluffy, bridey things, let us suggest at least one sleek, clean-cut dress that will pack and iron like the proverbial hanky. Such a one is the beautifully simple McKettrick (see page 69) that takes to accessories like nothing on earth. Try it in lilac with long black gloves, a cartwheel hat; in luggage spiked with dead white. It's at home in a club car, at a family dinner, at a nitery. A lot of dress for under ten dollars.

Gosh, people, your letters have been lovely, and you know—it gets easier and easier to choose clothes for you as we grow to know you better. You're so nice and honest about your figure dithers, so cute about your guys on leave.

A note or a postcard to Fashion Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., will bring an answer to every one of your clothes questions. Want to know the sizes, colors and prices of the dresses on these pages? Stores at which you can buy 'em? Anything fashion-y at all? We couldn't be more anxious to help you, so let us, won't you, please?

* * *

Here's how to get that make-it-yourself lovely on page 69. Send 20c to MODERN SCREEN PATTERN SERVICE, Post Office Box 224, Station G, New York 19, N. Y. Comes in sizes 10 through 20. BE SURE TO INDICATE YOUR SIZE AND ASK FOR PATTERN NUMBER 1666. Complete directions for cutting and sewing will be yours practically by return mail.

GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 64*)

young girls as Gloria De Haven, June Allyson, Bonita Granville, Lana Turner and several others were present.

None of the girls accepted a drink of anything stronger than something ending in "cola" and yet they gave no indication of being prudes. In fact, they were far gayer and more vivacious than some of the ladies present who were indulging.

Maybe it's old-fashioned—or not—but I noticed that the men liked and admired them for it!

June Allyson, who is trying hard to get her weight up from 98 to 105 pounds, just laughed when someone told her that a cocktail whetted the appetite. "But the 'fat pills' I take taste better," she chuckled in that husky voice of hers, "and there's no hangover with a pill!"

June looked like a debutante in a soft navy suit with a striped blouse and no hat. When Norma Shearer came in looking so radiant, so young and happy with her husband, Lt. Marty Arrouge, June said:

"There is the perfect example of the way I want to look. I've seen Miss Shearer often at parties and in night clubs and I've seldom seen her drink much, if anything. She's as beautiful and fresh looking today as she was when she was eighteen. I'm not a prude. But I think every drink a girl takes eventually shows up on the screen!"

As for Gloria De Haven, another gal who doesn't indulge, her groom, Johnny Payne, kids her by saying, "She's so definitely on the wagon she has saddle blisters!"

* * *

Barbara Whiting, who is a ripe 13 years of age, knocked her teacher cold when she put the name of Errol Flynn opposite the word, "virile" in a definition test!

* * *

Hang onto your throb-y notes, Bing and Frankie. Here comes Alan Ladd as a crooner. Honest, I mean just that. When he was on his recent hospital, camp and theater tour, Alan gave out with "My Ideal" so ideally that the bobby sockers started writing Paramount demanding that he be put in a crooning picture.

Not that I want to be smart—but the story didn't surprise me too much. I remember the very first "press" notice I ever received on Alan came from the North Hollywood High School (long before he became a star) listing his name as the star singer in "The Mikado."

* * *

A man who should know swears up and down to me that Turhan Bey is really just

SWEET FIFTEEN!

It's coming, pals, and fast! We're celebrating 15 wonderful years in June. Pass the word, then pass your newsstand. It's MODERN SCREEN on May 11!

By Carol Carter

"Help!"

... and it's you to the rescue! Learn First Aid essentials.



All in fun, Columbia's Penny Singleton bungles a bandaging job on Arthur Lake. But for real emergencies, *you'll* learn First Aid!

■ Don't be a goon! It's the alert citizen who realizes that accidents will happen. Little brothers do fall out of apple trees, Sis just might drive the old Ford right through the back of the garage, and even *you* could burn your fingers dragging roasted potatoes out of the ashes. All of which can be pretty grim . . . unless you know First Aid!

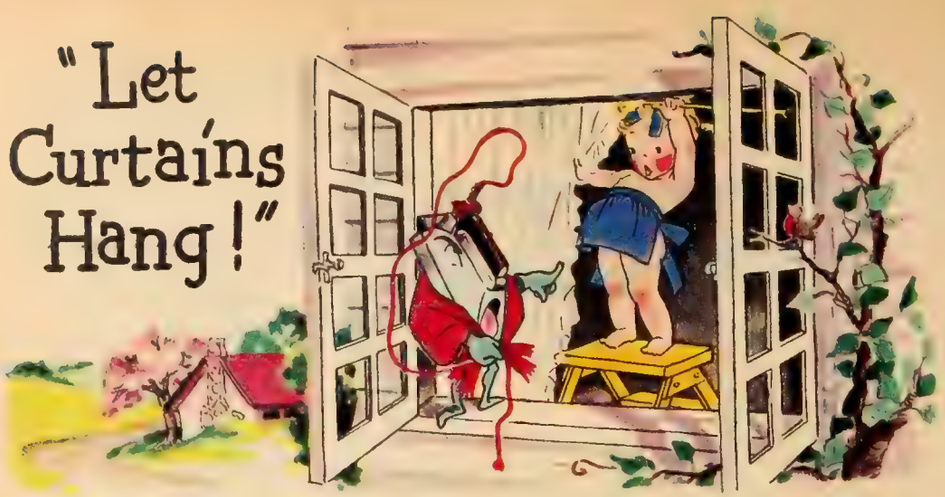
It isn't medical treatment. But First Aid does save life, it keeps the victim comfortable until the M.D. arrives, and prevents further injury (remember Van Johnson's motor accident?). Every one of us should be prepared to help on the home front. Have on hand the materials ordinarily needed for minor accidents. It's a good idea to invest in a civilian First Aid Kit.

There are many excellent kits . . . for home, work, school, automobiles, and soon probably special outfits for helicopters. Check for these supplies: Adhesive tape, scissors, thermometer, sterilized bandages of assorted sizes, sterile absorbent cotton, eye dropper, aromatic spirits of ammonia, sodium bicarb, aspirin, petroleum jelly, ointment or jelly for burns, mild tincture of iodine and First Aid Book. Kits vary but these are essentials.

Of course, you realize the importance of cleanliness. Never allow anything that's not utterly sterile to come in contact with a wound. Otherwise, there's danger of infection. Home-made bandages are simply makeshifts and are not safe dressings for wounds. Use only sterile gauze, bandages, absorbent cotton. *Don't* wash the wound. Sterilize it with iodine or mercurochrome (except areas near eyes or body openings), then apply a dressing of sterile gauze. Never touch a wound with your bare fingers. Speaking of cleanliness, learn to use a good disinfectant 'round the house. It's a great ally when you're warring on germs! For an antiseptic solution to wash the skin mix two teaspoonfuls of disinfectant with one pint of water. It's that easy.

Believing that you can't be too careful, here's one important warning: *If in doubt, better do nothing than do the wrong thing!* Doctors tell me that good intentions but lack of knowledge often cause more harm than good. But you really want to help, you say? All right then, buckle down to it. Learn First Aid from Red Cross, local school or church groups. Have on hand the First Aid essentials. Be a useful citizen!

"Let Curtains Hang!"



says Sad Iron

"...it's my iron decision that curtains are silly!
Their slow poke-y frills get me shivery, chilly."
But Miss Sunny Monday is counting on Linit—
The slick, handsome starch that saves many a minute.

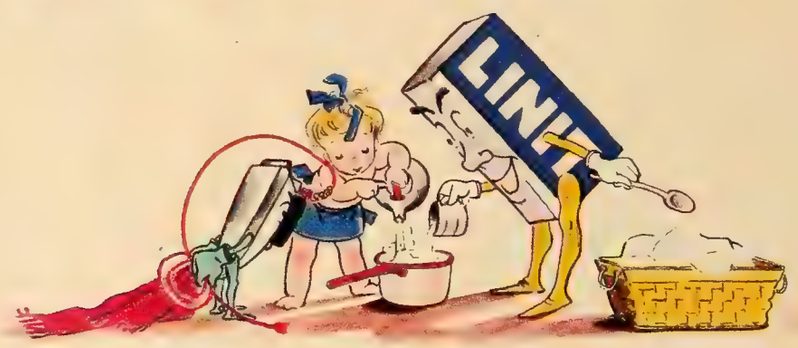


And now

"Meet Master Linit.
He's really perfection
To iron—to flatter
a curtain's complexion!

Here's how—

"We wash our curtains
As clean as a breeze—
Then Linit will starch them
with elegant ease.



Quick mix—

"He blends half cupfuls
of water and Linit—
Then adds boiling water—
It's done in a minute!"

Clicks!

Well, do look at Sad Iron,
gay and alive-y!
With Linit his work is so
happy and jive-y!





If *you* have a Sad Iron
balky at chores—
Get Linit tomorrow
at all grocery stores.

© Corn Products Sales Company

GOOD NEWS

20 years old in spite of the fact that Turhan says he is 24!

* * *

The loudest off-screen laugh in Hollywood belongs to Louise Allbritton. I like Louise. She has charm and humor. But she should sometimes remember, "A gentle voice is an excellent thing in a woman."

* * *

Edith Head, Paramount designer, is a brave woman. She took her life in her hands and named the seven stars with the most beautiful curves "between the neckline and the waist."

Dorothy Lamour
Veronica Lake
Ginger Rogers
Ann Sheridan
Joan Bennett
Olivia De Havilland
Betty Grable

What? No Lana Turner, Lauren Bacall, Maria Montez, Paulette Goddard, Linda Darnell or Jane Russell? My goodness!

* * *

This may interest Van Johnson (who seems to interest everybody!). The little high school girl who came to my house to give me an interview on "Why you are the school girls' dream boy," is getting plenty of plugs from service men about doing a picture with you.

Remember, Van, after that interview she came out to the studio and had her picture made with you and that story went out all over the world?

Now many of the boys in the South Pacific are writing and suggesting that you use your influence to get her a job in one of your pictures. In case you want to follow up, her name is Janice Deisiger and she's a student at University High School.

* * *

I know my young readers are going to be sorry that Joyce Reynolds is giving up her motion picture career. I wanted to get the real story for you, so I telephoned her mother. She said, "Joyce had a bad case of flu brought on when she was making 'Janie' and she's never really recovered. She is a good actress and ambitious," her mother said, "but she feels as I do that we must abide by the doctors' decision and have her take a long, long rest." There were reports over Hollywood that her illness had come following her marriage, but this her mother vehemently denied. One thing Joyce won't have to worry over is salary checks because she is one of the few heiresses in our midst. She recently inherited a sizable sum from her aunt and uncle.

* * *

Laugh of the month: Paul Henreid, who made his big hit lighting *two* cigarettes in love scenes with Bette Davis, was smoking old *stubs* on the set of "Spanish Main."

* * *

Wow! Does Dorothy Lamour look sensational in a champagne net gown on the set of "Masquerade In Mexico?" Dottie's skin is made up exactly the same color which means that you can't tell where the dress leaves off and Lamour begins—or vice versa. Incidentally, this set, supposed to be a monastery converted into a millionaire's home, cost



It's a wonder Jenny Jones, steadying with Henry Wilson, can *sit* after those daily 9 hours of riding and dancing lessons. She's just taught her sons riding, says gents must be able to seat a horse!



The Gregory Pecks stand united on 2 big issues—they love any and all movies, they're going to play matchmaker between their 6-month-old Jonathan and the Ronald Colman infant, Juliet.





Teresa Wright, (Mrs. N. Busch), about to give her 11-year-old stepson, Peter, a new brother or sister, sent Dot McGuire, who replaced her, congrats on her work in "Enchanted Cottage."

Janet Blair, who drew 2 Hayworth roles while Rita was "expecting," will annually sponsor any youngster her ex-voice teacher picks. (With Hubby Sgt. L. Bush.)

Amazing new ink ends most pen troubles!

CONTAINS PEN-PROTECTING SOLV-X



Her pen was getting her quite vexed—
It clogged, it gummed, it acted hexed!



'Twas then she heard of Parker Quink
And tried this pen-protecting ink...



The solv-x in it cleaned her pen—
So Quink's the ink she'll buy again!

Every drop of Quink contains solv-x—protects pens 4 ways:

1. Ends gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting—even flow.
2. Actually cleans your pen as it writes . . . keeps it out of the repair shop.
3. Dissolves, flushes away sediment left by ordinary inks.
4. Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot caused by high-acid inks.



Stop most pen troubles before they start—switch to protective Quink today. Quink is the only ink containing *solv-x*, yet it costs no more than ordinary inks! Brilliant, smooth-flowing, fast-drying. Perfect for every type of pen. 7 permanent colors. 2 washable. Regular size, 25¢. School size, 15¢. Also in pints and quarts. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

Copr. 1945 by The Parker Pen Company

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS!

PARKER Quink THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X!

HAPPY MONEY

You dreamed about it for a long time before it happened. And then when it did, you couldn't believe it. But you did. You heard it, you saw it; with your very own right hand on your very own MODERN SCREEN, *you swear it! Well, stop right there. Get your breath and your money, too. Just pen and ink it and send that story of your own encounter with a screen star to: I Saw It Happen Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Remember, make it simple and clear—an honest description of the amusing, touching, or dramatic experience of which you were a part. If you want to win the five dollars that we send for every tale printed, do be sure that you make the celebrity count, not the fact that you just happened to be there! Good luck!*

$97,000. It's made completely of pastel plaster—which is not a priority material.

* * *

Everybody in town who could beg, borrow or steal tickets went to the Command Performance of Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dinah Shore playing "Dick Tracy" for our boys overseas.

But what went over the air couldn't have been half as funny as what couldn't be seen. Bing had a picture of Bob in the n-u-d-e (taken one day when he was sun bathing) that he kept showing to the service men in the front row. Bob insisted that the picture was his face, all right—but Bing's bay window! Finally, after Bing had passed it to the fellas in the front row, Bob dived right over the footlights to retrieve it—and the show couldn't go on for 20 minutes.

Later, the three young sailors who had captured the upsetting photograph came backstage and presented it to Bob. "Thanks, boys," he said, "I suppose you are the Andrews brothers?"

* * *

It was twin boys for Susan Hayward and Jess Barker. There hasn't been a sign of a tiff out of them since the good news was announced. Remember, there were so many rifts when they first married that Susie actually filed for a divorce—which was called off two days later.

But remembering those hectic times, Susie kids Jess by saying, she'll name the youngsters, "Bing and Bang!"

* * *

Vignette On Bing Crosby—Man of the Hour:

He likes you best if you can make him laugh. Yet he won't laugh at off-color stories.

He's just one beat off being straight-laced—and admits it.

He seldom calls anyone by a nickname. Even his crony, Bob Hope, is usually "Robert" or "Hope" to Bing.

His appetite is a see-saw affair. He likes ice cream cones and caviar equally well.

He can't stand to live by a clock. When the twins were born and two weeks later, Dixie was ready to come home from the hospital, Bing kept her waiting two hours because he said he wasn't wearing a watch "and it didn't

look like four o'clock!"

There's a wall of reserve around him that sometimes even those closest to him cannot penetrate. This has led some people to think he is cold. He isn't. It's just that there is a certain part of Bing that belongs to Bing alone. Perhaps it is a sanctuary he must have in the gold fish bowl where he lives with the world looking in.

He is deeply religious—but can't talk about it.

He dresses like a racetrack tout.

He is one of the richest men in Hollywood and thinks anybody is a fool who loses over five dollars in a card game.

But the real test is that he is a grander guy now—when he is completely on top—than he has been in his whole life.

* * *

Jennifer Jones took a smart wardrobe with her to Arizona for "Duel In The Sun." No, she won't wear it in the picture because she plays a native girl. But for off-screen wear she selected some honeys. I happened to run into her the day she was shopping in Beverly Hills and among other things, she selected:

A pink gabardine suit with a candy-stripe tie and the new tight, wide cuffs.

A Mexican slack suit with black trousers, tomato-red jacket with black sombreros embroidered all over the coat.

A pale green linen dinner dress with a white coat trimmed with little "lettuce" buttons. (Jennifer looked like a nice, crisp green salad in this).

The only hat she bought was a big sunflower yellow straw to keep off the Arizona "tan" while she's making the picture.

* * *

If Richard Jaeckle doesn't get back from overseas soon, he'll find his pretty mother is stealing the acting honors in the family. Millicent, as everyone (including her son) calls her, starred in a Los Angeles show called "Let's Marry" and plenty of movie scouts were in the audience looking her over. And I don't mean for mother roles, either.

DON'T BLUSH, BUT—

We'd like to sort of slip this in when you're not looking, for you may have heard it all before, and, well, everybody's *busy—you just haven't had time to do anything about it! Anyway, that Nurse's Aide uniform may be getting the finishing touches on your ironing board right now. Or perhaps you're doubling up with that part-time nurse to care for Dad at home, 'stead of claiming a hospital bed. Golly, maybe you're even marching off as a registered nurse to the boys who see halos when you help 'em!*

On the other hand, we'd like this in big, bright letters as bold as the Red Cross symbol itself, just in case you don't know that 1945's first crop of Yanks-to-go-over got a raw deal —eleven units went overseas without enough nurses! And don't think we're exaggerating — 10,000 nurses are needed now! So do what you can, whether you play the "extra" in your neighborhood hospital or a stellar role at the front. Your Red Cross is waiting—and so are your boys!

LARAINE DAY, STARRING IN M-G-M'S "KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY"

Another Hollywood Star...with Woodbury Wonderful Skin



Laraine Day

If you wonder how so many of your favorite stars manage to keep that enchanting, just-stepped-out-from-a-rainbow look...you'll find a clue in Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. One cream that gives complete beauty care...the newest Hollywood "facial."

One miracle cream to cherish your skin forever! To do so much more for you than cold and cleansing cream can do!

You'll *know* when you feel your skin respond to its *cleansing, softening, smoothing* effects. Use it as a *powder base;* as a *night cream* against dryness. And only Woodbury has "Stericin", purifying the cream in the jar, helping protect against blemish-causing germs.

For new beauty, try Complete Beauty Cream *now*. 10¢ to $1.25, plus tax.



Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream

... it's all you need!

How those 'Queens of Beauty'—

Powers Models Wash *Their* Hair



Miss Carolyn Cross, stunning Powers Model, noted for her exquisite loveliness, keeps her *hair shining bright for days with Kreml Shampoo*

You, Too, Can Give Your Hair This '10-Minute Glamour-Bath' Right At Home!

Just leave it to these 'million dollar' Powers Models to find a way to make their hair look even more ravishingly beautiful. These smart Powers girls wash *their* hair with Kreml Shampoo.

Kreml Shampoo not only thoroughly washes hair and scalp 'spick-and-span' clean—but it brings out the hair's natural sparkling highlights and lustrous sheen —it leaves hair so much softer, silkier and easier to set in a stunning hair-do.

So buy a bottle of Kreml Shampoo today at any drug counter and 'glamour-bathe' *your* hair like beautiful Powers Models do! Just see if you too, don't agree there's no finer shampoo than Kreml Shampoo.



Advises Beautifying Kreml Shampoo For Children's Hair

John Robert Powers, a foremost authority of feminine beauty, advises even his child Powers Models to use *only* Kreml Shampoo. This remarkably beautifying shampoo positively contains no harsh chemicals—it never leaves any excess dull soapy film. Instead, its beneficial *oil* base helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. This makes it *especially* fine for shampooing children's hair.

Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

INFORMATION DESK
(Questions of the Month)
By Beverly Linet

Hi, gang:

I've been seein' stars, and the funny part of it is that no one hit me, either! Seems everywhere I go . . . bang . . . there are my favorite people. Ran smack into Gene Kelly with Nancy Walker coca-colaing at the Lincoln Grill . . . and less then ten minutes before that I was charmed by darlin' little Margaret O'Brien who was delighting audiences on the Kate Smith broadcast together with Lee Bowman and Janet Blair. And not more than two weeks after that noticed Bacall and Bogart stopping traffic on 5th Avenue. And best of all, Laddie and Milton Berle kidding each other to death on the latter's program. Know what all this stardust meant to me, though? Just a chance to get some new and exclusive info, for YOU. And did I? Wow! So if there is anything you want to know about your favorite pic or personality . . . I'm glued to my desk waiting to tell. Direct your letters and stamped, self-addressed envelopes to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City 16.

By the by, this is what is known officially as a retraction. Actually, it gives me much joy to announce that contrary to what I said in my February column, the theme music you kept hearing in "Laura" was written especially for that pic by swell musician David Raskin and has just been released as a pop tune with out-of-this-world lyrics by Johnny Mercer.

Betty Paris, N.Y.C.: IS THERE A FAN CLUB FOR MARK DANIELS WHO WAS "ALAN" IN "WINGED VICTORY," AND GUY MADISON, THE SAILOR, OF "SINCE YOU WENT AWAY?" Uh-huh—Doris Brown, 628 West 151st Street, New York City, has Mark's club, and Dorothy Nachman, 1445 Minford Place, Bronx, N. Y. has Guy's.

Miriam Armstrong, Newark: SOME STATISTICS ON BOB MITCHUM WHO PLAYED "BOB GREY" IN "THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO" AND "JIMMY" IN "THE GIRL RUSH." Bob was born in Delaware on Aug. 6, 1917. He has light brown hair, grey eyes and is 6', 185 lbs. of handsomeness. Yup, he is married and has two children. Write him for a picture at United Artists, Hollywood, Calif., and watch for him in "G.I. Joe."

Irene Cunningham, Chicago: WHAT WERE THE SONGS SUSANNA FOSTER SANG IN "THE CLIMAX?" They were—"The Magic Voice," and "Someday I'll Know," from the operetta "The Magic Voice," written for the picture by George Waggner, and "Now At Last" from the operetta, "The Boulevardier."

Don Wade, N. Y.: DID CORNEL WILDE REALLY PLAY THE PIANO IN "SONG TO REMEMBER?" Nope—that was Jose Iturbi at the keys, and for a special treat watch this space next month when I will list the entire score from that picture.

C.B.: MAY I HAVE FRANK SINATRA'S BIRTHDATE? Sure thing . . . December 12, 1917.

CO-ED

(*Continued from page 8*)

Friday and Saturday nights, the lid is usually off, and you'll most likely be allowed to stay out lateish, provided the people for whom you sit convoy you home. If you're really money-mad, offer to do the dishes and mending for additional dough. Rates for straight sitting vary in different localities from thirty-five to fifty cents an hour. If you throw in extras, you should get anywhere from fifty to seventy-five cents an hour.

Other ideas: Is there a war plant near you? Why not look into an after-school shift? How about Thursday nights and all day Saturdays in a nearby department store? If you're sharp with a Corona you might do typing at home. Sell news items to the local paper or high-pressure them into letting you do a column of school scoops. Knit sweaters to order for sweater gals from six weeks on. Are you too, too bright in French or math? Spread some of your brains around for a nominal fee. Bathe dogs, do marketing, paint furniture—there's no end to the things you can do and the green stuff you can earn.

The way to get started is to run a standing ad in your town paper itemizing your services and giving your rates and phone number. Then equip yourself with a good-sized date book, a couple of pencils—and, say, move over Mr. Rockefeller!

* * *

If you're woozy-witted deciding which college or wtich job or which guy, give us the facts and let us help. Unsnagging your dilemmas is our business, you know, and honest to John, we love it. For a strictly-between us reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, 149 *Madison Avenue, New York* 16 *N. Y. If the whole world can know, skip the envelope and we'll print the answer in our mail box.*

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One windy day while visiting the observation platform at La Guardia Field, I noticed a group of teen-agers around one of the exit gates. When I asked the reason for this gathering, I was told that Tyrone Power was due on the next plane. At the edge of the crowd was a young girl, much shorter than all the rest. She tried in vain to get a place where she could see her hero to advantage, but the taller fans wouldn't budge an inch. Due to a high wind, the plane was overdue, and when it finally arrived the girls could hardly wait. The tiny girl, still unable to find a place where she could see, had disappointedly started to leave. As she walked slowly along, she saw a man's hat being buffeted along in the brisk wind. Off she went, chasing it with all her might, and forgetting her keen disappointment in her breathless run.

Finally, a tired and windblown little girl turned up at the office, hat in hand. A young man came up to her and smilingly asked, "May I have my hat, please?" The girl was speechless with delight. It was Ty Power, her idol, and his charming wife, Annabella, whom she surely never expected to see—actually talking to her!

Margaret Becker,
Corona, New York

BELITA, STARRING IN MONOGRAM'S "GOLDEN GIRL"



BELITA—
"I Kiss your darling HANDS"

YOU: *Can I have such soft hands, Belita?*
BELITA: Indeed you can! Just use Jergens Lotion.
YOU: *Is Jergens really your hand care, Belita?*
BELITA: I've used Jergens Lotion for years.

Here's Why, 7 to 1, Hollywood Stars Use Jergens Lotion

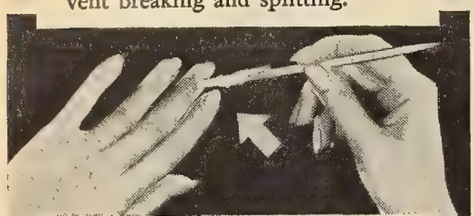
Helps protect against rough hands so surely!
Jergens Lotion wheedles even gratey skin to softness
with 2 ingredients many doctors prescribe.
So it's like professional hand care. And easy!
No stickiness! 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.



FOR THE SOFTEST,
ADORABLE HANDS USE
JERGENS LOTION



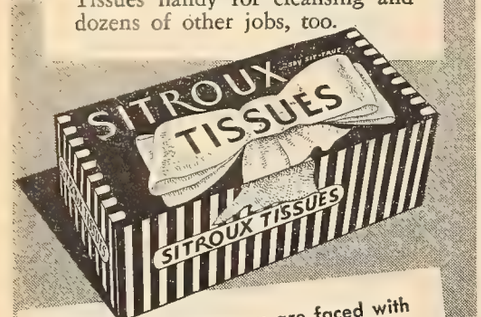
After removing polish . . . *round* nails, with emery board, to oval shape—*never* point! Never file down into corners. Good strong corners near fingertips help prevent breaking and splitting.



. . . After soaking fingertips in warm, soapy water—scrub with nail brush. Tear an absorbent Sitroux Tissue in quarters. Wrap tip of orange-stick in one quarter—push back cuticle gently. Use another quarter Sitroux Tissue for left hand. (Remember—never *waste* precious Sitroux Tissues!*)



. . . If nails are small, cover entire nail . . . if long, leave half-moon, small tip. Remove excess polish with remaining half of Sitroux Tissue. To hurry drying, run cold water over nails. Keep Sitroux Tissues handy for cleansing and dozens of other jobs, too.



* Tissue manufacturers are faced with raw material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are doing our best to make the finest quality tissues under present government restrictions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX TISSUES

SAY SIT-TRUE

THAT'S MY BOY!

(*Continued from page 53*)

Then we'd fill his stocking and, invariably, my mother would fill one with coal. That was her Christmas joke. You see, in Sweden, the naughty children find coal in their stocking on Christmas morning instead of goodies. We would fill another one too, of course, with fruits and newly-baked Christmas cookies, with marbles and a rubber ball and a top and all the small things that little boys love so much. Then we would stack his gifts around the tree.

big moment . . .

He would be up at dawn Christmas morning. I'd hear him padding around his room, then pussy-footing through the dining room, then standing stock-still, and I'd know he was looking into the living room. We'd get up then, and he would open his gifts and produce things for us that he'd made in school. A paper Christmas bell it was one year, I remember. And once he bought me a bright red tie. I don't exactly recall just when he stopped believing in Santa Claus, but I know that one year I came home from work and he had the tree up and the little mirror all arranged exactly as I always did it. When he saw me, he stood up, and we sort of looked at each other and didn't say anything. That was another big moment.

Right through those younger years he'd bring his report card home to me every month to be signed, and it was invariably a thing of beauty. 98's and 99's and Excellent in Effort. I got to thinking I had a genius on my hands and it worried me. Who the heck wanted a genius? "Look, Red," I'd say. "Let's skip the books tonight. Let's go to a show." I needn't have worried. In due time, came Boy Scouts, came athletics, came girls. By the time he was in high school he had more on his mind than studying and he was bringing home C's pretty regularly. I felt better.

It was along about then that he began to be interested in movie stars. He started out drawing their pictures (did you know Red's an artist of sorts?), and pasting them all over his walls. I used to look in there and think, "Well, that new one of Garbo does it. He can't possibly squeeze in any more." And be-gosh, the next day he'd have five or six brand new ones up. Who were they all? Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich. Oh, and Norma Shearer. He used to think she was swell. He had scrapbooks full of them too, and the Lord help anyone who laid a hand on them!

We both liked the movies and Friday nights we'd go. Me, I'd like to see the picture and get out. Not Van. He'd sit through it twice every time. Ask him how he could enjoy it when he knew everything that was going to happen, and he'd shrug those big shoulders and say, "Gosh, I don't know. I like it even better the

FREE OFFER!

We just love to give presents! Look what we've got for you this month! A copy of either SCREEN ROMANCES or SCREEN ALBUM—free, for nothin'—just for filling out the Questionnaire below and whipping it off to us quick like a bunny. Both these mags are terrific—full of pics of the stars, stories, fun! But we have only 500 of them—so hurry, hurry, hurry! Send in your answers no later than the 20th of April.

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our May issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

So Nice to Come Home To (Frank Sinatra) ☐
To the Fans: God Bless 'Em! (Hedda Hopper) ☐
That's My Boy! (Van Johnson) ☐
"If I Could Be With You . . ." (Gene Kelly) ☐
Jeanne Crain, Life Story ☐
Janie Gets Married (Joyce Reynolds) ☐
Little Miss Remarkable (Margaret O'Brien) ☐
Blonde of the Year (June Haver) ☐
P.S. on the Paynes (Payne-DeHaven) ☐
On Tour with Sue and Alan (Mr. and Mrs. Alan Ladd) ☐
Mother and I Remember (Betty Grable) ☐
Good News by Louella Parsons ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST? .....
What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in the order of preference .....
.....
.....

What are your 3 favorite dance bands? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference.
.....
.....
.....

My name is .....
My address is .....
I am ..... **years old.**

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.



Paper-picker! You wouldn't think, to look at her, that Mary had just collected *more waste paper* than any child in town! Paper which our Government needs so desperately. Now Mary is floating off to a well-earned sleep . . . supremely relaxed on the cushioned luxury of Beautyrest—the *dream* mattress. (Made, of course, by Simmons.) If *you* own a Beautyrest today, count yourself lucky. For Beautyrest boasts 837 individually pocketed coils and a sag-proof border. Cherish your Beautyrest, for we're *all out* on war work and there's no telling when you can buy another. If you need a new mattress *now*, however, we suggest our famous WHITE KNIGHT. It's a "mattress-within-a-mattress." Soft, durable—with layer upon layer of fine, resilient cotton! NEWS! The Government has permitted us to make a limited number of Beautyrest Box Springs. $39.50 each.

BEAUTYREST—The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!

P. S. BUY EXTRA WAR BONDS THIS WEEK! THE NEED GROWS EVER GREATER!

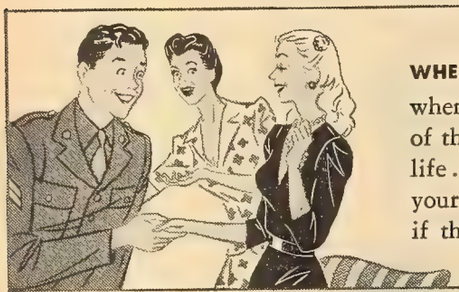
HANDY ADVICE *by* ARLENE FRANCIS



"So make sure *you* have soft, smooth Hinds hands," says Arlene Francis, star of Hinds "BLIND DATE"

MONDAY NIGHTS—BLUE NETWORK

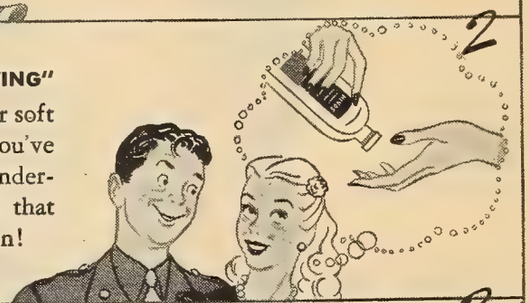
1



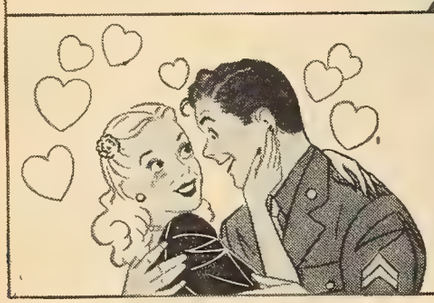
WHEN YOUR HEART STANDS STILL . . . when you find yourself looking into the eyes of the man you've been waiting for all your life . . . make sure that your hands as well as your eyes say "Remember me." They will if they're adorably Hinds-soft and smooth!

2

"AS SMOOTH AS A DOVE'S WING" . . . he'll think when he clasps your soft hand. And you'll think how wise you've been, using Hinds regularly. Wonderful, softening, soothing Hinds that doesn't let roughness get a look-in!



3



YOUR HANDS MAKE ROMANTIC MAGIC because in Hinds Honey & Almond Fragrance Cream are ingredients for which science says skin has a particular liking . . . Try Hinds. See the thrilling way chapped, rough hands respond.

THE FACTS BEHIND HINDS CLAIMS

● When winter has played havoc with your hands . . . dried or chapped the skin by interfering with the flow of its natural lubricant oils, Hinds Honey & Almond Fragrance Cream comes to the rescue in a big way. Its special ingredients supply the lubrication your skin may lack. Get Hinds at any toilet-goods counter. 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, and $1, plus tax.



–for chapping, roughness, redness
–for children's tender skin
–for dry skin
–for a powder base

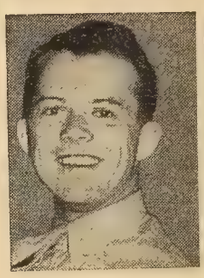
Copyright, 1945, by Lehn & Fink Products Corporation, Bloomfield, N. J.

HINDS *for* HANDS

his wonderful housekeeper. He is very happy, I think, except that now and then he gets homesick for the East. For the changing seasons he loved so well. For snow. They had a Christmas pageant in Hollywood in which they blew tons of white cornflakes into the air to simulate a snowstorm. "It hurt my eyes, it was so phony," he wrote me, "and I had to look away."

Someday when he's really well again he'll come East. They wouldn't let him make the trip for the premiere of "Thirty Seconds over Tokyo" for fear the excitement wouldn't be good. But each month he's better. The awful incessant headache is going away. His blood count is up again, and he can give blood to the Red Cross bank once more. He'll come East again, and his room is waiting for him. His whole elephant collection is there in his room, his diploma hanging on the wall, his rowing machine and his barbells, just where he left them. And his Dad is waiting too, anxious for a good look at that long, red-headed kid everybody's talking about.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Chicago, the windy City? Migosh, I felt like a ping-pong ball with the dt's! And if you're wondering what brung Beverly Linet there, rest easy—'twas Lon McCallister! Yup. Y'see, kids, Lon and I had become really good friends during the years I've been dishing the dirt at the Information Desk, and somehow there it was, the week before Christmas, and I'd been talking to him long distance and before I knew it, it was Chicago, I was there, he was there—and my heart stood still.

I hit town about ten in the morning, kissed my uncle and aunt and proceeded to call Lon at one hour intervals until I finally corralled him at midnight. Seems he'd been shuttling between performances of "Winged Victory" and Christmas shopping and hadn't gotten one of my messages! We gabbed for a while then he said, "Watcha doing tomorrow?" I fluttered, casual like, "Oh, nothing. Nothing really important, that is." So he said, "Would you like to take in a preview of 'The Glass Menagerie,' the new Eddie Dowling show?"

Well, that started it. The pink-champagne, life's-a-pretzel feeling. There was meeting Barry Nelson and Dick Travis. "Entertaining" Lon at my aunt's luncheon by leading him, in my confusion, into the master bedroom. Guzzling Pepsis at the Chez Paris and malts at Walgreen's and basking in Lon's reflected glory down Michigan Boulevard and signing autographs with him and . . .

Well, it's all over now but the sighing, with very little energy left and buckets of memories. Funny ones, gay ones, stand-out ones, like rushing for a last goodbye at Lon's theater with 15 minutes to train time and another week of talk still unspoken. And . . .

Oh, well . . .

Beverly Linet,
MODERN SCREEN.

JANIE GETS MARRIED

(*Continued from page 43*)

several week ends to get to Caliente to see the racing. A Warners' Studio official, meeting Joyce on the lot one Monday morning, asked, "Did you have fun in Caliente yesterday?"

Joyce's brown eyes snapped a pair of startled shutters. "I didn't see you," she said.

"I didn't see you, either," grinned the official. "But I heard you when your horse won the third race."

She confided to Bob that first evening, "As soon as I can afford it, and when I have a place to keep him, I'm going to buy a palomino."

"For me," announced Bob, "a Texas cow pony every time."

"Speaking of transportation," said the Jensens wearily, "you two horsey folks might think up a way for us to get to the movies. We're out of gas. And there just aren't any cabs."

"Shucks, let's be practical," said Bob. "What's wrong with thumbing?" The very first car stopped, collected the quartet and took them to a movie several miles east. There they saw (spying on another studio's product), RKO's thriller, "The Fallen Sparrow."

"A four feather picture," applauded Bob.

They had little thin hotcakes and coffee in Pancake Alley (at La Brea and Wilshire), then hitchhiked back to Westwood Village.

Reporting the details of the evening to her mother as Joyce brushed her hair that night, Miss Reynolds decided that here was something very special in the date-able line. She merely told her mother, "Mary Jane's cousin is a right sweet boy." That's the way they say it down Texas way, chillun.

morgenthau vs. cupid . . .

Two weeks later (as soon as Bob could get leave again) he returned to Los Angeles for another Saturday night date. In the meantime, he had seen Joyce in "The Constant Nymph" and had discussed the problem of properly entertaining an actress with some allegedly informed brother officers. He had also developed a consuming interest in publications in which pictures of or articles about Miss Reynolds might appear. Lacing through such pages, like hand picking on the lapels of a good suit, was the word Mocambo, repeated and repeated.

"I'd like to take you," he told Joyce after greetings were exchanged, "to the Mocambo."

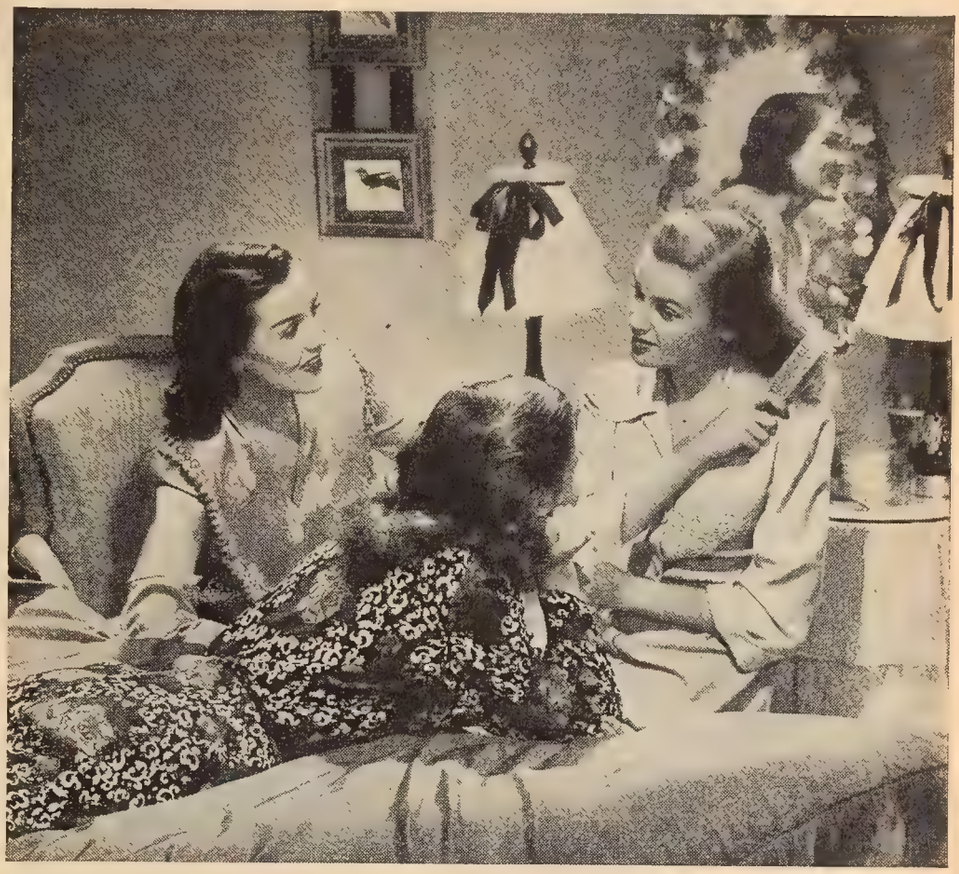
If Joyce had been a squealer, she would have uttered a hoot audible in Kansas City. Being the quiet type, she twinkled and said, "Mmmm. Wonderful."

A year ago, Joyce was as celebrity conscious as your 12-year-old sister. When Lana Turner arrived at the Mocambo, gorgeous in a long black dress—her hair covered by a net of pink flowers—Joyce tugged at Bob's sleeve and joined him in appearing NOT to be staring, while trying to memorize Miss Turner's every charm.

Altogether it was a lovely evening . . . until the check arrived. By that time, Joyce and Bob had been joined by two friends, whom Bob had invited to have dinner with them. He had planned on spending between twenty and twenty-five dollars on the evening—which is purple plutocracy on a Lieutenant's pay—but when he turned over that crucial oblong of cardboard, he thought for an agonized moment that they had simply charged him the financial total of his serial number. Well, not *quite* that bad.

Twice as effective! * MODESS *with* DEODORANT

* **Yes—put through 26 different tests, by an impartial laboratory, and proved *twice as effective* as another leading napkin containing a deodorant!**



WONDERFULLY—sensationally—effective, by actual laboratory test! No wonder women are all so keen about the marvelous new Modess with a fine deodorant powder sealed right in!

Think of it! No fuss, no nuisance of a separate deodorant powder! Marvelous!

And besides this daintiness extra—*at no extra cost*—Modess gives you other tested extras: 3 out of 4 women, in a nationwide poll, voted it *softer to* touch; 209 nurses, in hospital tests, found it *safer*, less apt to strike through than nationally known layer-type napkins.

Hurry and get the wonderful new Modess with Deodorant, today!

PLEASE NOTE: *Your store has two kinds of Modess. If you'd rather have softer, safer Modess without deodorant, just ask for "Standard Modess."*



Just look at these praises!

Congratulations to Modess for a famous first. Mrs. J.K.

I appreciate the lack of fuss and bother with necessary deodorants. Mrs. F.L.K.

Modess is now the first and last word in personal protection. Mrs. J.P. duP

Keep DURA-GLOSS always "on hand" — says Cupid



Have *you* discovered Dura-Gloss Nail Polish? How s-m-o-o-t-h-l-y and easily it flows on? How fast it dries?

How beautifully it brings out your whole personality, with luxurious color and brilliance at your fingertips?

There's a truly wonderful ingredient in it called "Chrystallyne" that makes it a special jewel among nail polishes.

At cosmetic counters everywhere. 10¢, plus tax.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD BUY WAR BONDS

Cuticle Remover • Polish Remover • Dura Coat

LORR LABORATORIES, PATERSON, N. J. • FOUNDED BY E. T. REYNOLDS

However, a quick mental inventory convinced him that he was several, yea many, dollars short. Giving his brother officer the eye, Bob & Co. withdrew to the Gentlemen's Lounge for a Morgenthau meeting. "Gosh," gloomed the man on whose ducats Bob had been counting, "we've done the town. I was going to ask you for a short term loan."

So they returned to the table, wondering how KP was going to seem, so many months after boot camp. Bob took Joyce out on the dance floor, wondered if his face was going to set fire to the joint, and asked if she had—er—come equipped with any mad money. "Because you're going to be mad at me in a minute."

Joyce happened to have nearly ten dollars in her evening purse.

On the way home, a certain Marine Lieutenant, feeling very nonplussed, still couldn't help laughing. "I think I lost forty pounds, sweating that one out," he said. "Will you ever take a chance and go out with me again?"

Joyce had been suppressing hysterics. "I've never told anyone else this story, and I wouldn't tell now except that I think you have a right to know. Maybe you think *you* were embarrassed tonight; wait until you hear about *my* most embarrassing moment."

It happened when Joyce was a sub-sub-deb. She was invited to a supremely swanky party in one of the most beautiful homes in Houston. Although Joyce knew her young hostess very well, she had never met the hostess' father or mother. So, the night of the party, Miss Reynolds—gowned out in a new party dress, her hair done a new way, and her escort the current cream of her dreams—arrived on the doorstep of a mansion she had long admired from a distance.

She rang the doorbell and a tall, distinguished-appearing man answered. In her best Manners for Adults, she said, "Good evening, Mr. So & So. I should like you to know Mr. Et Cetera (her boy friend)."

Gravely, the boy shook hands with an immaculate white glove proffered by the tall character who took the boy's top coat and Joyce's wrap and said that dancing was in the ball room, refreshments in the solarium.

The Personification of Dignity was the butler.

"Talk about embarrassment. I wanted to crumple up and blow away like ash from a good cigar," bemoaned Joyce.

Bob looked down at her and grinned. "Thanks," he said, taking her hand. "Thanks for being such a swell sport . . . and telling me that to make me feel better."

After that, every week that Bob could possibly get away, he and Joyce had a date. Because they both were crazy about Spanish food they found a small cafe called "El Carmine" where they could have Saturday night dinner. The cafe is hung with serapes, the music is completely South of the Border, and the tostados, tortillos, enchiladas, and tacos are the best to be found.

One night Joyce wore her new fur coat. "It's the one thing that I always said I was going to buy the instant I could afford it," she told a chuckling Bob. "Maybe you think it's silly, but that's the way I am. I get something in my mind, and I plan, and figure, and plot until I can make the dream come true."

"I don't think it's silly," said Bob in a tone far more serious than Joyce had ever heard. "You're lucky that you can make your dreams come true so fast. Some of us have to, well, sort of postpone things."

"Oh sure," she said blithely, not scrutinizing that statement, but simply accepting it at face value as small talk.

good luck, god-speed . .

Whenever they could, they spent an evening at Cocoanut Grove, dancing to Freddy Martin's orchestra. If you want that out-of-this world look to cross Joyce's face, just put on a recording of Martin's version of Tschaikowsky's Concerto.

And then, as Joyce had known it must, the wonderful week end dates came to an end. She promised that she would write at least once a week. And she said that last night, "You'll be fine, I know. I have confidence in you. But . . . sort of be careful, won't you?"

He had left a package marked "Do Not Open Until Christmas." Which proves that Bob still had something to learn about his brown-eyed Texas Tomato. She can't leave packages alone. The next day she flirted a quick eye over the strings and calculated that by slipping a little here, a little there . . .

"Joyce—you leave that package alone. Don't you go spoiling Bob's surprise weeks and weeks before Christmas."

"All right, Mother."

Two days later. "Mother, er—what became of my package from Bob?"

"Never you mind. That is to be opened at Christmas time."

Then there came the day when no letter had arrived from the South Pacific for nearly three weeks. Joyce was sick with worry. "Why don't you open your Christmas package?" Mrs. Reynolds suggested. "That will make you feel better."

So, three weeks before Christmas, Joyce lifted the lid of a jeweler's box to reveal a large gold cross. She strung it on a black velvet ribbon and even wore it to bed that night. The next morning there was an air mail letter beginning, "Well, as you have probably guessed, I have been pretty busy around here. . . ."

Instead of writing once a week, Joyce began to write three and four times a week. And she could hear the postman coming four blocks down the street; he seldom disappointed Joyce—usually there was a letter.

In some of those letters, Bob wrote about a possible post-war future. He had been in the midst of his pre-medic work at Rice Institute in Houston when war broke out and he joined up. He said that he rather thought he'd like to go back, some day, finish his studies, take his internship, and practice. "Because a man can live such a useful life in that profession. After having seen so much destruction, I'd like to work in a constructive field."

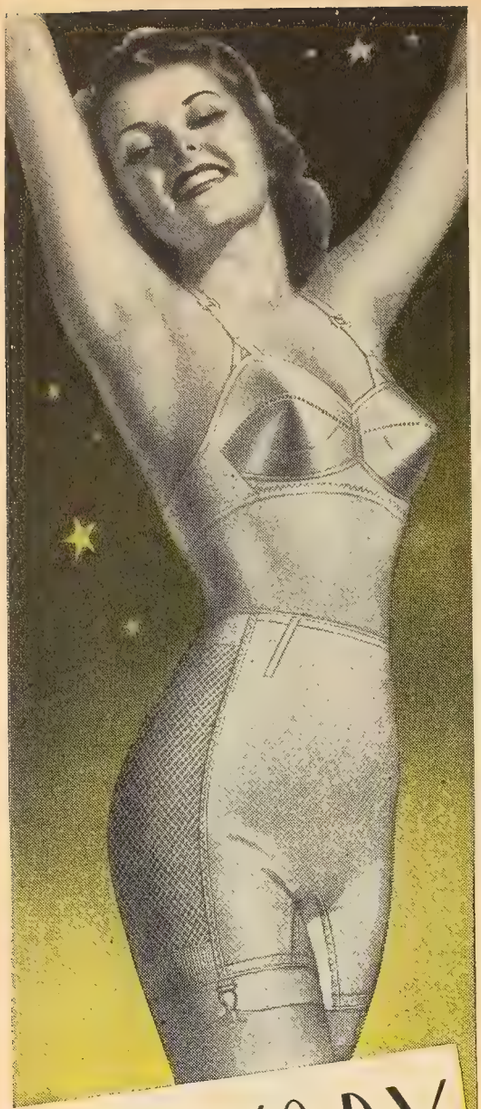
Late in the summer of 1944 there was another interruption in the mail service. Joyce began to count days in hours, and weeks in minutes. Her mathematical calculations were growing astronomical when That Letter finally arrived. Snatching it out of the postbox, she ran upstairs. Mrs. Reynolds came into the living room to find her daughter crying. "Baby . . . is it bad news?"

"I d-d-don't know yet. I haven't read the letter," said a logical Miss Reynolds.

remote control romance . . .

No, the news was NOT bad. First, Bob told about having seen "Janie" at his South Pacific base. It was announced over the loud speaker that, in the audience, was a prominent buzz boy who would be very happy, indeed, to see "Janie." The loud speaker suggested that Lt. Bob Lewis stand up and take a bow, on account of being Joyce Reynolds' fiancé. He went on to explain that—although he was being kidded at the time—the title was one that appealed to him mightily. Furthermore, he was being sent back to The States, and when he arrived. . . .





HICKORY
Juniors
THE FOUNDATION OF LOVELINESS

Lithe and lovely

You'll be lithe and lovely in your Hickory Pantie. Those lovely, smooth, firm lines are yours in Hickory creations. Hickory Panties gently but firmly mold your figure yet give you complete comfort. You can always trust Hickory—the trademark that has stood the test of time. See Hickory Panties and Girdles at fine stores everywhere—always higher in quality than in price.

Enjoy a Perma-Lift brassiere—America's only bra with "The Lift That Never Lets You Down"—Another Hickory Success.

A. STEIN & COMPANY, *Chicago, New York*

And so they were married in the Westwood Community Methodist Church on January 11, 1945. The Reverend Herman N. Beimfohr performed the double ring ceremony; matron of honor was Mary Jane Jensen, of course, and best man was Lt. George A. Baldwin, one of Bob's Marine Corps buddies.

Joyce wore a gold suit, very simple, very smart, with black accessories. Just before the ceremony she received an heirloom handkerchief from Bob's mother—"something old" to fulfill the requirements of tradition. She borrowed a blue garter from her matron of honor, and practically every other item of bridal equipment was new.

So far the newlyweds have only two problems to solve. First, Joyce must be restrained from picking up some of her husband's more colorful expressions. Having learned, in Texas and in the South Pacific, some highly seasoned Spanish expressions, the lieutenant was horrified one morning to hear his wife using the terms he had tossed off in a moment of exasperation when the car refused to start. Joyce had started a run in a stocking and deemed the situation appropriate for some of her new vocabulary. "EEk! Don't eveRRRRR say *that*," gulped the bilingual Bob.

"You said it. I think it's pretty."

"Look, honey. Nix. Nix. Nix."

"What does it mean, Bob?"

"We haven't been married long enough for me to explain to you. Just skip anything I say in Spanish."

And their other problem is that cwazy character, Gammie. Gammie is about 22 ounces of grey, curly-haired toy French poodle. He was purchased with the first thirty-five dollars that Joyce ever earned, and he was named by Charles Boyer. "Gammie" is short for "gamin"—French for urchin, which Gammie certainly is.

He decided the first time he set eyes on Bob that here was a menace to his being monarch of the Reynolds menage and resented it at the top of his pipsqueak lungs. Bob, who thinks nothing lighter than a St. Bernard can be classed as a dog, looked down disdainfully at this canine caniption. Then he picked Gammie up and regarded him sternly. Gammie blinked hopefully, then tentatively tried to lick Bob's hand. Peace negotiations are continuing but they weren't furthered by Gammie's completely destroying one of Bob's sox and ruining a high mirror polish on Bob's regulation shoes.

Observed Bob, "I won't feel like a bona fide member of this family until Gammie greets me with a wag instead of a bark," but the look he bestowed upon his wife marked the statement as pure platitude.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Outside of the CBS Playhouse one afternoon, I noticed a crowd clustered around a figure in a very bright plaid sport coat. After quite a struggle, I reached the inner circle of the spectators. Since I stood in back of the celebrity, who was busily signing autographs, it was impossible to see who it was. Turning to the person next to me, I said, "Nobody but Crosby could wear a coat like that and get away with it." The sport-coated figure turned, and I found myself looking into the dancing blue eyes of Frank Sinatra as he shouted, "Oh yeah!"

Bill Brennan,
Everett, Washington

VERSATILE V NECK DICKEY



Dicky Jr..

At all leading chain stores



Spanking crisp, clean-tailored, this sharkskin dickey hits a high V or a way-down-low V with a finger-flick. Good company with suits, dresses or sweaters, it can't be matched for quick-change-ability. Only 39¢

HOWARDS • FIFTH AVENUE
417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.



GOWN BY JONAI

KEEP YOUR HANDS ADORABLY SOFT AND SMOOTH WITH REGULAR USE OF

Mary Lowell
HAND CREAM

Marvelously effective for hands subject to frequent exposure. Ideal for children's arms and legs. Excellent powder base. Will not smudge clothing or soil bedding. Neither sticky nor greasy.



Jar, 55c plus tax at your beauty shop or cosmetic counter.

ALSO
Mary Lowell
Perfumed
DEODORANT
50c plus tax

HOUSE OF LOWELL, Inc., Tipp City, Ohio

SO NICE TO COME HOME TO

(*Continued from page 45*)

amused when he said the band didn't want him. That, she couldn't imagine.

dusty daddy . . .

Finally, the trio started homeward, dusty, bedraggled, tired, but blissfully happy. When Frank opened the door of the suite he, Nancy, Sr. and Nancy, Jr. were occupying, there sat the entire business conference, patiently awaiting Frank's return. The business conference, consisting of the biggest big-wigs from the Max Factor Company which sponsors Frank's Wednesday night radio show, as one Adam's apple, swallowed hard. The business conference, as one giant caterpillar, raised its eyebrows.

For Frank, Nancy, and Mary Anne each carried a huge balloon in one hand and a white cornucopia of pink cotton candy in the other. Each face shone with summer perspiration, and each chin was gaily bearded with remnants of the cotton candy.

"Nancy and Mary Anne," said Mr. Sinatra with supreme dignity, "I want you to meet some friends of mine." And he introduced the little girls around the circle. Then he excused himself, took a quick shower, and returned to the business conference.

In years to come, when she grows old enough to realize the extent of her father's fame, the things that Nancy Sinatra most cherishes will be memories of circus visits, movie treats, and holidays spent with Frank. She is now only four and one-half, but when she is forty-four and one-half, she will be able to say that Frank, aside from his glamour, separated from the roar of his fans, considered without the glare of his fame, was a typical American husband—deeply in love with his wife—and a typical American father—devoted to his two children.

Nancy will remember her electric train trouble. It developed last Fall, so when her dad came home from the studio one day, she asked him about it. "It won't go," she blubbered, "and when it gets to here, it just sparks."

Frank got down on his hands and knees and surveyed the problem. When a few twists of a screw driver didn't accomplish much, he began to take the track apart and string it through the house. Then he examined every switch, every contact, every plug. That done, he started on the engine, removed its innards, and finally discovered what made it fail to tick. All this work required every moment of his spare time for a week, and during that time the track, and parts of the engine, were scattered through two rooms. Guests stepped over the dismembered transportation system, and Nancy, Sr. swept and dusted around it until it was again assembled in good working order.

When the wonderful instant of complete recovery arrived, Frank set the locomotive with its string of cars in place, and turned the switch. Nancy's brown eyes danced. Taking her father's hand, she pressed a honeyed kiss into its palm.

Nancy is demonstrative, lavishly affectionate, demanding and giving a wealth of love. She adores her dad, her mother, and most insistently, her lusty young brother, Frankie. Frankie was a year old on January tenth; he now weighs thirty pounds, which is to say that he is a combination of round cheeks, shining eyes, and dimpled body. Nancy likes to kiss the delicate curve of his chubby neck. Frankie turns his head so she can muzzle

(*Continued on page 90*)

Mary went Dancing on Saturday Night...



—and HOLD-BOB pins held her Ringlets in Tight!

• Why is a bobby pin? To *hold* your hair —smoothly, firmly, invisibly. And that's the way HOLD-BOB bobby pins are made: for longer-lasting, springy power. Remember, only HOLD-BOBS have those small, round, invisible heads. Add satiny finish and the rounded-for-safety ends ...and you have the advantages that make HOLD-BOBS America's favorites! Look for, ask for, the HOLD-BOB card.





COPYRIGHT 1945. Gaylord Products Inc. Chicago 16 Illinois

HOLD-BOB
"The bobby pins that HOLD"

and she can cook, too!

Star-cook Marilyn Maxwell hunts her own roasts—wild duck, deer and pheasant—and cooks 'em too!

■ "Hello, mother! The dessert won't jell! What'll I do now?" This is young Marilyn Maxwell, just a few years ago, taking her daily telephone cooking lesson from her mother who was then an organist in one of the Fort Wayne, Ind. theatres. The telephone company undoubtedly declared extra dividends, but the cooking lessons were a success. "I used to get so excited waiting to see if my mother and my two brothers liked what I'd cooked that I couldn't eat a bite myself!" declared the golden-blonde, feminine (oh, very!) co-star of "Between Two Women" in her dressing room at the Capitol Theater in New York. Recently she's learned to cook game. Not only that, but she goes out and shoots the chief ingredients!

"John (Conte) has always been a hunter and since we were married I've learned to hunt and fish. I love it! Our ranch is loaded with deer and I've learned to cook venison steaks. Then sometimes we get a wild duck or a pheasant. Pheasant is marvelous—we hang it in a cold place for three days, then dress it and stuff it with wild rice, celery and apples. Venison steaks are easy to do. I sprinkle the steaks with a special tenderizing salt which you can buy in a health store and let the steaks stand while the pan is heating good and hot. I sear the steaks quickly, turn them over and pour a cocktail glass of port wine over them and cook 5 minutes. That's all there's to it!"

Just sitting there and looking at Marilyn's lithe figure and beautiful face, you'd understand why a group of American soldiers in Belgium have selected her as their dream girl, but when you begin to appreciate all her knowing ways in the kitchen, it doesn't seem unreasonable that she should also have been chosen as the favorite actress of the Grandmothers of America! This pleases her very much.

Marilyn was born in Clarinda, Iowa and lived in St. Petersburg, Fla. and Fort Wayne, Ind. before she became a soloist with bands—Amos Ostat's, Buddy Rogers' and Ted Weems'.



Marilyn Maxwell, co-starring in "Between Two Women."

Courtesy Knox Gelatine



Prune Oriental Cream, fluffy textured, richly flavored. When you taste this you'll be sorry you've ever made unkind remarks about "the lowly prune!" Prepare in advance, collect compliments later.

Isn't this de-lovely? A cottage cheese and pecan flavor team ably supported by an all-star cast of fresh ripe fruits. Crisp young vegetables, right out of your victory garden, would be yummy, too!



Courtesy National Dairy Council

by Nancy Woods

While she was singing with Buddy Rogers' band, Mary Pickford, who was visiting her husband, urged her to try for a screen test, but Marilyn felt that singing, rather than acting, was the thing she liked best. Later Ted Weems urged her to try the movies. She yielded to the "Go west, young woman" advice and arrived in Hollywood with her mother in February, 1942.

Came 1944 and Marilyn's horoscope (she's inclined to believe in astrology) was looking very romantic! She started work in a picture, "Lost in a Harem." So did John Conte, "the singing M.C." "John and I always refer to the picture as *"Found* in a Harem," Marilyn laughed. They were married in September at the Little Church Around the Corner in New York. Now they have an 850 acre ranch, 60 head of cattle and a help shortage. That means that Marilyn has to do the cooking several nights a week.

"I'd like to give you a recipe for an egg dish—it really hasn't a name—I just call it 'John's Favorite Breakfast'." As Marilyn gave us the directions, we sensed that, in imagination, she was way out in that ranch house in California, preparing breakfast for her ever-lovin'.

"Cover the bottom of a greased casserole with fine toast crumbs—about a half inch thick. Spread with a layer of sliced Canadian bacon—that's John's first choice —ham or sausage. Then add a layer of very thinly sliced ripe tomatoes. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Over that goes a layer of sliced American cheese. Next I put four or five whole, unbeaten eggs on the cheese and season them with salt, pepper and a little paprika. Last of all, I pour a half recipe of white sauce over the eggs and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) about 20 minutes or until eggs are set. John likes hot biscuits with this."

Marilyn gave us, too, a very easy and delightful apple sauce pudding. Simply place a quart of apple sauce in a buttered baking dish. Roll enough graham crackers to make about 1½ cup crumbs. Mix with ¼ cup sugar, 3 tablespoons melted butter or margarine and ½ teaspoon cinnamon or nutmeg. Sprinkle over apple sauce. Bake about 20 minutes in moderate oven or until crumbs are brown.

John is of Italian descent and Marilyn is eager to learn to cook some of the Italian dishes his mother prepares so beautifully. Chicken Florentine, for instance. So we foresee some serious telephoning between the two Mrs. Contes, but within a year Marilyn will do the best spaghetti sauce on the West Coast!

Marilyn was one of the very first girls to entertain soldiers and she's met thousands of them. She can tell you one of their hopes for the post-war world is good, home-cooked food! So girls, now's the time to improve your technique. The leaflet we have for you has that recipe for Chicken Florentine. Then, for sultry days heading our way, you'll want Cottage Cheese with Fresh Fruit and Prune Oriental Cream shown on the opposite page. If you're victory gardening, there'll be young peas, onions and carrots for a vegetable stew, topped with tiny egg dumplings. And Marilyn's very easy recipe for chocolate ice cream.

We'd love to send you the recipes, but be a pal—think of our help shortage and send us a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address: THE MODERN HOSTESS, Dept. MM, MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE, 149 Madison Ave., New York, 16, N. Y.



"The House will please come to order!"

That's the stuff, Son . . . this is your time to give orders and make 'em stick. Later on it won't be so easy.

And here's a tip—while you're still 'head man'. See that the womenfolk do your washing with Fels-Naptha Soap.

At your age a fellow needs a large wardrobe—designed for comfort more than style. He has to 'change' often and on short notice.

That means a full-time job for Mother—and Fels-Naptha Soap. Keeping you supplied with garments that are clean and sweet and snowy white. Keeping the house shipshape and the rest of the family happy.



So remember this: It's fairly painless to 'do your duds'—with the gentle soap that makes the doing easy . . .
That's Fels-Naptha!

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

this soft, warm spot, then he giggles in loud glee at the tickling sensation of her kisses. When she stops, his face sobers and he regards his sister seriously. As she bends down, he turns his head again and begins to grin in anticipation. This game goes on for hours.

But it is not only her brother whom Nancy beguiles with her kisses. Her father is teaching Nancy to be a little lady. One thing he will not tolerate is a loud, coarse tone of voice. Nancy's voice is naturally sweet and low, but at times, in excitement, she is inclined to yell.

One morning early, she was shouting some unintelligible gibberish to the nurse. Frank called from his bedroom, "Nancy, come here, please."

She strolled in, looking guilty. She understood clearly what her error had been. She climbed up on the bed as her father said sternly, "Nancy, I've told you that I don't want you. . . ."

By that time his daughter had her arms around his neck and promptly cut off the sentence with a kiss. Frank went on, when the osculation was over, "I want my little girl to be . . ." Again the reprimand was terminated by a kiss.

He gave up. Later he said to Nancy, Sr., "I don't know how to handle that young lady, sometimes. I just don't know *how* you can correct a child when she's kissing you."

Disciplining Nancy, however, will never be much of a problem. All her father has to do is to look at her sternly and say, "Nan-*cy!*" and she hops. One day, she played too roughly with the baby and scratched him. Her father said just three words, "You naughty girl," and Nancy went to her room in desolated tears. She stayed there, too, until her father went after her, and assured her that he knew she hadn't been wilfully or intentionally disobedient, but merely careless.

biased music critic . . .

A visitor said to Nancy one day, "Which one of your father's recordings do you like best?"

The small music critic gave the problem a moment's thought. "I believe I like the Brahms' 'Lullaby' best," she said. The question had been asked in the first place to tease Nancy. Frank had just sung "Nancy With The Laughing Eyes," and the visitor thought this song, dedicated to Nancy, would be her favorite.

So the visitor pursued, "What about that song about a certain little girl?"

"Oh, that! Well, the Brahms is *regular*, but the Nancy song is *special*," said Nancy, distinguishing nicely between what belonged to the world, hence could be compared to other music, and what belonged to the family, hence was beyond comparison.

Nancy has seen only one of her father's pictures, "Step Lively." In this, you will remember, there occurred a scene in which Frank was put to bed as a gag. The gag turned sour and before the action was over, the hotel doctor had administered a dose of foul medicine to the "ailing" guest.

Nancy sat through the entire picture without a word. Afterward, as she rode home, she was obviously pondering a problem.

When Frank arrived, he demanded, "Well, how did you like the picture?"

Sorrowfully, she answered, "I didn't like it. I can't stand to see you take medicine."

Frank explained that it was just a joke and that the tablespoon contained, not castor oil as Nancy had suspected, but water.

Nancy still shook her head. "Even if you *aren't* just saying it to make me feel better, I still don't like it."

The two Nancys frequently wear mother-daughter peasant outfits, tailored for them at a Beverly Hills shop. However, small Nancy is still built like a pencil, utterly lacking her mother's pleasant curves. This fact caused her a good deal of skirt trouble. At crucial moments, the pint-sized pleated garment was likely to hug Nancy's heels with disrupting suddenness. One morning she scanned her father's suspenders covetously. "Now, *that's* something like it," she murmured.

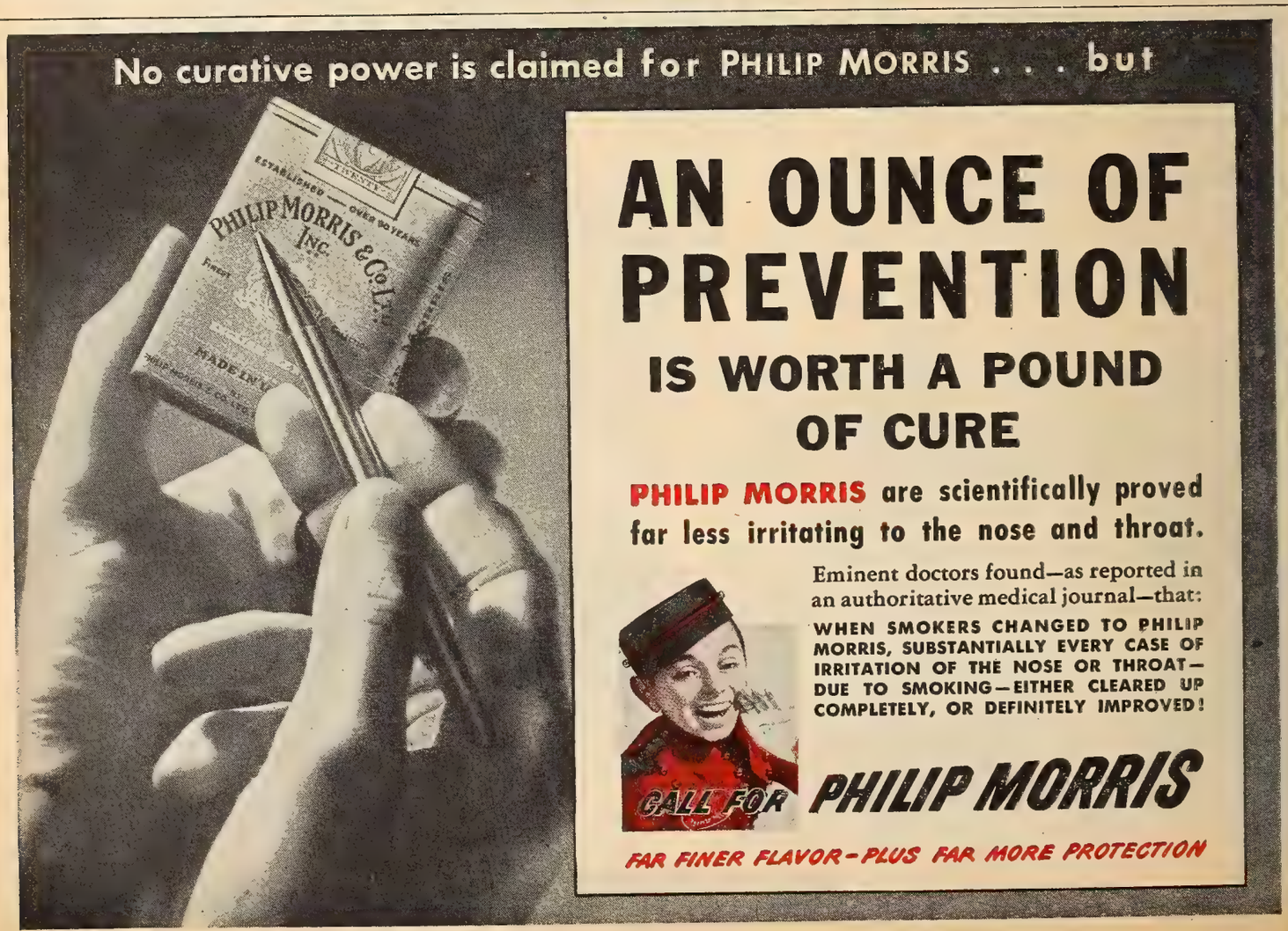
So her next outfit is to be complete with suspenders—specified by her dad.

The first gift her father ever bought Nancy was purchased four months before she was born, and it was—of all things—a book. As soon as Nancy's eyes could focus on a page, Frank began to show her pictures and to teach her the names of animals, colors, and other objects. As a result, Nancy at less than five years of age, speaks like an adult. She can count to one hundred, although she is inclined to add twenty-ten, thirty-ten, forty-ten, fifty-ten, sixty-ten, etc. to the usual scheme of numbers. Nowadays, when Frank comes upstairs to read her good-night story (when he is able to be at home) she catches him instantly if he tries to leave anything out. She has been going to nursery school since last Fall and is a proficient picture-colorer. "I color better than anybody else, almost, in my school," she told her father, who promptly cautioned her against self-praise. He said it wasn't nice; that she should compliment the other children, but she should be critical of her own work.

Nancy sighed. "Well, I'm a better colorer because I'm carefuller around the edges," she maintained.

bring on the family tree . . .

The first gift Frank bought his young son was a rattle with a musical attach-



ment inside that, when agitated, gave forth two separate and distinct tones. It stunned all three older members of the family when they discovered that Frankie, aged six months, was shaking the rattle and humming—clearly on pitch—the two notes.

Frank has always brought home musical gifts, and his son's quick ear for music is likely to stimulate all manner of purchases. Wherever he goes, he picks up music boxes. From Boston he brought a silent butler that plays "Auld Lang Syne." From Chicago he brought Nancy a miniature china spinette that plays "Silent Night." From New York he brought Nancy, Sr., a powder box that plays "I Love You Truly," and from Philadelphia he brought a circular cake stand on a base that plays "Happy Birthday To You."

For a week before the baby's birthday, Frank mystified the family by teaching Frankie a new trick. Holding the chubby young master on his knee, Frank would strike a match, then say "Blow" and blow out the light. After two or three evenings of this, the sprout got the idea. When Dad said, "Blow," Junior sputtered enough to extinguish the flame.

Came then, Frankie's birthday. To the table was brought a white cake boasting one pink, glowing taper. Everybody made a wish. Frank moved the cake over for his son's convenience and said, "Blow." One-hundred-percent success.

Looking at her young brother fondly one day, Nancy, Jr., observed in regard to her mother's sister, newly married, "I suppose *she* has gone to the hospital to get a baby, hasn't she?"

birds 'n' bees . . .

Nancy, Sr., and Frank exchanged glances. "Goodness, no," said the mother. "She has just gone on her honeymoon."

"What's a honeymoon?" Nancy asked.

"It's a vacation that two people take to celebrate getting married," explained the older Nancy.

Junior thought that one over. "Well, I'm not going on a honeymoon when I get married," she announced. "I'm going straight to the hospital and get fifteen children."

Incidentally, little Frank has a habit of slowly moving his chubby left hand to the lobe of his left ear and holding it, when he becomes embarrassed or confused. When strangers speak to him and try to make friends, he doesn't cry or squirm; he looks at the newcomer with great, solemn eyes, gently massages his ear lobe, and considers the situation gravely. Then a slow grin dawns.

He has another mannerism, and this one is not original, but inherited intact from his dad. When he is thinking about some of the mysteries of the world in which he finds himself, Junior slowly rubs his right thumb back and forth across his lower lip. This habit is identical to Frank, Sr.'s preoccupied gesture when he is studying a score or making a business decision.

Christmas, last year, was really a festive occasion in the Sinatra household. Months before, Frank had exchanged a word with Santa Claus to the effect that a playhouse would be welcomed by Nancy: A playhouse large enough for her to enter and live therein the secret and exciting life of an imaginative small girl.

Christmas Eve the house was filled with guests. Someone said to Frank, "Are you going to trim your tree tonight?"

Nancy, Jr., answered that one quickly. "Santa Claus trims our tree. Daddy just gets the decorations out and leaves them in a convenient place."

The children were tucked in early, but guests continued to arrive. Everyone was very gay, everyone was making plans for a quick ending of war and a year of hap-

Gloria Vanderbilt De Cicco

"I adore the softer look and 'finish' my skin gets from a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream," says beautiful Gloria Vanderbilt De Cicco, who is the glamorous young heiress to one of America's great names and fortunes. "No doubt about it—the Mask makes a noticeable difference in my complexion—and *quickly!*"



"Quick way to look my very best!"— Gloria Vanderbilt De Cicco

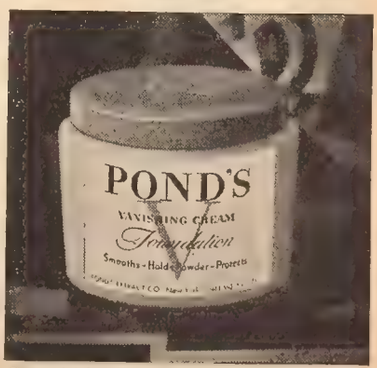
How to have a softer, clearer-looking skin— in one minute!

Spread lavish white fingerfuls of Pond's Vanishing Cream all over your face—except eyes. Leave this refreshing Mask on for one *full* minute.

"Keratolytic" action of the cream goes to work! Loosens and dissolves tiny powder-catching skin particles and grubby specks of imbedded dirt.

Thrilling! Results show as soon as you tissue off the Mask. Your face seems to light up—looks radiantly fresher and clearer. *Feels* smoother, too—ready for a flawless make-up job!

Quick Make-up Trick . . . Smooth on a satin-light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—and *leave it on*—for smoothing, protective make-up base. It's non-greasy—and *expert* at holding powder!



Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!

She's very very...

SHE'S VARVACIOUS!



Her presence is dynamic . . . her attraction undeniable . . . her impression unforgettable. In a word—a new word—she's varvacious, with Varva's exciting perfumes "Follow Me" and "Nonchalant." They've made her very *very* . . .

Varva extracts—$1 to $15 • Bath Powder, $1
Face Powder, 6 guest puffs, $1 • Bubble Foam, $1
Sachet, $1 and $1.75 • Talc, 55c
(plus tax)

PARFUMS *Nonchalant*
The Devil-May-Care Perfume

Follow Me
The Perfume That Lasts and Lasts



VARVA

Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y.

piness ahead. Not until nearly five A.M. did the last carol-singing guest leave.

Shortly before six, through the silvered light of early dawn, a small night-gowned form tiptoed to her mother's bed and climbed into its warmth. In a voice that quavered with excitement, small Nancy whispered, "Do you think Santa Claus has been here yet?"

"I don't think so," Nancy, Sr., answered. "You go back to sleep for awhile."

The breathless whisper persisted, "Could I ask Daddy if *he* thinks Santa has been here yet?"

That was too much for Dad. Remembering the tremulous heart, the shaking ecstasy of his own childhood Christmases, he climbed out of bed, put on a robe, and volunteered to go downstairs.

He came back in a moment with the joyous announcement: "He's been here."

Lifting his small daughter out of bed, he carried her to her own room to get her robe and slippers. As he bundled her up, he realized that she was trembling with anticipation. Small quivers of excitement shook the warm body, and her eyes were great pools of eagerness.

nifty st. nick . . .

Frank switched on the living room lights, but only the electric tapers on the huge Christmas tree in the corner sprung into brilliance. And around that tree there was everything of which a small girl could dream: Dolls, a rocking horse for Frankie, books, building toys, musical toys—and a dream of a doll house.

Exhausted after investigating stockings, opening packages (Nancy, Sr., received a Baum Martin coat and a sunburst lapel pin splashed with diamonds and rubies with earrings to match), and trying on all wearable gifts, the entire family returned to bed at nine o'clock and slept until noon.

Neither Frank nor Nancy has made any plans for the future of their children. A friend asked Frank, "Do you ever think that you want Nancy to attend some special school, or adopt some certain career? Have any secret ambitions for Frankie?"

Frank shook his head. "In the entertainment business, you just live from day to day. I'm going to give them everything in my power—but I'm not going to worry about the how, when, or where until the time comes."

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One torrid day, while strolling through a bazaar here in India, I spied a fellow with a peculiar insignia. I purchased something at a stand and turned to see this fellow once more. The stranger suddenly looked up, caught my stare, and laughed. That did it! The cavernous mouth, those twinkling eyes, made something snap. I shouted, "Hey, fellows, here's Joe E. Brown!" Needless to say, the old Indian merchant was completely flabbergasted when the excited Americans rushed to buy his previously unpopular handkerchiefs. Later, as Joe E. Brown started down the dusty jungle road, he turned, waved and gave us that famous grin, though still tired from autographing handkerchiefs.

Cpl. Curtis W. Brown,
A.S.N. 363910 69
3470 Q.M.T. Co.
A.P.O. 689 c/o P.M.
New York, New York



WITHOUT BINDING ELASTIC

Pedees s-t-r-e-t-c-h to fit perfectly, without annoying elastic...*no* irritation to your feet! Here's lightweight comfort that's sheer and invisible under shoes...absorbs perspiration and saves precious hose.

Pedees
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

NOW 25c PAIR
At Leading Stores

HERBERT HOSIERY MILLS, INC.
Norristown, Pa.



Baby-All
NATURAL NURSER

Mothers — you just can't contaminate baby's bottle when you use Baby-All Natural Nurser properly. For the no-colic nipple screws onto the bottle quickly, easily. No spilling. And no need to touch the nipple.

Think of it! No more pushing and pulling a nipple over baby's bottle. It's on in a second — and baby can't pull *this* nipple off.

The Baby-All Natural Nurser set includes a screw-on, no-colic Nipple, Bottle, and a Cap which seals formula safely in refrigerator or while traveling.





PYREX or DURA-GLAS BOTTLE
Sold complete at all Infant Departments and Drug Stores

SANIT-ALL PRODUCTS CORP.
Greenwich, Ohio

No Colic SCREW-ON BOTTLE-NIPPLE-CAP

BLONDE OF THE YEAR

(*Continued from page 47*)

Mrs. Haver's sympathetic face to a row of *seventeen* pairs of galoshes, and then to a table growing bowlegged beneath *seventeen* assorted heart-shaped boxes of candy. He swallowed hard. "I—er—I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Haver, but I can't stay. I won't even have time to take off my boots. Would you mind asking June to step out here for a minute?"

dear valentine . . .

June flew out to the entry and started to say something about of course he had to come in for a moment, but he interrupted. "Valentine greetings," he said, thrust a tiny gold heart box into her hands, and shot out of the house like a hive-tipper escaping a swarm of bees.

June's jaw slackened, and her heart had a headache. Slowly, she opened the smallest box of all; within was a gold heart-locket on a slender gold chain. She still has it, a precious momento.

The vanishing Valentine giver was not the only humble Haver suitor. She had been in Hollywood only a short time when, the first Friday of each month, June began to receive red roses After several months of this, the color of the roses changed—subsequent offerings were tea roses, and a card written by the florist explained that the giver of the roses had learned that June's favorite color was pink or an orange-cast rose shade, so the flowers sought to comply with that taste. Oh, lovely!

At Christmas time, June received a gasp-getting red alligator bag, constructed like a concertina—that is, capable of impressive expansion—and closed with a war-time-precious zipper. "Yipe," said June, "am I *ever* grateful." But she was somewhat embarrassed, too; it seemed a little anti-Emily-Post to be accepting such lavish gifts from a stranger.

A few weeks ago, the social nuances were satisfied; the donor of June's flowers and other gifts was no stranger, but an ex-neighbor. He wrote a long letter explaining his admiration for June. Seems that when they were both kids, he lived across the street. "I really resented you," he wrote, "because you were such a junior genius." She played the piano magnificently (at the green apple age of seven she made a piano solo appearance with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Goossens), and this boy's mother used to mention June in such sentences as, "Why won't *you* practice the way June does?" and "Why aren't *you* as interested in music as June is?"

In short, June was a murder-maker as far as this boy was concerned. But now that he has grown up and has developed a taste for loveliness served with or without music, he confessed that he was glad he didn't turn out to be one of the principals in the Junior Javelin Murder during those painful days long ago.

To date, June's favorite all-time gift is the hula skirt she received a few days ago from Farley Granger, who is stationed in Honolulu. Farley, incidentally, is now 6'3" tall—"just Fred MacMurray's height," observed June pensively one day, scanning the Mt. Everest altitude of Mr. MacMurray's head. June, all 5'2" of her, appreciated the solid sense of one of Farley's letters in which he said, "Get out the highest platform shoes you own and save your coupons for a pair of real spike heels, because we're going dancing as soon as I can get home."

By no means is June always on the receiving end of the gift racket. She is

"Always tastes best!"

says

LENORE AUBERT



See Lenore Aubert in
"HAVING A WONDERFUL CRIME"
an RKO-Radio Picture



"THE TASTE-TEST CONVINCED ME," says Lenore Aubert, "that only one cola can really be voted best-tasting. I tried leading colas in paper cups and found one tasted far the best. It was Royal Crown Cola, my "quick-up" favorite ever since." Try R C today!

ROYAL CROWN COLA

BEST BY TASTE-TEST

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

always seeing some item that was obviously designed, manufactured, and placed in a window display for the possession of some friend or relative. The entire Haver family is a corporation of enthusiastic gift buyers. Christmas, with them, is a frantic holiday festooned with slip-ups and fractured secrets.

Consider, for instance, that situation of two Christmases ago. Mrs. Haver had said from time to time, throughout the years, "Some day I'd like to have a diamond bracelet. Nothing Mae-Westian, of course, but something simple, in keeping with the rest of my possessions."

So June and her older sister (and adored buddy) Dorothy, talked it over and found that, by pooling their resources, they could buy a very dignified and charming bracelet. They went shopping. They considered this bracelet and that. Finally they found one that was stunning, but it was just a little more than they had amassed. Not until two weeks later would they have the necessary amount. So they decided to wait and buy the jewel of their prideful choice.

At the end of the two weeks, the girls—abubble with excitement—descended upon the jeweler and stated importantly that they wanted to see a particular bracelet again. They had decided to purchase it, they said. The jeweler was apologetic and regretful. Only the day before, that bracelet had been sold.

There was another bracelet, almost as lovely, available, so they took it. On the way home they spent a good deal of time assuring one another that *this* bracelet was really the smarter—the other had been a little heavy, not quite as interesting, not quite as *right* for their mother. At home they hid their purchase and answered the call to dinner looking quite smug. It was a very gay dinner; everyone laughed uproariously at the quips of every one else. High good humor bounced around the room like circus balloons in a high wind.

Finally Mrs. Haver capitulated. "I can't stand it another minute," she exploded. "I was going to keep it secret until Christmas, but I can't." She brought out a long, slender jeweler's box. "With the Christmas money I've saved from other years, and with other gift checks, I bought myself a diamond bracelet. From myself to myself—Merry Christmas."

double trouble . . .

June and Dorothy exchanged a long, stunned stare, then they howled with delight. The bracelet Mrs. Haver had bought was the one they had wanted! After a surprise of such magnitude the girls couldn't keep their secret either, so they hauled forth their purchase and presented it. Then everyone cried a few happy tears.

Last Christmas, June and Dorothy had purchased, among other things, a set of twelve cocktail napkins embroidered with pink elephants—for their mother. A week before the holiday, June, Dorothy, Mrs. Haver, and Evelyn (the youngest Haver) were shopping for friends when Mrs. Haver passed a linen shop, exclaimed, and retraced her steps.

The girls, tasting calamity, walked slowly on. "Come on, Mother," they urged.

"Come on back—I want you to see something," she called. "There are the most unique cocktail napkins here. I think I'll run in and buy a dozen."

The girls descended on their mother. They said time was a-wasting, and that the napkins could wait until after Christmas. They said they didn't like the design very well, anyhow. . . . Come *on,* Mother!

"You'll like them when you get used to them," said Mother, marching into the store. So the girls had to tell her.

Furthermore, to render the holiday a complete concerto of confusion, June and her mother had combined resources to buy Dorothy a handsome set of gold bird clips. "At least we'll have ONE secret," June opined.

The following day, Mrs. Haver and Dorothy were shopping for June's surprise gift. The merchandiser, who had sold Mrs. Haver and June the clips, passed them in the store aisle and called out cheerily, "I know your daughter is going to be pleased with those gold birds."

Grinning at Mrs. Haver, Dorothy said, "Merry Christmas, Mother!"

The Christmas gift that June remembers most tenderly, however, is an intangible one. As unreal as the Christmas spirit itself, yet it remains as real in memory as the sound of sleigh bells or the fragrance of mountain pine. While June was growing up, she always spent Christmas Eve singing in a Children's Hospital. One year she had been knocking herself out in a ward, singing merry little jingles and carols, when a ten-year-old colored girl was wheeled in.

A young intern was keeping an eye on his small patient, and a nurse was also in attendance. June went on with her program, but—after her next song—the newest member of the audience lifted a thin hand and beckoned weakly. June tripped over and leaned down to the patient, who slid one arm around June's shoulders. The girl was too weak to speak aloud, but she whispered, "Please sing, 'Is It True What They Say About Dixie?'"

Defeating by sheer will power the catch in her throat, June sang every verse she knew. Then the little girl, eyelids heavy over great brown eyes, was wheeled away. She lapsed into a coma a few moments later and died the following day. Having



checked up by telephone, June hung up after hearing this news, and went out to the kitchen where she told her mother thoughtfully, "I'm glad I had the privilege of giving the little girl her last Christmas present. It's odd what things turn out to be important in this world, isn't it?"

To this day June is repelled by the odor of iodoform, not only because of this experience, but because of an earlier happening equally heart-wringing but without—luckily—a tragic denouement.

When June was eight, she came romping home from school one day to be told that her mother was in the hospital. She had been badly injured in an automobile accident. The three girls, white-lipped and with hearts turned to resounding gongs, rushed to the hospital. Mrs. Haver had suffered a frontal concussion so her face had turned a mottled purple and was distended with swelling. June managed to swallow her sickness, to be fairly cheerful, and to promise to come back the next day, but when she left the room she cried wildly and said she knew her mother was going to die. No one could talk her out of it: "Her hair is all falling down and even if her face *is* bruised, there isn't any color in her lips. I know she's going to die," she wailed disconsolately.

Actually, although she had been painfully pounded, Mrs. Haver was in no critical danger. But, when the girls' father reported June's agonized words, she managed a smile and said she'd fix everything. The next afternoon, when June arrived, she found her mother's hair brushed and tied back with a gay pink ribbon, and Mrs. Haver was wearing cardinal lipstick. June relaxed; the world again moved in its orderly orbit.

jaywalking june . . .

June, herself, had a narrow escape from an automobile. Emerging from the judge's chambers the day her contract with 20th Century-Fox was approved, she darted across the street without seeing a taxi cab preparing to plunge from its parking spot. Mrs. Haver, a few feet behind June, saw the whole thing and screamed. June summoned all her adagio ability and leaped to the safety of the curbing, but the taxi—screeching past—slapped the skirt of her coat as the paw of a lion might score a near-miss on his trainer's coat tails.

With spaghetti-limp knees, Mrs. Haver managed to join her daughter on the safety of the sidewalk. Closing her eyes and exhaling a long breath, Mrs. Haver said, "Oh, baby! Just when you're getting your big break. . . ."

". . . I almost got my final break," June finished the sentence.

The Havers, as even the most casual observer would instantly guess, are a singularly devoted family and every indication is that Dorothy's husband, Bill Flynn, has been absorbed into the family with a speed typical of the Havers.

June was Cupid in this deal. While she was singing with Ted Fio Rito's band, one of the members (Frank Flynn) said repeatedly, "When we get to Los Angeles, you MUST meet my brother, Bill. He's just right for you. Because he's a 'cellist, he'd appreciate your musicology; because he's hep, he'd admire your enthusiasm. Oh, you've *got* to meet Bill."

So, when the troupe reached Los Angeles, Frank took the Havers (Mrs. Haver, Dorothy and June) and hurried out to visit the celebrated brother who answered the door wearing leather house slippers, a handsome pair of slacks, a swagger house jacket, and smoking a pipe. Which is to say that he strongly resembled "Esquire's" version of the sharp young man about town. June and Dorothy exchanged glances spelling out "wow!"

After a certain amount of chatter in the



Don't risk losing the feminine daintiness that's yours *naturally.* Yes, your prettiest dress can ruin it all . . . by catching and holding under-arm perspiration odor.

Stop this threat *before you dress* with fast-acting, long-lasting **ODORONO** . . . the new cream deodorant that protects you *faster than you can slip on your slip.*

The new **ODORONO** Cream Deodorant contains science's most effective perspiration stopper . . . protects up to three days. Does not irritate your skin. Can be used after shaving. Does not harm fine fabrics, or turn gritty in jar. No waiting to dry.

So before you think of what dress to wear . . . think of your Sweet Self. Change to new, snowy-white **ODORONO** Cream for instant, full, lasting protection.

BE JUST AS SWEET AFTER YOU DRESS WITH



39¢
Also 59¢ & 10¢
(Plus Fed. Tax)

apartment, Bill asked the group to join him for luncheon and managed to get himself seated next to Dorothy. "Hmmmm," thought June, "what goes on here? Frank said Bill would be just right for me."

However, Dorothy and Bill, by that time, were deep in various conversations which —when boiled down—amounted to that age-old query, "Where have you been all my life?" It was love at first sight. They knew that they would be married eventually, but the war was resting a clammy hand on Bill's shoulder, so they decided to settle for a long engagement.

In the fall of 1943, Mrs. Haver and June went East on the location jaunt for the filming of "Home In Indiana." (Since that time, June has made "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," "Where Do We Go From Here," and at present she is working with Betty Grable in "The Dolly Sisters.")

One morning they received a phone call from Dorothy in Los Angeles, saying that Bill was there on leave and that he was going to be sent overseas before the Havers could all get together for an old-fashioned family wedding . . . so, did they mind if she was married September Thirtieth at the Church of the Good Shepherd?

The day of the wedding, Mrs. Haver caused an acute Haver handkerchief shortage. She and June, watching the clock, said to one another, "Now she's getting dressed to go to the church." "Now she's marching down the aisle." "Now Bill is slipping the ring on her finger."

As soon as he was married, Bill was shifted first to one base, then to another, with Dorothy going wherever he went. She, June and Mrs. Haver kept up a frantic letter-telegram-telephonic marathon in an attempt to arrange a meeting somewhere. Finally they discovered that all four would be in Chicago for a simultaneous twenty minutes.

chicago shenanigans . . .

Naturally, June's train was late. She and her mother nearly drove the conductor crazy, asking him when they would really, positively, absolutely get into Chicago. The seconds raced, the moments zoomed, the hours lightninged, while the wheels of the locomotive made a circle about as fast as the growth rings in a redwood.

Finally, in contradiction to their gloomy view, the train arrived in a driving rain. As they passed the Arrival & Departure scoreboard, they noted that Dorothy's train, too, was late. So they stood on one foot and then the other until—in the dim distance fogged by rain—they made out a tall form in uniform beside which trotted a drenched, but widely grinning Dorothy.

Bill is currently in England, flying a C-47. His squadron's won a Presidential Citation, and Bill has won an Air Medal with two Oak Leaf Clusters. Quite a guy.

A good deal of June's life has been spent in stations and on trains. Even her 18th birthday found her taking a dim view of the situation from a seat in the club car. "Here I've been looking forward to my 18th birthday for at least 10 years, and what happens! I spent it in a miserable old train on my way to Chicago," she groused to her mother.

But when they arrived that night, they were met by a flock of 20th Century officials and whisked to the Pump Room where June was given a birthday party to make a Maharanee seem miserly. There was a magnificent birthday cake, of course, but best of all, there was iced champagne.

All her life June had heard about champagne, so it represented the utter zenith of success in her mind.

She loved it. And why shouldn't she? Champagne is June's kindred element: like June it is tops of its type, it is effervescent, sparkling, fragile. June Haver is The Champagne Kid.



WHY QUALITY COSTS LESS

Thanks to modern science, 5c or 10c buys you a better toilet soap than grandma's 25c to 50c best. Thank science, too, for a safe, refreshing tooth paste compounded with magnesium hydroxide, the active ingredient in Milk of Magnesia, at Craig-Martin's amazingly low prices. See the giant 25c tube pictured above and the bargain 10c tube at leading 5c and 10c stores—equal values in Craig-Martin Tooth Powder. Mail coupon today for FREE brushing chart that shows you how to clean teeth efficiently.

COMFORT MFG. COMPANY
500 S. Throop St., Chicago 7, Ill. (3)
Rush me FREE chart showing efficient toothbrushing method.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone....State.....
PRINT PLAINLY





CO-ED LETTERBOX

(Continued from page 8)

wouldn't be repulsive. Don't sit a million miles away from him in the car. Give him a couple of soulful looks during the evening. Instead of jabbering your head off as he's taking you to your door to say goodnight, tell him softly how wonderful the evening was and what fun he is to be with. Next month you'll be writing in for advice in warding them off.

■ When a boy cuts in at a dance, should you say anything to the departing lad? Helen McP., Doylestown, Pa.

Actually, he should thank you for the dance, but we think it's just as right for the gal to do the thanking. Not in so many words maybe, but give him your flashiest smile and say, "That was lovely." Or just squeeze his hand a little and whisper, "Nice!"

■ I like Johnny very, very much, and I think he likes me. He has taken me out a few times, and it has been more fun each date. His school gives a big prom in the late spring, and I'm dying to be invited. How could I subtly hint at it? Georgia A., Houston, Texas.

Subtle hints are generally fatal. Things appear to be going so nicely right this minute that we'd just let nature take its course. Continue to look and be your cutest self, and don't get tense and frenzied as the prom date approaches. If he hasn't spoken up by, say, two weeks before the party, you might drop some bombshell like, "The family wants me to go away with them the week end of the twenty-first." Force his hand, capitalize on the old war of nerves. He'll undoubtedly ask you, but if for some reason he doesn't, be completely nonchalant and unruffled.

■ What is the age at which a girl should be allowed to date? Babs' Mother, Los Angeles, Calif.

The dating age seems to vary throughout the country, ranging from twelve or thirteen in parts of the South, to sixteen in some sections of the East. We think fourteen is a good age to begin having house dates and doubles. It might be a good idea for all the mothers in your neighborhood to standardize on the dating age, curfew, and number of dates a week.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Yes, sir, I saw it happen! When I was just about fourteen, a friend and I haunted a local food show in Atlanta, Georgia, trying our darndest to get a glimpse of lovely Irene Rich who, it was rumored, appeared for just a short time each evening for Welch's products. We were beginning to doubt the truthfulness of the rumor until one evening we DID get to see her! There she was coming through the crowd clad in a breath-takingly beautiful gown, looking every bit as gorgeous as on the screen. When she arrived at the Welch booth, she mounted a small crate so as to be above the crowd and get to everyone who clamored for her autograph. Then IT happened! The crate gave under her very slight weight and she toppled over right into my arms!

We were both stunned and embarrassed but she thanked me in that wonderful voice of hers, and I haven't yet forgotten my close brush with glamour.

Frances R. Hill,
Frederick, Oklahoma

"MINE IS A STORY no pictures can tell"

—says Mrs. Louise Sullenger of Dearborn, Michigan



"I am sending you two snapshots," writes Louise Sullenger, "one, of the woman I used to be—one, of the woman I am today. They tell you something of the physical change in my appearance. But no photograph can reveal the buoyancy, the zest for living, that now fills me with eagerness for the adventures of each new day.

"No one need tell *me* what an overweight woman thinks about!" says Mrs. Sullenger. "I know all the tortures of buying a size 40 dress. I know the misery of refusing invitations because of being ashamed of my appearance. Not so long ago, I was wallowing in self-pity, with only one remaining grain of resolution: I would *try* the DuBarry Success Course.

"In ten weeks from the time I started, I lost 25 pounds and got back the waistline I had as a girl. Then I bought a new suit—size 14!

"But no words and no pictures can express how it feels to look into the mirror and see reflected a shining, radiant face—to feel that all of life is still before you, and to know that you have the energy, the courage—yes, and the beauty to enjoy it."



These are the snapshots Mrs. Sullenger sent to Ann Delafield—the one above showing her "as she used to be," the one at right showing her on finishing the Success Course.

HEIGHT (AFTER)	LOST	BUST	WAIST	ABDOMEN	HIPS
5′ 5¼″	25 POUNDS	3″ LESS	5½″ LESS	7″ LESS	7½″ LESS

HOW ABOUT YOU? Haven't you wished that *you* could be slender again, hear the compliments of friends, wear youthful styles, feel like a new person? The DuBarry Success Course can help you.

It shows you how to follow at home the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York. The plan is intensely practical. It fits into your daily life. You get an analysis of your needs, a goal to work for and a plan for attaining it. You learn how to bring your weight and body proportions to normal, care for your skin, style your hair becomingly, use make-up for glamour, look better, feel better—be at your best for wartime living.

Why not use the coupon to find out what this famous Course can do for you?

DuBarry Success Course

ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
NEW YORK

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association



With your Course you receive this Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations for your type.

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
Dept. SS-59, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Miss
Mrs. _____

Address _____

City _____ *Zone No., if any* _____ *State* _____

LITTLE MISS REMARKABLE

(Continued from page 39)

So Mrs. O'Brien watched, while Margaret drew slow, conscientious strokes on the white paper. Strokes that brought into being a girl with long, tawny hair and oblique green eyes and a necklace of obviously expensive pearls. In short, a Glamor Girl. "Like a movie star," Margaret explained helpfully.

let's pretend . . .

Because to Margaret, a movie star is Lana Turner or Greer Garson, or somebody like that. The fact that she herself is rapidly turning into America's Sweetheart and is co-starred with some of the biggest names in Hollywood, doesn't mean a thing to her. Not that she doesn't like it. She's crazy about it. Acting is like eating ice cream every day in the week and twice on Sundays. It's wonderful because it's what she likes best in all the world. It's a game of "Let's Pretend," but instead of playing it by herself at home, she plays it at the studio on a great big set made just for the game, and with people like Judy Garland and Robert Young and June Allyson to play it with her.

Once in a while the "Let's Pretend" game gets almost *too* exciting. Like the time during the shooting of "For Our Vines Have Tender Grapes." There was a scene that sounded as if it was going to be wonderful fun. Margaret and Jackie Jenkins (her favorite co-actor) were to be afloat on the deep in a wooden bathtub. They were supposed to be asleep and not know the tub had floated off. The scene was to be shot on the lake at Metro, and Margaret looked forward to it with considerable enthusiasm. She isn't sure just when she stopped *pretending* to be scared and started being really and truly frightened. But all of a sudden, it was as if they were on a real ocean, floating around in this flimsy old tub. The waves were like towering, grey cliffs, ready to fall on them and bury them forever. The tub whirled madly, and Margaret and Jackie clutched each other in panic.

"We're *supposed* to be scared," Margaret said, trying to keep her voice from shaking. "They *want* us to be scared, for the picture."

"Not this scared," quavered Jackie in a small voice.

Margaret's heart banged madly in her chest, like the hooves of a runaway horse. How fast could your heart go, anyway, without stopping entirely? Sometimes people died of fright, and maybe it was because their hearts beat so fast that they cracked right in two. Would it be better to die of fright, or to drown, Margaret wondered unhappily.

The tub gave a horrible lurch. It felt as if it was going to turn over. Margaret said a quick, little girl's prayer. "Please, God, take care of Jackie and me, and make this silly old bathtub act like it's s'posed to." Then above the slap of the waves came another, a familiar sound. A voice yelled "Cut! That's it, boys." And Margaret's breath, which had been chasing itself like a kitten after its tail, came out in a long, relieved sigh. She and Jackie sat up, and the waves magically died, and a few feet away was the boatload of expert swimmers assigned by Metro to guard its bathtub full of valuable property. As the tub was pulled ashore, Mrs. O'Brien came up hurriedly.

"Were you frightened, honey? The waves got pretty high."

"We-e-ll, we were a *little* frightened," Margaret told her, with dignity. "We wouldn't have wanted the tub to turn over and spoil the take."

Life on the set isn't usually quite that thrilling. But it's always fun. Margaret begins getting ready for it the moment she wakes up in the morning. She knows what scenes she'll do that day, because she's memorized them the night before. The hard way. You see, when you've just had your eighth birthday and you haven't really started school yet, you can't learn your lines by reading them, the way other people do. You learn them by having your mother read them to you, over and over, and they sort of percolate around in your head all night and by morning you've turned into the person you're going to play that day.

For instance, if you're Tooty, the problem child of "Meet Me In St. Louis," you don't help mother and Aunt Marissa get you dressed. Of course not, because then you wouldn't be a *problem* child. You stall around and hide your shoes and throw your brush across the room, and when they expostulate, you widen your brown eyes at them and say, "But I'm practicing my part!' Anyway, that's what Margaret did. Until after a few mornings of this sort of thing, Mrs. O'Brien said firmly, "No more nonsense. You're Tooty on the set, but at home you're Margaret



3 Main Deodorant Troubles—
WHICH IS YOURS?

"ARMPIT PIMPLES?"
(Due to irritating chemicals)



You don't need to offend your armpits to avoid offending others! A new-type deodorant—Yodora—is made entirely without irritating metallic salts! Actually soothing to normal skins.

CREAM GOES GRAINY?



Now you can end this waste! Yodora never dries and grains. Yodora—because it is made with a cream base—stays smooth as a fine face cream to the last!

TOO STIFF TO SPREAD?



Such creams are outmoded forever by Yodora. Soft, delicate, exquisite—Yodora feels like whipped cream. Amazing—that such a fragrant, lovely cream can give such effective powerful protection.

Frankly, we believe you won't even finish your present supply of deodorant once you try *different* Yodora. So much lovelier! Yet you get *powerful protection.* Yodora never fades or rots clothes—has been awarded Seal of Approval of the Better Fabrics Testing Bureau, Inc. In tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢. McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.



YODORA *deodorant cream*

who gets a spanking if she doesn't behave." Oh, well, it was fun while it lasted!

Margaret *can* dress herself, but it's a long and involved process, so it's simpler on working days for her mother and Marissa to do it for her. One thing she is very particular about is her hair. It's shining brown and very, very straight, and she likes to wear it in two plump pigtails. Shoes are important to her, also. She loves to have them match her dresses. Her favorite costume is a blue dress that they bought when they were in Mexico City, blue shoes to go with it, and a blue ribbon for her hair. Decked out in this finery, Margaret looks down her small nose at any amount of ermine and sables and orchids which happen by.

That trip to Mexico City was quite a thing. Margaret had a beautiful time. Her favorite spot in the city was, curiously, the shrine of Gaudalupe, the Mexican Virgin Mary. Margaret is very religious and she loved the legend of the robe which hangs in the shrine of Guadalupe. Mrs. O'Brien overheard her telling a friend her version of the story, like this—

"You see, there was this Indian boy, and he was a very good boy, only nobody knew it. This was way back in the Spaniard time. One day he was just dying and the vision of Guadalupe appeared to him. He told people and they laughed, but he opened up his robe, and there was the vision, painted-like, on the inside of it. When the Pope heard about it," Margaret added meditatively, "he was kind of startled. But they hung the robe in the shrine, and they let me right in close to see it."

no spik englis . . .

Margaret didn't spend all her time at the shrine, of course. She and her mother and Marissa saw a lot of the country around Mexico City. One day they drove up into a hill village, and while the others attended to some business, Margaret played happily with a group of bronzed, pleasantly dirty little Mexican children. By the time they were ready to go home, Margaret had gone native. She'd grabbed an old black scarf Marissa had left in the car and put it over her head. Gold earrings, from heaven knows where, were decorating her small ears, and she had discarded her shoes entirely and was running around barefoot. Anyone who came along and addressed her in English got a cold reception. "No spik Englis," Margaret informed them, with a baleful stare, and would then proudly rattle off the half dozen Spanish words she knew, regardless of the fact that they made no sense whatever.

One night in Mexico City, Mrs. O'Brien asked the hotel to provide a trustworthy nursemaid to stay with Margaret for the evening. The nursemaid arrived—calm, capable, and named Guadalupe after the Virgin. Margaret loved her on sight, and Guadalupe obviously thought this little girl came straight from heaven. She couldn't be separated from Margaret while they were there, and when they finally came back to California, Guadalupe came right along and is now as much a part of the O'Brien household as Maggie, the Chinese cocker spaniel Margaret adores, or Francesca, the canary.

Francesca is chartreuse, with intelligent black eyes. She is definitely a one-woman canary, and ignores everyone but Margaret with monumental disdain. Margaret picked the canary out herself—almost drove the man in the pet shop out of his mind, before she finally selected Francesca. The next thing was training the bird, and she has really done a fine job of it.

"It isn't so hard," she explained to someone who was impressed by the





An exciting medium shade that helps make your lips marvelously memorable. One of six of the seasons' most becoming colors available in Stadium Girl Lipstick. Stadium Girl—long a kissable favorite — is now made from a new formula giving it a smoother-than-ever texture. New, attractive, plastic, fast-acting push-up container . . . Enjoy the allure of luscious lips. Let Stadium Girl Lipstick—in Sunset Pink—help you have them. Ask for it at your nearest five-and-ten cent store. 10¢ and 25¢ sizes (plus tax)

Six captivating colors:

Sunset Pink	(medium)
Cherry Red	(medium light)
Orchid	
Tropic	(medium dark)
Ruby	(dark)
Burgundy	(very dark)

Leading 10¢ stores also carry Stadium Girl Cake Makeup . . . Stadium Girl Rouge . . . and the new beautiful Stadium Girl Compacts.

"HOLLYWOOD EXTRA"
THEATRICAL COLD CREAM
The stars' cleansing cream that fits extra girls' budgets...Now millions of smart women everywhere agree... "it's foolish to pay more."



BIG ½ LB. TIN or JAR
Sensibly Priced at
25¢

AT ALL 5-10-25c STORES
THE RABIN COMPANY, LOS ANGELES

Gold and Silver CHARMS by Lampl
CREATORS of the UNUSUAL as USUAL*
*Reg. No. 13280



• Exquisite charms by Lampl are enduring tokens of good fortune. Hundreds of fascinating subjects. At better stores.

Walter Lampl 608 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 20
OVER A QUARTER CENTURY makers of Gold Jewelry for the jeweler

canary's tameness. "We kept her in a small room at first, and so she got used to not flying around. I talked and talked to her, and she understood me."

Apparently, she does. Anyway, she lights on Margaret's shoulder and eats birdseed from her hand and seems to enjoy the whole situation. When they came to New York, Francesca came with them and livened the journey for Margaret.

"We let her fly around the compartment, and she never once tried to fly out," Margaret said complacently. "She likes us."

Of course, once in a while, Francesca, like all pets, gets a bit temperamental. She describes chartreuse parabolas through the air above Margaret's head and won't be coaxed down by offers of any amount of birdseed. But her young owner has evolved a system to handle this situation. Margaret turns out all the lights (she can see in the dark like a cat, this child) and then spots Francesca and sneaks up on her quietly. Presto—one caged canary!

Margaret loved their recent trip to New York. Everything was so exciting. She had lots of little boys and girls to play with, and she'd rather have playmates than anything. Elsa Maxwell gave a birthday party for her, which made her blissfully happy. There was an enormous cake and lots of presents. Margaret acquired a beau at that party. This isn't a gossip column, so we won't tell you his name, but he was a year older than Margaret, and he fell pretty hard. Took to calling her up several times a day, and following them around town. He finally sent her two dozen American Beauty roses. Margaret eyed them dreamily.

"They're not only awfully pretty," she told Marissa, "but they make me feel so *popular*."

kid stuff . . .

Young Walter Winchell, Jr., called at the O'Brien suite one day to escort Margaret to a children's party. She wasn't dressed yet when he arrived. Girls never are, they love to keep men waiting, of course. So Walter had a talk with Marissa.

"How old is Margaret?" he inquired.

"She just had her eighth birthday."

He looked slightly disillusioned. "Really? I thought she was nine. I'm ten, myself."

"Sometimes she seems older," said Marissa hastily.

"Oh, sure." He brightened. "In pictures you'd think she was seventeen or something, the way she steals scenes." He brooded a moment. "Say, will we have to *dance* at this party?"

Marissa wasn't sure. "I can't dance a step," Walter told her, worried.

Marissa grinned. "Neither can Margaret. She's taken a few lessons—Norma Shearer has had some of the kids over at her house on Sunday afternoons with a teacher, but I don't believe Margaret could cope with a partner."

"We'll sit them out," Walter said in a relieved tone.

One night the O'Briens went to the St. Regis, where Margaret was fascinated by a ventriloquist act which featured a dummy called "Alkali Ike." The next morning she named her pet doll Ike, and for days she drove her mother quietly crazy by talking out of the side of her mouth in a hoarse "Alkali Ike" voice. It was all right when just the family were there, but it had a sinister effect on visitors who weren't used to Margaret's imagination.

In Hollywood, the O'Briens live in a small apartment. *Very* small, in view of Margaret's star status and the amount of "keeping up with the Joneses" usually done in the cinema city. But Mrs. O'Brien

doesn't want her daughter to get any delusions of grandeur. She is to live a simple, normal life like any other little girl of eight. She has certain duties to perform—she sets the table and straightens up her room and occasionally thinks up transparent excuses to get out of these tasks, even as you and I. One thing she likes to do is mix salad dressing. She does it with a grave, headwaiterish air, and the dressing is wonderful. Margaret always has an enormous appetite. She doesn't like milk or vegetables, but she eats quantities of fruit and cottage cheese. Of course steak is her favorite food. This proved a little embarrassing one night when they went out to dinner at a restaurant. Steak was on the menu and Mrs. O'Brien said, "You and I might have one between us, honey."

starvin' star . . .

Margaret assumed the expression of a blind man who has just been robbed of his life savings. She looked pathetically at the waiter. "Im *so* hungry," she said, with a heart-breaking catch in her voice. "I really *need* a great, big, juicy steak all to myself." The waiter gave Mrs. O'Brien an accusing, so-you're-trying-to-starve-the-kid stare, and Margaret got her steak.

But don't think she always gets her own way. Far from it. Each case is decided on its merits, and mother can be very firm indeed. One time Joe Pasternak presented Margaret with a pony. "Darling, it's too bad, but you can't possibly keep it," Mrs. O'Brien said regretfully. "We have no place for it, and it costs a fortune to board a horse at the stables."

"We could move to a house, mother. With a stable and a meadow where the pony could run around. Then I could have a collie dog, too!" This last has been her ambition for a long time.

"I'm sorry, honey, but it's impossible. Maybe in a year or so. But now we're better off in the apartment."

Margaret didn't give up so easily. The next day Mrs. O'Brien came downstairs just in time to hear her daughter talking in a low, confidential voice to the manager of the apartment house. "You see, Mr. Pasternak gave me this pony. It's a very well behaved pony, and I thought maybe you wouldn't mind if we kept him in the hall closet. He's a small pony and it's a *large* closet." Her brown eyes were so pleading that it's quite possible the manager, hypnotized by their gaze, would have said, "Go right ahead, Margaret. Anything you want," if Mrs. O'Brien hadn't intervened.

Margaret is learning to ride horseback, and she has a naturally good seat and what riders call "good hands." No wonder, for her mother was a circus rider for four years and had an idea, originally, that Margaret might become one, too. But that was before Destiny—and Hollywood—took over. Margaret's first experience with a horse was nearly disastrous. She climbed on, and the groom let go of the animal's bridle. The horse promptly bolted out of the ring while everyone gasped and gave small, helpless screams. Margaret kept her head. Instead of trying to stay on while the horse bolted, she waited until he slowed down for a corner and slid off into the grass by the road. She was only bruised and it was by far the wisest thing she could have done.

poor horsey . . .

"It wasn't the horse's fault," she told her mother. "He thought I knew how to ride."

She had a little trouble riding a calf one time, too. She got on confidently enough. *Anybody* could ride a calf. But the calf had other ideas. "He kept putting his head down." Margaret explained, ag-



First Choice

OF PARTICULAR WOMEN EVERYWHERE

Women everywhere, including stage and screen beauties who demand absolute perfection in coiffure, insist on *Super-Foamy* Mar-o-Oil Shampoo. They consider it the inimitable "three-purpose" shampoo because it (1) cleanses so quickly and easily with oceans of lively, rich, abundant foam; (2) brings many of the unique benefits of an oil shampoo; (3) rinses out completely without the use of lemon or vinegar, yet leaves the hair soft, lustrously adorable, and easy to arrange. *Super-Foamy* Mar-o-Oil can be used effectively on any color or texture of hair.

The manufacturers of the world's largest selling (and the *Original*) Oil Shampoo—Mar-o-Oil—make *Super-Foamy* Mar-o-Oil. It contains pure, soothing, deftly-blended ingredients—no harsh chemicals, alcohol, or caustics. You, too, will like its fast, gentle, thorough cleansing action. Get a bottle today at your favorite beauty counter, or ask your hairdresser for a professional *Super-Foamy* Mar-o-Oil shampoo.



Try It Today!

Mar-o-Oil
Super-Foamy SHAMPOO

"Problem" HAIR
made lovely again

See how much more you can *do with* your hair,
how much more your hair can *do for* you . . .
after an Admiracion shampoo. Be through with



your hair problem! Dirt, loose dandruff, soap
film float away . . . and there is all your hair's natural,
shining softness! When it looks and feels like that,
your hair is so quick and easy to fix that it's *fun* . . .
and your hair's more fun to show off too!
Admiracion Shampoo, at home or at your hairdresser's
. . . red carton for the no-lather type,
green carton for the foamy type.

ADMIRACION Shampoo



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

became beautiful because she was beautiful inside. She thought it was a lovely play, but being heroine put no ideas into her head.

At twelve, life became real and earnest. High school loomed ahead, and with it, the frightening discovery that she'd have to choose her own courses.

"But how will I know what to choose?"

"There's only one way," said Mother. "Think how you want to earn your living later on, and choose accordingly."

"But how can you tell? Suppose you change your mind?"

Mother laughed, which right away made the whole thing less terrifying. "You don't have to sign a contract, darling. Lots of people change their minds—"

"Well," said Jeanne slowly, "all I ever wanted to be was an artist."

The Sister who taught art at St. Mary's was wonderful. They painted lovely Madonnas in oils, and Jeanne read all the lives of the old masters, and thought how she'd start off as a humble apprentice to some great-souled DaVinci or Michaelangelo whose prize pupil she'd be, and then in the end she'd rise to fame herself. Only all the great painters were men, which worried her, till she discovered Madame Vigee-LeBrun and took heart. "If *she* could," thought Jeanne, "*I* can." Of course Vigee-LeBrun was no Raphael, but you could always start modestly and go on from there . . .

Yes, and you can dream just so long. One day Jeanne woke up, having read a book by Dean Cornwell about the artist in the modern world. It seems the Renaissance had been dead these many years and there were no great masters you could sit at the feet of, and to make any money you had to draw advertising posters or design costumes, which was a far cry from Madonnas and held no appeal for Jeanne at all. What to do now? She was lost in the Twentieth Century. She should have been born four hundred years ago—

"That would make you dead," said Rita, the practical, "and you wouldn't be going to the Junior Prom—"

The girls at St. Mary's and the boys at Loyola sort of grew up together. The first dance you went to was the Loyola Junior Prom. If you didn't have a date, the Sisters arranged one for you. A charm expert came to explain about make-up and clothes. You brought your dress to school for approval—the neckline mustn't be too low, and there had to be some kind of sleeve, even just a puff . . .

The brother of one of her classmates asked Jeanne to the Prom. Rita and Mother went shopping with her. "We want it to be the prettiest dress in town," Mother said. They must have shopped for three days and at last they found it—blue silk net with pink rosebuds, yards and yards round the bottom. Silver wedge-heeled slippers, a little silver bag and, to cap it all, a black velvet cloak, the hood lined with white fur.

first date . . .

She started dressing two hours ahead of time. She was scared to death. When you're fifteen and haven't danced very much, the big mystery is following. How can you be sure you'll know how? (A little powder and lipstick. She felt funny about the lipstick, but that's what the charm expert said.) Suppose she stumbled, she'd die of embarrassment. (Her naturally curly hair was easy to fix. The dress was perfect. No jewelry. As little decoration as possible, Mother always said. Just the corsage of lovely pink rosebuds the boy had sent.) If only her heart would stop pounding, if only the first dance were over, and she *knew* she could follow—

Granny and Auntie Bee had come over,

and they were all gathered round to see her off. They didn't say much—the boy was waiting—but she could tell they thought she looked all right—

Well, there was nothing to it, no mystery at all—you simply followed. She had a perfectly wonderful time. It was a program dance, and her card was filled, and they had sandwiches and punch and 12:30 came too soon. Mother hadn't waited up on purpose—when you're old enough to go to a dance, she said, you're old enough not to be waited up for. But Jeanne woke her, and Rita came in, and she told them all about it in detail, and then she put the program card away with her treasures.

There was a beauty contest for Miss California at the Coliseum that summer. One of the bandleaders was a friend of theirs and invited them down. To the Crains, it was just a Saturday night's outing. They didn't know Fate was around, pointing a finger. "That poetic-looking child with the chestnut hair," said Fate. "Time we got her started out as a movie star—"

For ways that are dark, Bret Harte's Oriental has nothing on Fate. That character seemed to be starting Jeanne out in reverse. True, she was picked from the audience as a contestant. True, she won third place and the title of Miss Long Beach, though they should have disqualified her for not being eighteen. True, the winners were treated to a day at RKO, and someone came over to Jeanne at the luncheon table and said, "Orson Welles would like to talk to you. Could you have tea with him this afternoon?"

If the girl had said Joe Smith, it would have been exciting. So there's no word in the dictionary to describe the impact of the Wellesian name on Jeanne. At home, they never missed one of his programs. He was a god and a shining light and he'd asked Jeanne to tea. Yet only her eyes betrayed what went on inside. "I think I can," she said quietly.

Mother could always tell when something big had happened to Jeanne. Not that she squealed or leaped or went into frenzies. Flushed cheeks and starry eyes were the only outward signs. Except for one thing. She always came running—calling "Mother!" before she got there.

"Mother! I had tea with Orson Welles. He thinks I might do for Lucy in 'Magnificent Ambersons'—"

That night they got the book from the library, and read it through again. Mr. Welles sent a script over and set a day for the test. Mother went along, but waited in somebody's office. Close enough to be a bulwark, she said, and not close enough to get into Jeanne's hair . . .

There was no rehearsal, and she'd never acted before except in "Scarface." She'd never even *thought* of being an actress, as Rita had. When the test was over, Mr. Welles said he'd call in a day or so. But when he called, he asked for Mother—

Jeanne listened tensely. "I see—." "I understand, Mr. Welles—." "I'm sorry too, but you've been very kind—." "Yes, of course I'll tell her—."

tried and found wanting . . .

She turned from the phone to her daughter's stricken face. "It's not as bad as all that, darling—." Mr. Welles was disappointed, yes—the quality he'd seen in her hadn't come through on the screen—she was either too young or too untrained to project it— But he thought she had possibilities and advised her to study—

Jeanne burst into sobs, which wasn't like her, ran to her room and wept scalding tears into her pillow. She'd had her chance and missed it. Some people never got a chance. Orson Welles himself had given her one, and she hadn't been good enough. That was what hurt most, that

Want to be Woo-some? Then . . . Be "Toothsome"



This little lady's brilliant smile is selling Bonds like hot cakes. Smart girl—to know that *super-fine* Pebeco cleans teeth better. "Pebeco doesn't wash right away when you start to clean your teeth," she says. "Stays with your brush and *polishes!*"



What does it? Pebeco Tooth Powder's special combination of polishing agents. *Micro-fine,* non-abrasive—Pebeco particles cling to your teeth—hold onto your toothbrush while you polish. Why wouldn't your teeth be *super*-clean and shining?



Brighten up your smile with Pebeco Powder. See how beautifully your teeth can sparkle . . . how grand and fresh your mouth can feel. Pebeco tastes so minty—so zippy! For a *super-fine* smile, get *super-fine* Pebeco Powder and use it regularly!

Pebeco Pete says:



60% MORE POWDER FOR YOUR MONEY, FOLKS, THAN AVERAGE OF 6 OTHER LEADING BRANDS



PEBECO
TOOTH POWDER
Super-fine for Super Shine

GIANT SIZE ONLY 25¢
Big 10¢ size, too

Copyright 1945, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

ALSO PEBECO TOOTH PASTE—CLEAN, REFRESHING FLAVOR—10¢, 25¢ AND 50¢

she hadn't been good enough—

Mother must have told Rita and Dad, who tried to act as if nothing had happened. So did Jeanne. But in the middle of the night, Mother heard her crying again and came in—

"Darling, you *must* stop. It's not the end of the world. He said he still believes in you—you can try again—."

That was where Fate bowed out and Jeanne took over. That's when she made up her mind to be an actress. A challenge had been hurled, and a challenge does something to Jeanne. When anyone says, "You can't," she says, "I will."

She began reading plays like mad. At Inglewood High School she went in for dramatics, and Miss Lawrence, the coach, gave her lots of encouragement. To please Dad, she and Rita had transferred to Inglewood, where he taught, though leaving St. Mary's was almost like leaving home. When the bell rang that first day, Jeanne forgot where she was and knelt down for prayers.

grid queen . . .

But Inglewood High was nice too, and there were exciting new things like football games. Jeanne wondered if she ought to use make-up like the other girls, but some of the boys seemed to like her not using it, so she didn't—because they expected her not to. In February she had all her credits, but took a couple of special courses so as to graduate with her class in June. And she was elected Grid Queen. The votes were counted at a Friday evening football game that Jeanne wouldn't go to—she felt a little shy. Then the crowd came up to the house and put on a rib—said what a shame she hadn't won and carried on for an hour before they broke down and told her. At the big game she was carried around by four stalwart players in a sedan chair, and felt 90% thrilled and 10% silly.

In the Fall she was going to Stanford, and take a lot of dramatic work. But in April everything happened at once—

It was just that they had nothing special to do that Sunday. Earlier in the week, a friend had phoned and told Mother about this Camera Queen contest at Long Beach. Mother told Jeanne, and Jeanne said no. She didn't like contests, especially in bathing suits—

"You wear them on the beach," Rita argued.

"That's different. Everybody wears them on the beach. Nobody pays any special attention to *you*—"

So the subject was dropped—for good, Jeanne thought. Only the minute they got home from church Sunday morning, Rita started in again. "I've got a hunch about it, Jeanne, and you know my hunches. *Please*—just this once—and I'll never nag you again. You ask her, Mother, she'll go if you say so. Besides, it's such a lovely day for a ride—"

Mother looked uncertainly from girl to girl. "What can you lose, Jeanne?"

So she gave in, and Rita ran for the teal blue bathing suit that turned Jeanne's eyes green. Dad saw his women off with an indulgent smile—silly business, he thought, but let them enjoy themselves. Not that he thought Jeanne would enjoy it much.

At the place where you registered, she got cold feet. "It's awful to make yourself so conspicuous—"

Rita brushed past her. "I'm going to cross the Rubicon for you. Then you *can't* back out—"

She went up to the desk. "Are you entering?" asked the man.

"No, but my sister is, and she'll win, too—"

From then on, she watched her charge like a hawk. Till Jeanne sighed: "If only I had a gardenia for my hair. I'd feel sort of more *dressed*—"

"Keep an eye on her, Mother," warned Rita and was gone. Back a few minutes later, she tucked the flower into Jeanne's

I SAW IT HAPPEN



George Brent stepped out of the stage door of the Columbia Broadcasting Building and was besieged for autographs. Many handed him slips of paper, all with the inscription: "Please send an autographed picture to the address given here." After wearily signing autographs for a solid hour, Brent hopped into his roadster with a "thank you" to his fans for asking for his signature (indeed a rarity). Halfway up the block, some of the tiny scraps of paper flew from the window of the slowly moving car. With many stars, I am sure, the precious little papers would have just lain in the street—not so with George Brent! He stopped the car, got out, picked up all the white scraps, waved to the wide-mouthed fans, and rode on his way.

Speak against Brent, brother, and here's one Brent-convert you will have to contend with!

T/S Stanley Weitz,
San Francisco,
California.



NOW . . . try the SHAMPOO
THAT CONTAINS ITS OWN
Rinsing Agent
goes into action when plain rinse water is applied

A Shampoo for the whole Family

NOW AVAILABLE for you . . . Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo combines mild Cocoanut Oil and vegetable oils into a perfectly blended shampoo. As recognized authorities on hair care for over 50 years, The F. W. Fitch Company ask you to try this beauty shampoo.

LEAVES HAIR SOFTER . . . NOT "DRYING" . . . Helps make your hair feel surprisingly softer . . . look silkier. After shampooing, your hair will have a lovely, soft gloss and be easy to manage.

"MOUNTAINS" OF LATHER . . . In either hard or soft water, a small amount gives huge swirls of billowy lather that loosens and floats away all dirt, dust and other hair accumulations.

A TRUE BEAUTY SHAMPOO . . . Brings out the natural beauty of your hair by revealing those shy highlights that lend glamour to every hairstyle.

PATENTED RINSING AGENT . . . Makes rinsing a simple, easy job. This special agent goes into action with the rinse water to carry away remaining particles. No special after-rinse is required . . . hair and scalp are left immaculately clean, refreshed.

DELIGHTFULLY FRAGRANT . . . You'll like the clean, fresh scent of this clear liquid shampoo. It leaves your hair with a pleasing, delicate fragrance. Try Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

FOR DANDRUFF

. . . Ask for and use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo . . . the only shampoo made whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the *first* application is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms. No other shampoo can make this statement. At drug counters . . . barber and beauty shops.



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



At Drug Counters GENEROUS 6-oz. BOTTLE 50¢

Fitch's SAPONIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

The F. W. FITCH COMPANY, Des Moines 6, Iowa • Bayonne, N. J. • Los Angeles 21, Cal. • Toronto 2, Canada

hair. "There you are, lamb. All ready for the slaughter—."

Fifty girls on a rose-bowered platform. One girl in teal blue, a gardenia in her hair. Number 19—a favorite from the start. The crowd clapped like mad, egged on by a blonde child in their midst. "Yell for No. 19," yelled Rita. And no matter how loud they yelled, you could hear Rita's voice above all the rest.

the winnah . . .

The semi-finals. The finals. And then the winnah! Jeanne Crain. They gave her a cup, cameras clicked all over the place, people closed in for autographs. Rita dashed to a phone to call Dad, and dashed back in triumph, reporting that even Dad was thrilled. In the car, going home, Jeanne was spent but happy. She turned her weary head to smile at Rita. "My public," she murmured.

A friend who heard the story and saw the pictures knew Max Reinhardt. Reinhardt then held an option on "Song of Bernadette." "He ought to see Jeanne," said the friend. "Jeanne's the type for Bernadette. I'm going to call him—."

A week later, Jeanne was in the Reinhardt living room, reading a scene from "Bernadette" to the producer and his wife and a few others. When she'd finished, they all talked in German, which she didn't understand, but their faces looked pleased and the family friend said that Reinhardt wanted to test her.

Just before they left, Mrs. Reinhardt gave her two tickets. "For the play at our theater Saturday night. I'd like you to come."

She went with a boy from school. During intermission, a man came up. "I'm Ivan Kahn of Twentieth Century-Fox. I wonder if you'd be interested in a screen test—"

"Well—*naturally*," said Jeanne.

He took her phone number and said he'd call on Monday. And then it got a little embarrassing. All the studio talent scouts cover these shows as a matter of course. But when you're standing there with a boy, and two more men come up and ask if you'd like a screen test, making three altogether, you feel sort of self-conscious. The other two were Solly Biano of Warners' and Milt Lewis of Paramount. Jeanne said naturally she'd like a test, only Mr. Kahn had talked to her first.

Then she looked at the boy, and they both laughed. And she asked him not to say anything at school, because she hated talking about things like that—anyway, till you had something to talk about.

Except to the family, of course. That night Mrs. Crain heard Jeanne come running, calling "Mother!" before she got there—

Rita was hardest to hold down. Jeanne finally had to make her vow to keep mum—

"All right," she vowed. "But if I explode into many small pieces, they'll be on your head."

The call came Monday morning. Monday afternoon she read a scene from "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Thursday, she tested. In the mirror she didn't know herself. All that make-up and a slinky hairdo and an evening dress that would have looked wonderful on a Ziegfeld girl. Her heart sank. "It's not me they want. It's somebody else entirely—."

They signed her, though. Mother went with her, and she felt all tight inside, but looked calm where it showed. And that night they had dinner and general rejoicing at Granny's. Rita went kind of crazy. "My sister's in the movies," she kept squealing. "Wait till I tell the girls I've got a sister in the movies!"

Mr. Zanuck came back from the Service, but Jeanne couldn't know that would make



Your daughter *wants to know* but hates to ask...

about these intimate physical facts

IT'S your sacred duty to instruct your daughter how important douching often is to womanly charm, health and happiness. It may spare her years of unhappiness in her married life ahead.

But *first*—make sure *your own* information is just as modern, up-to-date as it can be! And it WILL BE if you tell her how important Zonite is for the douche—how no other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested is *so powerful yet so safe to delicate tissues.*

Smart Young Brides No Longer Use Weak Or Harmful Preparations

Certainly no well informed mother would think of telling her daughter to use weak, old-fashioned, homemade mixtures. Because these DO NOT and CAN NOT offer the great germicidal and deodorant action of *modern* Zonite.

On the other hand don't go to the other extreme and use overstrong solutions of harmful poisons which may burn, severely irritate, harden or damage delicate tissues. *With Zonite you take no such risk!*

Discovery of a World-Famous Surgeon and Renowned Chemist

Zonite *instantly* destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It is so *powerfully effective* that no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that it will not kill on contact. Of course it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE OF THIS! No other germicide kills germs any *faster* or *more thoroughly*. Zonite instantly kills all *reachable* living germs and keeps them from multiplying.

Despite its great strength—Zonite is so safe to delicate tissues you can use it as directed as often as you wish without risk of danger. All drugstores.

Zonite
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

FREE!

For frank discussion of intimate physical facts—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. 504 J. 370 Lexington Ave., New York, 17, N. Y., and receive enlightening FREE booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

"SOAPING" DULLS HAIR
HALO GLORIFIES IT!



Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

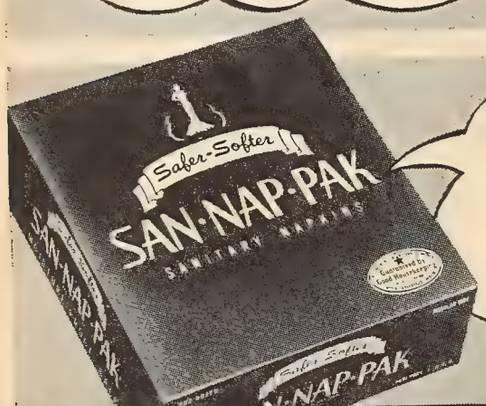
1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it . . . leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap . . . made with a new type patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film!
3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse . . . Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant!
5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! Get Halo Shampoo today . . . in 10¢ or larger sizes.



REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!

SANAPAK—
The New-Design Sanitary Napkin Gives You
Triple Protection!





I GIVE YOU *EXTRA COMFORT*, TOO! FOR I'M FACED WITH FINE SOFT COTTON!

Say SANAPAK and be SAFE!

any difference to her. He didn't know she was alive—

too much nothin' . . .

Sometimes she thought nobody else did, either. Except the dramatic coach. Twice a day she'd go out to work with the dramatic coach, just to show she was eager. But after four months the eager wings drooped a little. She got awfully tired of flapping them in one room . . .

When the message came, she was out in the backyard, drying her hair . . .

"Mr. Zanuck's office calling. Mr. Zanuck wants to see all the people they signed while he was gone. Can you be here in an hour?"

It didn't enter her head to dress up. She went as she was, in slacks, with a kerchief round her hair. There was this long green office, and she thought she'd never get to the desk, but in two minutes she was talking to Mr. Zanuck as if she'd known him always. Right away he asked how old she was and where she'd gone to school. In a couple of sentences he found out she knew French, and talked it to her. She had a wonderful time, didn't feel awkward a bit when he asked her to get up and walk around the room so he could see what she looked like. She even asked him about her hair—people were constantly saying she wore it too long—

"I don't want you to change it at all," Mr. Zanuck said. "I like you as you are." Which was a great relief.

Then he said he wanted her to test for "Home In Indiana," and gave her the script. She fell in love with the part—especially because of the pigtails and blue jeans and no make-up. Three days later they sent for her, and—that's the funny thing about studios—they don't come right out and say, "You're going to do it." They call you in and start talking about clothes and profiles and tell you to stand over there and turn around, and you're afraid to believe you've got it because anything can happen. Of course in the end you're just as happy, but it's not as exciting as if they said, "It's yours," or shouted, "Eureka, a star is born!" and you fainted or something. . . .

location lark . . .

After that, it was one thrill on top of another. Going on location to Kentucky, when she'd never been out of California before. Learning to drive and ride. She wouldn't tell them she'd never been on a horse, she just climbed up and hung on. Acting in her first picture. Strangely enough, she wasn't nervous at all—probably because of no worry about clothes and make-up. And because she and Lon McCallister got along so well together that they felt more like Char and Sparke than themselves. Then, later, the opening at Indianapolis and a big banquet and selling seven million dollars worth of War Bonds and auctioning off a filly named Jeanne Crain. Right after the dinner she and Mother had to catch a train, so they never did see the picture till they got home. By then Rita'd seen it thirteen times. Even Dad had gone three times. And Grandfather, who once owned horses, was specially pleased by the way she handled them. Jeanne didn't think she was as good as they thought she was, but she was glad they thought so.

Since then, the best thing has been "State Fair." And working with Mr. Cukor in "Winged Victory." He taught her so many things—like how to cry from inside, which she'd never been able to do, because she'd never had very much to cry about.

When Mr. Perlberg sent for her, she had no idea what for. That's why she left his office and walked down the hall in a kind of trance, with the script hugged

up to her. Somebody stopped her—she still doesn't know who—

"What's this great light in your face? Been seeing visions?"

For a moment she didn't answer. Then she hugged the script closer. "Mr. Perlberg just gave me 'State Fair.' With Dana Andrews. And Dick Haymes. In Technicolor. And two songs to sing—"

He looked at her and smiled—the gentlest smile. "It's wonderful, isn't it," he said, "to be Jeanne Crain—"

happily ever after . . .

Two years ago they bought a white house in Westwood. Now they've got a fireplace in the den as well as the living room, and a bedroom for each of the girls. Rita's at UCLA and full of college spirit. Nothing's nice but college, nothing matters but college, she talks college all day long. In a way, they're both living two lives. Jeanne, who planned on college, knows all about it through Rita, who thought she might act and hears all about acting from Jeanne.

Otherwise, things are pretty much the same. Except for Jeanne's sleeping habits. Mother has no trouble getting her up at 5:30 when she's working, and can't get her up at 11 when she's not. Unless she's on a picture, she does her own room, sets the table, helps with dinner and the dishes. Doesn't mind drying, but hates to wash. She'd still rather draw than anything else but act, and Rita's still her model. She takes lessons in sculpture, and hopes to build herself a studio some day. Evenings, she'd read if they let her, only Rita makes her quit to play gin rummy. They go to the movies a lot—to all the good ones and some of the bad ones, just to see how good the good ones are. And Terry still dances the polka, and people still don't believe it when you tell them . . .

Her best friends at Loyola, whom she'd normally go out with, are in the Air Corps. There's no special boy, though she used to see quite a lot of Lon when he was here. They'd lie on the beach at Malibu where he lives, and discuss philosophy and read Conrad together, because he's so mad about the sea. Now they write to each other.

Once in a while she likes to dress up and go dancing—especially the rumba. Her favorite formal's blue and silver with ruffles all the way down the skirt and little wings in the back. She doesn't have many or very expensive clothes—at 19, you don't look particularly natural, all dressed up. But when she's about 25, she'd like to start being quite well-dressed. All the jewelry she owns are a few little keepsake bracelets. She thinks lots of people look well in costume jewelry, but not herself, and of course she can't afford anything real. She does have a special perfume, though. Mother gave them the idea that it was kind of mysterious and romantic to use just one, so people would remember you . . .

"her ideal . . ."

Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck are her movie ideals. She's never met Miss Bergman and, to tell the truth, she doesn't know Mr. Peck very well, either. But he's nice to everyone, and he must have seen her hanging adoringly round the set of "Keys of the Kingdom." Because he spoke to her once, and she got so flustered she couldn't think what to say, except: "It must be wonderful to work with Ingrid Bergman."

She won't say what his answer was. But we sleuthed and found out.

"Yes," said the nice Mr. Peck. "You know what they call her, don't you? They call her the Jeanne Crain of the Selznick lot."

See THE DIFFERENCE! *Feel* THE DIFFERENCE!



My one cream instantly beautifies your skin — and the *"Patch Test"* proves it!

See and feel your skin become fresher, clearer, younger-textured!

I don't just SAY that Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream does wonderful things for your skin. I PROVE it—prove it by means of the "Patch Test"!

Just choose a part of your face that is too oily, or too dry—or where you have a few blackheads or big pores. Rub Lady Esther Face Cream on that one part of your face, and wipe it off. Wipe it off *completely*. Then see how that patch of skin takes on new freshness and clarity! Touch it—feel it! Feel how the dry rough flakes are gone!

What happens to that one patch of skin will happen to your *entire face* when you use Lady Esther Face Cream. *For it does the 4 things your skin needs most for beauty!* (1) It thoroughly *cleans* your skin. (2) *It softens* your skin. (3) It helps nature *refine* the pores. (4) It leaves a smooth, perfect *base* for powder.

Make the *"Patch Test"* Tonight!

See *with your own eyes* the difference Lady Esther Face Cream makes in your skin! Make the "Patch Test"—and compare the results with the results you get from any cream you've ever used, regardless of price! The proof's in your own mirror. Make the "Patch Test" and *compare!*







Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream



Be flower-fresh! Take your bath. Then sprinkle every inch of your skin with lovely Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Now you're one sweet spring song! Exquisitely dainty. *Fresh* as a beautiful flower.



Be a smoothie! Give those chafable places, those little trouble spots, some extra Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Sprinkle it on before you dress. All day long benefit from its silky-smooth sheath of protection.



Be a fastidious lady! Use Cashmere Bouquet Talc generously and often. It keeps your skin cool and comfortable . . . and sets your daintiness on high with its flower-fresh scent, *the fragrance men love.*



Such an inexpensive luxury—— 10¢ and 20¢ sizes

CASHMERE BOUQUET TALC

with the fragrance men love

BUY AND KEEP BUYING MORE WAR BONDS



COLOR COLOR COLOR

holds the eye!

- See how vivid Royledge captures your attention.
- Makes decorating easy. Just fold the border down!
- Keeps the kitchen sparkling. Colorful double-thick edge won't curl in steam or heat. No laundering needed.
- So much, for so little! Only 6¢ for 9 feet.
- See the rainbow of merry colors at your 5 & 10, neighborhood, or dept. store, today.

Royledge SHELVING

MOTHER AND I REMEMBER

(Continued from page 41)



1928—They tell me Edmund Lowe got to this sitting late, scrambled wildly into his costume to keep Vic McLaglen from copping all the space. Actually, though, they were good friends. Vic once socked a guy who was heckling Eddie. Here's fiery Lili Damita, when she was tops at Fox and before she married Errol.



1929—From here on, you'll recognize these faces. The girl's Claire Luce with an i, not the Congresswoman. And isn't Bogey the glamor boy! The Fox lot on Pico opened that year, still the prettiest in Hollywood, if I *do* say so.



1930—I remember all the publicity about Connie Bennett's contract, and asking Mother if there was really all that money in the world. We'd moved to H'wood, and I worked in kiddie revues. Mother made my costumes, says she never *could* get them short enough to suit me.



1931---Here's another picture I loved, and every one of us at TC-Fox today is thrilled over the truly talented Jimmy Dunn's great comeback in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." Those were the days when Mother and I haunted Grauman's Chinese and gawked at the footprints. Never expected to plant *my* legs there.



1934—I remember Warner Baxter best in "Cisco Kid," the first outdoor all-talkie. It made history. Raoul Walsh was directing and playing Cisco, when a jackrabbit smashed through his windshield in Zion Park and he lost an eye. Warner replaced him as Cisco, Irving Cummings as director, and both copped Oscars.



1935—Big year for the studio. Shirley was undisputed queen of the lot, Fox merged with Twentieth Century, Darryl F. Zanuck became production head—a lucky break for lots of folk, including Betty Grable. Used to think no child could ever be cuter than Shirley, till a certain Victoria Elizabeth James came along.



LILTING LOVELINESS
FLORAL FRESHNESS

Rain-washed petals of a rose—fresh and fragrant after your shower and over-all dusting with a LeSonier Powder Mitt. The Mother's Day gift de luxe.

AT GOOD STORES EVERYWHERE



LeSonier

REFILLABLE POWDER MITT

U. S. Pat. No. 2233686

LE SONIER, Inc., New York—Boston



This complete 8-minute 'BEAUTY-LIFT' works wonders for face and neck



Famous HOPPER Method Helps Skin Appear Firmer, Smoother, *Fresher* with Each Treatment!

Here's a *complete* de luxe 'Beauty-Lift' you can give yourself at home with famous Edna Wallace Hopper's Facial Cream – one of the most beautifying creams in cosmetic history!

This *homogenized* facial makes your skin appear heavenly smooth, firmer, with an adorable baby-freshness–after even the first treatment. It actually enhances the *natural* beauty of the skin.

The HOPPER Method—Why It's So *Active*

Briskly pat Hopper's Facial Cream over face and neck (follow arrows in diagram). Gently press an *extra* amount of this super-lubricating cream over any lines or wrinkles. Leave on about 8 minutes.

The reason Hopper's Cream lubricates the skin so *evenly*–so *expertly*–leaving it looking so smooth and delicately textured – is because it's *homogenized!* Faithful use helps maintain natural dazzling beauty throughout the years.

Be sure to buy Edna Wallace Hopper's Facial Cream today. You can get it at any cosmetic counter.

Edna Wallace **HOPPER'S** HOMOGENIZED FACIAL CREAM



1936—Sundays we'd go to a show, see those billboards advertising Simone. But when the picture came out, all the raves were for a good-looking boy who appeared in just one scene at the end. Boy by the name of Ty Power



1937—If you think Ty looked good in pictures, girls, you should have seen him in his Marine Lieutenant's uniform! Spent his last leave in New York with Annabella before she went overseas to entertain troops. Now he's on duty in the Pacific area, flying transport plane DC-3.



1938—I've always been crazy about Alice and her lovely voice. Imagine the thrill when TC-Fox signed me years later and put me into "Tin Pan Alley." It was Alice who helped me over the jitters. She's still my best friend and our babies exchange Xmas and birthday gifts.



1939—Instead of "Hello" on the phone, Peter, my nephew, says "Ameche." Mother takes him to movies Saturdays—says it's as bad as when we were little kids whooping it up and down the aisles. Each week she swears off. Till Peter calls. "Ameche, grandma. What'll we see today?"



1940—Boys are writing like mad for pin-ups of Linda in her can-can costume from "Hangover Square." Hank enlisted as Apprentice Seaman, now he's full Lieutenant on Admiral Hoover's staff in the So. Pacific. Asked his wife to send garden seeds; case he's land-based.



1941—Mother'd like me to make one pic where I don't spend most of my time getting sore at the guy. Chief Bosun Mate Vic's on tour with the Coast Guard show. He's writing his autobiography called "The Great Conceit." It goes: "We met, we married, we divorced. That's all!"

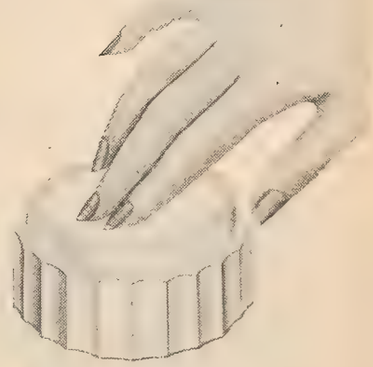


NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT

which Safely helps

STOP *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering — harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.



39¢ *Plus Tax*

(Also 59¢ size)

At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID

MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE ARRID THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT

Anybody can see FIBS are easy to use!



• Any woman who chooses Tampons can tell at a glance the tampon that is bound to be *easy to insert:*



It's FIBS*, of course, with the smooth, gently tapered ends . . . so very different from any other leading tampon you've ever tried in the past.

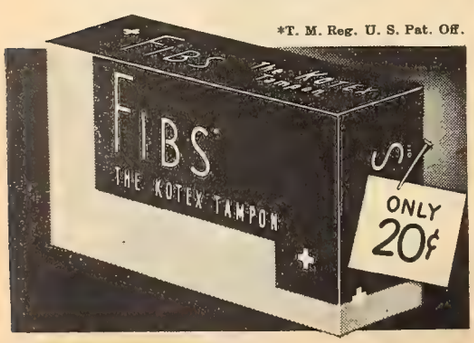
No need to take anybody's word for it. Your own eyes tell you it MUST be so. Your first experience with FIBS *proves* it's so!

FIBS are "quilted," too!

For gentler comfort, for greater safety in *internal* protection, Fibs are "quilted" to prevent any danger of cotton particles clinging to delicate membranes.

Besides, Fibs *don't fluff up* to uncomfortable size, which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

The next time you buy tampons be sure to ask for FIBS!



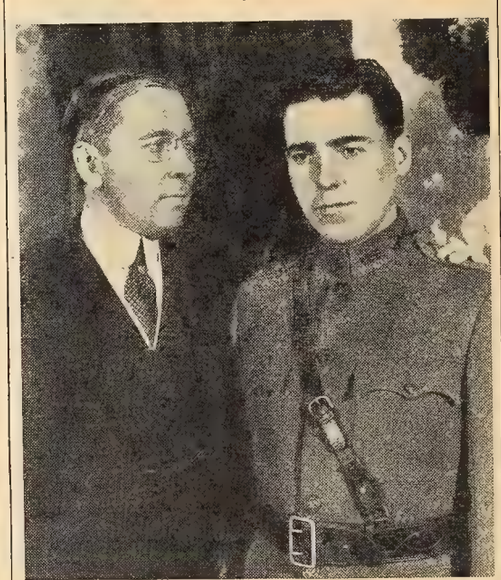
*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



1942—Day after Pearl Harbor, I ran into Johnny Payne. "Shores of Tripoli" (with Maureen O'Hara) was just about finished. He told me they were changing the ending. "But for the Japs it's just the beginning." A few months later he was in uniform—served for two years—honorably discharged because of a back injury.



1943—Never *can* decide who's lovelier, Maureen O'Hara or Jeanne Craine. In '25, 3-time Oscar winner Walter Brennan (with J. in "Home In Indiana") shared casting woes with Gary Cooper—was "discovered" 12 years after his pal! Walt calls his Oregon ranch "High-Handed Manor!"



1944—We were all so excited over "Wilson," we kept running down to the set every chance we got, never mind our own pictures. Bill Eythe begged to be in it, if only as a door-knob in the White House. Day after the preem, we knew it was really tops, serenaded the boss: "Hat's off to Zanuck, and Twentieth Century-Fox."

Perfume Stick

Another EISENBERG ORIGINAL created by the famous dressmaker especially for YOU.



Carry it in your purse. Dab it on your skin for lasting fragrance and freshness. Your choice of three exclusive scents. In smart plastic case. $1.50 plus 30¢ Federal tax.
Exclusive at one store in a city or . . .

EXCITEMENT, INC.
222 West North Bank Drive, Chicago 54, Illinois
Enclosed is $1.80 to cover mailing cost and tax on Perfume Stick.

Name_____

Address_____

☐ STIRRING—light, nostalgic
☐ STARTLING—heady, dramatic
☐ EXCITEMENT—fresh, buoyant

Bright Sparkles in your hair



LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO REVEALS A BREATH-TAKING BRILLIANCE

This amazing new creme shampoo, extra rich with lanolin, brings natural lustrous loveliness to your hair after only a single shampoo. Lathers instantly—even in hardest water . . . thoroughly cleanses hair and scalp . . . leaves hair fresh, glistening, so easy to manage. No lemon or vinegar after rinse necessary. At fine cosmetic counters everywhere . . . one dollar.

Mail 25c for a generous size trial jar. Sorry, only one jar to each family.

Lustre-Creme
by KAY DAUMIT
540 N. MICHIGAN AVE.
CHICAGO 11





1944—Dick's in "State Fair" now with Jeanne Crain. June's my "Dolly" sister. In make-up and costume, they say we really look alike. Incidentally, we're both mad about avocados, keep a salt-cellar in my dressing room and devour them between takes. Doesn't cost us a cent, though—Harry James lets me pick 'em off his tree.



1945—Bill Eythe saw Lon M. on his way East. Says he's proud as a 4-star general because he's just been promoted—to a pfc! Bill was supposed to get three months off. Had just about time to say Hi! to his folks when they called him back to play Dr. Jeff Turner in "Dragonwyck."

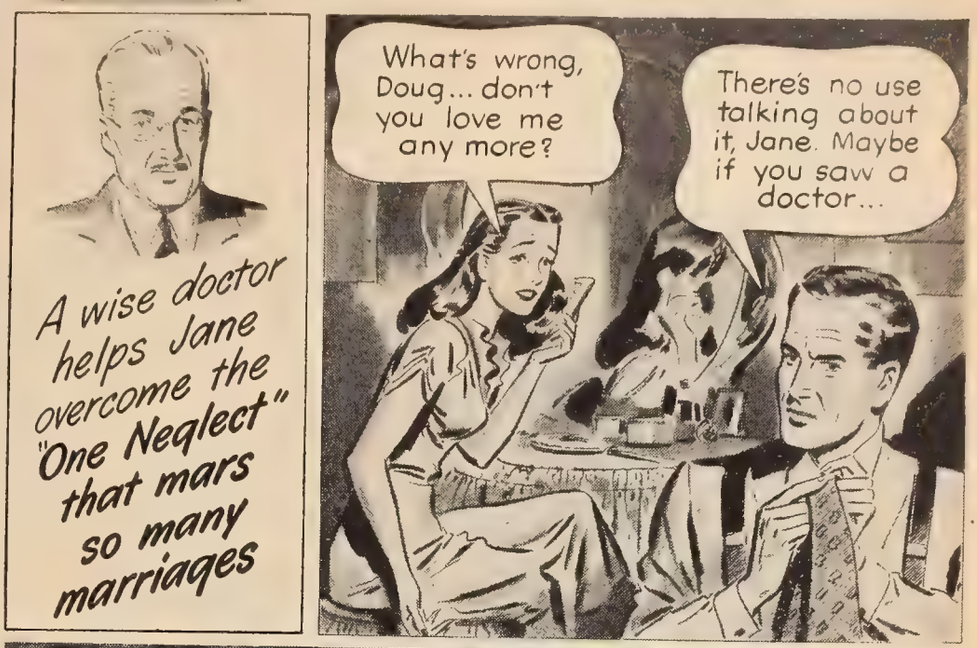
I SAW IT HAPPEN



It was just after Jeanette MacDonald's concert in Cincinnati, Ohio. The crowd gathered about her taxi and she was waiting for a path to be cleared. As I stood near the car, I heard a boy's shrill voice say, "Miss MacDonald, I may be just a green country boy, but you're the most beautiful person I've ever seen." To which Miss MacDonald aptly replied, "For a country boy, you're not so green!"

Joan Culbertson,
Cincinnati, Ohio

CALLING DR. JONES



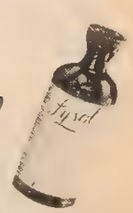
Check these facts with your Doctor

Douche *regularly and thoroughly* with *correct* Lysol solution. Its low "surface tension" means greater spreading power; reaches more deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. **Non-caustic**—Lysol is gentle in proper dilution.

Powerful—Lysol is an efficient *germicide*. **Economical**—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use. *Deodorizes effectively.* **Lasting**—keeps full strength even when uncorked.

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE USE

Lysol Disinfectant



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Copr., 1945, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE Booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter to Dept. A-45. Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Facts You Should Know
About This Higher Type

Intimate Feminine Hygiene

offers 'extra' advantage



Greaseless Suppository Gives
Hours of Continuous Medication

Today many highly intelligent and exacting women are enjoying a higher standard of antiseptic feminine cleanliness they didn't dream possible—easier, daintier, more convenient — *powerfully germicidal* yet *harmless.*

Thanks to Zonitors—these women no longer use weak, homemade mixtures or overstrong harmful poisons!

No Burn — No Smart

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow white vaginal suppositories—ready for instant use—so easily inserted. They *immediately* begin to release their powerful germicidal properties and *continue to do so for hours* yet are *safe* to most delicate tissues. *Non-irritating, non-poisonous.*

Zonitors actually *destroy* offending odor and *immediately* kill every germ they touch. Of course it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE OF THIS! Zonitors kill all *reachable* living germs and keep them from multiplying. No greasy, sticky residue. Follow label directions.

Zonitors



(Each sealed in separate glass vial)

FREE: Mail this coupon for FREE booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept.9530-B,370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(*Continued from page 6*)

see Harry again, for the first time in a year, and to find him in exceptionally good spirits. He threw out that typical James greeting, "How ya be, Leonard?" and followed it up with, "Here, try some of the best birthday cake you ever tasted." It was, too.

We tried to figure out who of the original 1939 James band was still left, and found that **Al Monte,** Harry's assistant manager, is the only remaining member of the initial James line-up. "What frantic times those were," recalled Harry. "I remember the first date the band ever played, at the University of New Hampshire. There was a raging blizzard and we barely made it at all—finally got there four hours late!"

It's a far cry from that first James band to the bunch Harry heads today, which seems to me to be his best ever. With men like **Willie Smith,** the terrific alto sax man; **Arnold Ross,** a great young pianist; **Corky Corcoran** playing more tenor sax than ever, and other great soloists, such as **Allan Reuss,** guitar; **Ray Heath** and **Juan Tizol,** trombones, and Harry himself playing some fine jazz on the jump numbers, this band has everything. Johnny Thompson's arrangements, and others written by **Billy May** and similarly talented writers, make the James band jump more often and more excitingly than it did in his "You Made Me Love You" phase.

On the way home I saw or heard about some curiosities of this mad town. This is the city where they have a "Corn-egie Hall," a place called "Dyspeptic Bill's," a "Coo-Coo Nut Grove," a "Hangover Club," and a real estate agent whose name is Jackson Diggs. Solid, Jackson!

SATURDAY—Spent a delightful evening visiting one of Hollywood's most charming and sweetest-natured people, **Lena Horne.** I've known her since her Charlie Barnet era, and if success has done anything to her, it's made her more modest and unassuming than ever. Lena's home, believe it or not, is on Horn Avenue in Beverly Hills. Met her two delightful children, Teddy and Gail, and her mother. Heard some of the special discs she recorded for the Army. With her movie work held up while they find her a suitable story, Lena's been spending a great deal of her time entertaining in camps.

SUNDAY — **Shorty** and **Jean Cherock** took me out for an afternoon at **Horace Heidt's** ranch. Shorty, who's rapidly becoming one of my favorite trumpet men, will have left Heidt by the time you read this and will be breaking in a new big band of his own.

Horace, who plans to disband his own orchestra, has every reason for wanting to take it easy. As we drove through the gates of his "Double-H Ranch" in the San Fernando Valley, I could see that he has what most traveling bandleaders would consider the nearest thing to paradise in the way of a home. Acres and acres of perfectly kept ground, a gloriously furnished home, plus swimming pool, aviary, an open-air bar, and numerous cows, horses, turkeys and rabbits. (Horace says he expects to have 10,000 rabbits by my next visit.) With the smart, chic Mrs. Adeline Heidt and their twin sons to make it a happy family, this is a home to be proud of. Horace has so many outside business ventures, such as a ballroom (the "Trianon" in South Gate) and even a Horace Heidt School for Stammering, that he hardly needs the band, anyway. As I basked in the sunshine and picked oranges, tangerines and grapefruit off branches, I reflected that it pays for a smart business man to be a bandleader; and I wondered whether, some day, Shorty Cherock might have a swimming pool.

TUESDAY—Lunch with MODERN SCREEN's own affable Sylvia Wallace at the Brown Derby, where I also ran into **Bob Chester,** latest of the many bandleaders to renounce the road and settle down in California. Bold told me he's just reorganizing a band, but strictly for jobs in and around the coast. Also just in town to make their home here are **Bobby Dukoff,** the fine tenor sax man who just left **Jimmy Dorsey,** and his wife, singer **Anita Boyer.**

Held a rehearsal of the Esquire All-American Jazz concert this evening. Like all rehearsals, it was a panic, with the promoter, the publicity man, the producer, the Union man and a dozen other interested parties all wrangling back and forth. **Duke Ellington** arrived late and imperturbable as ever, and once he took charge things began to sound organized. **Billy Strayhorn,** Duke's pint-size assistant arranger, had to be cajoled into playing piano on a couple of numbers. Can't understand why he's so reluctant, since he's a great pianist.

WEDNESDAY—Well, the concert went off wonderfully, after the usual round of last-minute crises. **Billie Holiday, Art Tatum** and the Ellington band were the biggest thrills for me. Billie scared everyone to death by arriving at the Philharmonic about five minutes before she was due onstage. **Danny Kaye** did a successful emcee job; people thought he would try too hard to gag up the show, but he didn't. Later went with **Kitty Kallen,** my date for the evening, to a midnight recording session at which Anita O'Day was doing four sides under her own name for Capitol. She had to fly out next day to rejoin **Stan Kenton's** band in Kansas City. I left around 3 A.M.; heard later that the recording went on until almost 6.

THURSDAY—There's a little strip of ground along Vine Street, between Hollywood and Sunset, where you can stand in mid-afternoon and meet just about every-

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Bob Hope happened to be stopping at the hotel which was being managed by my brother-in-law, so I had my first chance to see a celebrity, and, incidentally, a swell one! Bob had a sleek and shining automobile at that time and it was the delight of every bellboy and garage assistant to take a peek at it every so often. One particular bell-hop developed an insatiable desire to actually go joy-riding in this jewel of a car. He borrowed it and the inevitable happened: Crash! Bang! The car was a mess! Bob Hope took it in his stride. He went to the management without hesitation and surprised the apologetic staff by saying that the whole incident was to be forgotten, and if the bellboy were fired, he and his friends would never patronize the hotel again. Result: one lucky and happy and Hope-worshipping bellboy.

John Schneider,
Philadelphia, Pa.

ADVICE FOR
ABUSED SKIN

DON'T BE AFRAID AND STOP WORRYING NOW ABOUT EXTERNAL SKIN TROUBLES. FOLLOW THESE EASY DIRECTIONS. YOU CAN NOW ENJOY A PORCELAIN-LIKE SOFTER SKIN



HAVE you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars that you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

Almost everyone can have a natural, healthy, normal complexion which is in itself, beauty, and which gains admiration and is pleasing to look at. All you must do, is to follow the simple rules of nature. Models and screen stars must give their skin special attention. So should you because everyone looks at your face. Your social success may depend upon your being good looking and pleasant to look at. A lovely skin may be a short cut to success in love and business. Your pleasure is worth it, and you owe it to yourself to give yourself a chance to enjoy a healthy, beautiful complexion. Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust all around us most of the time. When these little specks, which are in the air, get into an open pore in your skin they can in time, cause the pore to become larger and more susceptible to dust and infection. These open pores, begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you all of the misery of pimples, irritations, or blemishes. When you neglect your skin and abuse it by not giving it the necessary external care it requires, you leave yourself wide open for external skin miseries which cause embarrassment, self consciousness, inferiority, and make you feel like a prisoner within yourself. When you know that your skin is smooth, white, and fine, you have more confidence and it helps improve your personality and your entire well being. A flawless skin is priceless, yet it only costs you a few pennies daily to keep it normal, natural, more healthy and lovely. Many never realize or even suspect that the difference between having a glamorous complexion and being ordinary is just the difference between having blackheads and pimples, and not having them. A little care and the proper attention with the double Viderm treatment can mean the difference between enjoying fine skin or missing out on many pleasures because of an ugly, abused skin. The double Viderm treatment is made under the supervision of a doctor and costs you only a few cents for a treatment which you can give yourself.



Just write or mail the coupon below, and you will receive two jars of the double Viderm treatment with full directions which are written by a doctor. One jar contains a jelly-like formula which is a highly concentrated soap which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon the pores. This is used after you wash your face in the usual way. After you use the special Viderm skin cleanser, you apply the Viderm fortified, medicated skin cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin. This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of abused skin and it must amaze you, too, or it won't cost you a penny. You must be absolutely pleased and delighted within ten days, or your money will be cheerfully refunded. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Send for it now.



Use your double Viderm treatment every day, until your skin is as smooth and clear as you may want it. Then, use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dust specks that infect your pores and to aid in healing external irritations. When you prevent blackheads, you prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

SEND NO MONEY

Just send your name and address, or if more convenient, mail the coupon to the New York Skin Laboratory, Dept. MS-5, 206 Division Street, New York 2, N. Y.

NEW YORK SKIN LABORATORY, Dept. MS-5
206 Division Street, New York City 2, N. Y.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... Zone.....

State.....

Kindly send me one jar of Viderm Medicated Skin Cream and one jar of Viderm Skin Cleanser along with full, easy directions on how to use them. It is understood, the Viderm treatment is guaranteed and I must be delighted and pleased with it, in every way, or my money is to be cheerfully refunded. I will pay two dollars on delivery of everything.

"Of course you know about MIDOL-but

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?"



BEFORE you break another date or lose another day because of menstrual suffering, try Midol!

These effective tablets contain no opiates, yet act quickly—and in *three different ways*—to relieve the functional pain and distress of your month's worst days. One ingredient of Midol relaxes muscles and nerves to relieve cramps. Another soothes menstrual headache. Still another stimulates mildly, brightening you when you're "blue".

Take Midol next time—at the first twinge of "regular" pain—and see how comfortably you go through your trying days. Get it now, at any drugstore.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

MIDOL

Used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

A Product of General Drug Company

one in music business. It's the unofficial Tin Pan Alley of the coast, right outside an office building where most of the song publishers are located, and right down the street from NBC, CBS and a big record shop called Music City. Strolling down there this afternoon I ran into **Wingie Manone**, just back in town after a short-lived venture with a big band in New York; **Ray Bauduc** and **Gil Rodin**, two alumni of the old **Bob Crosby** band who, recently out of the Army, are now starting a band of their own. Also met **Bill Harty, Ray Noble's** manager, who advised me to look out for Ray's new Columbia record, "The Charm of You," and **Dave Dexter**, of Capitol records, who said he's waxing an all-star session with **Al Casey, Sid Catlett** and **Willie Smith.**

Right next to this strip of sidewalk is the Tropics, where you can find just about everyone at the bar or in a booth during the late afternoon. I wandered in and immediately found Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra discussing an Army broadcast they're to do together.

FRIDAY—This morning I made a record session for Black & White Records, reuniting the talents of the original Spirits of Rhythm, **Leo Watson** and **Teddy Bunn.** Leo, who is best known for his "Shoot The Likker To Me, John Boy!" on an old Artie Shaw record, had everybody in hysterics with his weird scat-singing. He ought to be known as the James Joyce of Jazz. He sings just as though he were blowing a trombone, and although the words and syllables that roll out are meaningless, they have a colossal swing and beat. The special version of "Honeysuckle Rose", ("Honey-Sock-Me-On-The-Nose") ought to be a hit.

SATURDAY — Went over to CBS to catch the rehearsal of the **Danny Kaye-Harry James** show. As I walked in backstage Harry was hollering, "Hey, somebody take care of this, there's a serviceman outside with 16,000 medals on and they won't let him in because he hasn't got a ticket." The ushers declared the theater was full up, but Harry still saw to it that the disappointed soldier got a break.

Pretty soon, Harry told me, he's going to line up some ideas for a record album—something to show off every facet of the band's talent, with a sextet number, a classical adaptation, ballads, jump tunes and everything. From there he slid easily into his favorite topic of baseball, and of how the manpower shortage might affect the baseball season.

Later on, to kill time before the show, Harry and Danny Kaye and a couple of guys from the band started on a wonderful burlesque jam session for their own private amusement, playing some real corn on 25-year-old tunes, with guitarist **Allan Reuss** on the bass fiddle, and Harry and Danny taking turns at the drums (Harry, of course, is really a good drummer). Wish some of his fans could have heard this.

MONDAY—Over to Shepp's Playhouse, in L. A., for the opening of **Eddie ("Begin the Beguine") Heywood** and his marvelous little band. **Vic Dickenson**, the trombonist, has as much agility and inspiration as Tommy Dorsey and Jack Teagarden put together! Eddie told me he expects to start on his first movie soon. This is the most original small orchestra to come up since John Kirby's and it can't help going places.

TUESDAY—Caught the **Dick Haymes-Helen Forrest** rehearsal and broadcast. I've seen Helen as a brunette, a brownette and a redhead, and can't quite get used to her as a blonde. Visiting Dick was his ex-manager, "Bullets" Durgom, now in the Army. After the show I had a dinner invitation from **Mr. & Mrs. Dave Barbour.** Dave is the former Benny Goodman gui-



"WIDCO'S Our Baby"
ACCORDION PHOTO ALBUM

Open the "OUR BABY" album and see at a glance the picture story of your baby from infancy to childhood. Exquisitely made of white durable, washable material. This new pocket sized album holds 12 2¼" x 3¼" pictures with places for age, weight, and date of photos.

Genuine 14K gold tooling adds charm and beauty to the "OUR BABY" album, the perfect everlasting gift.

Recapture those precious moments with a picture story of your baby.

Ask for it at your photo, luggage, gift, stationery and dept. store, or write direct to dept. m

A WIDCO PRODUCT EST. 1900 NEW YORK CITY

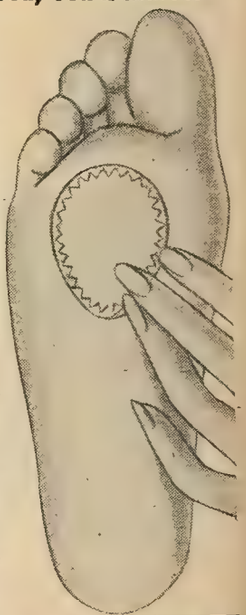
Widco

SOLELY MANUFACTURED & CREATED BY
J. WIDDER & COMPANY • 110 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

Callouses

Burning, Tenderness On Bottom Of Feet So Quickly Relieved, You'll Marvel

YOU forget you have callouses, burning sensations or tenderness at the bottom of your foot — when you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These thin, downy-soft, soothing, cushioning, protective pads instantly relieve painful pressure on the sensitive spot. Help prevent callouses if used at first sign of soreness.



Separate *Medications* included with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for quickly removing callouses. Cost but a trifle. Get a box today at your Drug, Shoe, Department Store or Toilet Goods Counter. Insist on Dr. Scholl's.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

tarist, now playing on "Blondie" and a lot of other network shows; Mrs. Barbour is, of course, the blonde and gorgeous Peggy Lee, who left the Goodman band to marry Dave in 1943 and is now the proud mother of 18-months-old Nicki Barbour.

The Barbours seem to be one of the happiest families in the music business. Peggy is semi-retired except for an occasional record date; last week she did four sides for Capitol and Dave got a band together to accompany her. Two of the tunes were Peggy's own "What More Can A Woman Do" and "You Was Right, Baby!" and they'll both surprise you.

FRIDAY—Dropped in on **Charlie Barnet** at the Orpheum Theater and sat talking so long backstage, despite my determination to make an early night of it, that Charlie finally said, "Come on out to my house and we'll play some records." He has a neat little home in the Valley, with a well-stocked bar, and phonographs all over the place—but hardly any Barnet records; mostly Delius, Ellington, Debussy, Ravel, etc. Charlie, too, has settled down out West and will only make occasional brief trips out of this territory. Barnet is a strange character, much less wild than his reputation. Most people are either nuts about him or hate him; personally, I see eye to eye with him on so many matters musical that we can't help but get along.

SATURDAY—Lunch with **Jimmy McHugh**, who wrote "Exactly Like You," "Sunny Side of the Street" and don't ask me how many other evergreens of jazz. Telling me he wants to have his own publishing house, he scared me by announcing that he had just offered one publisher a million bucks, cash, to buy his business.

AUTOGRAPHS!

Good deed Dottie? Here's something that's good for you and others, too. Have your screen favorite sign on the dotted line. You have the autograph; your quarter increases the Naval Aid Auxiliary Fund. See page 140.

Guess there must be money in songwriting, at that. Jimmy reminisced at great length about the old Cotton Club days; he played a big part in discovering Duke Ellington, and wrote all the hit songs for the Club during Duke's first triumphant years there.

TUESDAY—This evening I made a belated trip to the Palladium to catch **Gene Krupa.** I was somewhat perturbed to find Gene conducting so much and playing drums so little, also to hear the string section scraping away on things like "Clair de Lune" and a lot of other items that just don't seem to connect with the Krupa name. But Gene is firmly sold on the idea that versatility is important, and feels that he's expanding his musical scope. Personally, I got my biggest kicks out of the trio numbers, with pianist **Napoleon** and tenor saxman **Venturo** supported by Gene at the drums; and I'd trade the whole string section for that one hot fiddle solo played by **Remo Biondi** on "Hodge Podge."

WEDNESDAY—**Shorty Cherock** made some fine records this morning on a session I helped to organize. We used **Willie Smith, Corky Corcoran** and **Harry James'** excellent rhythm section, waxing four numbers for the Signature label, including two of my own: "Snafu" and "The Willies."

THURSDAY—Well, it's goodbye to California, and don't think it hasn't been swell. I've heard an awful lot of good

Budding Beauty—

ENTER STARDUST'S 1945 CONTEST

Nothing to buy . . . just send recent photo, with height, weight, bust, waist and hip measurements before May 31st, 1945. Decisions of famous beauty judges are final. 1st prize $500 War Bond, also 27 other prizes and awards for the lucky winners. Here's your chance for fame and fortune! Mail entry to Industrial Undgt. Corp., P. O. Box 65, Station F, New York.



Stardust
Life-Insured Slips
GUARANTEED FOR 1 YEAR

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

BY THE MAKERS OF Stardust FASHION PRODUCTS

Pointers for Skin Problems

See how nurses' discovery can help YOU!



CHAPPED HANDS! Noxzema not only soothes but *helps heal!* Actual tests show definite improvement, often *overnight!*



UGLY BLEMISHES. See how quickly Noxzema helps heal externally caused pimples—helps restore soft smoothness.



"DIAPER RASH." Give your baby quick, soothing relief from chafing, "diaper rash" with Noxzema. Greaseless; won't stain.



MINOR BURNS. Quick application of cooling Noxzema brings relief almost instantly. Helps heal minor burns and scalds. Try it!

Nurses were among the first to use Medicated Noxzema for these skin troubles. Try it, too, for chapped lips, windburn, chafing, tired, burning feet. See how much it can do for *you* and *your family!* At all drug counters; 10¢, 35¢ and 50¢ (plus tax).





SCALP ODOR—that's what her hairbrush would have told her if she had checked up. Too late, now. *He's* gone.

So many women don't realize that the scalp perspires, too . . . that hair—and particularly oily hair—absorbs unpleasant odors. Yes, you can have scalp odor—*and not know it.*

But it's easy to be safe—just by using Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. Especially developed to keep hair and scalp fresh and clean, this gentle shampoo contains pure, medicinal pine tar. Its delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears, leaving the hair soft and fragrant.

Don't take a chance—and risk losing romance. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. You can get it at any drug, department or ten-cent store.



PACKER'S *Pine Tar* SHAMPOO

in sections. Take a small strand, form a circle at the end and wrap the curl around this circle toward the scalp. Fasten the curl in place with hair pins or bob pins.

Which is your style? Most any that pleases you . . . and suits your type! Leaf through these pages, find the movie coif that clicks with you, and then adapt it, bearing these "don'ts" in mind. If you have a long, narrow face, don't wear a pomp, don't wear hair high on top unless it's soft and fluffy at the sides, don't wear it severely sleek, don't wear a long, straight bob. If you have a broad, short face don't wear bangs, don't wear your hair fluffed out at the sides, don't part it exactly in the center, don't wear a short bob.

Brilliantine is tops for luster and sheen. If your hair splits at the ends, use a little brilliantine on the tips. Take as much as would cover a dime, rub it in the palms of your hands, then lightly touch the ends of your hair. To keep escaping tresses where they belong, there are dandy comb-like retainers with split teeth that slip neatly into place and hold your hair in a firm but loving grip. If you're in a gay mood and want to wear flowers or a bright bow in your hair, these gadgets are ideal.

With Spring, hair goes up and hats tilt at a more cock-eyed slant. Lacquer will keep back wisps neat. Some gals dispose of the back hair problem by nets—coarse, brilliantly colored jobs or fine ones that team with hair shade. To keep your hair supremely neat, buy bob-pins with a strong spring.

SPRING SONG—It's the season to try out new tricks and ideas, so make hair beauty your new objective. You have the rules. It's up to you to give them a chance!

* * *

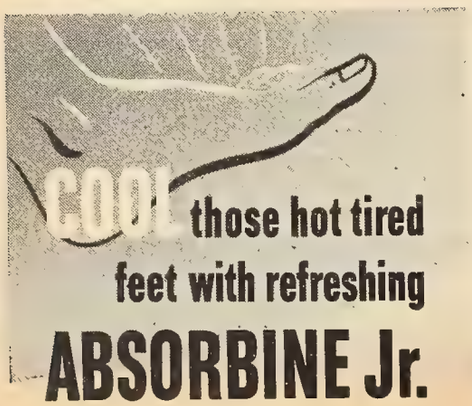
Keep them coming! I've got the names of hair-care products and if you have problems of face or figure, send them along. But do play fair. Don't forget to include a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.*

I SAW IT HAPPEN



A friend and I had gone into a crowded drugstore in Niagara and were waiting to purchase merchandise when an attractive young man rushed past us and practically knocked me for a loop. Without so much as a "pardon me" or an "I'm sorry" he disappeared into the throng. I paid little attention to the incident until, upon leaving the store, the same young man approached and asked if I were the young lady who had been practically knocked over. After I answered that I was, he apologized and said that he hoped that he hadn't hurt me. By that time I was gasping for breath, and I'm afraid that my eyes were doing a good imitation of Eddie Cantor, because it had at last dawned on me that this nice looking chap seemed very much like our hometown actor, Franchot Tone. After convincing him that I was still in one piece, we said goodbye and walked jauntily down the street. Later, when Franchot Tone made a personal appearance at our high school, I found out that it really had been he, and then I got his autograph on my handkerchief.

Dorothy Dodge,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.





With Smartly Styled
*OCULENS Sunglasses

Prevent that hard—tired—drawn look by wearing OCULENS—the restful sunglasses that banish unsightly "squint-wrinkles" and that help give your eyes the "health-sparkle" that brings admiring comment. *For sports & street wear.*

Eliminate Sun-Squint, Sun-Blur, and Sun-Glare without Masking Clear Vision and True Color Values. Choose the OCULENS Style that will frame your eyes most attractively—at your favorite store

Oculens * TRADE MARK COMPTOMÉ COMPANY NEW YORK
CLEAN VISION SUNGLASSES

WRITERS
Your work should be published? We will help you! Write for free particulars!
U. S. Literary Agency
Dept. C
136 Liberty Street
New York 6, N. Y.

I KNOW, DAUGHTER—GET PAZO FOR THOSE SIMPLE PILES



Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

How PAZO Ointment Works

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

Special Pile Pipe for Easy Application

PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment!

Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

The Grove Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

New—**Hair Rinse**
safely
Gives a Tiny Tint



and . . .
Removes this dull film

1. Does not harm, permanently tint or bleach the hair.
2. Used after shampooing—your hair is not dry, unruly.
3. Instantly gives the soft, lovely effect obtained from tedious, vigorous brushings . . . plus a tiny tint—**in these 12 shades.**

1. Black	7. Titian Blonde
2. Dark Copper	8. Golden Blonde
3. Sable Brown	9. Topaz Blonde
4. Golden Brown	10. Dark Auburn
5. Nut Brown	11. Light Auburn
6. Silver	12. Lustre Glint

4. The improved Golden Glint contains only safe certified colors and pure Radien, all new, approved ingredients.

Try Golden Glint...Over 50 million packages have been sold...Choose your shade at any cosmetic dealer. Price 10 and 25¢—or send for a

FREE SAMPLE

Golden Glint Co., Seattle, 14, Wash., Box 3366 B-54

Please send color No._____ as listed above.

Name_____

Address_____

GOLDEN GLINT



PHOTO-RING

ANY PHOTO OR PICTURE of Sweetheart, Relative or Friend, reproduced permanently in this beautiful onyx like ring featuring the New Magnified Setting! Will last a lifetime. Indestructible! Waterproof! Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send cash we pay postage. (Photos Returned)

$1 (Expertly painted 25c extra)

PHOTO MOVETTE RING CO., Dept. V-28, Cincinnati, Ohio

NOW Foamy Medication



"UPSET" SKIN

Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Soap is a *special* soap containing the same costly medication as 104 year proved Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Ointment. Whip up the rich cleansing FOAMY MEDICATION with finger tips, washcloth or brush and allow to remain on 3 minutes. Amazingly quick results come to many skins, afflicted with pimples, blackheads, itching of eczema and rashes externally caused that need the scientific hygiene action of Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Soap. For your youth-clear, soft loveliness, give your skin this luxurious 3 minute foamy medication-treatment. At toiletry counters everywhere 25c or from E. T. Browne Drug Company, 127 Water Street, New York 5, New York.

IF I COULD BE WITH YOU

(Continued from page 59)

either, as long as she had Gene. It was more fun to concentrate on being Mrs. Kelly, wife and mother.

on with the show . . .

But his going away put a different face on things. They talked it over and decided it would be silly for Betsy to sit around twiddling her thumbs, waiting for Gene to get back. There was a play called "Out of this World," scheduled for winter production, written by MODERN SCREEN's Zachary Gold and Allen Marple. Maynard Morris, the agent, had always wanted Betsy to do it. So, with Gene on the last lap of "Anchors Aweigh," she went to New York to be interviewed by the authors.

Though she'd made her mark on Broadway in Saroyan's "Beautiful People," she'd never been interviewed. How she got the other part was a beautiful accident. One night she'd gone to meet Gene at Louis Berger's, their favorite Broadway eating place, and a man had been sitting at the table with him, and the man was Saroyan. When Gene introduced them, Saroyan said, "She's got to do the lead in my new play!" It was all very exciting and storybookish, clear through the opening night and the lovely notices in the papers next morning.

Then she married Gene, and for three years the stage was out of her life. She had no idea how you handle an interview. But it worked out fine, because this was the author's first play, and they were almost as nervous as she was.

"What are we supposed to ask you?" they asked her.

"I don't know. My name, age and experience, I guess."

"Well, we know your name and your age is too young to matter and you played in Saroyan's 'Beautiful People.' What next?"

"Next, I think I'm supposed to read something from the play—"

So she did, and they liked it and signed her for the part. Rehearsals were to start December 1st. She had to wait around New York while certain details were ironed out, and that was all right, because New York was beautiful in October—though not so beautiful as when Gene was there, too. She spent most of her time at Louis Berger's, because it felt more like home than her room at the hotel.

One day Louis said, "I see in the papers that Gene's being drafted. Gene and John D. Rockefeller, Jr."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Betsy. "I don't know about Mr. Rockefeller, but it's always saying in the paper that Gene's being drafted."

Still, she wired him. "Oh, that's nothing," he wired back, "I haven't heard from my draft board."

Next day he phoned. She knew right away what it was, because he wouldn't phone except about something important. Those Greetings had come. Her main feeling was: Here I've wasted three weeks in New York, when I might have been with Gene. She couldn't get train reservations, so she took a chance on a plane, and was lucky enough not to get bumped off.

He met her at the airport. Neither of them said much. Gene hates what he calls slush. Besides, he'd been ready, willing and able for a long time. Betsy doesn't suppose many men leap with joy exactly when their time comes—especially when they're married and have children. Still, there's one big compensation. Being out of it makes them feel kind of dislocated. When



"Internal protection? Meds 'safety-well' convinced me!"

A woman doctor perfected Meds "SAFETY-WELL"—to assure the *extra* security, the *extra* comfort, *every* woman wants! The COTTON in Meds is fine, soft, super-absorbent; the disposable APPLICATORS are dainty, easy to use—yet Meds internal protection costs you LESS!

MEDS only 19¢

FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS



- Meds' "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much *more* so much *faster!*
- Meds' fine soft COTTON insorber adapts comfortably to individual needs.

Because of these dainty, carefully designed applicators, Meds insorbers are easy-to-use!

music, and enjoyed a lot of wonderful hospitality in these all-too-brief three weeks. Best band I heard: Ellington, of course—as always. Best small band: Eddie Heywood. Best local radio show: "Music Depreciation," a good carbon copy of "Lower Basin Street" on the local Mutual station.

And now, I'll get back down to earth and find out what's been happening along Fifty-second Street!

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

EDITOR'S NOTE: Here's a swell way for you record collectors to build up a library of nothing but the best. Each month Leonard Feather will do the same job for you that he did for Look Magazine—make up a three-way list of the 10 best popular songs, the 10 best hot jazz items, and the 10 best albums of all kinds—of that month. If you can't get a particular record from your local dealer, one of the following may have it: Decca Records, Inc., 50 W. 57th St., N. Y.; RCA Victor Division (Victor and Bluebird records), 155 E. 24th St., N. Y.; Columbia Records, 799 Seventh Ave., N. Y.; Asch Recording Co., 117 W. 46th St., N. Y.; Hit Record Distributing Co., 7 W. 46th St., N. Y.; Blue Note Music & Recording Studio, 767 Lex. Ave., N. Y.; Capitol Records Distributing Co., Inc., 225 W. 57th St., N. Y., or 1483 No. Vine, H'wood, Cal.; National Records, 1841 B'way, N. Y. 23, N. Y.; Savoy Records, 58 Market St., Newark, N. J.; Jump Records, 1132 Tamarind Ave., H'wood 28, Cal.; Session Records, 125 No. Wells, Chicago; Black & White Recording Co., Inc., 21-17 Foster Ave., B'klyn, N. Y.

POPULAR

I Didn't Know About You—Duke Ellington (Victor), Woody Herman (Decca)
I Wanna Get Married—Gertrude Niesen (Decca), Louis Prima (Hit)
I Begged Her—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)
Don't You Know I Care—Duke Ellington (Victor), Jimmy Dorsey (Decca)
More and More—Perry Como (Victor), Horace Heidt (Columbia)
Saturday Night—Hal McIntyre (Bluebird), Woody Herman (Decca)
Every Time We Say Goodbye—Benny Goodman (Columbia), Stan Kenton (Capitol)
Dream—The Pied Pipers (Capitol)
Let's Take the Long Way Home—Dinah Shore (Victor), Bing Crosby (Decca)
I Wonder—Louis Armstrong (Decca), Louis Prima (Hit)

HOT JAZZ

Roy Eldridge—Fish Market (Decca)
Harry James Sextet—Confessin' (Columbia)
Artie Shaw—'S Wonderful (Victor)
Cootie Williams—Somebody's Got to Go (Hit)
Joe Turner-Pete Johnson—S. K. Blues (National)
Joe Marsala—Don't Let It End (Black & White)
Ike Quebec—Tiny's Exercise (Blue Note)
Johnny Guarnieri—Gliss Me Again (Savoy)
Charlie Lavere—Lazy River (Jump)
Pete Brown—Pete's Idea (Session)

ALBUMS

Marian Anderson—Songs and Spirituals (Victor)
Walter Gieseking—Grieg Piano Concerto in A Minor (Columbia)
Mary Lou Williams Trio (Asch)
Bloomer Girl (Decca)
Three Caballeros (Decca)
Stuff Smith Trio (Asch)
Art Tatum Trio (Asch)
Bunny Berigan Memorial (Victor)
King Cole Trio (Capitol)
Meade Lux Lewis (Asch)



Before . . . SELF-CONSCIOUS!

BEFORE Diane Parker of N. Y. began her Powers Course. "I felt dull, listless—I was *so* underweight." Diane's "Photo-Revise" helped her achieve new loveliness.





Now . . . SELF-CONFIDENT!

Diane Parker's personalized Photo-Revise showed her a new hair arrangement, little make-up tricks that gave her real glamour!

In 7 Short Weeks—
new loveliness, new confidence in your charm!

If *you* think good looks, a stunning figure, a *new personality* are out of your reach, discover the thrilling benefits of Powers training. Now *right at home* realize your own loveliest possibilities! Simple daily assignments in figure control, make-up and grooming make the entire course fascinating. The cost? So little you're amazed!



Diane's alluring new "model" figure. "In the first 4 weeks I gained 12 lbs.—and in the right places, too!"

Real "POWERS GIRL" training—right at home . . .

Your Figure—How to streamline it. *Your Face*—Photo-Revise, drawn by an expert over your own picture, shows you make-up secrets to bring out *your* beauty highlights. *Your Style*—Shows you how to be "best-dressed" yet save dollars! *Your Grooming*—Complete, time-saving beauty schedule. *Your Voice*—Exercises to make your speech more attractive. *You*—Mr. Powers' formula for charm and magnetism.

Clip the Coupon NOW

John Robert Powers will send *free* your confidential questionnaire, illustrated booklet, "The Powers Way," and details of famous Powers training.



John Robert Powers Home Course
247 Park Ave., Suite E205, New York 17, N.Y.
Dear Mr. Powers: Yes, I'm really interested. Please send me details of your Home Course.

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Occupation _____ Age _____



WOMEN in your '40's
Do these symptoms betray your age?

Often many women between the ages of 38 and 52—are shocked to realize they are in the class commonly known as "middle-age" with its annoying symptoms which so often betray their age.

So if *you* suffer from hot flashes, feel weak, tired, nervous, restless, a bit blue at times — all due to the functional "middle-age" period peculiar to women—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms.

This Great Medicine HELPS NATURE

For almost a century—Pinkham's Compound has been famous to help great numbers of women go "smiling thru" such middle-age distress. Thousands have reported remarkable benefits!

Many wise women take Pinkham's Compound *regularly* to help build *up resistance* against such symptoms. This great medicine *helps nature* and *that's* the kind you should try.

INEXPENSIVE: Pinkham's Compound costs very little compared to some other methods but this doesn't detract from its effectiveness. Follow label directions.

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND



TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy it from your druggist today

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION
Just rub it on the gums

SPRING GOES TO YOUR HEAD

(*Continued from page 66*)

. . . any income stretches easily to accommodate a low 98c!

WASH 'EM. Neat curls deserve frequent cleansings. Take your choice of A-1 shampoos. The first step in the all-important process is to brush hair vigorously to pep up circulation. When you've swept away all the extra dust from your locks, dunk them in a soapy suds and scrub well. A good lather is so essential! Work the shampoo well into your scalp. Now for a Hollywood idea. . . rinse, then treat yourself to a second lathering.

Keep at the rinsing until your hair is "squeaky clean." Rinse in warm water for softness and fluffiness. Exception: Rinse very coarse, naturally curly hair in cold water if you want to straighten it out. Bleached hair will be less spongy if the shampoo water is only slightly warm and the shampoo applied very gradually and immediately worked into a lather.

About emergency shampoos: Ever been caught short with not-too-clean hair and an unexpected phone call from some GI who has just hit town? Then you should know about a new dry shampoo powder. Dust it on, brush out powder, dirt and oiliness. Ten minutes work will fix you up with a shining coiffure.

HOW'S YOUR COLOR? Add glamour to your crowning glory by trying a color rinse for your shampoo finale. If yours is just hair-colored hair, if it's mousy brown and you prefer something more dashing, invest in a rinse. Cost to you is but a few cents. Benefits for hair include sparkle and luster! Fact is, after a shampoo, a rinse is a grand aid in cutting any soap residue that just might dull your halo. Or, would you prefer to tint and wash your tresses in one easy step? Then take note of the cake shampoo that comes in many shades. Doesn't permanently change coloring, but it sure enough brings a colorful glow.

BE THEY OILY? Oily tresses have the darnedest tendency to soil more quickly, so frequent washings are much in order. Many special cleansers can be used as often as twice a week. 'Tween soapings, try a drying tonic or astringent applied with a bit of cotton or a toothbrush reserved for that purpose. After an application, wipe off any excess tonic with cleansing tissues. Lo and behold, what shining locks you have!

BE THEY DRY? Nothing very inspiring about winter-ravaged hair, is there? A dried-out thatch of dull, toneless wisps is certainly off-key in Spring. Before your next shampoo, treat yourself to a hot-oil treatment. Massage the warm oil well into your scalp with a rotary motion. Wring a towel out in hot water and wind it around your head so that the oil can work more effectively. After the lubricating job, rinse your locks in cold water (that's so the shampoo on your oil-laden curls will lather easily) and proceed with your washing.

THE FINISHED PICTURE—With a little practice, you can set your own hair in "pin-curls." Or sometimes it's easier and more fun to pair off with friend Sue and set one another's hair. Have the hair uniformly damp with a good setting lotion. With the finished "do" in mind, part hair

FREE! ENLARGEMENT OF YOUR FAVORITE PHOTO







Look in your album — select your favorite snapshot. Send with coupon today! Offer limited to U. S.

Mail Today

JUST TO GET ACQUAINTED! WE WILL MAKE YOU A BEAUTIFUL 5 x 7 ENLARGEMENT OF ANY SNAPSHOT, PHOTO, OR NEGATIVE ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Just send us your most cherished snapshot or photo (either actual picture or negative) and you will receive FREE a beautiful professional Hollywood Studio enlargement! Send baby's picture, that boy in service, mother's, dad's, yourself. You'll be thrilled when you see it enlarged! Act NOW!

IMPORTANT—Be sure to include color of hair, eyes and clothing and get our BARGAIN OFFER for having your enlargement beautifully hand colored in oil—and mounted in your choice of handsome frames. Artistic hand coloring adds character, beauty and personality to the enlargement! Please enclose 10c. to cover cost of handling and mailing! Your original will be returned with your FREE 5 x 7 enlargement! Limit 2 to a customer.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS
7021 SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD • HOLLYWOOD (38) • CALIFORNIA

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. 635
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.
I am enclosing handling and mailing charges.
Enclosed find _____ snapshot or negative. (specify number-limit 2)
Please make _____ free enlargements. (specify number-limit 2)
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ (Zone) State _____

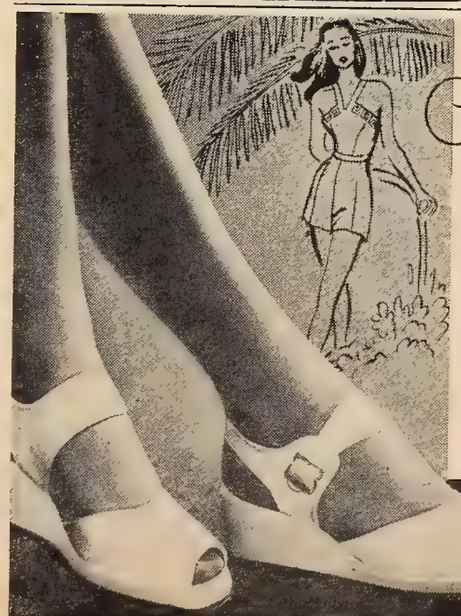
Fill out description below. Mark back of picture 1 & 2
COLOR-Picture No. 1
Hair _____
Eyes _____
Clothing _____
COLOR-Picture No. 2
Hair _____
Eyes _____
Clothing _____

SAVE as never before! Genuine Fine-Cut DIAMONDS



Not chips, but genuine, fine-cut sparkling diamonds poised in superbly styled 14 kt. solid gold settings! At amazingly low prices made possible only by our wholesale diamond connections. Engagement rings, handsome men's rings, men's and women's matching wedding rings. Don't miss this chance to SAVE!
Write today for **FREE** *illustrated booklet*
BOND DIAMOND CO. Dept. M 7
562 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.
WHOLESALE DIAMOND DEALERS SINCE 1887

CRO-PAX
for CORNS CALLOUSES BUNIONS
AT ALL 10¢ STORES
FOREST CITY PRODUCTS, INC. • CLEVELAND 13, OHIO



California Steps forward in White

Brilliant, sparkling white spotlights attention on sandals from California. Action-packed styling gives square open toes and soft, resilient platforms typical California casualness. Also in red, blue, brown. Two-tone combinations in brown and white; brown and beige. All hand-lasted. Non-rationed. About $4.95 at your favorite store. Write for illustrated booklet and name of nearest dealer.

California Palmees
CAROLYN SHOES • DEPT. MO-5 212 E. EIGHTH STREET • LOS ANGELES 14, CALIFORNIA



SCALP ODOR—that's what her hairbrush would have told her if she had checked up. Too late, now. *He's* gone.

So many women don't realize that the scalp perspires, too . . . that hair—and particularly oily hair—absorbs unpleasant odors. Yes, you can have scalp odor—*and not know it.*

But it's easy to be safe—just by using Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. Especially developed to keep hair and scalp fresh and clean, this gentle shampoo contains pure, medicinal pine tar. Its delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears, leaving the hair soft and fragrant.

Don't take a chance—and risk losing romance. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. You can get it at any drug, department or ten-cent store.

PACKER'S Pine Tar SHAMPOO



in sections. Take a small strand, form a circle at the end and wrap the curl around this circle toward the scalp. Fasten the curl in place with hair pins or bob pins.

Which is your style? Most any that pleases you . . . and suits your type! Leaf through these pages, find the movie coif that clicks with you, and then adapt it, bearing these "don'ts" in mind. If you have a long, narrow face, don't wear a pomp, don't wear hair high on top unless it's soft and fluffy at the sides, don't wear it severely sleek, don't wear a long, straight bob. If you have a broad, short face don't wear bangs, don't wear your hair fluffed out at the sides, don't part it exactly in the center, don't wear a short bob.

Brilliantine is tops for luster and sheen. If your hair splits at the ends, use a little brilliantine on the tips. Take as much as would cover a dime, rub it in the palms of your hands, then lightly touch the ends of your hair. To keep escaping tresses where they belong, there are dandy comb-like retainers with split teeth that slip neatly into place and hold your hair in a firm but loving grip. If you're in a gay mood and want to wear flowers or a bright bow in your hair, these gadgets are ideal.

With Spring, hair goes up and hats tilt at a more cock-eyed slant. Lacquer will keep back wisps neat. Some gals dispose of the back hair problem by nets—coarse, brilliantly colored jobs or fine ones that team with hair shade. To keep your hair supremely neat, buy bob-pins with a strong spring.

SPRING SONG—It's the season to try out new tricks and ideas, so make hair beauty your new objective. You have the rules. It's up to you to give them a chance!

* * *

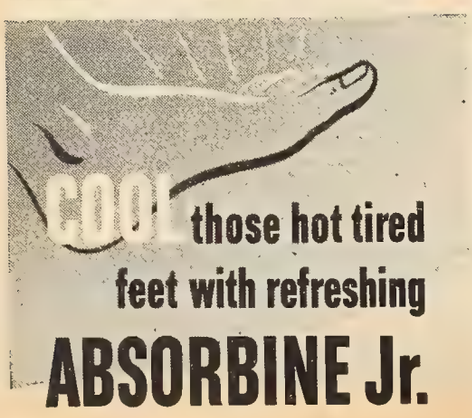
Keep them coming! I've got the names of hair-care products and if you have problems of face or figure, send them along. But do play fair. Don't forget to include a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.*

I SAW IT HAPPEN



A friend and I had gone into a crowded drugstore in Niagara and were waiting to purchase merchandise when an attractive young man rushed past us and practically knocked me for a loop. Without so much as a "pardon me" or an "I'm sorry" he disappeared into the throng. I paid little attention to the incident until, upon leaving the store, the same young man approached and asked if I were the young lady who had been practically knocked over. After I answered that I was, he apologized and said that he hoped that he hadn't hurt me. By that time I was gasping for breath, and I'm afraid that my eyes were doing a good imitation of Eddie Cantor, because it had at last dawned on me that this nice looking chap seemed very much like our hometown actor, Franchot Tone. After convincing him that I was still in one piece, we said goodbye and walked jauntily down the street. Later, when Franchot Tone made a personal appearance at our high school, I found out that it really had been he, and then I got his autograph on my handkerchief.

Dorothy Dodge,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.





With Smartly Styled
*OCULENS Sunglasses

Prevent that hard—tired—drawn look by wearing OCULENS—the restful sunglasses that banish unsightly "squint-wrinkles" and that help give your eyes the "health-sparkle" that brings admiring comment. *For sports & street wear.*

Eliminate Sun-Squint, Sun-Blur, and Sun-Glare without Masking Clear Vision and True Color Values. Choose the OCULENS Style that will frame your eyes most attractively—at your favorite store

Oculens * TRADE-MARK COMPTONE COMPANY NEW YORK
CLEAN VISION SUNGLASSES

WRITERS
Your work should be published? We will help you! Write for free particulars!
U. S. Literary Agency
Dept. C
136 Liberty Street
New York 6, N. Y.

I KNOW, DAUGHTER—GET PAZO FOR THOSE SIMPLE PILES



Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

How PAZO Ointment Works

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

Special Pile Pipe for Easy Application

PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment!

Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

The Grove Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

New—Hair Rinse
safely
Gives a Tiny Tint



and . . .
Removes this dull film

1. Does not harm, permanently tint or bleach the hair.
2. Used after shampooing—your hair is not dry, unruly.
3. Instantly gives the soft, lovely effect obtained from tedious, vigorous brushings . . . plus a tiny tint—**in these 12 shades.**

1. Black	7. Titian Blonde
2. Dark Copper	8. Golden Blonde
3. Sable Brown	9. Topaz Blonde
4. Golden Brown	10. Dark Auburn
5. Nut Brown	11. Light Auburn
6. Silver	12. Lustre Glint

4. The improved Golden Glint contains only safe certified colors and pure Radien, all new, approved ingredients.

Try Golden Glint...Over 50 million packages have been sold...Choose your shade at any cosmetic dealer. Price 10 and 25¢—or send for a

FREE SAMPLE

Golden Glint Co., Seattle, 14, Wash., Box 3366 B-54

Please send color No._____ as listed above.

Name_____

Address_____

GOLDEN GLINT



PHOTO-RING

ANY PHOTO OR PICTURE of Sweetheart, Relative or Friend, reproduced permanently in this beautiful onyx like ring featuring the New Magnified Setting! Will last a lifetime. Indestructible! Waterproof! Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send cash we pay postage. (Photos Returned)

$1 (Expertly painted 25c extra)

PHOTO MOVETTE RING CO., Dept. V-28, Cincinnati, Ohio

Now Foamy Medication



"UPSET" SKIN

Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Soap is a *special* soap containing the same costly medication as 104 year proved Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Ointment. Whip up the rich cleansing FOAMY MEDICATION with finger tips, washcloth or brush and allow to remain on 3 minutes. Amazingly quick results come to many skins, afflicted with pimples, blackheads, itching of eczema and rashes externally caused that need the scientific hygiene action of Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Soap. For your youth-clear, soft loveliness, give your skin this luxurious 3 minute foamy medication-treatment. At toiletry counters everywhere 25c or from E. T. Browne Drug Company, 127 Water Street, New York 5, New York.

IF I COULD BE WITH YOU

(Continued from page 59)

either, as long as she had Gene. It was more fun to concentrate on being Mrs. Kelly, wife and mother.

on with the show . . .

But his going away put a different face on things. They talked it over and decided it would be silly for Betsy to sit around twiddling her thumbs, waiting for Gene to get back. There was a play called "Out of this World," scheduled for winter production, written by MODERN SCREEN's Zachary Gold and Allen Marple. Maynard Morris, the agent, had always wanted Betsy to do it. So, with Gene on the last lap of "Anchors Aweigh," she went to New York to be interviewed by the authors.

Though she'd made her mark on Broadway in Saroyan's "Beautiful People," she'd never been interviewed. How she got the other part was a beautiful accident. One night she'd gone to meet Gene at Louis Berger's, their favorite Broadway eating place, and a man had been sitting at the table with him, and the man was Saroyan. When Gene introduced them, Saroyan said, "She's got to do the lead in my new play!" It was all very exciting and storybookish, clear through the opening night and the lovely notices in the papers next morning.

Then she married Gene, and for three years the stage was out of her life. She had no idea how you handle an interview. But it worked out fine, because this was the author's first play, and they were almost as nervous as she was.

"What are we supposed to ask you?" they asked her.

"I don't know. My name, age and experience, I guess."

"Well, we know your name and your age is too young to matter and you played in Saroyan's 'Beautiful People.' What next?"

"Next, I think I'm supposed to read something from the play—"

So she did, and they liked it and signed her for the part. Rehearsals were to start December 1st. She had to wait around New York while certain details were ironed out, and that was all right, because New York was beautiful in October—though not so beautiful as when Gene was there, too. She spent most of her time at Louis Berger's, because it felt more like home than her room at the hotel.

One day Louis said, "I see in the papers that Gene's being drafted. Gene and John D. Rockefeller, Jr."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Betsy. "I don't know about Mr. Rockefeller, but it's always saying in the paper that Gene's being drafted."

Still, she wired him. "Oh, that's nothing," he wired back, "I haven't heard from my draft board."

Next day he phoned. She knew right away what it was, because he wouldn't phone except about something important. Those Greetings had come. Her main feeling was: Here I've wasted three weeks in New York, when I might have been with Gene. She couldn't get train reservations, so she took a chance on a plane, and was lucky enough not to get bumped off.

He met her at the airport. Neither of them said much. Gene hates what he calls slush. Besides, he'd been ready, willing and able for a long time. Betsy doesn't suppose many men leap with joy exactly when their time comes—especially when they're married and have children. Still, there's one big compensation. Being out of it makes them feel kind of dislocated. When



"Internal protection? Meds 'safety-well' convinced me!"

A woman doctor perfected Meds "SAFETY-WELL"—to assure the *extra* security, the *extra* comfort, *every* woman wants! The COTTON in Meds is fine, soft, super-absorbent; the disposable APPLICATORS are dainty, easy to use—yet Meds internal protection costs you LESS!

MEDS only 19¢

FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS



• Meds' "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much *more* so much *faster!*

• Meds' fine soft COTTON insorber adapts comfortably to individual needs.

Because of these dainty, carefully designed applicators, Meds insorbers are easy-to-use!

LOOK LADIES! . . . then act before the sell-out! Hurry!

STERLING Silver-Plated SET OF 3 TEASPOONS

Plated with Pure Sterling Silver on Reinforced Steel Base

POST PAID Limit of 2 Sets (6 Teaspoons) to a customer

50c TAX FREE



A REAL BARGAIN THRILL!

Think of it! 3 Sterling Silver Plated Teaspoons for only 50c Tax Free! Glorious Teaspoons of long-life quality, sparkling beauty and exquisite pattern designed to harmonize with any set you now own. Heavily silver plated overall. Unconditionally guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Mail This Coupon!

Sensational "Build-A-Set" Thrift Plan

★

STERLING Silver Plated Tableware to Match Teaspoons

★

Forks . . 3 for $1

Soup Spoons . 3 for $1

Knives . 2 for $1

NATIONAL NOVELTIES, Dept. TBQ1. 608 South Dearborn St.—Chicago 5, Ill.

Limit of 6 pieces of each to a customer.

I am enclosing payment in full for Sterling Silver Plated Tableware itemized below. Please rush Tax Free and Postpaid. Money back without question if dissatisfied.

____Teaspoons @ 3 for 50c ____Forks @ 3 for $1

____Soup Spoons @ 3 for $1 ____Knives @ 2 for $1

My total order amounts to $_____

Free Rogers Silver Polishing Cloth with Cash orders of $5 or more.

Name_____ (Please Print Clearly)

Address_____

City_____ State_____

BUY AND KEEP MORE WAR BONDS

REDUCE 3 to 5 Pounds a Week Yet EAT Plenty!



Money Back Guarantee

USERS SAY

Physician's Wife: "I lost 15 pounds in 24 days."

Mrs. C. M., Ithaca, N. Y.: "My hips were 53 inches; now measure 43 inches. I feel like a new person. I like the taste also. MY DOCTOR SAYS IT WAS O.K."

Mrs. P. M., Fresno, Cal.: "I lost 18 pounds in 3 weeks."

Miss H., Wash., D. C.: "Had to tell the wonderful news! Reduced from 200 to 136 pounds in 3 months following your plan. It's great to be able to wear youthful clothes. My friends are amazed, and many of them are following the plan now."

MEN and women all over this country are reporting remarkable results in losing weight easily. Many lost 20 pounds a month and more. They are following the Easy Reducing Plan of Dr. Edward Parrish, well-known physician and editor, former chief of a U. S. Military hospital and a state public health office.

Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan makes reducing a pleasure because it has NO STRICT DIETS, requires no exercises, HARMLESS, too, because it calls for no reducing drugs.

Here is Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan EXACTLY as given over the air to millions: for lunch take 2 teaspoonfuls of CAL-PAR in a glass of juice, water or any beverage. Take nothing else for lunch except a cup of coffee, if desired. For breakfast and dinner EAT AS YOU USUALLY DO, but eat sensibly. Don't cut out fatty, starchy foods—just cut down on them. By following Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan, you cut down your daily caloric intake, thus losing weight naturally. You needn't suffer a single hungry moment. CAL-PAR is not a harmful reducing drug. It is a special dietary product; fortifying your diet with certain essential minerals and vitamins. Most overweight people are helped by Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan. Try it and you and your friends will marvel at the vast improvement in your figure. Get a $1.25 can of CAL-PAR at health food and drug stores.

- NO EXERCISE!
- NO REDUCING DRUGS!
- ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS!

If your dealer hasn't CAL-PAR a special can containing 18 DAYS' SUPPLY will be sent you postpaid for only $1.00. This $1.00 can is not sold at stores. Money back if not satisfied. Fill out coupon, pin a dollar bill to it and mail today. We will also send you FREE Dr. Parrish's booklet on reducing containing important facts you ought to know including weight tables and charts of food values.

CAL-PAR, Dept. 73-G
685 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I enclose $1.00 for a special CAL-PAR can to be sent postage paid, and Dr. Parrish's booklet on reducing. If not satisfied I may return unused portion and my $1.00 will be returned. (C.O.D. orders accepted)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....

they go in, something clicks into place and feels right.

Almost the worst thing for Gene would be leaving Kerry, who was so cute and funny at two-and-a-half. On the other hand, he was infinitely better off than lots of fathers who'd never seen their children at all, whose children wouldn't know them when they came home. Kerry knew Gene so well and loved him so dearly, he was such an inseparable part of her life that she *couldn't* forget him, no matter how long he'd be gone. Not with Betsy around, she couldn't—

They didn't have long days together before Gene left, because he was working like mad on the cartoon number of "Anchors Aweigh." To get it done in time, he had to work nights and Sundays. Every evening Betsy'd go to the studio and have dinner with him. They liked it that way—doing the things they'd always done, not trying to cram the time with a lot of gay fun that wouldn't have come natural, anyway. On one or two rare evenings at home, they had their close friends in—the Whorfs, the Hume Cronyns, Phil Silvers, Saul Chaplin who plays the piano so beautifully. They'd sing or sit round the fire talking, and whoever got hungry went to the kitchen and foraged. It had always been their favorite kind of evening. They wanted nothing different.

Gene passed his physical, asked for the Navy and got it. There were things to be arranged—none of them very important, still they had to be talked over. The house was easy. Nothing easier than getting rid of a house in wartime. Then about taking Mamie to New York. Mamie was wild about Kerry and vice versa. But Mamie had a sweetheart in Oakland and Betsy had a fixed idea. She had to save money. The big thing in her life while Gene was gone would be not to spend money. She'd find someone in New York to take care of Kerry. If not, she could always park the baby with her mother for a while—

There were also the cars. One car ought to be sold right away, but which? Gene left it to her. She hated selling the honeymoon car. It was all tied up with their wedding in Philadelphia and the cross-country trip to Hollywood and tumbleweeds. Gene promised to show her tumbleweeds in Texas and they wore their eyes out searching for tumbleweeds and never saw one. She couldn't sell *that* car. The other—?

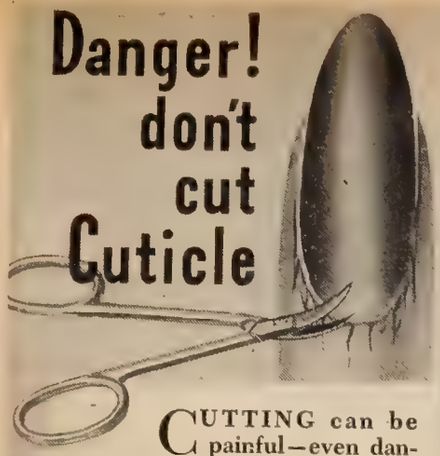
I SAW IT HAPPEN



On a train that was chugging along towards Plattsburg one day, I found myself seated next to a gray-haired, elderly gentleman, who was coughing terribly. He managed to sputter a weak request for a glass of water, so, of course, I quickly brought him one. That started our conversation, and when he asked me to have lunch with him, I was delighted by the opportunity to continue our pleasant talk. While we were eating, he kept talking about the movies and motion picture stars. I was growing quite curious about the source of all of his fascinating information, so at last, I asked him how he came to know so much about them. In a quiet voice he answered, "I'm Monty Woolley."

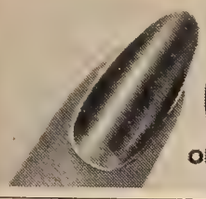
Irene Braverman,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Danger! don't cut Cuticle



CUTTING can be painful—even dangerous—leaves nails looking rough and ugly! Try Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover—see how smooth and neat it keeps cuticle! Quickly it softens and loosens dead cuticle, so you can wipe it off. Wonderful, too, for cleaning under nail tips and removing stains. Only 10¢, or 35¢ for the large size (plus 20% Federal Tax). Get Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover today.





CUTEX
OILY CUTICLE REMOVER

Flower Fresh



because she wears

You're in good company and you're "good company" when your clothes are protected by RAND *Guaranteed* DRESS SHIELDS. Light, soft, washable—you'll want to put an individually styled Rand shield in every frock, sweater, dress and jacket. Economical!

Rand
GUARANTEED
DRESS SHIELDS
"they last longer"

Get a supply at your notions counter.

RAND RUBBER CO., Brooklyn, N.Y., U.S.A.

"But you gave me the other for our six-month anniversary—"

"Yes, and it's newer—"

In the end, though it hurt to be sensible, she sold the honeymoon car. It was only a symbol, after all. Whoever bought it couldn't buy her memories with it—

The last day came. Betsy didn't give Gene a present. There was so little he needed, and so many people wanted to give him things. She'd thought of a writing kit, though if anyone hated letter writing worse than she did, it was her husband. They were always excusing themselves to each other for not writing more often to their families. "It doesn't mean a thing," Gene would say. "They know we love them—"

Just the same, she'd practically decided on a writing kit. Then a friend phoned and said, "Can I give him a writing kit?" and she couldn't say no.

gift in a million . . .

One gift that touched both Betsy and Gene deeply came from MODERN SCREEN's own Gus Gale, as thoughtful a guy as ever snapped a shutter. He showed up with his camera, took four pictures of Kerry that turned out to be dillies, and did them up in a little cellophane booklet for Gene to carry in his wallet. Service, that's us. Not that we're swiping the bows. It was Gus's idea. Only when we heard Betsy's fervent, "I *love* that man," we could have kicked ourselves for not thinking of it first.

The last night was like so many other nights—the warm friendliness of firelight and music and sitting around with the people they were closest to. Some left early—the Kelly's idea of early being around one. A few stayed on. At three, it seemed a brilliant idea to stay up all night. At six, Betsy said, "If I'm going to get Gene downtown by eight, maybe I'd better sleep for half an hour." At six-thirty, Gene followed suit. Just forty winks. Wonderful what forty winks'll do for a guy—

Gene was on a cornbeef-hash jag at the time, so Mamie fixed one more breakfast of hash and poached eggs and Betsy sat opposite, with Kerry between them, beating her spoon against the highchair. Then, in Mamie's arms, she was yelling, "'Bye, Daddy," and throwing kisses as they drove away. And then Betsy and Gene were saying goodbye—in the car, because there was no place you could park—

She'd heard that the worst moment was when you went home alone for the first time, and the house felt so empty. Herself, she can't put a finger on any worst moment. All the moments were part of the one enveloping fact—that Gene was gone—

She was very good—didn't cry for over a week—just started packing for New York. It wasn't time to go yet, but seeing your things standing around half packed sort of gave you a sense of movement, which was helpful. Then one night Saul played "If I Could Be With You." It meant nothing special to Betsy and Gene, it wasn't *their* song or anything, but Gene sang it so well that the gang always used to make him sing it alone. So when Saul played it that night, Betsy cried. That's all. Nothing to dwell on. Betsy doesn't like slush, either.

One fine thing happened. Gene was sent to boot camp at San Diego, and rehearsals for the play were postponed—first to December 15th, then to January 3rd. Which meant that, for the time being, she and Gene were only three hours apart. She kept thinking how lucky she was that the play had been postponed, and started marking off days on the calendar. Because, after three weeks, boots get a 12-hour furlough.

"I found a New Personality..."



when I found

the SECRET of an ALLURING FIGURE

Not all girls are endowed by nature with a full, fashionable bust. But now you can have a figure with appealing body lines and curves . . . a firm, well-rounded bust. Thanks to Mr. Bonomo's Home Course on Bust Culture, you can now be vivacious, attractive, popular. No more embarrassment! No more self-conscious shyness! At last—regardless of your age—you can be proud of your body. Gain glamour! Achieve poise and self-confidence! Become lovely . . . desirable . . . sought-after, this easy way.

"I WAS SO UNDEVELOPED...LONESOME UNTIL I TOOK THE BONOMO COURSE IN BUST CULTURE!"

See what the Bonomo Home Course on Bust Culture did for Lynn Lambert. Notice her pictures! Mr. Bonomo has unmasked for you the secrets of how to have a gorgeous body contour—secrets used by many famous stars and models. This course tells you everything you need to know about developing a curved, well-developed bosom. The course is profusely illustrated and was prepared by Mr. Joe Bonomo, nationally famous authority on Health, Physical and Beauty Culture.



BEFORE

Here are actual photos of Lynn Lambert of Staten Island, N. Y., showing her *before* and *after* taking the Bonomo Course "It did wonders for me" she writes

AFTER



JOE BONOMO

World Authority on Beauty Gives You Safe, Easy Instructions!

Mr. Bonomo has guided many Hollywood personalities and cover girls in molding beautiful bodies. And remember! You take this course at home, in the privacy of your own boudoir. It's safe, it's easy and it costs so little! Don't let another day go by without finding out what this wonderful course can do for you. Fill in and mail coupon now. If you are not satisfied, return course in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

Mr. Joe Bonomo, personal
BONOMO CULTURE INSTITUTE
1841 Broadway, Dept. B175
New York 23, N. Y.

Please rush your complete COURSE on BUST CULTURE in unmarked wrapper. On delivery, I will pay postman $1.97 plus usual postage. If not satisfied, I may return it within 10 days and get my purchase price back.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... .....Zone.....State.....

☐ Check here—we pay postage if you send $1.97. (Canadian orders $2.50, cash in advance)

Want lovely lips like these?



DO AS HOLLYWOOD GIRLS DO—

USE TIPSTIK

1 Gleaming black plastic case holds rich, creamy, long-lasting rouge.

2 Pencil-pointed, unbreakable applicator gives precise lip lines. Ends brush smears and messy fingers!

3 Result — smooth, perfect lip make-up and an alluring loveliness that lasts for hours. Yes, with TIPSTIK you can be your own make-up artist — you can shape your lips just like your favorite Hollywood star!

25c (PLUS TAX) AT DRUG AND 10c STORES

Choose from 5 Glamorous Hollywood Reds

RUMOR RED dark ☐ ROOKIE RED rich-red ☐ RALLY RED light ☐

RIVAL RED medium ☐ RENO RED blue-red ☐

TIPSTIK COSMETICS, Dept. M 0-5, 3424 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 26, Calif. My favorite store is out of TIPSTIK. Enclosed is 30c (25c plus 5c excise tax). Please send TIPSTIK postpaid in shade checked.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____



Youthful Glamour IN BRAS by Styleform

FOR GOOD FORM *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Featured by leading retailers from coast-to-coast at $1.25 and up.

Write for the name of the store in your city.

STYLEFORM FOUNDATIONS

76 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

She wished she had more to do. With Gene gone, even the marketing didn't amount to much. She hated going to bed, because she couldn't sleep. For hours, she'd lie reading. Mornings, Mamie'd bring Kerry in, shrieking, "Mommy! Daddy!" Finding no daddy, she'd stand bewildered, then she'd remember. "Daddy Navy," she'd squeal.

As a movie actor, Gene's had plenty of pictures taken, any of which his daughter was welcome to. But the one she adored was on the cover of a magazine. Crumpled and smeared with kisses, it's seen its best days, but Kerry refused to have it moved from the table by her bed. She'd pet it, cuddle it, make sheep's eyes at it. "Daddy loves Kerry," she'd coo.

mama goes spartan . . .

Now that the responsibility was all hers, Betsy worried more about the baby. In matters of discipline, she and Gene hadn't always seen eye to eye. If Kerry wanted the ashtrays off the table, Betsy'd say, "Let her. They're so pretty and shiny, of course she likes them. I don't care if she breaks them, it's nothing, she's so little." Not that Gene was exactly a Spartan parent. He didn't care either, if she broke them. "But she's not too little to learn there are things she mustn't touch—"

Subconsciously, Betsy must have known he was right. Now that he wasn't here to hold the balance even, she tried to do it herself.

But there were long stretches of the day when Kerry didn't need her. They'd have breakfast together, then the bus would call to take Kerry off to nursery school. At noon, she'd be back. But after lunch it was Mamie who put her to bed for her nap. Kerry's no dope. She knows she can't bully Mamie. When Mamie says, "You go to sleepy," she goes. When Mommy says it, Kerry doesn't believe her.

At last the three weeks were up. Gene expected to be off by noon, so Betsy took a train down the night before. With a perfectly good bed in a perfectly good hotel, she couldn't sleep. By eight, she was frantic. What was she going to do till noon? Grabbing a book, she threw herself down on the couch and next thing she knew, Gene was waking her up. It was two o'clock. "If I hadn't fallen asleep," she assured him, "I'd have died."

together again . . .

He looked brown and fit and not a bit

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I saw it happen at a GI dance in Honolulu. The music was hep, and, as usual, the Hawaiian, Haole, Chinese and Korean girls were outnumbered at least five to one. One very pretty native was the belle of the ball. It seemed to be the ambition of every soldier, sailor, marine, and coastguardsman to jive with her. I spotted her while she was dancing with a boy of approximately the same dimensions as Lou Costello and maneuvered in their direction. But I was out of luck, for a handsome sailor swished her away. A few whirls soon proved that her partner was no mean dancer. Yes sir, he was solid! No wonder—that sailor was Cesar Romero, a great guy on the screen, on the dance floor, or on the deck.

Sgt. Michael Armstrong,
San Francisco, Calif.

THIS MAY BE THE TROUBLE WITH YOUR PRESENT LAXATIVE!



Some Laxatives are Too Strong-

It doesn't pay to dose yourself with harsh, bad-tasting laxatives! A medicine that's *too strong* can often leave you feeling worse than before!



Others are Too Mild-

A laxative that's *too mild* to give proper relief is just as unsatisfactory as none at all. A good laxative should work *thoroughly,* yet be kind and gentle!



But— EX-LAX is the Happy Medium!

Try the "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

Ex-Lax gives a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is *gentle,* too! It works easily and effectively at the same time. And remember, Ex-Lax *tastes good* — just like fine chocolate! It's America's favorite laxative, as good for children as it is for grown-ups. 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

As a precaution use only as directed

EX-LAX The Original Chocolated Laxative

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.



NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses



REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



PULVEX
FLEA POWDER
Kills fleas
25¢ AND 50¢
100% SATISFACTION
..OR MONEY BACK



LEARN MILLINERY AT HOME

Design and make exclusive hats under personal direction of one of America's noted designers. Complete materials, blocks, etc., furnished. Every step illustrated. You make exclusive salable hats right from the start. We teach you how to start a profitable business in spare time. Low cost and easy terms. Expert milliners are in demand. Free National Placement Dept. Send for free catalog.

LOUIE MILLER SCHOOL OF MILLINERY
225 N. Wabash Ave., Dept. 185, Chicago 1, Ill.

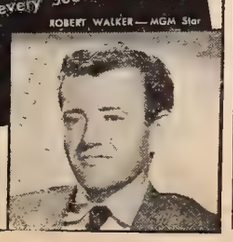
MOVIE STARS PHOTOS

Real, authentic Hollywood photos of your favorite stars. Absolutely latest, most complete assortment. 25¢ each 5 for $1.00

Free—Catalog chock full of miniature photos sent free with every 50c order. (To avoid delay, state 2nd choice.)

EXCITING PIN-UP PHOTOS—5 for $1.00

ROBERT WALKER—MGM Star



ALPHA PHOTO SERVICE
1235 - 6th Ave., Dept. B-5
New York 19, N. Y.

different, except for the funny haircut. Even the sailor suit didn't seem strange, he'd worn one so long in "Anchors Aweigh." First thing he wanted was a chocolate soda and some razor blades. Just walking down the street hand in hand with him was wonderful. They'd walked dozens of times hand in hand down dozens of streets, but that's one thing separation does for you. Lifts the simplest everyday acts above the everyday level, brings their sweetness alive, makes you feel you'll never again take them for granted.

She told him all about Kerry. Then about the picture. Stanley Donen, his assistant, was still working on the cartoon number. Betsy knew all about it. A trained dancer herself, she's what she calls the "big consultant type wife." Anything that came up, Stanley'd phone her, and she'd write it down to tell Gene.

He told her about camp. How much easier it was for him than lots of the kids who were younger and so darn homesick they couldn't see straight. She'd heard they razzed movie actors, was it true? No, Gene said. Only time they tried to rattle him was when he was doing his washing the first day, and he looked up, and there stood forty fellows watching him wash his clothes. So he went right on washing, and that was that. A few of them asked for autographs. Not for themselves. "Because I told my girl you were here and she wouldn't believe me." The best thing about camp was the sense of comradeship that bound you together, all the truer and stronger because it was never mentioned. One night a kid was playing the harmonica, and they asked Gene to dance, and he felt it had nothing to do with the movies. He was one of them, so they asked him—same as they'd have asked any fellow who knew how to dance.

Back at the hotel, he was so tired that he fell asleep before dinner. And after dinner it was soon time to go back. Betsy stayed overnight and got up in the black six o'clock, and went home alone.

But before they parted, Gene surprised her—about letters. "I guess it's different when you're in the Navy," he said, "I wish you'd write me some letters. And I'll write, too."

To normal letter-writers, that may not sound cataclysmic. But it was to the Kellys. They wrote though—Betsy more often than Gene, who was busier—and found that the postal system had distinct advantages over Western Union or even the phone.

Not till the Monday before Christmas, did they know for sure that Gene would get home. Betsy's great problem was the tree. Should she trim it herself or wait for him? He wouldn't be in till Saturday night, and there might be other things he'd rather do. So she trimmed it herself, keeping Kerry out of the living room by main force.

Then the waiting, and the phone call from half an hour away—he'd hitched up with some of the boys—and at last the car stopping outside, and the sailor-suited figure running up the walk, and Kerry hurling herself at him like an animated cannonball.

a sailor from santa . . .

They had a party that night and stayed home all day Sunday. Gene's heart was broken because he had no presents for them. There just hadn't been any time for shopping. Why he minded was because Betsy's silly about presents—goes gaga over anything done up in tissue and ribbons. But all the present she wanted that Christmas had arrived done up in a USN sailor suit. And if that's slush, there's nothing she can do about it.

She gave him what he wanted most—



Charm Booster!

Use this
SUPER VALUE BRUSH
by the makers of
Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft
Toothbrush

DR. WEST'S Quality
CORRECT SHAPE
NYLON Bristles





NEW HAIR GLAMOUR TREATMENT

Men love a woman's long wavy, beautiful hair—one of woman's secrets in winning love. Now you, too, can use this NEW AMAZING "HAIR-GLAMOUR" TREATMENT. Its SECRET FORMULA helps retard dry, brittle hair from breaking off. Therefore, this formula may help HAIR GROW LONGER if other hair, scalp conditions are normal. And if you like HAIR WAVY, beautiful and soft, try this new treatment!

READ WHAT A FEW SATISFIED USERS SAY:

". . . It is good. My hair really looks better and has more life than before . . . ."—Mrs. M. L. S., Williamsport, Pa. ". . . I can't thank you enough. It did my hair so much good . . ."—Miss R. M. Carlsbad, New Mexico. ". . . It really worked wonders for me. . . ."—R. C. New York N. Y.

FREE 10 DAY TRIAL! SEND NO MONEY!

Try this "HAIR-GLAMOUR" TREATMENT at our expense for 10 days and see if he will notice and thrill to your new hair glamour. Also FREE PERSONAL DIRECTIONS. Just deposit on delivery 98c plus postage, or send only $1 and we pay postage. 2 treatments $1.69. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE if not satisfied. Every day you delay—romance passes you by! WRITE NOW!

FREE "HOW TO SET YOUR HAIR in LATEST STYLES by YOURSELF"

This new hair improvement guide is yours free with order of "Hair-Glamour" Treatment. Contains many latest hair styles—some used by movie stars. Each style has simple step by step illustrations instructing you how to set your own hair beautifully, quickly and professional like! Hair styles that help you appear glamourous, sophisticated, casual, demure, etc. Remember, LONGER, SOFTER HAIR is easier to manage when setting your hair. Limited copies. Order NOW!

GUARANTEE SALES, 21 West 45th St., Dept. 673, N.Y.C.

For foot comfort

QUEST

All-purpose DEODORANT

The positive deodorant powder that destroys all body odors!

REDUCE



MANY LOSE 2 to 4 lbs. A WEEK

FULL PRICE $1.00 WE PAY POSTAGE

No Fatiguing Exercise Required

No Drugs • Absolutely Harmless

Simply follow the instructions of the *EASY WEIGHT REDUCER*. This book tells the TRUTH about REDUCING. It is easy to follow and you will be amazed at the results. SEND FOR THE *EASY WEIGHT REDUCER* TODAY.

MAIL COUPON

WEIGHT REDUCER—C-301
871 Broad Street, Newark 2, N.J.

Enclosed find $1.00 for the **Easy Weight Reducer** to be sent to me in plain wrapper, postage prepaid. If not satisfied I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

YOUR GUARANTEE

You can use the **Easy Weight Reducer** without it costing you a cent. Just order with the coupon and if you find the **Easy Weight Reducer** does not help you lose weight return it to us and we will refund your money in FULL. NOTHING COULD BE FAIRER. ACT NOW.

DON'T DYE GRAY HAIR



. . . until you try the new "Color-Control" method—Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Coloring Preparation. Then watch your hair take on the beautiful, natural-looking color you desire, quickly—**or** so gradually your closest friends won't guess!

So easy to use! Buy a bottle of Mary T. Goldman's and comb it through your gray, bleached or faded hair. See how this new **scientific "Color-Control"** method gives you the youthful hair shade you want. Pronounced harmless by competent medical authorities (no skin test needed). Will not harm your wave or change the smooth, soft texture of your hair. Safe, sure and inexpensive, too! Millions have found **new hair beauty** by using Mary T. Goldman's in the privacy of their homes.

So help yourself to beautiful hair—today! Demand genuine Mary T. Goldman's at your drug or department store on **money-back guarantee.** Or, if you'd rather try it first, mail coupon below for free test kit.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 506 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul 2, Minn. Send free sample. Check color.

☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown
☐ Medium Brown ☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____



REMEMBRANCE LOCKET GIVEN

Dainty, 2-tone **REMEMBRANCE LOCKET** with space for pictures of loved ones—**GIVEN** for promptness with your order for **both Rings.** Send today.

GENUINE



DIAMOND RINGS

Enjoy wearing rich, sparkling genuine Diamond Rings. Engagement ring set with flashing Rose cut diamond solitaire. 10K yellow gold wedding ring is set with 3 genuine chip Diamonds. Send for both Rings today and accept them on 10 days' trial. Money refunded if you wish to return the Rings. **BUT YOU ARE TO KEEP THE LOVELY REMEMBRANCE LOCKET AS OUR GET-ACQUAINTED GIFT, in any event.**

Matched Bridal Pair Romance Design wedding and Engagement Rings.

SEND NO MONEY

with order, just name and ring size. Either ring only $6.50 or both for $9.95 plus postage and 20% Federal Tax. Pay on arrival, then wear rings 10 days on money-back guarantee.

SEND NO MONEY

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 11-DH Jefferson, Iowa

more pictures of Kerry. There was also a navy blue sweater her mother had knitted and lots of candy for Gene's notoriously sweet tooth. And several friends sent promissory notes for an extra-special gift the Christmas after war's end. Gene got an extra special wallop out of those.

Christmas Eve they made calls, and wound up singing carols at Saul Chaplin's. And on Christmas Day Betsy had another present for them both—a present of time. The last train for San Diego left at seven. So she'd saved all her gas ration stamps to drive Gene down. That way, he wouldn't have to leave till 1 or 2 in the morning.

Stanley Donen went along, and it turned out to be an adventure. The top of the car was ripped, and before they'd gone far, it started drizzling. Well, Stanley'd brought some mending tape, just in case, and Betsy was supposed to hold it and keep it from twisting, while the boys covered the rips. Only the stuff wouldn't stick—

"Gene, my hands are freezing—"

"All right, honey, let go—"

hot chili and fun . . .

And with that, the whole top ripped off and went sailing down Vermont Avenue, and Betsy stood helpless with laughter while the boys tore after it—for all the world like a Mack Sennett comedy. And they had to drive topless all the way to San Diego, with nothing to keep them warm but their own hilarity and some hot chili at a drive-in.

Word came that the play had been shelved. Betsy was sorry, of course, but she couldn't seem to get really worked up about anything that didn't have Gene as its focal point. He was still in San Diego. More than acting in any play, she wanted to stay put while he was so close.

One week-end in January, she expected him home. He phoned—said he'd be in around dinnertime, but that wasn't all. The naval base at Anacostia had put in a request for him. He'd be leaving for Washington at noon next day.

There's nothing to tell about it. They felt like any man and girl—like the millions of men and girls who love each other and have to say goodbye without knowing when they'll see each other again.

Business matters have come up to keep Betsy in Hollywood. Her things are still standing around, half-packed. She's hoping to get to Washington while Gene's still there. Meantime, there's one thing about his being in the Navy. She gets to wear his clothes—his mufflers and sweaters and shirts. Some of her friends disapprove. They don't think she looks her smartest in them. But Betsy doesn't care. When your husband's away, you're entitled to all the comfort you can get from the feel of his blue muffler round your neck.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



In Waycross, Georgia, I went to see a "Donkey Baseball Game." There was one participant who had the crowd in hysterics. His ambition was to hit the ball, make the donkey run the bases, and still remain on the donkey's back. But he, like the rest, ended up on the ground! It was Dana Andrews, on location for "Swamp Water," being filmed in the Okeefeenokee swamp.

Margaret Walker,
St. Simons Island, Ga.

having a BABY?



Start right with Hygeia Nursing Bottles. Easy to clean—wide mouth and rounded interior corners have no crevices where germs can hide. Red measuring scale aids in correct filling. Wide base prevents tipping. Tapered shape helps baby get last drop of formula.
Famous breast-shaped nipple with patented air-vent permits steady flow, prevents "windsucking." Cap keeps nipples and formula germ-free for storing or out-of-home feeding.



NEW COMPLETE PACKAGE
Ask your druggist for Hygeia's new package containing Bottle, Nipple, and Cap. No extra cost.

CONSULT YOUR DOCTOR REGULARLY

FALSE TEETH
KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, don't waste money on substitutes, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC.

KLUTCH CO., Box 4587E, ELMIRA, N. Y.

Be an ARTIST



LEARN AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME

Trained artists are capable of earning $30, $50, $75 a week. By our practical method, we teach you COMMERCIAL ART, DESIGNING and CARTOONING, step by step, all in ONE complete course. Write today for FREE BOOK —"Art for Pleasure & Profit" describes training and commercial opportunities in art. No obligation. STATE AGE.
STUDIO 805P, WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
1115—15TH ST., N. W., WASHINGTON 5, D. C.

A Secure Future...
Own Your Own Beauty Salon like these successful Graduates

Our graduates placed free all over U. S. and Canada. Good earnings at all ages. Harper Method Beauty Schools at five convenient locations. Short thorough course. Read what Harper Method graduates say:



CARROLL B. ALLEN, Pittsburgh, Pa.—"I have been enjoying Harper Method work for twelve years. Two years ago I opened my own salon, now own a splendid, paying business, thanks to your thorough training."



ELIZABETH FORREST, Cleveland, Ohio—"Harper Method attracts best-paying customers. My business gives me a fine income; supports two other adults and is now paying my grandson's college expenses. It was a happy day for me when I entered Harper Method."



HENRIETTA BOWEN, Petaluma, Calif.—"I graduated in Harper Method 22 years ago. I am enjoying a fine income, and have been well able to care for an invalid husband and educate a son."

Thousands of Other Graduates Praise Harper Method
WRITE for complete information to Training Director
1284 E. Main St., Rochester 9, N. Y. U. S. A.

Harper Method TRAINING CENTERS

ON TOUR WITH SUE AND ALAN

(Continued from page 57)

use to a boy with two. Pretty soon the guys would be gabbing away as if they'd known him all their lives.

Sue, on the other side of the ward, would be having just as good a time. They were so happy to see her, these kids. They got out pictures of their wives or girls, and Sue, who likes people—all people, listened to every detail with absorbed interest.

merry mix-up . . .

One time she thought she had run into a little trouble. She went up to a bed and said to the young man in it, "Hello. I'm Sue Carol. Alan Ladd's wife."

The boy looked up at her. "I'm sorry." His eyes conveyed nothing.

Sue swallowed. Obviously he didn't want to be bothered. "Uh—I didn't mean to intrude. I'll go along now."

He sat up then. "No, no, I just said 'I'm Sorry.' My name's Howard Sorry."

Sue giggled like mad. She said, "Let's get Alan over here, and you give him the same routine." So she sat and chortled inwardly while Alan turned spectacular shades of crimson just as she had.

The soldiers loved having the two of them there together. A family. It made the ward seem more homey, somehow. Like when the orange juice was passed out, and Alan was handed a glass. He doesn't like orange juice. "Could I have milk instead, please?" he inquired.

Sue descended upon him, very wifely. "You drink that orange juice," she said severely. "It's full of vitamins."

The ward howled with laughter. "Tough guy Ladd! So *you're* henpecked, too." And Alan grinned and meekly drank the juice.

Doing the wards this way had been Alan's idea and he'd met with a lot of objections. Everyone had been pretty skeptical about how it would work. "Can't you *do* anything?" the authorities inquired. "Put on some sort of act?"

"Let's try it my way a couple of times and see how it goes," Alan suggested in his deep, quiet voice. Well, there was no question about how it went. It was terrific. The Ladds covered the hospitals in the whole Northwest—they figure they

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Roddy McDowall was in Cincinnati and I was there with bells on. I found a seat in the first row and started a conversation with the lady who was seated next to me. I told her of my excitement at the thought of seeing a real movie star. She smiled and said that after all they were just like other people. Finally, Roddy came out, and wild applause rang through the crowd. Only the woman at my right failed to clap. "Didn't you like him?" I gasped. "Well," she replied, "should I clap for my own son?" What a surprise! She invited me to come backstage with her, so that I might meet Roddy personally. Naturally, I accepted. And Roddy was so perfectly friendly and natural that it was one of the pleasantest experiences I've had.

Jack Mullaney,
Cincinnati, Ohio

For Good Reading—

DELL BOOKS

A NEW LINE OF
HANDY-SIZED 25c BOOKS

Full-Length Reprints of Famous Titles Selected by the Editors of America's Foremost Detective Magazines

MYSTERY! ADVENTURE!
ROMANCE!

ON SALE EVERYWHERE—25c EACH

Playtime's a Coming



Get set for those carefree days with a smart, *washable* outdoor rig!

The air-loving cotton twill short-all has suspender straps, bib style buttoned panel, pleats in front, darts in back for better fitting. Color Navy Blue, sizes 10-18. *$2.50 each.*

The sporty cotton shirt has a diamond pattern weave. Colors White, Maize, Red, Brown. Sizes Small . . Medium . . Large *$1.25 each.*

SEND NO MONEY—We send C.O.D.

KAROL LEE of Fifth Avenue
475 Fifth Ave.,
New York 17, N. Y.

Please send "Short-All" at $2.50, plus postage (navy only) size

Please send ☐ "Shirts" at $1.25 each, plus postage. White ☐ Maize ☐ Red ☐ Brown ☐
(give 1st and 2nd color choice)
sizes: Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large ☐

PRINT PLAINLY:

name_____

address_____

city_____ zone_____

state_____

your money back if not satisfied!

traveled about twenty thousand miles all together. And the report from every single hospital was not only favorable but enthusiastic.

There was one case that makes Alan feel sort of warm and glowing every time he thinks about it. A boy who'd had a piece of shrapnel in his brain. The shock had affected the nerves controlling his speech, and he could say just two words. They were "Oh, Gosh." He used them to convey joy, despair or boredom by varying the inflection. But he couldn't say another single thing. Well, it seems he had always been a fan of Alan's. So the doctors brought the Ladds around to cheer him up. Alan chatted with him a while and the kid said "Oh, Gosh" in a number of tones. Then all of a sudden he began talking along perfectly normally. Seeing Alan there in the flesh had, in some miraculous manner, released the mechanism in his brain. "Just that one thing would have made the whole trip worth while," Alan told Sue that night.

What the boys got the biggest kick out of was having him sit down and play poker with them. "That deadpan look gives you a head start," they'd grumble, kidding. Of course he could only play a few minutes in each ward, there were so many people to see.

"Come on, honey, we've got to go," Sue would urge from the doorway.

AUTOGRAPHS!

"He loves me, he loves me not—." Oh, well, never mind, you can get his autograph, anyway. Just fox him by peeking at page 140.

"Women are always like that when you get a poker game started," someone would moan. "You aren't going to quit when you're ahead, without giving us a chance to get our dough back, are you, Ladd?"

"Next time!" Alan would say, and grin.

Sue pulled a trick on the boys that really had them fooled. She'd stand up in the back of the room and say sort of surreptitiously, "Hey, any of you fellows want to see a picture of a nude woman?"

paris postcards . . .

They'd look at her, completely shocked. Because here they had just been thinking how sweet she was, how much like their own wives and sweethearts. But they were curious, too. They would sidle over to her, and one of them would take a quick look at the picture she held in her hand. He would roar with laughter and say, "Come on, you guys! Get a load of something really *hot!*" The picture, of course, was of little Alana in the bathtub, looking very blonde and completely cherubic. That got over big, with the men whipping out pictures of their own offspring, and comparing notes with Sue on the amount of spinach consumed for dinner.

Alan had one experience that will always stick in his memory. They visited a hospital filled with nothing but amputation cases. He was talking to a Special Services officer outside the building when a truckload of men came by. The truck stopped with a jerk and the men yelled, "Hey, Ladd, come on and go swimming with us." "Some of the patients," the officer said casually. "Sure, I'll go," Alan said, and climbed on the truck. He had kind of a sinking feeling, though. This was, he felt, going to be embarrassing all the way around. Well, he needn't have worried. He was never with a crowd in his life that were more fun or more boisterous. Alan

Do His FEET Offend?



Don't let any member of your family suffer the embarrassment of offensive foot odor. Hot, steamy, chafed feet are hard enough to endure, without added mortification of fetid odor arising from them.

For security against foot odor, Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder is the quick relief to use. Dusting it daily on the feet and into shoes and stockings does all these things for you:

(1)—Speedily dispels foot odor; (2) Gives effective relief from discomfort of new or tight shoes; (3)—Relieves hot, perspiring feet; (4) Aids in guarding against Athlete's Foot by keeping the feet dry; (5)—Helps heal cracked skin between the toes due to perspiration.

Get Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder today. Costs but a trifle. At Drug, Shoe, Department Stores and Toiletry Counters. Insist on Dr. Scholl's.



FREE—Booklet on FOOT CARE. Write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. P3, Chicago, Ill.

LINCOLN AND INDIAN HEAD
PENNIES WANTED
WILL PAY **$10.00 EACH** FOR CERTAIN LINCOLN PENNIES

Indian Head Cents $50.00; Nickels $500.00; Dimes $1,000.00. All rare coins, bills, stamps wanted. Send 10c for Illustrated Catalogue and other information. Federal Coin Exchange, 4-MOD, Columbus 5, Ohio

SOLE YOUR OWN with TREDS

The Stick-on Soles that Stay On

Thin or worn-through shoes easily and quickly soled with TREDS. Anyone can do it. Long-wearing, waterproof, non-skid soles for shoes, rubbers and boots. Cement TREDS on brand-new shoes and original soles will never wear out.

TREDS will not mar floors.
Protect The Sole And You Protect The Shoe.

Only 25c at your favorite Hardware, 5c and 10c or General Store. Due to war restrictions, your dealer may be temporarily out of TREDS, but keep asking for them. Thank you.

AUBURN RUBBER CORP.

"MY Don Juan Lipstick STAYS ON!"



Says **Paula Stone**
FAMOUS ON SCREEN, STAGE AND RADIO

"My lips stay lovely hours longer without retouching... That's why Don Juan is tops with me."

4 beauty extras:

See what they do for your lips

1. **DON JUAN STAYS ON** when you eat, drink, kiss, if used as directed. No greasy, smeary effect.
2. **LIPS STAY LOVELY** without frequent retouching. Try today.
3. **NOT DRYING or SMEARY.** Imparts appealing "glamour" look. Creamy smooth—easily applied.
4. **STYLE SHADES.** Try Raspberry, rich, glowing, or Number 5, medium red, flattering, youthful looking. Other shades, too.

De luxe size $1. Refills 60c. Junior size 25c. Tax extra. Matching powder, rouge & cake make-up. Trial sizes at 10c stores. In Canada also.

DON JUAN MILLION DOLLAR LIPSTICK

Beautiful Simulated **BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN AWAY**



Smart new, dainty, Sterling Silver Ring set with sparkling simulated **Birthstone** correct for your birth date — **GIVEN** for selling only 5 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each. Send name and address today for order. We trust you. Premium supplies are limited. Don't Delay.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-381, Jefferson, Iowa

Let Nadinola's 4-way action *help you*
CLEAR UP EXTERNALLY CAUSED **PIMPLES**
GENTLY LOOSEN **BLACKHEADS**
LIGHTEN, BRIGHTEN **DULL, DARK SKIN**



Don't give in to unlovely skin! Try famous Nadinola Cream, used and praised by thousands of lovely women. Nadinola is a *4-way treatment cream* that acts to lighten and brighten dark, dull skin—clear up externally caused pimples—fade freckles—loosen and remove blackheads. Its special medicated ingredients help to clear and freshen your skin—make it creamy-white, satin-smooth. Buy Nadinola Cream today and use only as directed. A single treatment-size jar is positively *guaranteed* to improve your complexion or your money back! Costs only 55¢, trial size 10¢. Also—

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

NADINOLA, Dept. 30, Paris, Tennessee
Send me free and postpaid your new deluxe edition Beauty Booklet, richly printed in full color, with actual photographs and sworn proof of the wonderful results from just *one jar* of Nadinola.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

You can have ★ GLAMOROUS HAIR OVERNIGHT!



Overnight—you'll *see* and *feel* the difference! One application will convince you! Glover's famous 3-Way Medicinal Treatment leaves your hair softer, radiant, sparklingly high-lighted, with added loveliness, no matter what style hair-do you like best. Try all three Glover's preparations—Glover's Mange Medicine, famous since 1876—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress! Try them separately, or in one complete treatment. Ask at any Drug Store, today!

TRIAL SIZE—Send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, packed in special carton, complete instructions for 3-Way **Overnight** treatment, useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."



Apply with massage, for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR.

★ GLOVER'S ★

Glover's, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 855, New York 1, N. Y.
Send "Complete Trial Application" in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative booklet, as advertised in plain wrapper by return mail. I enclose 25c.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

☐ Sent FREE to members of the Armed Forces on receipt of 10c for packing and postage.

Bottle Colic
guard your baby against it

EXCLUSIVE Pyrex Patented Air Vent prevents nipple collapse, guards against your baby swallowing air. GUARANTEED chill-and-heat-resistant.

PYREX BRAND NURSING BOTTLES

GET THIS EASY MONEY NOW

Sell Greeting Cards

Make quick profit showing charming cards for Birthdays, Anniversaries, and other Everyday occasions. Friends, neighbors buy them. Easy to take orders for these beautiful Assortments of 15 cards, retail for $1.00. YOU GET YOUR PROFIT RIGHT AWAY. Extraordinary designs, fancy papers, startling effects—original, clever wordings. Extra cash for you every week this easy way. Write for Samples NOW!

15 CARDS Retail $1

FRIENDSHIP STUDIOS
461 ADAMS STREET, ELMIRA, N. Y.

Do YOU Need More SHAPELY CURVES?



If you are too skinny, flat and run down, you can use this safe way to gain attractive pounds and friends and make yourself more desirable. Take Wakita 711 Compound. Full easy directions are on your package. Also eat plenty of good nourishing food. 711 Compound is a special formula for skinny women. It is an excellent hematinic and stimulates the gastric juices for skinny women. Increase your appetite with this special formula and then let your mirror be the best proof. Use it until you are completely satisfied. Write now. Just send your name and address. Pay only $1 plus postage on delivery or mail a dollar and save postage. Write today. You must be absolutely satisfied or your money back!

WAKITA, Dept. 85, Box 22, Station Y, Bklyn 4, N. Y.

would be at the edge of the pool and a guy with one arm would shove him into the water and go in after him. They played basketball when they were through swimming and wore Alan out completely.

The Ladds were in Santa Fe at the start of the Christmas holidays. The hospital there was having a contest for the most beautifully decorated ward, with a prize of a radio-phonograph. You've never seen such decorations in your life! They were all made by hand—the boys worked for weeks. In every ward was a big tree, and the ornaments were silver and scarlet and turquoise, made of every available material. The ward that won the prize had a huge Santa Claus at one end, carrying a pack full of discharge papers!

repertoire of one . . .

You've probably heard about Alan's singing. At a recruiting center, Kay Kyser thought it would be a good gag to get Alan to make with the voice. Imagine everyone's astonishment when Laddie finally came out with "My Ideal" in the kind of voice gals swoon over. Now wherever he goes he is swamped by requests for a song.

Alan finished making "Salty O'Rourke" just before he started on the tour and in it he plays a race track gambler. So who should he meet at Buckley Field hospital but a famous ex-jockey. The jockey started talking handicaps and post positions and Hialeah and Santa Anita. The catch being that Alan has been to the races just once in his life and doesn't know a handicap from a steeplechase!

It was a swell trip, that hospital tour. Tough, sure—in a way. They covered a lot of territory, in trains that weren't streamliners, or even a reasonable facsimile thereof. The roadbeds felt like a roller coaster gone mad. At the hospitals they spent their days in the wards, from nine in the morning to eleven at night. They saw some heartbreaking sights, but the kind that make you grit your teeth and say, "We've got to make it up to these kids!" And they learned what all of us must learn—that the wounded boys don't want to be pitied. They want to be treated just as they always were, and they want to get back into civilian life and get a job and marry their girls. Let's remember that, and do our part, as Alan is doing his.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I often visit the RKO theatre in Boston. When Betty Hutton was playing there I made a point of being close by. I decided to wait outside of "Dinty Moore's" where she happened to be eating. I waited for an hour, and during that wait noticed a little ragamuffin of a boy trying persistently to get in, and just as persistently being told to get out. The boy ran off, but soon came back with something huddled under his arm. He went up to the door again, and, much to our amazement, was admitted. Presently, Miss Hutton came out smiling, her blonde hair gleaming in the sun. She turned and said to those clustered around her, "Look, he gave me a corsage." They crossed the street and Betty put her arm around the tiny boy. Just a minute before they stepped out of sight, she stooped down and kissed the little fellow. Don't say Betty Hutton isn't sentimental!

Carolyn Spinney,
Melrose, Mass.



And its fragrance lasts!

NOSE AND THROAT CONGESTION

FREE CHART

Why start the day with hawking, caused by colds, sinus and catarrh? Try this "old stand-by method" that thousands for 69 years have used... HALL'S 2-METHOD TREATMENT. Loosens and helps clear up phlegm-filled throat and nasal congestion or money back. Ask your druggist. *Write for FREE Vitamin & Health Chart today!*

F. J. Cheney & Company Dept. 15 Toledo, Ohio

Earned $1231 while learning



"Dr. D. heartily endorses my home-study nursing. During my 14 months of studying and learning I made $1231 . . ." writes H. E. B. of Mass.

You, too, can become a nurse. Although few may make as much as H. E. B. while learning, most practical nurses may be sure of $25 to $35 a week after graduation. Thousands of men and women, 18 to 60, have taken this home-study course in their spare time. High school not required. Equipment included. Easy tuition payments. Trial plan. Endorsed by physicians. 46th year. Send coupon now!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 235, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name _____ Age ____

City _____ State _____

"My best postwar thoughts"

The famous silverplate with the two blocks of sterling silver inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks.

HERE AND HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid



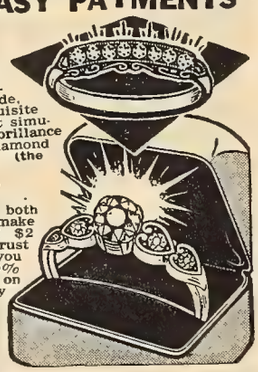
Copyright 1945: International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Div., Meriden, Conn. In Canada: The T. Eaton Co., Ltd. °Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Self-Conscious About Your Skin?
DON'T COVER IT... CLEANSE IT!
Use Ambrosia to free the pores, help clear up blackheads. At Drug, Dept. and 10c Stores.



AMBROSIA
THE SPARKLING LIQUID FACIAL CLEANSER
Hinze Ambrosia, New York City.

WEDDING AND ENGAGEMENT
RING
EASY PAYMENTS



Introductory offer: — With every order for smart Sterling Silver Solitaire engagement ring we will include, without extra charge, exquisite wedding ring set with eight simulated diamonds matching in brilliance the beautiful imitation Diamond solitaire engagement ring (the perfect bridal pair).

SEND NO MONEY
10 DAYS' TRIAL. We ship both rings in gift box and you make just 2 easy payments of $2 each; total only $4. We trust you. No red tape as you make first payment and 20% Federal Tax to postman on arrival then balance any time within 30 days. Money back guarantee. Supply limited. Send name, address, ring size today.
EMPIRE DIAMOND CO.
Dpt. ST-359, Jefferson, Iowa

BE A NURSE
LEARN QUICKLY, EASILY AT HOME



Splendid income, new social contacts, and the satisfaction of serving humanity can be yours as a Trained Practical Nurse. Ages 18 to 60. High School not necessary. Training plan welcomed by physicians. Prepare in spare time. Many earn while learning. Nurse's Outfit and placement service included FREE of extra cost. Write now for facts and fascinating FREE sample lesson pages.
WAYNE SCHOOL of PRACTICAL NURSING, Inc.
2301 N. Wayne Ave., Dept. K-9, Chicago 14, Illinois

TO THE FANS, GOD BLESS 'EM

(Continued from page 37)

never saw such a happy grin.

He saw me laughing. "Hi, Hedda," he yelled happily. "Isn't this *terrific?* Isn't it *wonderful?*"

Sure it was. It was swell. He wasn't kidding, either. Van loved every minute of the mobbing he got. But only a few months ago Van himself was one of those star-worshipping kids. He stared, drop-jawed, whenever he saw one of his movie idols. He lost his tongue when he met them. He asked for autographs. He was a fan. Now it was happening to him and—no doubt about it—Van Johnson was eating it up, loving it.

But as he eased his car through the mob I couldn't help thinking—"How long will *this* last? When will the honeymoon be over? Or will it?" Already I knew. Van had abandoned his house in Mandeville Canyon and fled to the Beverly Hills Hotel because adoring girls were always breaking in his house and embarrassing him when he came home. (They heard he couldn't make his bed—so they were doing it for him!) I made a mental note to check up on Van a couple of years from now. Sometimes stars change—and sometimes they don't. It depends on the star. I'll say it does!

love 'em and leave 'em . . .

I remember a famous husky-voiced star when she first came to Hollywood, ready and willing to do whatever the ballyhoo boys wanted her to do—just to get fans to notice her. And I remember the same pretty lady, now rich and famous, and an episode I witnessed not too many nights ago in Hollywood.

She and her husband were coming out of the theatre when a young girl stepped up to her. "I hate to trouble you," she began, "but here are some pictures I've taken of you with my own camera." She was proud as Punch. "Will you autograph them for me?"

The actress reached out her hand and looked at the pictures. She asked, "Have you got any more?"

The kid glowed like summer sunshine. "Oh, yes," she said, and fished some more out of her pocket.

"Is that all?"

"Yes," said the girl. "That's all I have."

Whereupon Miss Aren't I Wonderful ripped the bunch to pieces and tossed them in the gutter! And her husband muttered something about, "She doesn't have to submit to that sort of thing any more. She's out of pictures now." All I can say is, that as far as that heartbroken little admirer was concerned, she certainly *was* out of pictures. As far as I'm concerned, too!

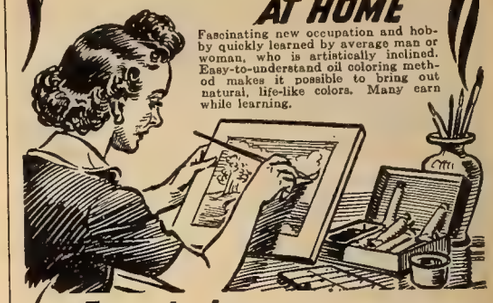
Some stars regard fans as horrid little pests, as persecutors, nuisances, bothers—the curses of fame. Others appreciate them as friends. Still other stars sum up their loyal subjects like some men look on women—"you can't get along with 'em, and you can't get along without 'em." I could write a book on the subject and say

QUIZ ANSWERS

(Continued from page 15)

1. a	7. d
2. c	8. a
3. c	9. b
4. d	10. c
5. b	11. d
6. d	12. d

Thrills . . . Fun . . . Earn . . .
COLORING PHOTOS AT HOME



Fascinating new occupation and hobby quickly learned by average man or woman, who is artistically inclined. Easy-to-understand oil coloring method makes it possible to bring out natural, life-like colors. Many earn while learning.

Easy to Learn . . . Our practical instruction shows you how to do beautiful work. No previous training is needed, nor is it necessary to do any drawing or sketching. Find out how those with natural talent can be trained to color their own photographs and those of their friends and, when experienced, seek work for studios, stores and others.

Koehne Method Means Beautiful Work
Learn the "Koehne Method" of coloring photographs and miniatures in oil. It brings out the most beautiful effects. Originated in the well-known Koehne Studio that for many years catered to the Gold Coast residents of Chicago. This type of instruction trains you in the latest and modern method of coloring in vogue today.

FREE Booklet
If you seek increased independence, greater happiness, and a worth-while hobby, and you feel you have artistic talent, write for this FREE booklet. Find out more about this fascinating work and the opportunities in a comparatively uncrowded field. Send today for free booklet, "A Fascinating Hobby" and full particulars. Sent postage prepaid, without obligation.
National Photo Coloring School
Dept. 2365
1315 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 5, Ill.

NATIONAL PHOTO COLORING SCHOOL
1315 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 2365, Chicago 5, Ill.
Please send me, without obligation, your FREE Booklet, "A Fascinating Hobby" and full particulars.
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... Zone .... State .....

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS
(SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)
Use DERMOIL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST



Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547 Northwestern Station, Dept. 6709, Detroit 4, Mich.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE
©1935 LAKE LAB

PRETTY LEGS



BEAUTIFY CONTOURS, EASILY, QUICKLY!
New, lovely proportions for your legs: hips, thighs, calves, ankles, etc.—in this healthful, new, astonishingly easy way. Only a few minutes per day in your own home.
EFFECTIVE, LASTING RESULTS!
Used successfully by hundreds of smart women everywhere.

WRITE FOR FREE LITERATURE TODAY!
Surprise everyone: get started now, without obligation, by mailing coupon immediately to
ADRIENNE
915 SHREVE BLDG., Salon H, SAN FRANCISCO, 8, CAL.
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... STATE .....



Simple Home Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter SAFELY...

Made specially for blondes, this new shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded hair. Called Blondex, its rich cleansing lather instantly removes the dingy film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair lustrous highlights. Safe for children. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and department stores.



WEDDING AND ENGAGEMENT RING

TEN DAYS' TRIAL—SEND NO MONEY

Introductory offer: With every order for smart, new, Sterling Silver Solitaire engagement ring we will include without extra charge exquisite wedding ring set with eight imitation diamonds matching in fire and brilliance the beautiful **imitation Diamond solitaire engagement ring** (the perfect bridal pair). Send no money with order. Just name, address and ring size. We ship both rings in lovely gift box immediately and you make just 2 easy payments of $2 each, total only $4. We trust you. No red tape as you make first payment and 20% Federal tax to postman on arrival then balance any time within 30 days. Money-back guarantee. **War conditions make supply limited. Act NOW.**

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. ST-364, Jefferson, Iowa

STAMMER?

GET THIS FREE BOOK!

This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 43 years. **Benj. N. Bogue, Dept. 2271, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.**

PAIN

Headaches, Muscular Pains, Simple Neuralgia and Functional Monthly Pains slow you down, interfere with your work, spoil your fun.

Dr. Miles ANTI-PAIN PILLS

can relieve these common pains quickly. **Caution;** read directions and use only as directed. **Regular package 25c, Economy package $1.00. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.**



Hair OFF Face

Lips...Arms...Legs

Now Happy! I had ugly superfluous hair...was unloved...discouraged. Tried many things...even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It has helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My **FREE** book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair Problem" explains method. **Mailed in plain envelope. Also TRIAL OFFER. Write** Mme. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 144, Chicago 54, Ill.

a lot on all sides (but I won't, so relax). The truth is (and plenty of stars are smart enough to realize it) that without fans there wouldn't be any stars.

I remember something Joan Crawford said a very long time ago. She was mobbed at a preview, pushed around and mussed up considerably in the lobby of the old Egyptian theatre. A friend of hers, not in the movies, was horrified. "But Joan," she protested, "how can you stand this? Doesn't it scare you to death?"

Joan Crawford smiled wisely. "No," she said, "but it will when they *stop* bothering me!" That's a classic remark in Hollywood now. I'll bet I've heard it tagged on a hundred stars since then. But Joan said it first, and she meant it. No Hollywood lady has ever had as many millions of adoring fans as Joan Crawford. She's had more fan clubs than any star in Hollywood. She's been a top star for over fifteen years and she still is. She's had fans to her house, met them in their own home towns, listened to their advice, helped them with their problems. She has dressed to please them, played parts they asked for. She has repaid their loyalty with more hidden acts of kindness than you'll ever know about. Joan has been imposed upon, too, plenty—

Like the incident with that girl who was a particular Crawford fan because everyone told her she looked exactly like Joan—same wide, blue eyes, chiselled face. Joan was unusually nice to her, had her out to the house and everything. But her amazing resemblance gave the gal ideas. She started passing herself off around Hollywood as Joan Crawford's sister. Still Joan didn't mind. Until she also started charging things such as silk evening gowns and fur coats at the swank department stores. Then "Joan Crawford's sister" was disowned in self defense.

But that's a rare case. The point is, that Joan Crawford, who never was a

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Cary Grant visited the Welch Convalescent Hospital recently. As secretary to the Commanding Officer, I was the lucky one to page Cary Grant for the long distance phone call that had come in for him. He was most cordial when I asked him if he'd like me to get the party on the line for him. As he stood there at my desk, the office and hallway quickly filled up with people. After much delay, the operator signalled for Mr. Grant, so I gave him the phone. There was still quite a delay before the connection was actually made. The place was quiet, everyone was staring at him until we were beginning to feel embarrassed for him. Cary must have felt the same way, because, looking at the phone in a quizzical way, he said, "Purely selfish, these things; send people rushing after you, then make you wait for an hour or two. Yes, sir, they are funny, everytime you pick up the receiver someone says something." We all laughed and that broke the tension. Later on, I was astonished and thrilled when I happened to see him in the service club and he remembered me, even spoke to me by name, thanking me for my courtesy. He's swell!

Sarah Alberson,
Daytona Beach, Fla.



Get HAIRTAINERS*!



Exclusive spring-teeth grip lightly but firmly—hold every hairstyle secure! At beauty salons and notion counters everywhere, card of two Grip-Tuth HAIRTAINERS* (or one extra length), 25¢!

*Trademarks Reg

DIADEM, INC.
Leominster, Mass.

TUFFENAIL*

Scientific, proven aid for Brittle, Splitting or Thin Nails. Acts to tuffen nails and help cuticle. Quickly applied, non-staining, does not affect polish.

25c and 50c AT TOILET GOODS COUNTERS THROUGHOUT AMERICA



Vogue Products, 1151 Seward St., Hollywood 38, Calif.

SKINNY WOMEN!



Men Adore a Full Shapely Figure!

GAIN WEIGHT!

Amazing "Glamor-Figur" Formula Helps You Gain Safely! Easily! More Quickly!

Men are always attracted by a glamorous figure with appealing curves . . . and not by a skinny, drab, lifeless looking woman! Now at last you too, can try to help yourself put on enough weight for a shapely figure as thousands of women have by using this AMAZING SPECIAL FORMULA. Poor appetite and lack of necessary vitamins probably cause most cases of underweight. This "GLAMOR-FIGUR" FORMULA helps stimulate your appetite to eat the proper amount of food with enjoyment . . . and gives you additional vitamins to help you get the required daily adult amount which contribute to your gaining the normal weight. Remember a shapely full figure helps give you a more BEAUTIFUL BUSTLINE, HELPS YOU LOOK AND FEEL BETTER, fills out sunken cheeks, gives you more poise!

FREE 10 DAY TRIAL

SEND NO MONEY! Don't send a cent. Try this Special "Glamor-Figur" Formula at our expense for 10 days and then see if he will notice and admire your new more shapely figure. Also FREE PERSONAL DIRECTIONS, FREE Doctor's Weight Gaining Plan to be used with "Glamor-Figur" Formula if you order Now! Just deposit with postman on delivery 98c plus postage, or send only $1 and we pay postage. 2 for $1.69. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE if not completely satisfied. Delay is lost romance! WRITE NOW! GUARANTEE SALES, 21 West 45th St., Dept. C-130, N. Y. C.

BE PROTECTED
in case of
SICKNESS
or **ACCIDENT**



NEW SECURITY PLAN
Pays HOSPITAL & DOCTOR BILLS

SAFEGUARDS ENTIRE FAMILY
for only **3¢ A DAY**
1½¢ FOR CHILDREN



ANY HOSPITAL IN U. S.
CHOOSE YOUR OWN DOCTOR

It's New! It's Different! It's a real Security Plan . . . designed to give you the Protection you'll really need in case of Hospital confinement for sickness or accident. When misfortune strikes, you may go to any Hospital in the U. S. or Canada under any Doctor's care. WE PAY YOUR EXPENSES in full accordance with Policy provisions. You are assured of expert care and medical attention . . . without any worries whatever about heavy financial burden.

INDIVIDUAL OR FAMILY ELIGIBLE

Why is it that North American can offer so much useful coverage for so little money? Because this Protection is sold direct. Individuals or family groups can enroll from birth to age 70 and get such exceptional benefits as Doctor fees, weekly compensation for time lost from work, death benefits, etc. What's more, you're backed up by a strong, reliable Company operated under the full supervision of the Insurance Dept. This Plan has won the approval of Hospitals and Physicians throughout the U. S.

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION

You are not required to take a medical examination to get North American Hospitalization Protection. Already over ten million persons in America have enrolled for this valuable kind of coverage, . . . proving the practical common sense of protecting your savings from the onslaught of unexpected Hospital and Doctor bills. Send off at once for all the details about this Plan. No obligation. No Agent will call.

YOU GET UP TO $2515.00

FOR HOSPITAL ROOM AND BOARD
• SICKNESS
• ACCIDENT
• DOCTOR or SURGEON
• TIME LOST FROM WORK
• LOSS OF LIFE
• WAR COVERAGE . . .
and other valuable benefits

FREE!! MAIL COUPON

NORTH AMERICAN MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
Dept. MM5-5, Wilmington, Del.

Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3c A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

I SAW IT HAPPEN



It was at the Michigan Theatre, and we were going to see Vaughn Monroe in person. After staying to see two performances, we decided to go backstage in order to secure the star's autograph. Many other fans were waiting, so we joined the eager crowd. Vaughn Monroe had slipped out in his car a while before, but now, look who's in that car! It was the leader, himself, and in quite a hurry. Our congregation stopped him with anxious tugs at his coat as he tried to get by. I, myself, was frantically pulling at his coat sleeve. Mr. Monroe apologized and said that it was but a moment or two before he had to appear again, and he hadn't even changed yet. But he underestimated our persistence, for while Vaughn Monroe's theme song played on the stage, the maestro, himself, was backstage signing autographs. To me, that was courtesy de luxe—and a swell guy!

Nancy Korey,
Detroit, Michigan

great actress (I think she'd be the first to admit that) was—and is—a great screen star and has been for over 15 years, largely because she had a vibrant personality and something that went directly to her fans and never left them. She's a movie fan's star, the best example I know. When Joan's career sagged several years ago she never lost a fan. And she never lost a contract, either. Did her friendliness pay off when she needed it? Could be.

In contrast, let me tell you a little incident I was mixed up in once, and the star in question is certainly not what she used to be at the box-office, which may or may not prove a darned thing.

It happened at the premiere of "Gone With the Wind." You can imagine how the thousands of fans crowded around that event, how eager they were to see their favorites in the flesh. I was out in the crowd with those fans that night. I know the adoration they lavished on every great name from Hollywood, 'way down there in Atlanta, Georgia. Hollywood stars were kings and queens with that hospitable southern crowd. They could do no wrong. But they did! For my money *one* did.

Some fans were having a hard time getting a good look at their favorites. A few of them ganged up on me. "Hedda," (that's what they called me and it gave me a kick, the friendly way they said it) "Hedda, won't you ask them to turn around this way so that we can see their faces?"

I said, "You bet I will." The first star I approached was Virginia Bruce, to my mind, one of the great natural beauties of Hollywood. I explained the request. "How about turning around and giving them a smile, Virginia?" I asked. "These kids are wild to see what you look like." She gave me a blank stare.

the little things count . . .

"Why should I?" she asked blandly. "They saw me when I came in, didn't they?" And she glided off, very regal. The next star who walked by was that fine colored actress, Hattie McDaniel, who won an Oscar for her part in "Gone With the Wind." I repeated the fan's request I'd made to Virginia Bruce. "Why, sure, Miss Hopper," said Hattie, smiling courte-

BEAUTIFY YOUR BUSTLINE
(Instantly)

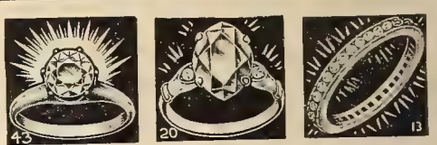
Send No Money

WRITE NOW



7 Day Guarantee Offer

An attractive full Bust Line is a short cut to glamour, poise and more self-assurance. If your Bust Line makes you self-conscious, try the new (special up and out) Peach Cupbra. Use it for a week. If you are not delighted, send everything back and your money will be refunded. Write now. SEND NO MONEY. Send only your name and address and size of your old brassiere. (State whether small, medium or heavy.) When you get your Peach Cupbra with direction booklet, pay postman $1.98 (plus postage). (Plain wrapper). Read your direction booklet and wear your Peach Cupbra for a week. If you are not absolutely delighted with your new lovelier figure, send it back. It is positively guaranteed to please you. Join the hundreds of women who enjoy a lovelier figure with Peach Cupbra. Please print name and address clearly. Write today to **PARTY PEACH CO., Dept. 85, 72 5th Ave., New York 11, N. Y.**



Delhi Replica DIAMONDS

have the scintillating fire of genuine diamonds. Fine quality mountings. Prices—No. 43 (Tiffany style) ½ Karat size set—$4.75. 1 karat—$6.75. No. 20—$6.75. No. 13 band ring, 7 stones, light weight—$2.95. Better grade—$4.75. With stones all around—$6.75. Plus 20% Tax.



Waltham & Elgin Men's Watches—7 Jewels $37.50—Fine cases—Bulovas & Gruens, 15 Jewels $45.00 plus 10% Tax. Order by number. Write plainly. SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman. If from outside the states send remittance with order. Money back if unsuitable, if returned same day as received.

NATIONAL GEM COMPANY
P. O. Box 466, Dept. W.X.U.
Chicago 90, Illinois

LEARN NURSING AT HOME



High School not necessary. No age limit. Send for FREE "Nursing Facts" and sample lesson pages. Earn while learning. Act now!
Post Graduate Hospital School of Nursing
152 N. Wacker Drive Chicago 6, Illinois

MOVIE STAR PORTRAITS



LON McCALLISTER
20th Century-Fox Star

POPULAR GLOSSY PHOTOS
Finest quality — NOW
12 for $1.00

Latest poses of all male and female Hollywood Stars. Name your favorites. We ship at once—postpaid.

FREE! with every order — illustrated catalogue listing over 5000 names and poses of all your favorite Movie Stars.

Avoid delay by listing your second choice

IRVING KLAW
212 East 14 St., Dept. J5, New York 3, N. Y.

ously. "And I wonder if you'd introduce your friends to me?" So I did. And they were thrilled—both the fans and Hattie. And I couldn't help wondering to myself who was the greatest *real* lady in that test—Virginia Bruce or Hattie McDaniel?

Well, let's face it. Frankly, I'm on the fans' side in the perpetual tug-of-war that goes on between the great screen idols and their beloved subjects. Maybe it's the ham that's left in me, but I like people, I like crowds. Whenever somebody flatters me with recognition or praise, I tingle from my screwy bonnet to my wrinkled rayons. I had to struggle all my life to make the grade and I appreciate the symptoms of success. I remember once I stepped in the elevator at the Empire State Building (to be a fan myself and get a rubberneck look at Manhattan). I said something to the starter, and the woman behind me, who hadn't seen my face, cried, "Why Hedda Hopper!" She recognized my voice from the radio. Was I thrilled! I beamed like a new bride.

For years I've haunted the fan mobs on the fringes of all big Hollywood events. I wade right in among 'em and ask 'em questions. When I'm in New York I tip them off when a star's about to arrive and tell them where she's staying. Some of my best friends are fans (I'm not a glamour gal to them. But I *am* Hollywood Information. So we get along). More than once a fan has tipped me off to a big Hollywood story, too. The time Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz ran off to Connecticut and the preacher, a fan found out and tossed a scoop right into my lap. But this isn't my story.

What I started to say was that fans are just people—like you and me. And everybody's a fan of somebody. Every movie star in Hollywood is a swooner—openly or in secret—for some other star (and sometimes they're their own greatest admirer, too!). We're all fans, and all with our special reasons for being fans. I went to a preview at Grauman's Chinese one night and in the famous forecourt where all the footprints and handprints and noseprints are, I did my usual buzzing around among the mob. I saw a sweet old lady and a dainty young matron watching everything eagerly. I always ask fans whom they come to see (there's always a special one) so I asked them and they said "Lon McCallister."

At that time I didn't know Lon McCallister from Joe Doaks, so I just smiled a blank smile and moved on. But after

I SAW IT HAPPEN



In September '42, Tallulah Bankhead came back to her home town of Jasper, Alabama. She was making her last appearance at the city auditorium and made her entrance greeting friends right and left while an elderly vendor hovered about the entrance selling his popcorn and peanuts. Suddenly Tallulah spied him and ran through the crowd to give this man a big kiss. As the famous actress walked away, tears slid down the lined face of the vendor and a smile betrayed his happiness. She had been one of his best customers during her younger days in Jasper. Tallulah remembered each order (To be gotten! second choice.)

Sgt. Herschel Jasper

SERVICE
RK 19, N. Y.

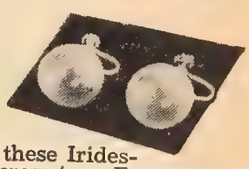
DON'T FORCE SLEEP!

TRY DR. MILES NERVINE



OFTEN the harder you try to get to sleep, the longer you stay awake. Dr. Miles Nervine (Liquid or Effervescent Tablets) helps to relieve nervous tension, to permit refreshing sleep. Why don't you try it when you are **Nervous, Cranky, Restless?** Get it at your drug store. **Liquid, 25c and $1.00;** Effervescent Tablets, **35c and 75c. Caution;** read directions and use only as directed. **Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.**

REPLICA **PEARL EARRINGS GIVEN**





To make new friends, these Iridescent Replica Pearls set in screw type Earrings are given with your order for both the necklace and bracelet. Be first to enjoy wearing them. Send today and accept these Earrings as our gift to you.

Wear NECKLACE And 2-Row Matching **BRACELET**

Enjoy wearing a gorgeous replica of an expensive pearl necklace and matching, two row bracelet,—all without risking a penny. Send for both the necklace and bracelet and accept them on ten days trial. Money refunded if you return them, **but YOU ARE TO KEEP THE EARRINGS as our get-acquainted gift,** in any event.

10 DAYS TRIAL

RARE Replica Pearls with that true iridescent luster are now rare. Polished, carefully selected pearls with clasp.

SEND NO MONEY *Supply Limited*

When your package arrives you pay the postman only $2.95 each for Necklace and Bracelet plus mailing cost and 20% Federal Tax. Write today!

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 70-CE Jefferson, Iowa



- *The pins with a lasting grip*
- *Smooth finish inside and out*

Scoldy Lox BOB PINS
NEVER LET YOUR HAIR DOWN

Fiery Itching of SIMPLE RASH

BEFORE giving up hope of relief from these torturing symptoms, try Resinol Ointment. Its soothing medication allays itchy stinging of irritated parts, lessens desire to scratch, and hastens comfort. Beneficial action of the ingredients is prolonged by *special blending* in an oily base. Buy today!

RESINOL

Why risk cutting cuticle?

— when it's so easy to keep cuticle trim with Trimal!

NEGLECTED CUTICLE

The safe, gentle way to remove cuticle is the same method used by professional manicurists. Simply wrap cotton around manicure stick and apply Trimal. Then watch dead, loose cuticle soften. Wipe it away with a towel. You'll be amazed and delighted with results! Ask for the 10c or 25c size now — at drug, department or 10c stores.

Use **TRIMAL**

...keeps cuticle trim without cutting



L-MANICURED CUTICLE

LABORATORIES • LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

All movie fans aren
don't get me wrong. Sta
the good nature of a pupp
patience of Job blow up i
rageous situations. Fans can
pants off their idols. They can ge
hair, bust into their homes, dama
property, make them very uncomfo
But are those particular (and fortuna
rare) pests true admirers? I wonder.

BLONDES!
...Your Hair Can Be Gloriously Golden Again



● Don't let time-darkened hair deny your right to loveliness! Recapture the appeal of gleaming "spun-gold" hair—easily, in one simple treatment—with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash!

No matter what shade your hair is now—even if it's streaked, dull and coarse-looking Marchand's Golden Hair Wash can give it a smooth, even tone and glistening highlights. And, with Marchand's, you can achieve the *exact degree* of lightness you desire! Blonde, brunette or redhead, you can make your hair several shades lighter or merely accent it with a "touch of gold."

Carefully developed by experts in hair care, the *new* Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is complete in itself for use at home. Not a dye—not an expensive "treatment", it's easier than ever to use! Excellent, too, for lightening arm and leg hair. Try Marchand's today!

MARCHAND'S Golden Hair Wash



Made by the Makers of Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Rinse

MATCHED BRIDAL PAIR
WEDDING AND ENGAGEMENT
RINGS SEND NO MONEY



Just to get acquainted we will send you smart, precious, Sterling Silver engagement ring or wedding ring. Romance design engagement ring set with flashing, imitation diamond solitaire in sentimental orange blossom mounting. Wedding ring is deeply embossed rich Sterling Silver in exquisite Honeymoon design. Either ring only $1.50 or both for $2.79 and 20% Federal Tax. **SEND NO MONEY** with order, just name and ring size. Pay on arrival, then wear ring 10 days on money-back guarantee. Rush order now.

$1.50 EACH 2 FOR $2.79

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 671-BN, Jefferson, Iowa

YES, YOU CAN HAVE Curves



Don't let your life be spoiled by shame or embarrassment over a flat, undeveloped or sagging form. Help develop a glamorous, alluring contour of high youthful rounded fullness! Tested, proven, easy-to-use methods given in the wonderful, scientifically authentic book, "Approved Methods for Care and Development of the Form." Experience the thrilling joys of having your contour appear shapely, rounded, romantically beautiful. Proven successful by thousands of women. Lifetime results, safely, easily, positively. If not satisfied, return within 10 days and money will be refunded.

SEND NO MONEY!

Benefit by this extraordinary reduction. Formerly more than DOUBLE this price. Now only $1.00. Order now C.O.D. plus postage. Pay postman on arrival. To save Postage send $1.00 with order, and we ship prepaid in plain wrapper.

NOW ONLY **$1.00**

NEVER BEFORE SO GREATLY REDUCED!

SUCCESS STUDIOS • BALTO., MD., BOX 895-D

that preview was over I did, you can bet. It was "Stage Door Canteen." Who were the fans? That's right—his mother and grandmother.

skip the four-eyes . . .

The stars who have discovered the amazing fact that fans are human beings after all, are the ones who get by best when they meet the people. It's not at all necessary to get a Sherlock Holmes disguise every time you appear in public, as Nelson Eddy used to do. Nelson used to wrap up in a shabby black coat and hat and lug a violin case when he traveled to deglamorize himself into an impoverished musician! Garbo started that dark glasses cover-up stuff, which every star in Hollywood has copied. But by now everybody who's nobody wears them so everybody will think they're somebody—if you get me!

I've always admired the way Clark Gable gets along with his fans. At heart, Clark is one of the most modest gents in Hollywood. He's really shy in crowds; he doesn't purr in adulation at all, and you can imagine how many times in his long, top-man career he's been mobbed. But Clark always strides along in public without a false whisker or a smoked glass, tearing along in that big stride of his and getting where he's going before his fans get over their bedazzlement. I saw Clark stride right through the forecourt at the Hollywood Egyptian, going to the preview of "Mutiny on the Bounty," I think it was,

AUTOGRAPHS!

"Star light, star bright!
I wish I could, I wish I might!"

But you can! Just turn to page 140, then send a quarter rolling for that autograph.

smiling affably and stunning all his fans with his charm. Near the door a girl looked at him, gasped when she saw who it was and went, "Oh! O-H-H-H!!—like that—and swooned away right at his feet. Clark never turned a hair or missed a stride. In a second he was in the theatre, where he was aiming.

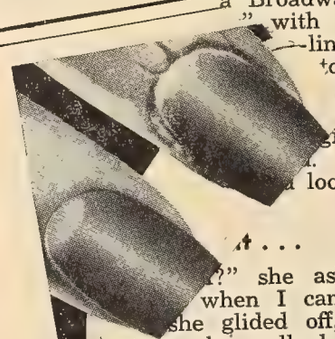
easy does it . . .

But when Clark's trapped he's a good sport, one of the best. You see, he's wise enough to know that it doesn't cost anything to be gracious and that a grin takes less effort than a scowl.

[illegible] king of a time in Manhattan, [illegible]ar, when Clark stepped out [illegible]and smack into an army of [illegible]ened to be in a heck of [illegible] a Broadway show, so [illegible]" with a grin, and [illegible]—lined right into [illegible]tossed out the [illegible]I get back." [illegible]ney wanted [illegible]iving net and [illegible]. "These The [illegible] look like." [illegible]nd. [illegible]ut

[illegible]t . . .

[illegible]?" she asked blandly. [illegible] when I came in, didn't [illegible]she glided off, very regal. [illegible]ar who walked by was that [illegible] actress, Hattie McDaniel, who [illegible]scar for her part in "Gone With [illegible]nd." I repeated the fan's request [illegible]ade to Virginia Bruce. "Why, sure, [illegible] Hopper," said Hattie, smiling courte-



Free for Asthma

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for **a free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co. **353-R Frontier Bldg.**
462 Niagara St., **Buffalo 1, N. Y.**

PICTURE RING $1.



Made from Any Photo or Picture! SEND NO MONEY!

Exquisite Onyx-like Picture Ring—made from any photo. **Send No Money!** Mail photo with paper strip for ring size. Pay postman only $1.00 plus postage. Hand tinted 25c extra. Photo returned with ring. Money back guarantee. Send photo and ring size now.
PORTRAIT RING CO., Dept. H-25. CINCINNATI, O.



LEG SUFFERERS

Why continue to suffer without attempting to do something? Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHODS FOR HOME USE." It tells about Varicose Ulcers and Open Leg Sores. Liepe Methods used *while you walk*. More than 40 years of success. Praised and endorsed by multitudes.

FREE BOOKLET

LIEPE METHODS, 3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. E-36. Milwaukee, Wisconsin

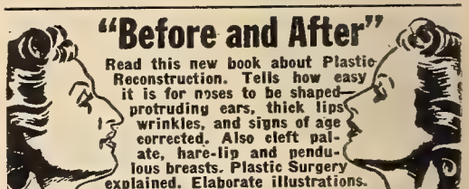
YOU can help hasten the day—THE day of final unconditional surrender—by investing your wartime earnings in War Bonds.

Hastening the day means shortening casualty lists. In war, bullets, shells and bombs are exchanged for lives. The War Bonds you buy help pay for the bullets, shells and bombs that will speed the victory.

★ ★

BUY WAR BONDS

"Before and After"



Read this new book about Plastic Reconstruction. Tells how easy it is for noses to be shaped—protruding ears, thick lips, wrinkles, and signs of age corrected. Also cleft palate, hare-lip and pendulous breasts. Plastic Surgery explained. Elaborate illustrations.

125 pages. Only 25c—mail coin or stamps. Glenville Publishers 60 East 42nd St., Dept. BB, New York 17, N. Y.



MOVIE STAR PHOTOS

Direct from Hollywood
Get Yours NOW

All the latest stars and poses.
REAL PHOTOGRAPHS—GUARANTEED

LON McCALLISTER
20th Century-Fox star
over 5000 real
Movie Stars.
Avoid del

212 East 14

List decorated with MOVIE STARS mailed FREE with each photo. Send name of your FAVORITE with fifteen cents to cover handling and mailing.

HOLLYWOOD SCREEN EXCHANGE
Box 1150—Dept. 2
Hollywood 28, Calif., U. S. A.

Your Photo on 250 Stamps $1.69



Use them on Letters, Books, Greeting Cards

It's new! It's exciting! Your favorite photo or snapshot reproduced on smart, exclusive stamps. Large-sized (1⅛" x 1½") on fine gummed paper—just wet the back and apply. That man of yours in service will get a real thrill seeing your picture in every letter.

Hundreds of Novel Uses

Photo Stamps can be used on greeting cards, announcements, business cards, job applications, etc. Identify your books, records, sheet music, etc.

PHOTOPLATE CO., Dept. 355
161 W. Harrison St., Chicago, 5

Send No Money

You don't risk one cent—simply send photo or snapshot (no negatives). On arrival, pay postman $1.69 plus C.O.D. postage on MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. If cash accompanies order, we pay postage. Original photo returned.

Mail your order TODAY!

Remember Your Loved One!



Wear This Genuine STERLING SILVER PHOTO RING FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Custom Made Design with Your Photo Hand-Painted in Oil. Permanently Sealed in Magnified Dome Crystal. WATER-PROOF—WILL NEVER FADE. SEND NO MONEY! Simply mail a photo or clear snapshot which will be returned in good order. When your Photo Ring arrives, pay the postman $4.49 plus a few cents postage. LIFE-TIME GUARANTEE. Mass production and direct sales to you make this value possible. $7.50 Value

$4.49

Send in a Paper Strip with your ring finger measure for correct size. All Federal Taxes, Inc.

FISK INDUSTRIES, Dept. D5
Fisk Building, 250 West 57 St., N. Y. C.

High School Course at Home — **Many Finish in 2 Years**

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H.S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.

American School, Dpt. H514, Drexel at 58th, Chicago

WRINKLES

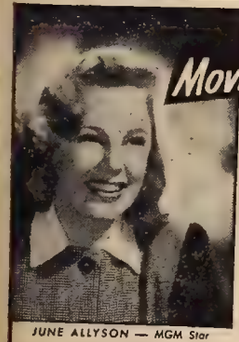
Keep young looking. Wrinkles add years to your face. Apply RINKLIS, a lotion made scientifically after much research of the Finest Ingredients, Blended with Avocado Oil, the last word in effective unsurpassed anti-wrinkle treatment. You will be amazed how quickly you can improve your charms by making your wrinkles less pronounced. Don't delay, the sooner the better. Full directions with package $2.00 postpaid, (if C.O.D. Federal tax and Postage extra). Money back guarantee.

SCIENTIFIC BEAUTY PRODUCTS
DEPT. 1-PH, 678 8th AVE., N. Y. C.

Get More Comfort For Standing Feet

With An Ice-Mint Treat

Don't let tired, burning sensitive feet steal energy and make the hours seem longer. Rub on a little Ice-Mint and feel the blissfully cool and soothing sensation of comfort that follows, as this frosty-white medicinal cream goes to work driving out fiery burning and aching tiredness. Grand, too, to help soften up painful corns and callouses. So don't delay—get foot happy today the Ice-Mint way. At all druggists.



Movie Stars Photos

12 SUPER GLOSS SHOTS $1.00

Thrill to the exciting glamour of your favorite Hollywood screen stars. Special, individually posed glossy photos. Most complete assortment. Order today!

Free—Catalog of over 200 fascinating miniature photos with each order (To avoid delay, state 2nd choice.)

JUNE ALLYSON — MGM Star Now In "Music for Millions"

GLAMOR-TONE PHOTO SERVICE
1233 SIXTH AVENUE — DEPT. E-5, — NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

his fingers numbed, even though he missed the show. Some other stars I know would have called the cops.

Dennis Morgan had something like that happen to him a year ago when he went back to his home state, Wisconsin, and got trapped in a Milwaukee hotel elevator. Denny's the home-state-boy-who-made-good in those parts, you know, and the crowd spotted him in a department store, followed him to the hotel and jammed in the elevator with him before he could duck. Once inside, they issued an ultimatum: Morgan didn't leave that elevator until he came through with a song. Denny's a reasonable guy, like Gable. He launched into "The Desert Song" while the car rocketed to the roof and then plummeted back to the basement. After five round trips they let him go, a little elevator-sick, but happy about the whole thing.

The funniest episode of that nature, though, happened to Dana Andrews, and it still makes Dana blush to tell it. Dana's a star who has made it the hard way, and that's the kind of star who appreciates his fans. Besides, Dana's one of the most normal, good-natured guys I know. Just the same, the situation was a little trying.

He was on a bond tour and lodged in a southern city hotel. He barged in his room one day, after being out, in a terrific hurry to make a change of clothes and hustle back to his bond-selling chores. Two dusky chambermaids were fussing about his room. But there was something about their complexions that didn't ring true. Dana stopped in his tracks and took a good look. He knew blackface when he saw it. "All right, girls," he grinned, "wash off the cork. I know you."

They laughed their confessions. They'd made up as chambermaids to get in his room. They wanted to meet him. He was their favorite star . . . etc., etc. But none of this quick glimpse stuff. These fans wanted a long visit, a sort of double date that they could talk about for months and months.

"That would be swell," said Dana, "only not now. Look, I'm in a hurry." And he explained his tizzy. "So you-all run along now and—some other time."

"Uh-uh," said the girls. "We aren't leaving."

Dana explained. He cajoled, he threatened, he pleaded. He tried to kid them out of it. They just smiled and sat, as determined young gals can. When he said wildly that they'd *have* to leave, he had to change his clothes, they just giggled.

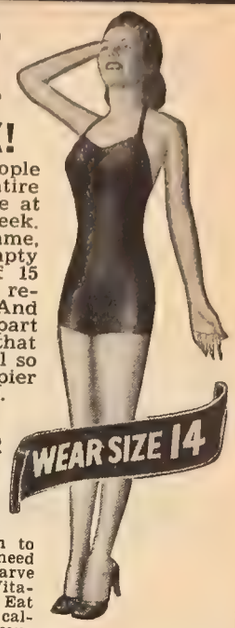
striptease a la andrews . . .

Dana was desperate. The minutes were ticking off. The only way, he figured, was to scare them out. He took off his coat. They thought that was fine. He jerked off his tie. Not a move. He unlaced his shoes. They just stared. He ripped off his shirt. They perked up. They guffawed—the little devils—when he reached shakily for his belt buckle. Dana knew when he was licked. He grabbed his change of clothes, fled to the bathroom, locked the door, shaved, showered and dressed. When he breezed by and out, the girls were still sitting there, grinning like pussy cats. What a tale they had to tell the gang—about Dana Andrews' desperate striptease!

All movie fans aren't little angels—don't get me wrong. Stars blessed with the good nature of a puppy dog and the patience of Job blow up in some outrageous situations. Fans can pester the pants off their idols. They can get in their hair, bust into their homes, damage their property, make them very uncomfortable. But are those particular (and fortunately rare) pests true admirers? I wonder.

EXCESS FAT

LOSE 5 LBS. or MORE PER WEEK or MONEY BACK!



Most over-fat people who follow the entire Vita-Slym plan lose at least 5 pounds a week. YOU may do the same, or return the empty box at the end of 15 days and we will refund your money. And the most amazing part of the plan is that people say they feel so much better — peppier and more energetic.

PRIVATE PLAN of N. Y. DOCTOR

A well-known New York physician first prescribed this method of reducing for his exclusive clientele. At last we have persuaded him to release it for YOU. No need to over-exercise or starve yourself. Nor are Vita-Slyms a cathartic. Eat plenty of food, but less calories and supplement your meals with Vita-Slyms. They not only contain Vitamins, A, B_1, B_2, C and D Niacin, Amide, Iron Calcium, Phosphorus and Dextrose to make you feel better, but also help take away that abnormal appetite due to low blood sugar.

4 WEEKS' MENUS FREE!

With every box of 75 Tablets and 30 Capsules, we *give* you a convenient chart of menus for one month . . . a time-saving help in planning your meals. Try the Vita-Slym plan for 15 days—see for yourself how quickly you lose weight and how fine you feel. You risk nothing. If not delighted you return the box and we refund your money. But don't delay . . . Act NOW! Mail coupon TODAY! Order C.O.D., or, if you send cash, we pay postage.

VITA-SLYM CO., Dept. M-6, Box 159, Times Square Sta., New York.

MONEY BACK AGREEMENT

Vita-Slym Co., Dept. M-6, Box 159, Times Square Sta., New York.

Send me 15 days' supply of Vita-Slyms (75 Tablets & 30 Capsules). If not delighted with results, you will refund my money.

☐ I will pay postman $1.98 plus postage.
☐ I enclose $1.98. Send postage prepaid.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

No Canadian Orders — Please print plainly

FREE ENLARGEMENT

Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge your favorite print or negative, photo or picture to 8x10 inches — FREE — if you enclose this ad. (Pictures should be clear and sharp; negatives give best results). Information on hand tinting in natural colors sent immediately. Your original returned with your free enlargement. Send today. Limit 1 to a customer.

GEPPERT STUDIOS, Dept. 563, Des Moines 2, Iowa

BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR ...AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER



● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c and $1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get BROWNATONE today.

Money Back If Blackheads Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, muddiness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, fairer, smoother looking skin. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug toiletry counters. 30 million jars already used. Ask for Imperial size, or write for a generous Free Sample to Golden Peacock Co., Inc., Paris, Tennessee.



MATCHED BRIDAL PAIR $5.95 EACH OR BOTH FOR $9.95

GENUINE **DIAMOND RINGS**

Just to get acquainted we will send you smart, new 10K yellow gold engagement ring or wedding ring. Romance design engagement ring set with flashing, Rose cut diamond solitaire in sentimental, sweetheart mounting. Wedding ring is deeply embossed. 10K yellow gold, set with 3 genuine chip Diamonds. Either ring only $5.95 or both for $9.95 plus postage and 20% Federal tax. SEND NO MONEY with order, just name and ring size. Pay on arrival, then wear rings 10 days on money-back guarantee. Rush order now!

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 6-DS, Jefferson, Iowa

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8 x 10 Inches on DOUBLE-WEIGHT PAPER

Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture.

Original returned with your enlargement.

57¢

3 for $1.25



SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo, negative or snapshot (any size) and receive your enlargement, guaranteed fadeless, on beautiful **double-weight portrait quality paper.** Pay postman 57c plus postage—or send 59c with order and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. **Send your photos today.**

STANDARD ART STUDIOS

100 East Ohio Street Dept. 1335-E Chicago (11), Ill.

Do You Want LONGER HAIR

Just try this **System** on your **Hair** 7 days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of **Attractive Hair** that so often captures Love and Romance.



HAIR MAY GET LONGER

When SCALP and HAIR conditions are normal and the dry, brittle, breaking off hair can be retarded it has a chance to get longer and much more beautiful. **Just try the JUELENE System** 7 days and let your mirror prove results. Send $1.00 or C.O.D. plus postage. Fully guaranteed. Money back if you are not delighted. Write to

JUEL CO., 1930 Irving Park Rd., Dept. F-603 Chicago 13, IH.



If You Can Read English

You can learn to play your favorite instrument

Yes, if you follow our clear home study instructions for only a half hour each day, you should soon be playing simple melodies. Easy as A-B-C! No tedious scales. You learn to play real tunes by note right from the start! Study any instrument you like for *less than 7c a day!* If interested, send for Free Booklet and Print and Picture sample. See how *easy* it is to learn music at home without a teacher. Mention your favorite instrument.

SUCCESSFUL 47TH YR.

U. S. School of Music, 1445 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

U. S. School of Music, 1445 Brunswick Bldg., N.Y. 10, N.Y.
Please send me Free Booklet and Print and Picture Sample. I would like to play (Name Instrument).

Instrument ..... Have you Instrument?.....

Name ..... (Please Print)

Address .....

I SAW IT HAPPEN



At a bond rally, the Lt. Commander spoke heroically of the wounded Navy Seabee, Fireman 1/C George Wendelken. Seabee Wendelken, though severely wounded and paralyzed, had to be left in a ditch while the few remaining men went for aid. He asked for a rifle, saying as long as he could still use his arms, he could get the enemy.

Later, more dead than alive, he was rescued. Back in the States, he was offered a medical discharge, and the film world offered him a salary running into four figures. However, He preferred to remain in the service.

Now, with the aid of braces, Seabee Wendelken tours the war plants, and with that same mischievous, lovable grin and smile, asks us to buy "more War Bonds." Who is Seabee Wendelken? Remember "Freckles" from "Our Gang Comedies?" That's he.

I. Wexler,
Tarrytown, N. Y.

Remember the time when Bob Taylor was sailing to England to make "Yank at Oxford" and two Brooklyn high school girls stowed away under his stateroom bunk, only to be dragged out at the last minute? That caused Bob plenty of embarrassment, and I thought he was pretty swell about the whole thing, in spite of all the ribs and gags he suffered because of it.

I was in Bill Eythe's dressing room just the other day when his telephone rang. Long distance—a famous name orchestra leader calling, charges reversed—would he take it? Bill was puzzled but he did. He knew the band leader, thought maybe he had some business about a picture. But the voice on the wire was an ambitious fan who gave Bill a sales talk about sponsoring his career in the movies. (An actor's about the last person in the world, too, to help anybody get a Hollywood break). That was a shabby trick. It cost Bill money. It didn't get the trickster anywhere, either.

I remember when the late Jean Harlow used to have her lovely clothes ruined every time she appeared in public. I saw her almost snatched naked once at a President's Birthday Ball appearance and if it hadn't been for Larry Barbier, her M-G-M protector, who tossed his coat around Jean, she would have been seriously embarrassed. Joan Blondell once had a beautiful ermine wrap that Dick Powell gave her for an anniversary (in happier domestic days for them both) and she wore it proudly to a premiere. It had a row of cute little ermine tails and when Joan got through the mob they'd all been snatched off—every one. Funny thing, a few days later Joan Blondell spotted some of her ermine tips flying from the radiators of hopped up high school heaps racing around Hollywood! Only that wasn't funny to Joan; she could have wrung those little ruffians' necks, and I don't blame her.

Frankie Sinatra was almost throttled a dozen times by bobby-sockers yanking at his famous bow ties before he got wise and had some break-away ones made that came apart in the middle and slipped right off at the slightest jerk. Tough on the wardrobe but a darned sight easier on Frankie's Adam's apple! Van Johnson has had three wrist watches smashed.

But two of the brassiest babies I ever heard about picked on Ann Sothern and Ann Sheridan, two as good-sport gals as I know in Hollywood. Sothern's bold beau simply announced that he was going to come out and move in with her. She assumed he was just another letter crank and forgot it. But soon packages began to arrive at her house. Then came a trunk. Then came some furniture—honest! Then came the fan himself, nutty as a fruitcake, of course. Then came the cops. What else could Ann do?

Sheridan's absent lover was even more screwy. Annie came home one day from work to find her house looking like an upside-down cake. Drawers were topsy-turvy, everything inside out and all her valuables gone. She was robbed, cleaned like a carpet. She buzzed the police at once and they caught the culprit three houses down the block, loaded with Sheridan swag. The judge gave him five years in San Quentin, but he didn't mind a bit. In fact, when they told him that one of the houses he'd ransacked was Ann Sheridan's he beamed like a kid who'd seen Santa Claus. He sat right down in the pokey pen in hand and wrote Ann an ardent letter.

"What a thrill!" scribbled the smitten second-story man. "To think that *I* robbed *your* house! I'm crazy about you, Kid. This is the greatest break I ever got, Baby. What a wonderful surprise!"

And he still writes Ann faithfully from the Big House. He asks her to send him autographed pictures and everything. He's happy as a lark with his memory. He signs all his notes, "Your Burglar," and he swears the first thing he'll do when he gets out of stir is to come see Ann Sheridan—an event which Annie is not exactly looking forward to, I can promise you!

A whole lot of the messes with fans that stars find themselves in, however, can be laid right at their own Hollywood doorsteps—or sometimes the steps of their eager press agents. Much too often the poor fans take the rap as trouble makers, when it ain't necessarily so.

wife wanted . . .

Cesar Romero stuck his neck out a couple of miles when he bought his Brentwood house, a big, rambling affair, and let it be known that the place contained an unfinished bridal suite, just waiting for the happy girl. Cesar stuck out the neck a few more miles when somebody talked him into unburdening himself in print to the effect that he was looking for a wife. Not only that, but the darned fool described her in detail, right down to weights, measurements, and complexion. Find her, said Cesar in a reckless magazine piece and I am a married man. A few weeks after that one, *Senor* Romero was one unhappy man. In fact, he couldn't come near his nice, new house. A certain out-country lady took his lonely bachelor appeal very seriously, packed up her things and arrived. Said she logically, "I answer every description. I *AM* the girl." And nobody could talk her out of it. She parked her bags on Cesar's doorstep and the poor guy couldn't come home for days and days until they finally talked her into reason. By that time Cesar was very bitter about everything, especially fans. But he had no one to blame but himself.

Faye Emerson (now Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt) got in a jam long before her dog, "Blaze," hopped across the country on an A-priority. Before Faye joined the Royal Family, she let it be known that her mother and father had separated early in her life and that she had a stepsister whom she hadn't seen since she was six years old, had no idea where she could be, would love to see her. Right away the press agents pounced on that one. What's

a better publicity angle than a long-lost relative search? It made a feature for the newspapers and in no time at all Faye had no less than fifty stepsisters, each one insisting that she was the real McCoy. Some, spurned, threatened to sue and all sorts of mixups badgered Faye, to her sorrow. Finally, for a happy ending, the real stepsister did turn up and all was rosy-dosy, so maybe it was worth it. But you can't blame that on fans. *Cherchez le* press-agent, kids!

It was the same idea when Ginger Rogers got tangled in a lawsuit with an admiring London bobby (cop to you). He wrote Ginger a letter (which she never saw until too late) wanting to be her bodyguard. Rogers' studio saw a publicity story, so they published the letter. So the bobby got canned from the London police force. So he sued Ginger. Can you blame him?

I remember how burnt up Bob Taylor was when he made that European trip. After a strenuous time in England, Bob planned an incognito visit to Denmark. He booked passage on a plane and took off, dead sure no one knew he was coming. To his amazement, when the ship swooped down at Copenhagen, 10,000 fans were waiting to maul him! It was a long time before Bob figured that out. Later he discovered that a promoter for the airline had a big sign in lights on the wings of that airship. It said, "ROBERT TAYLOR FROM HOLLYWOOD!"

There's one thing I think movie fans can plead guilty of in a game of truth and consequence. They're fickle, most of them. There are exceptions, of course. You take a Joan Crawford fan, a Garbo, Hepburn, or Irene Dunne fan and you've got something pretty solid and durable. Judy Garland's first fan is still her best. His name's Heinz, and Judy has called him "Pickles" for years and years. He lives in New York and has never failed to meet her train when she makes a visit. He follows her to her hotel and they have a long chat the first thing. If Pickles ever fails to show up, Judy Garland is going to be a very unhappy girl. He's more than a fan, he's a sort of walking good luck charm. But most fans add up to what a girl expressed in an ardent note to John Hodiak the other day.

"Dear John," she wrote, "you make me swoon, like Frankie Sinatra did, before Van Johnson came along!"

good-bye cesar, hello clark . . .

I saw a circle of sweet young things crowded around Cesar Romero a few years

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Shortly before Christmas, my two girl friends and I were strolling down Vine Street. Suddenly, all three of us did a turnabout as if we had seen a mirage. One of our favorite actors had passed us by. After securing his autograph, we began to carry on a conversation. Instead of being stiff and formal, we all found ourselves very much at ease. At his request, we joined him as he went window shopping and wound up in a coffee shop. We talked about everything from Brooklyn (our home) to what to buy for Christmas. We shall certainly always remember the friendliness and charm of the screen's newest hero, Turhan Bey.

Viola Pollich,
Los Angeles, California

REAL PHOTOS of your favorite STARS!

VAN JOHNSON
Universal Star



NOW ONLY 10c
12 for $1.00

Simply super! Newest poses! Just list your favorites and second choices. Smallest order, 20c.

FREE! Valuable GIFT COUPONS and CATALOG of over 200 photos free with order.

DELUXE PHOTO SERVICE, Dept. M-10
Box 953 Church St. Annex, N. Y. 8, N. Y.



"Sally—can't you be sensible about CRAMPS?"



"Each month you take pills so strong they almost knock you out . . . or so weak they don't do any good. I wish you'd try Chi-Ches-Ters Pills."

Chi-Ches-Ters do more than merely deaden simple menstrual pain. One ingredient tends to help relax muscular tension usually associated with periodic pain. An added iron factor tends to help build up your blood. You usually get best results if you begin taking Chi-Ches-Ters three days before your period. Get a 50¢ box from your druggist today!

CHI-CHES-TERS PILLS

For relief from "periodic functional distress"

FREE 5x7 HAND COLORED PHOTO ENLARGMENT



As an INTRODUCTORY OFFER we will send you a beautiful HAND COLORED Professional Enlargement FREE with your order of six BLACK and WHITE ENLARGEMENTS. Six 5x7 for $2.04 or six 8x10 Enlargements for $2.64. Single Enlargement 5x7 costs 39c or 8x10 49c. Mail your photo, snapshot or negative (any size) mother, father, sister, soldier, group pictures, etc. Your original will be returned unharmed. State color of eyes, hair, and clothing. Mail Money Order or War Stamps, or pay postman on arrival, plus a few cents postage.

MAX CHINKES, Photographer (Dept. M.M.)
1697 Broadway New York 19, N. Y.

REDUCE with V-TABS!



Anti-Acid . . . .
Anti-Fatigue . . .
Vitamin Tablets

"Lost 17 lbs. in 14 Days". .

"Lost 17 lbs. in 14 days and feel as good as ever," says Mrs. E. F. "Reduced 15 lbs. and never felt better in my life."—J. V. "Used to wear size 42 . . . now wear a 20."—R. M. "Doing me a world of good. Don't have gas . . . losing weight . . . and more energy."—Mrs. R. S. "Most amazing . . . lost 7 lbs. in 1 week . . . can't thank you enough."—Mrs. L. I. "Lost 14 lbs. and feel so much better . . . don't bloat and have gas."—Mrs. O. K. These are but a few of the many letters in our files. Why don't YOU see what V-Tabs will do for you?

NOT A CATHARTIC

V-Tabs are not a cathartic. They help reduce fat by supplementing your regular diet when taken instead of a heavy lunch, and also tend to take away that abnormal appetite caused by over-acidity or fatigue. If you are overweight, always tired, full of acid and yet like to eat try V-Tabs. As fatigue and acidity disappear, your normal appetite will return and you will no longer crave the quantities of food that cause the excess fat deposits.

QUICK . . . HARMLESS . . . PLEASANT

With intake curtailed, the body feeds on its own surplus fat, and weight goes down . . . quickly! Mail coupon today with $1.98 and save postage or order C.O.D. plus postage. Take the full month's supply according to directions in the booklet. If not satisfied with results . . . if you do not lose weight and feel better . . . we will refund the cost. Act NOW!

V-TAB CO., Dept. D-16, P.O. Box 205, Times Sq. Sta., N.Y.

MONEY BACK AGREEMENT

V-TABS CO., Dept. D-16
P. O. Box 205, Times Square Sta., New York

Send me one month's supply of V-TABS (120 tablets)

☐ I enclose $1.98.
☐ I will pay postman $1.98 plus postage.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State.....
No Canadian Orders Please print plainly.



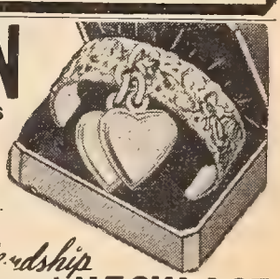
Relieve Misery of ITCH

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, pimples—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Quiets itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D.D.D. Prescription.**



TRUE LOVE and FRIENDSHIP RING GIVEN

Included with your order for matching Bracelet and Necklace on 10 days' examination. Send today and accept this valuable ring as our get-acquainted gift. Precious, sterling silver ring is extra wide. For Promptness



Wear True Love and Friendship BRACELET and NECKLACE

10 DAYS TRIAL

Sentimental, sterling silver hearts are richly embossed and have space for the engraving of initials of loved ones. Ring given with your order for both the necklace and bracelet. Wear on ten days trial. If not satisfied, return the necklace and bracelet within 10 days and your money will be refunded. **BUT YOU ARE TO KEEP THE RING AS OUR GET-ACQUAINTED GIFT,** in any event.

Sterling Silver

The latest thing for afternoon or evening wear is precious, cheerful, sterling silver heart charm rings, necklaces and bracelets.

SEND NO MONEY Write today. When your package arrives you pay the postman only $1.95 each for necklace and bracelet plus mailing cost and 20% Federal Tax. Supplies limited.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO. Dept. 21-Y Jefferson, Iowa

AUTOGRAPHS!

So you love bargains! Then how about a real one? Just think, a freshly written, black and white signature from the pen of your favorite star listed below. No dime-a-dozen imitations for you! Send a quarter for each autographed NAA emblem card. You see, this is a bargain in human happiness, too, because the NAVAL AID AUXILIARY FUND is for the American seamen who guard us. They deserve your assistance! Send for that special offer: FIVE FOR ONE DOLLAR. What a pleasant way to say, "Thank you!"

June Allyson
Don Ameche
Mary Anderson
Dana Andrews
Jean Arthur

Lynn Bari
Lionel Barrymore
Anne Baxter
William Bendix
Joan Bennett
Ingrid Bergman
Turhan Bey
Janet Blair
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
Charles Boyer
Eddie Bracken
Barbara Britton
Jim Brown

Eddie Cantor
Claudette Colbert
Ronald Colman
Gary Cooper
Joseph Cotten
James Craig
Jeanne Crain
Dick Crane
Bing Crosby
Xavier Cugat

Helmut Dantine
Linda Darnell
Bette Davis
Laraine Day
Gloria De Haven
Olivia de Havilland
Tommy Dix
Brian Donlevy
Tom Drake
Jimmy Durante

William Eythe

Jinx Falkenburg
Alice Faye
Errol Flynn

John Garfield
Judy Garland
Peggy Ann Garner
Greer Garson
Paulette Goddard
Betty Grable
Farley Granger
Cary Grant
Bonita Granville
Kathryn Grayson
Sidney Greenstreet

Alan Hale
Dare Harris
Signe Hasso
June Haver
Dick Haymes
Susan Hayward
Rita Hayworth
Paul Henreid
Katharine Hepburn
John Hodiak
Bob Hope
Marsha Hunt
Walter Huston
Betty Hutton
Bob Hutton

Richard Jaeckel
Harry James
Gloria Jean
Van Johnson
Jennifer Jones
Brenda Joyce
Danny Kaye
Gene Kelly
Kay Kyser

Alan Ladd
Hedy Lamarr
Dorothy Lamour
Carole Landis
Priscilla Lane
Joan Leslie
John Loder
Myrna Loy
Ida Lupino
Diana Lynn

Roddy McDowall
Lon McCallister
Dorothy McGuire
Irene Manning
Trudy Marshall
Marilyn Maxwell
Ray Milland
Carmen Miranda
Thomas Mitchell
Maria Montez
George Montgomery
Constance Moore
Dennis Morgan
George Murphy

Lloyd Nolan

Jack Oakie
Merle Oberon
Margaret O'Brien
Virginia O'Brien
Donald O'Connor
Maureen O'Hara
Dennis O'Keefe
Michael O'Shea

John Payne
Gregory Peck
Susan Peters
Walter Pidgeon
William Powell
Tyrone Power

George Raft
Ella Raines
Martha Raye
Ronald Reagan
Donna Reed
Ginger Rogers
Roy Rogers
Rosalind Russell
Ann Rutherford
Eddie Ryan
Peggy Ryan

Randolph Scott
Ann Sheridan
Dinah Shore
Phil Silvers
Ginny Simms
Frank Sinatra
Red Skelton
Alexis Smith
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck

Shirley Temple
Gene Tierney
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Sonny Tufts
Lana Turner

Robert Walker
John Wayne
Cornel Wilde
Esther Williams
Jane Withers
Monty Woolley
Teresa Wright
Jane Wyman

Loretta Young
Robert Young

Enclosed please find 25c in ☐ stamps, ☐ paper-wrapped coin, for an NAA card autographed by

.....

.....

.....

I understand I am to enclose 25c for each additional autograph I request but that only $1.00 will now pay for 5 autographs.

My name is .....

I live at .....

City .....

State .....

NAA EDITOR, MODERN SCREEN
9136 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

ago. You'd have thought his autograph was the most desirable thing in the world. Suddenly, they all squealed and ran. The last one actually grabbed her pad and pencil out of poor Cesar's hand as he was writing. Why? They'd seen Gable arriving. His signature is worth more on the collector's market. Walter Pidgeon once was asked to sign a book on two pages. Intrigued, he asked why.

"Aw," explained the kid. "It takes two Pidgeons to trade for a Mickey Rooney, and that's what I want!"

There's another rap I'll have to pin on fans in mob scenes. They give stars gray hairs—with their reckless actions—not about the stars' safety, but about the fans'. I got in a cab with Gary Cooper in New York once and almost jumped out of my skin when Gary shouted. "Don't start!" to the driver. "I'll take it easy," said the cabbie, shifting into low. "DON'T MOVE AN INCH!" yelled Gary. Then he hopped out and disentangled a boy's leg caught in the back bumper. If the cab had roared away he'd have been killed and who would have got the bad publicity? Three guesses.

black-balled angel . . .

There's not a sweeter lady with fans in Hollywood than Greer Garson. But on a bond tour in a Midwestern city not long ago, Greer found her automobile smothered with kids, eager for a look at her. Through a slip-up, there wasn't any police escort and the back kids were pushing the front ones right into the wheels. Greer jumped out in a flash and ushered the endangered children back from the car. That night a local woman's welfare organization called at her hotel and ripped her up and down. They were sore as all get-out. Who did Greer Garson think she was, anyway, the irate names screeched, to come to Mudville and push children around the streets? Honest, that actually happened. So sometimes it is to wonder, very much to wonder. Sometimes a star can be an angel on earth and still find herself doubling in horns and a forked tail—through a silly misunderstanding like that.

Greer Garson isn't the only natural angel who really gives of herself to her fans and admirers. There are plenty more—and a few devils, too. Let's see—

I'd put Marlene Dietrich, that grand old Army gal, and Madeleine Carroll at the top of the list, and I'd vote them a Congressional Medal, too, if I had my way. They rate it for the wonderful comfort and joy they've brought our fighting GIs ever since the shooting started. I must have had a thousand letters from soldiers and mothers and everyone else singing their praises. What an army of fans *they'll* have as long as they live! Madeleine always was friendly, but it took the challenge of war's misery to bring out the real Marlene.

Bing Crosby blossomed as a friendly "Der Bingle," too, when he met his Army fans. But Bing's still naturally too lazy to exert himself when he meets the people around Hollywood, just as Gary Cooper's still too shy, although he's improved with age that way. A most misunderstood man is Charles Boyer, who's supposed to be cold and aloof, but I've seen Boyer act as chivalrous to a couple of freckle-nosed autograph hunting fans as he would to a duchess. He's always polite and obliging if you catch him—but try and catch Charles, an artful dodger. Walter Pidgeon is another gentleman, kindly, pleasant, considerate and humorously twinkle-eyed no matter how many fans storm him or where. He's stopped traffic more than once in Hollywood and New York.

You can put Ann Sheridan high on the honor list, especially since she's known Steve Hannagan, that jovial greeter who knows the worth of public friendliness. Bette Davis used to be touched with temperament now and then, but at heart she always was warm-hearted and her work at the Hollywood Canteen has mellowed her right into a pal-gal. I don't know any actress who genuinely loves fans and fan-rushes like Virginia O'Brien; she eats it up. And little Diana Lynn squeals louder than the fans when they gang her. Ann Shirley's twice as gracious now as she was when she was Mrs. John Payne, and Gloria DeHaven has taken on some of John's sullen attitude in public since she became his better half. Alan Ladd is marvelous—one actor who calls his fans his friends and really means it. And I've been soft on Lucille Ball ever since I heard about her visit to the little crippled Pittsburgh girl who had never walked in her life. She knew Lucille had been crippled, too, as a girl, and she wanted to see her. Lucille took time off to spend an afternoon lending her the courage and hope of her own brave fight.

And then there's lovely Ingrid Bergman. The other day, 10 fighter pilots, all veterans of rugged missions, called at my house (how they ever found it I'll never know; my friends say I live at the ends of the earth). It was their first leave in Hollywood. They all wanted to meet just one person. They had a mass crush on Ingrid Bergman—and I didn't blame them a bit.

I called Ingrid. She was back East on a war bond tour. I never saw such disappointed faces. When she got back I told Ingrid about it. "It will probably happen again," I told her. "How about it? Can I bring them over? Do you mind?"

"I should say *not*," she replied. "You bring any soldier who wants to see me up to my house. They're always welcome." She sat down and wrote some notes to the disappointed flyers and I sent them on. Now, there's a gal!

thanks a million . . .

I wonder how many stars remember what they owe their fans? It was "Goodman's Four Hundred," those noisy rooters at the Paramount Theatre in New York, who started Benny the Good on the road to fame and fortune. It was nothing but female fan letters which lifted Helmut Dantine out of his nasty Nazi roles and forced Warners to give him romantic roles. I could go on and on, but I promised I wouldn't write a book. That's for my old age.

So I'll wind up with the story of Sonja Henie's favorite fan. He was a very unusual and exciting fan, because wherever Sonja went on her skating show tours, a tree of orchids arrived in her room the minute she stepped into her hotel. She traveled all over the United States and everywhere it was the same. A new city, a new hotel, a new orchid tree! But no card. A mystery fan supreme, but obviously an ardent one. Orchid trees Woolworth doesn't sell, Baby. Sonja was intrigued—who wouldn't be?

Well, one night in New York she stepped out at the Stork Club and during the evening her escort said he had a friend who'd like to dance with her.

Sonja shook her pretty blonde head. "I'm too tired to dance," she said. "I'll meet him some other time—how's that?"

The escort shrugged. "Whatever you say."

But in a minute a couple of waiters came up. They were lugging—that's right—a tree of orchids. They plunked it down before Sonja Henie and right behind it was a very handsome, very smiling, very attractive man. Her fan—the orchid man.

So Sonja danced with him. That's not all. • Pretty soon she married him. His name was Dan Topping.

You never can tell about fans!

Happy the Bride with Lovely Eyes

Here's the Mascara that makes lashes look naturally dark, longer and more luxuriant. Cake, Cream form. Black, Brown, Blue.

The smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil with fine point that forms expressive, gracefully tapered brows. Black, Brown.

Misty Eye Shadow to accent the color and highlights of your eyes. Blue, Brown, Blue-gray, Green, Violet, Gray.

ie eyes he adores—glowing with loveliness on her wedding y! Silently she vows to *keep* them radiant, always. She ows she can depend on the magic of soft Maybelline Eye ake-up. And so can *you*. For truly enchanting charm, vays use *Maybelline* — the world's favorite Eye Make-up.

AT ALL DRUG, DEPARTMENT AND TEN CENT STORES

Maybelline

WORLD'S FAVORITE EYE MAKE-UP



Copyright 1945, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Modern Screen

NE
5c

Anniversary Issue

FANNIE HURST · HEDDA HOPPER
LOUELLA PARSONS · SIDNEY SKOLSKY
VICKI BAUM · JIMMY FIDLER



JUNE ALLYSON

• A DELL MAGAZINE • A DELL MAGAZINE
DELL
• A DELL MAGAZINE • A DELL MAGAZINE

©21B 676332

Martha O'Driscoll

in "HERE COME THE CO-EDS"

A Universal Picture



Max Factor • Hollywood Face Powder!

1..it imparts a lovely color to the skin
2..it creates a satin-smooth make-up
3..it clings perfectly...really stays on

SHARE this make-up secret of the Hollywood stars...individualize your beauty with your Color Harmony Shade of *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder. There's a shade for your type, whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead ...so try this famous face powder today...$1.00



MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP
...FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK



There goes Yesterday—but how about Today?

Your bath only takes care of past perspiration, but to guard your future freshness—the word is Mum!

YES, YOUR bath washes away all *past* perspiration. But it can't protect you against risk of underarm odor *to come.* It can't safeguard your *future* freshness. That's a job Mum does well.

So top off your bath with Mum—and stay as sweet as you are. Don't take chances when your charm is at stake. Mum is one quick trick that helps a girl to keep her "date" dazzled!



Mum smooths on like a breeze. And takes just 30 seconds' doing. Mum's protection lasts all day or evening long. No risk of offending odor now. And isn't it nice to know that Mum won't injure fine fabrics —won't irritate your skin?

You're hitting it off! The one you dote on has eyes and ears for you alone. He thanks his lucky stars that you came into his life. And you make a super-salaam to Mum for keeping you so nice to be near. Underarm odor hasn't a chance. After your bath, before every date, you make sure of daintiness with Mum!



MUM takes the odor out of perspiration

Product of Bristol-Myers

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

There are several kinds of laughs. The smile, the chuckle, the quirk of amusement— ★ ★ ★ ★
None of these goes with the new Spencer Tracy-Katharine Hepburn film —"Without Love". ★ ★ ★ ★



We're talking about the Abdominal Upheaval—the kind of laugh that gets a half-nelson on your midriff and rolls you around in your seat. ★ ★ ★ ★
The handkerchief-stuffed-in-the-mouth kind of laughter. ★ ★ ★ ★
"Without Love" is sensationally funny. And personal and warm. ★ ★ ★ ★
This columnist saw the picture four times before writing this. We laugh in the same places each time. ★ ★ ★ ★
Spencer was never immenser. Katharine attempts to woo, but his attitude is that it can't Hepburn here. ★ ★ ★ ★
The picture is much better than that. ★ ★ ★ ★
Donald Ogden Stewart has adapted Philip Barry's play with a fresh approach and a free hand. He has introduced a sleep-walking motif. ★ ★ ★ ★
Spence sleep-walks at first and Katie sleep-walks right back at him. It's a sleep-walkie-talkie. ★ ★ ★ ★
Lawrence Weingarten, who is awfully good at producing this sort of clever fare for M-G-M, is up to his old tricks. ★ ★ ★ ★
Harold Bucquet, the director, deserves a bouquet for his excellent job. ★ ★ ★ ★
The picture has one of the greatest casts ever. In addition to Tracy and Hepburn, there's, to begin with, Lucille Ball, a star on her own, who lives up to her reputation. ★ ★ ★ ★
Keenan Wynn never was funnier. Then there are Carl Esmond, Patricia Morison, Felix Bressart—and and and. ★ ★ ★ ★
It started during Easter at the Radio City Music Hall in New York and is still running. It's a long run picture. ★ ★ ★ ★
Changing the subject, how many of you have seen "The Picture of Dorian Gray", the most unusual film of the year? ★ ★ ★ ★



This production based on Oscar Wilde's absinthe-tinted drama is causing a great deal of talk. It is so superbly produced, so different in theme from conventional fare. We think you ought to see "Dorian". ★ ★ ★ ★
M-G-M has many wonderful offerings on the way. You might look for "The Clock", "Son of Lassie", "The Valley of Decision" "Thrill of a Romance", and "Ziegfeld Follies". ★ ★ ★ ★
Still roaring. —Leo



modern screen

STORIES

HAPPY BIRTHDAY FROM M-G-M! (color spread)
Golly, how could MODERN SCREEN help but have a happy fifteenth birthday with M-G-M giving us such a super swell party and inviting Sidney Skolsky to bring you all along? Let's go!.. 38

HAPPY BIRTHDAY FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX! (color spread)
Tie up your hair bows, pin up your skirts, you're going to a kiddie party! Sidney Skolsky takes us all to the 20th Fox gang's s'prise for our fifteenth birthday. P.S., Annie Baxter's hostess! 41

HAPPY BIRTHDAY FROM PARAMOUNT! (color spread)
Yippeee! Sonny Tufts and his hard ridin' gang whoop it up for our birthday. Come along with Sidney Skolsky and join the Wild West party sprung by the Paramount kids 46

THESE ARE THE UNFORGETTABLES! by Louella Parsons
Louella takes her typewriter (and professional life) in hand and awards her personal Oscars to the "Most Outrageous," "Scrappingest," "Most Romantic," etc., stars of the past 15 years 54

HEDDA HOPPER'S SECRET MEMOIRS
When Hedda recalls her memoirs, that's good. But when she relates her extra special secret ones, that's high voltage stuff! Here are fifteen years of racy, intimate Hollywood memories... 52

THESE ARE THE LOVELIEST! by Ed Sullivan
Carol Carter, beauty editor, asked Johnson, Flynn, Bogart, Milland and Cotten to vote on H'wood's 10 "most beautiful." Columnist Sullivan came in to referee and comment..... 58

***CLARK GABLE, Life Story by Vicki Baum**
At last, the story you've been waiting for—of the struggle, the tenderness and the tragedy that have made Clark Gable not just a screen idol but a husband and a soldier—a truly good man.... 60

MODERN SCREEN'S BIRTHDAY QUIZ by Phil Baker
The "Take It Or Leave It" man chose snapshots of your favorite movie people as they look today and as they appeared when M.S. was a baby book 15 years ago. Well—we mixed 'em, you match 'em! 66

WHERE ARE THEY NOW? by Jimmy Fidler
Your big-time stars of 1945 look back to the 1930's and remember their favorites of yesteryear, with Jimmy Fidler sauntering alongside to point out "where they are now"..... 87

*COLOR PAGES FEATURES FASHION DEPTS.

Clark Gable *in M-G-M's "Strange Adventure"* 62
Editorial Page..... 37
Modern Screen's Fashion Guide..... 70
Fannie Hurst Selects "The Clock"..... 8
Sweet and Hot by Leonard Feather..... 14
Movie Reviews..... 18
Super Coupon..... 32
Co-Ed 34
Good News by Louella Parsons..... 74
Your Presence Is Requested—M. S. Birthday Parties..... 92

COVER: June Allyson in M-G-M's "Her Highness and the Bellboy"

FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS STAMPS

ALBERT P. DELACORTE, *Executive Editor*
HENRY P. MALMGREEN, *Editor*
SYLVIA WALLACE, *Hollywood Editor*
KAY HARDY, *Hollywood Promotion Manager*
OTTO STORCH, *Art Director*
BILL WEINBERGER, *Art Editor*
GUS GALE and WALT DAVIS, *Photographers*

Editorial Assistants: Charis Zeigler, Mickey Ghidalia, Marion Dunant
Service Dept.: Toussia Pines. Information Desk: Beverly Linet

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3578 and copies returned under Label Form 3579 to 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York

Vol. 31, No. 1, June, 1945. Copyright, 1945, the Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 149 Madison Ave., New York. Published monthly. Printed in U. S. A. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Single copy price, 15c in U. S. and Canada. U. S. subscription price, $1.50 a year. Canadian subscription, $1.80 a year Foreign subscription $2.70 a year. Entered as second class matter Sept. 18, 1930, at the post office, Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional second class entries at Seattle, Wash., San Francisco, Calif., Dallas, Texas, and New Orleans, La. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Names of characters used in semi-fictional matter are fictitious. If the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trade mark No. 301773.



Like velvety gardenias... like muted music... your soft, lovely hands spell romance.

So always, always keep your hands appealing. It's so much simpler when you guard them the Trushay way.

Before every household task, smooth on this new-idea, "beforehand" lotion. It's lush, fragrant, creamy... a joy to use.

And Trushay helps prevent rough dryness... guards lovely hands, even in hot, soapy water. Try it today.

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Everybody's Celebrating!

IT'S A GALA YEAR FOR MOVIE FANS.....



Watch for these M.G.M hits...

"WITHOUT LOVE"

starring SPENCER TRACY, KATHARINE HEPBURN with LUCILLE BALL, KEENAN WYNN, CARL ESMOND, PATRICIA MORISON, FELIX BRESSART • Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart Based on the Play by Philip Barry • Directed by Harold S. Bucquet • Produced by Lawrence A. Weingarten

"THE VALLEY OF DECISION"

starring GREER GARSON, GREGORY PECK with DONALD CRISP, LIONEL BARRYMORE, PRESTON FOSTER, MARSHA HUNT, GLADYS COOPER, REGINALD OWEN, DAN DURYEA, JESSICA TANDY, BARBARA EVEREST, MARSHALL THOMPSON • Screen Play by John Meehan and Sonya Levien • Based on the Novel by Marcia Davenport • Directed by Tay Garnett • Produced by Edwin H. Knopf

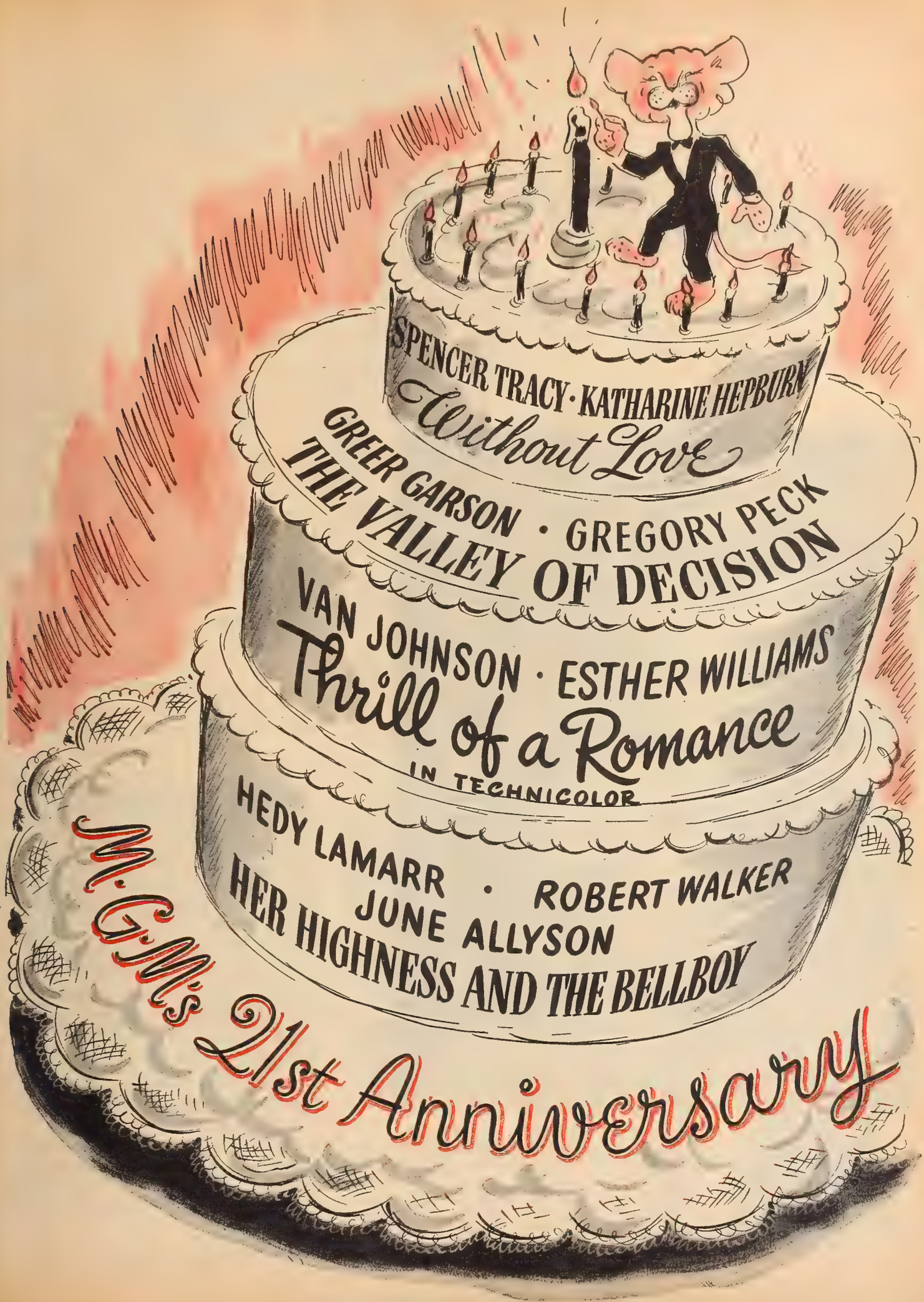
"THRILL OF A ROMANCE"

starring VAN JOHNSON, ESTHER WILLIAMS with FRANCES GIFFORD, HENRY TRAVERS, SPRING BYINGTON and Introducing The Metropolitan Opera Star LAURITZ MELCHIOR, TOMMY DORSEY AND HIS ORCHESTRA • Photographed In Technicolor • Original Screen Play by Richard Connell and Gladys Lehman • Directed by Richard Thorpe • Produced by Joe Pasternak

"HER HIGHNESS AND THE BELLBOY"

starring HEDY LAMARR, ROBERT WALKER, JUNE ALLYSON with RAGS RAGLAND, WARNER ANDERSON, AGNES MOOREHEAD Screen Play by Richard Connell and Gladys Lehman • Directed by Richard Thorpe • Produced by Joe Pasternak

P. S.— Remember "Lassie, Come Home"? You'll love "Son of Lassie", M-G-M's spectacular sequel in Technicolor!


SPENCER TRACY · KATHARINE HEPBURN
Without Love
GREER GARSON · GREGORY PECK
THE VALLEY OF DECISION
VAN JOHNSON · ESTHER WILLIAMS
Thrill of a Romance
IN TECHNICOLOR
HEDY LAMARR · ROBERT WALKER
JUNE ALLYSON
HER HIGHNESS AND THE BELLBOY
M-G-M's 21st Anniversary

Fannie Hurst

SELECTS "THE CLOCK"



Alice Maybery (Judy Garland) meets Corp. Joe Allen (Bob Walker) on his 48-hour pass. They fall in love, marry and part—"for a little while, darling."

■ Here is a frail story whose strength paradoxically lies in its cobweb pattern. The combination of Paul Gallico (who wrote the original story with Pauline Gallico) and Robert Nathan, (who wrote the screen play with Joseph Schrank), lives up to much that is expected from such a wedding of opposite talents.

Basically, "The Clock" is a boy-meets-girl theme interpreted in ideas of one syllable, with Judy Garland as the girl, Alice, and Robert Walker as the boy, Joe.

It is the kind of picture which, while you are seeing it, captures you with its charm but does not give you much to take home. That must mean it has a kind of enchantment under which it holds the viewing spectator. And that is a nice achievement.

Boy meets girl in New York's Pennsylvania Station under conditions as simple and conventional as this: Corporal Joe Allen, a wide-eyed boy from Minnesota, arrives from his Maryland encampment on a two-day furlough. Corp. Joe is green, bewildered, lonely. Alice Maybery, a young New York office-worker (originally, too, from a Main Street), is returning from a week-end.

Thus, boy meets girl in Pennsylvania Station.

But what in the world are the authors and the director going to do with these two run-of-the-mill young people who meet under such unoriginal circumstances?

They are going to do quite a good deal that is delightful, playful, and moving. You wonder that the authors had so much up their sleeves.

It transpires that Corporal Joe has forty-eight hours at his disposal. The New York that is milling and storming around him is not one bit interested in that fact. Neither, in the beginning, is pretty Alice Maybery. And then the droll, the pleasant, the humorous, the whimsical, the apprehensive and the heart-hurting, begin to happen to the boy and girl.

This is a (*Continued on page 10*)

"Glamour?"

It's 1 part Beauty and 9 parts Beauty Care"

Loretta Young

Star of International Pictures



"The man in your life," says this lovely star, "just takes it for granted you were *born* beautiful if your hair is shining, your eyes are bright, and your *skin* is soft and fresh. But we women know how important *day-to-day* care is in order to look and *keep* looking our prettiest."

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!



"What a wonderful feeling... when you *know* your skin looks smooth and lovely. That's why I never neglect my daily Active-lather facials with Lux Soap. Feels like smoothing *beauty* in when I cover my face with that creamy lather, and work it in thoroughly!"



"In any man's vocabulary it's 'glamour'... skin that's lovely to look at—soft to touch." And our star concludes: "After you've rinsed with warm water, then cold, and patted your face dry with a soft towel, you know your Lux Soap facial's a beauty care that *works!*"



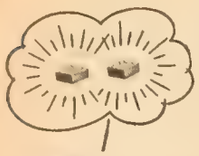
YOU will find it's true! *His* eyes will tell you it pays never to neglect the daily care that gives you the appeal of soft, smooth skin, the fresh radiant look that says "glamour," always.

This Beauty Care really makes skin lovelier...

no wonder 9 out of 10 screen stars use it!

"I'm thinking of a clever idea!"

The famous silverplate with the two blocks of sterling silver inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks.





HERE AND HERE
it's Sterling Inlaid



Copyright 1945: International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Div., Meriden, Conn. In Canada: The T. Eaton Co., Ltd. °Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

FREE to All AUTO owners



196 PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS

that will help you to get

- better gas mileage
- longer tire life
- better performance
- lower upkeep costs

Get a FREE COPY from any General Motors dealer, or use coupon below.

Customer Research Dept., Room 1847
GENERAL MOTORS, DETROIT 2, MICH.

Please send FREE COPY of new edition 64-page "Automobile User's Guide"—containing 196 practical suggestions on wartime operation.

Name.....
please print

Address.....
please print

City.....
Zone State

Make of car now owned.....
year model

FANNIE HURST REVIEW

(Continued from page 8)

picture about teen-age young people, but the authors are not concerned with "the problems" of our present young generation, for Alice Maybery and Corp. Joe Allen are clean-minded, clean-hearted, any-generation, youth.

After about two hours of the precious twenty-four have passed, they are dumbfounded with the miracle of love, and one of the charms of this little picture is the fact that this ancient miracle as it happens to two conventional and usual young people, is as fresh as a rose.

Immediately the story becomes the breathless pilgrimage of a young soldier on leave, and his brand-new sweetheart.

lucky accident . . .

When Alice first loses the heel of her pump in Pennsylvania Station, and the lonely young Corporal rescues it for her, she agrees to let him ride part way on her bus. It is spring in New York. It is spring in Central Park. Presently two young people, who hadn't meant to do it that way at all, find themselves in the Park, and already a couple of hours have been clipped off the precious forty-eight.

Yes, it is actually that simple. When Alice leaves Corporal Allen that afternoon, he exacts a promise from her to meet him later. She calls out of the bus window, "I'll meet you under the clock at the Astor Hotel at seven."

Well, as you may suspect, Alice in the end, is irresistibly drawn to The Clock.

Alice and Joe, admirably and unerringly played by Judy Garland and Robert Walker, are starry-eyed with miracle; lovely with authentic innocence. They swap home-towns, revel in the present.

Their rambles lead them from pillar to post, from Metropolitan Museum to Fantasia There is a tender idyll of a scene in Central Park that is as sweet as dew, and almost immediately following this, we move into a hilarious episode which lands them in a milk-delivery wagon.

The milkman, masterfully played by that old master, James Gleason, offers them a lift. On the way, ole man milkman sustains an eye injury which incapacitates him. Thus, at three a.m. the Corporal and the young office girl are jointly engaged in the procedure of milk-servicing Mr. and Mrs. New York.

Well, scene by scene, which includes breakfast in the home of the milkman, an interlude in a lunchroom where Keenan Wynn plays one of the funniest drunks known to the screen, these young people approach the decision of marriage.

The forty-eight hours shorten! The red tape lengthens! The spectator sits on the edge of his seat, breathless, but the picture closes on Mr. and Mrs. Joe Allen, safely wed.

The self-conducted religious marriage ceremony, which these babes-in-the-wood take in their own reverent hands, following the civil ceremony, is an eye-moistener.

"The Clock," no tear-jerker, is like that.

This is more of an achievement than it appears, because, actually, the story is made up of a variety of unrelated circumstances. Anything could happen to a couple of youngsters under these conditions and anything does. Yet the story remains believable. There is practically only one touch of Hollywood.

After this simple girl and simple boy marry we suddenly find Judy Garland far too expensively negligeed, sitting up in bed in an ornate hotel suite.

To go around the clock with Alice and Joe, is small but lovely adventure.

AUTOGRAPHS!

There are a lot of things that we just like to kid about—that are lots of fun, but nothing more. This isn't one of those things. This is a serious project that we're proud of. And you can be, too, because it's really been swell the way you've sprung to the colors. And it's all so beautifully simple: You send us a quarter; we send you the genuine signature of the star you've selected from the list below. And what does your quarter do? It goes right into the NAVAL AID AUXILIARY FUND that has been set up to assist American seamen and their families. What could be better? Nothing, except one thing: Our offer of FIVE for the price of FOUR! So send them in, dollars or quarters—they're all headed for a proud purpose.

June Allyson
Don Ameche
Dana Andrews
Lois Andrews

Lauren Bacall
Jane Ball
Lucille Ball
Jess Barker
Anne Baxter
William Bendix
Joan Bennett
Ingrid Bergman
Turhan Bey
Julie Bishop
Jean Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
Charles Boyer
Eddie Bracken
Jim Brown

Eddie Cantor
Margaret Chapman
Dane Clark
Claudette Colbert
Nancy Coleman
Ronald Colman
Richard Conte
Gary Cooper
Joseph Cotten
James Craig
Jeanne Crain
Dick Crane
Stephen Crane
Bing Crosby
Xavier Cugat

Helmut Dantine
Linda Darnell
Bette Davis
Gloria De Haven
Olivia de Havilland
Tommy Dix
Ted Donaldson
Brian Donlevy
Tom Drake
Jimmy Dunn
Jimmy Durante
Irene Dunne

William Eythe
Nelson Eddy

Jinx Falkenburg
Alice Faye
Geraldine Fitzgerald
Errol Flynn

Clark Gable
Ava Gardner
John Garfield
Judy Garland
Peggy Ann Garner
Greer Garson
Paulette Goddard
Betty Grable
Farley Granger
Cary Grant
Bonita Granville
Kathryn Grayson

Jon Hall
June Haver
Dick Haymes
Susan Hayward
Rita Hayworth
Sonja Henie
Paul Henreid
Katharine Hepburn
John Hodiak
Skippy Homeier
Bob Hope
Lena Horne
Betty Hutton
Bob Hutton

Harry James
Gloria Jean
Van Johnson

Jennifer Jones
Ariine Judge

Danny Kaye
Kay Kyser

Alan Ladd
Hedy Lamarr
Dorothy Lamour
Carole Landis
Peter Lawford
Joan Leslie
John Loder
Myrna Loy
Ida Lupino
Diana Lynn
Fred MacMurray
Roddy McDowall
Lon McCallister
Dorothy McGuire
Trudy Marshall
Alan Marshall
Marilyn Maxwell
Carmen Miranda
Fibber McGee & Molly
Joel McCrea
Maria Montez
George Montgomery
Constance Moore
Dennis Morgan
George Murphy

Tom Neal
Lloyd Nolan

Merle Oberon
Edmund O'Brien
Margaret O'Brien
Virginia O'Brien
Donald O'Connor
Maureen O'Hara
Dennis O'Keefe
Kevin O'Shea

John Payne
Gregory Peck
Susan Peters
Walter Pidgeon
William Powell
Tyrone Power

Francis Rafferty
Ella Raines
Martha Raye
Ronald Reagan
Walter Reed
George Reeves
Ginger Rogers
Roy Rogers
Rosalind Russell
Gail Russell
Ann Rutherford
Eddie Ryan
Peggy Ryan

Ann Sheridan
Dinah Shore
Ginny Simms
Frank Sinatra
Red Skelton
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck
Shirley Temple
Gene Tierney
Phyllis Thaxter
Spencer Tracy
Sonny Tufts
Lana Turner

Robert Walker
Cornel Wilde
Esther Williams
Jane Withers
Monty Woolley
Jane Wyman

Loretta Young
Robert Young

Enclosed please find 25c in ☐ stamps ☐ paper-wrapped coin, for an NAA card autographed by

.....

.....

.....

I understand I am to enclose 25c for each additional autograph I request but that only $1.00 will now pay for 5 autographs.

My name is.....

I live at.....

City.....

State.....

NAA EDITOR, MODERN SCREEN
9136 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

BERGMAN

The Incomparable!



WINNER of screendom's most coveted honor, The Academy Award...The First Lady of the Screen . . . as a woman of science, gambling life and love to unlock the fearful secret in the heart of a man—wanted for murder!

DAVID O. SELZNICK

presents

INGRID BERGMAN
GREGORY PECK

in

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

SPELLBOUND

A SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

Screen Play by Ben Hecht • Released thru United Artists

Congratulations to

MODERN SCREEN

On its 15th Anniversary

from

20th CENTURY-FOX

Celebrating its

30th Anniversary!


IT'S GRABLE! IN THE MUSICAL THAT OUTSTRIPS THEM ALL!
Wait 'til you see . . . the daring ACAPULCO!
•
The dazzling AMERICAN BEAUTY!
•
GRABLE go for HAYMES!
Lucky, Lucky You!
Betty GRABLE
Dick HAYMES
Billy Rose's
DIAMOND HORSESHOE
in Technicolor
IT'S A 20th CENTURY-FOX 30th ANNIVERSARY PICTURE
WAIT 'TIL YOU HEAR!
"The More I See You"
"Acapulco"
"I Wish I Knew"
And other new hits!
with
PHIL SILVERS · WILLIAM GAXTON · BEATRICE KAY · CARMEN CAVALLARO
Directed and Written for the Screen by GEORGE SEATON • Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG
Suggested by a Play Produced by Charles L. Wagner and Written by John Kenyon Nicholson
Songs by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren

Sweet and Hot

BY LEONARD FEATHER

■ **MODERN SCREEN'S new, top notch Swing and Jazz Editor, Leonard Feather swings right into the mood of this, our 15th Anniversary issue, and jogs us back to the music world of boop-boop-a-doop and Rudy Vallee—into the year 1930. So climb on the bandwagon with Leonard and Joe, his purely-figment-of-the-imagination assistant, for a big name musical memory tour.—*Ed. Note.***



Les Brown, Doris Day, and yours truly, Leonard Feather, Cafe Rouge'ing at N. Y.'s Penna. Hotel

Well, here we are in 1930, and the music business certainly is in a state of turmoil this year. Looks as though these talkies may turn out to do some good for us after all, instead of throwing all the musicians out of work. They say that 9,000 out of the 22,600 movie theaters are wired for sound now, and it's going to take a lot of musicians to make the sound tracks for all these musical films that are springing up.

(*Joe, better get some arrangements made up on that rumba number, "The Peanut Vendor." Looks like it's a hit. And fix up those songs we heard on the radio last night—"Dancing With Tears In My Eyes," "Crying For The Carolines," "Tiptoe Through The Tulips" and "High Society Blues," willya?*)

Yes, everybody's going movie minded; songwriters and publishers and actors are invading Hollywood and it's another Gold Rush. They say Gershwin's on his way out West to write the score for a new musical. Those "Girl Crazy" songs of his sound all right, too—"Embraceable You" and what's the other one? Oh yes, "I Got Rhythm". . . .

This kid Lewis Ayres, the boy who was a banjo player and medical student at the University of Arizona, he's making quite a name for himself as a movie star, what with "All Quiet On The Western Front" and another one coming up. Not bad for a banjo player, huh?

(*Joe, get these out for the next set—"Boop-Boop-A-Doopa-Doo Trot" and "Betty Co-Ed"* (*Continued on page* 91)

PEARL BUCK'S

thrilling novel of adventure, love and jealousy... under the

China Sky



Primitive Passions!

flame into conflict... in the hearts of an American doctor, the woman he married and the girl who loves him... amid the devastation of daily bombings!



Starring

RANDOLPH SCOTT
RUTH WARRICK
ELLEN DREW

with ANTHONY QUINN · CAROL THURSTON
RICHARD LOO

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Produced by Maurice Geraghty · Directed by Ray Enright

Screen Play by Brenda Weisberg and Joseph Hoffman

Congratulations
to
MODERN SCREEN
on its
15th Anniversary
from
PARAMOUNT

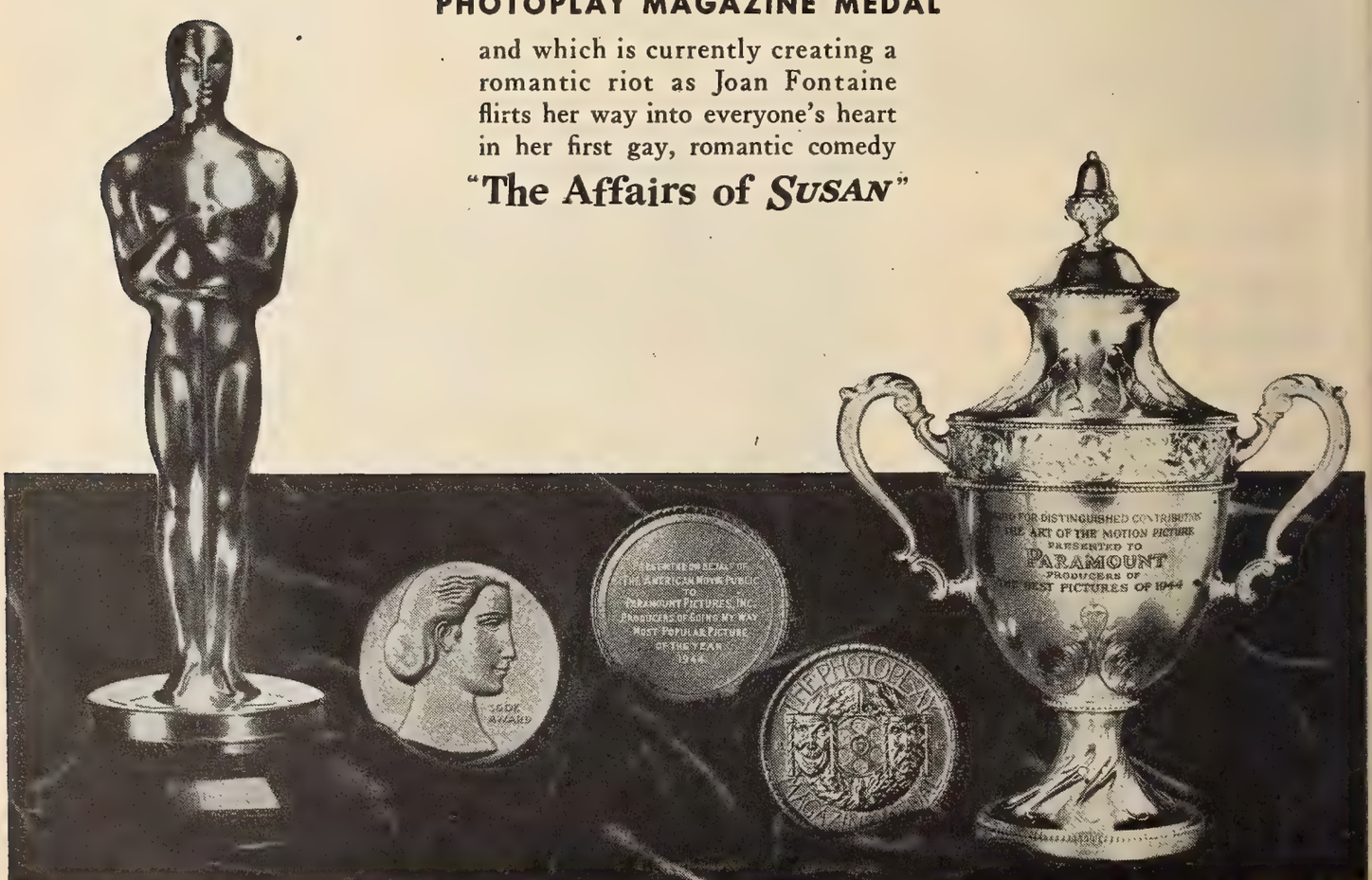
The World's Most Honored Film Company

which has set a winning record with
these Awards:

8 ACADEMY AWARDS
LOOK MAGAZINE AWARD
REDBOOK'S ANNUAL AWARD
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE MEDAL

and which is currently creating a
romantic riot as Joan Fontaine
flirts her way into everyone's heart
in her first gay, romantic comedy

"The Affairs of *SUSAN*"



Melisse
says

Hold on to your men, girls... here comes

JOAN FONTAINE

And does that girl have what it takes to snare the boys as she plays Susan—a divine man-trap in her first gay, romantic comedy. "Slick trick" Susan uses a different line for each one—and they all work, but beautifully.



You'd think she didn't know *anything* when she meets George Brent. So wide-eyed and innocent (you know—the sweet sixteen act that makes men *so* protective)!



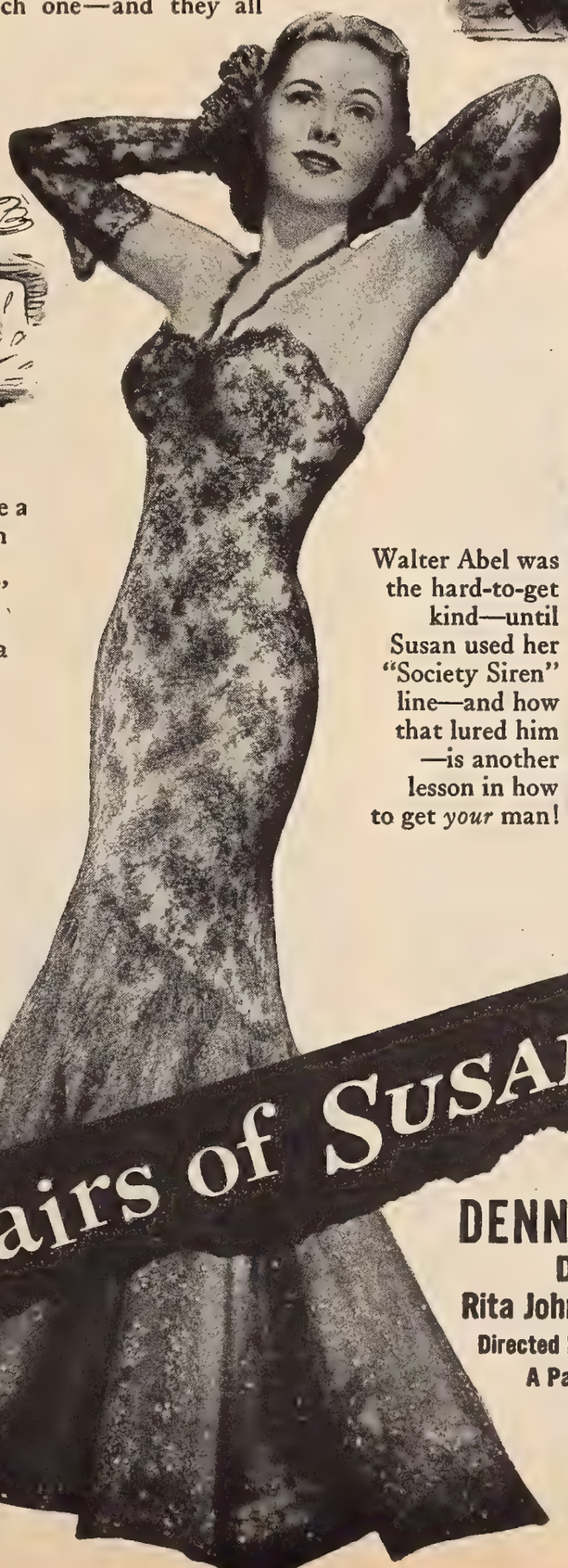
Some men, like Dennis O'Keefe, take women seriously! So Susan puts on glasses and takes up a good book –and she can write her own story from there on!



Glamour Girls! Take a lesson in dazzle from Susan. When she puts on the "allure" for Don DeFore she leads him on a conga that ends up you know where!



Walter Abel was the hard-to-get kind—until Susan used her "Society Siren" line—and how that lured him —is another lesson in how to get *your* man!



Joan Fontaine
George Brent
in
HAL WALLIS'
PRODUCTION

"The Affairs of SUSAN"

with
DENNIS O'KEEFE
Don DeFore
Rita Johnson • Walter Abel
Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER
A Paramount Picture

WEAREVER
Zenith

Write him Today!
IN LIMITED CIVILIAN PRODUCTION BY AMERICA'S LARGEST FOUNTAIN PEN MANUFACTURER DAVID KAHN, INC.
$1.95




WEAREVER
Refill Leads
at all stationery counters
© D. K. INC. 1945

MOVIE REVIEWS

By Virginia Wilson

A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS

■ You aren't going to believe a word of this, but it seems that in Baghdad a thousand years ago there was a super-crooner named Aladdin, who was the Sinatra of his day. Every time Aladdin (Cornel Wilde) made with the musical notes, the anklet brigade (they didn't have bobby sox in Baghdad) swooned all over the place.

Aladdin has a disreputable pal, Abdullah (Phil Silvers), who picks pockets while the crowd listens to the crooner. Aladdin frowns on this, but Abdullah *loves* picking pockets! Only there comes a day when he's caught in the act and he and Aladdin have to scram. While scramming, they meet the litter of Princess Marjianna (Adele Jergens), being borne through the streets. Aladdin, who's the adventurous type and something of a wolf besides, distracts the guards' attention and climbs into the litter. He pitches a little woo with the beautiful princess and makes a date to meet her in the palace gardens that night.

They fall in love during their date, and Aladdin absentmindedly starts to croon, which brings the palace guards on the run. He is tossed into jail, where he finds his friend, Abdullah. The princess runs to her father, the King, to ask for Aladdin's release. What she doesn't know at this point is that the real king has been kidnapped, and his twin brother, Hadjii, a very nasty piece of work, has taken his place. Naturally her request is refused, for Hadjii plans to marry her off to the highest bidder.

The Princess' pretty handmaiden, Novina (Dusty Anderson) distracts the jailer while Aladdin and Abdullah escape. They encounter a sorcerer, a genie, and a magic lamp. Now a magic lamp is a very handy trinket to have around, since all you have to do is rub it and your wish is granted. The catch in this case is that the genie of the lamp is a voluptuous looking wench (Evelyn Keyes) who gets a yen for Aladdin and is very uncooperative about helping him win the Princess. Since this is a fairy tale, it must have a happy ending, so Aladdin, who simply can't make up his—no, on second thought, I *won't* tell you. *Col.* (*Continued on page 22*)



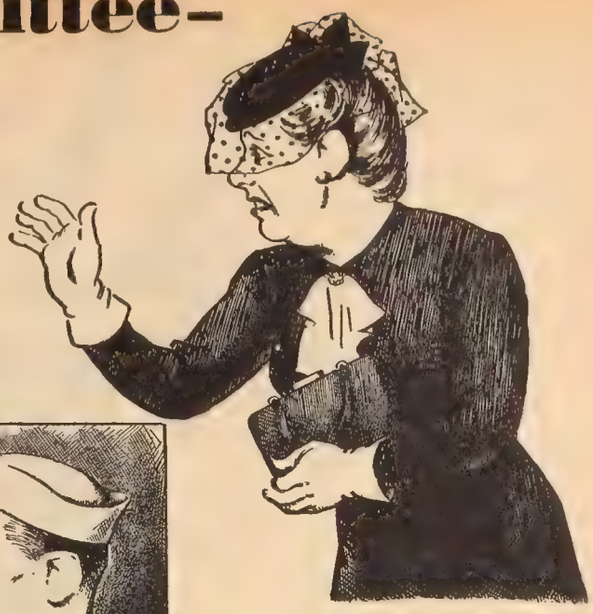
Aladdin (Cornel Wilde) loved a princess in old Baghdad, though to see Marjianna (Adele Jergens) with her face unveiled meant death! With a mystic lamp and a genie fair—who's a bit of a problem, too—in prisons dark and misty lands, Aladdin fights for love.

The Reception Committee–

(KNOW ANYBODY HERE?)

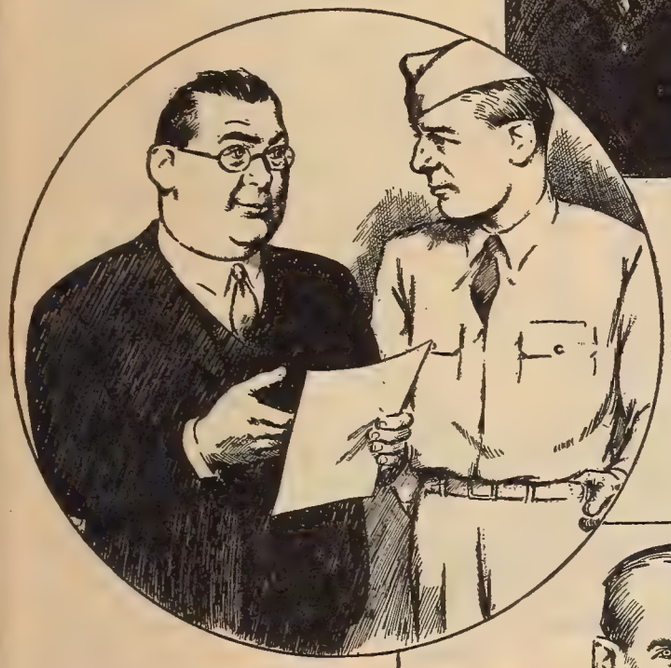


The Greeter. A one-man brass band. "Nothing's too good for Our Boys!" he always says. And that's what he gives them. Nothing . . . except a big hello. Help? "That's the Government's job," he says.



The Clutch. One like her in every town. Always leaping to help some disabled veteran over a pebble. Practically blubbers while she's doing it. Succeeds in making the veteran feel he's ruined for any normal life. Or career.

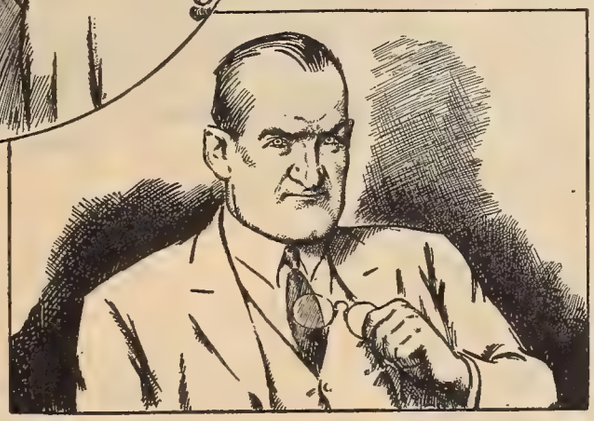




The Bloodhound. "It's OK, Sailor, you won't shock *me!* Ever knife a Jap? How does it feel to be bombed?" The War's just one big adventure story to him. But it hasn't been for the sailor. He wants to *forget* it—not *talk* about it.



The Patriot. Always talking about all the things he goes without. Mentions the War Bonds he buys as though he were doing the *Government* a favor. This makes veterans (who've been buying plenty of Bonds themselves) wonder whether we had the right people in foxholes.



The Rock. He's nerveless. The Iron Man. War hasn't affected *him*. Can't understand why discharged veterans are allowed 90 days to relax before going back to their old jobs. Can't understand why they should need time to get over the War. He doesn't. Combat Officers would love to have this type in their care for a while.

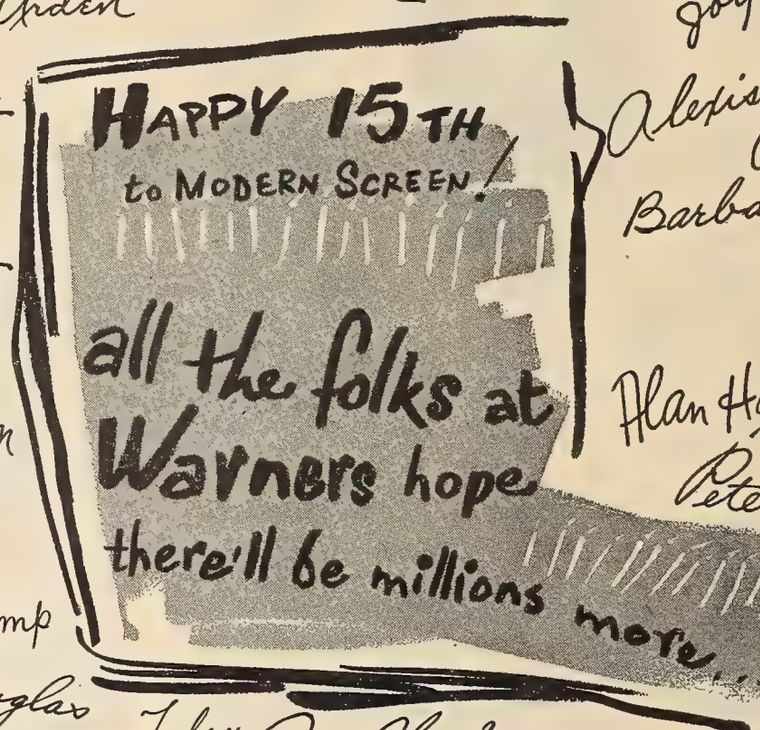
Blue Ribbon Citizen. Like all good people, she asks no questions, weeps no tears, doesn't stare at disabilities. To her, a returned veteran is an abler, more aggressive and resourceful citizen than the boy who went away. She's proud of him, proud to know him. Anxious to be of real help. She's the kind of person we should all be.

Prepared by the War Advertising Council, Inc., in Cooperation with the Office of War Information and the Retraining and Reemployment Administration.

PUBLISHED IN COOPERATION WITH THE DRUG, COSMETIC AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES BY

Maybelline

WORLD'S FAVORITE EYE MAKE-UP



Robert Alda
Lauren Bacall
Humphrey Bogart
Jack Benny
Jack Carson
Dane Clark
Joan Crawford
Helmut Dantine
John Dall
Olivia De Havilland
Bette Davis
Faye Emerson
Errol Flynn
Geraldine Fitzgerald
Sydney Greenstreet
John Garfield
Paul Henreid
Ida Lupino
Robert Hutton
Eleanor Parker
Dennis Morgan
Joan Leslie
Betty Alexander
John Alvin
Eve Arden
William Prince
Rosalind Russell
Joyce Reynolds
Ramsey Ames
Robert Arthur
Alexis Smith
Ann Sheridan
Lynne Baggett
Barbara Stanwyck
Bruce Bennett
Jane Wyman
Monte Blue
Alan Hale
Victor Francen
Barbara Brown
Dolores Moran
Becky Brown
Peter Lorre
Tom D'Andrea
Rosemary De Camp
Warren Douglas
Dick Erdman
Joley
Pat Clark
John Compton
Clare
Bill Kennedy
Robert Lowell
Angela Greene
Wanda Hendrix
Peggy Knudsen
Andrea King
John Wiles
Dorothy Malone
Raymond Massey
Joan Lorring
Don McGuire
Joan McCracken
John Ridgely
Janis Paige
Helen Pender
Zachary Scott
Claude Rains
Marjorie Riordan
S. Z. Sakall
Robert Shayne
John Sheridan
Arthur Shields
Craig Stevens
Jean Sullivan
George Tobias
Martha Vickers
Joan Winfield
Donald Woods

Bette Davis

NEW HONORS FOR
THE SCREEN'S MOST
HONORED ACTRESS!



In her heart of hearts she knew she could never hold him...



His first picture! Meet that stage sensation... John Dall!

WARNER BROS.
BRING ANOTHER GREAT
PLAY TO THE SCREEN!

"The Corn is Green"

A LOVE THAT RIPENED TOO FAST!

Directed by
with JOHN DALL • JOAN LORRING • NIGEL BRUCE • RHYS WILLIAMS • IRVING RAPPER
Produced by JACK CHERTOK • Screen Play by Casey Robinson & Frank Cavett • From the Stage Play
by EMLYN WILLIAMS • Produced by Herman Shumlin • Music by Max Steiner



Wilt Not . . .

STAY COOL AND LOVELY

Select one of seven heavenly Le Sonier Refillable Powder Mitts, in floral prints and petal pastels.

Whisper-soft palm sifts scented, silken powder onto your body —leaves you coolly clean, completely lovable. A tempting assortment of Le Sonier Refillable Powder Mitts awaits you at good stores everywhere, from $1.00 to $2.50.

Be sure it's Refillable!



U. S. Pat. No. 2233686

Le Sonier

REFILLABLE POWDER MITT

LE SONIER, Inc. New York — Boston

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 18)

P. S.

This is a Technicolor extravaganza of Old Baghdad told in swingtime. Although it's based on the 9th Century Arabian Nights adventure of Aladdin, the narration of the fairy tale is in terms of 1945 sophisticated humor, contemporary jive-talk and streamlined romance. . . . The film required an entire section of ancient Baghdad to be recreated at the Columbia ranch for exterior sequences. . . . Other sets were constructed at the studio. . . . This gives Cornel Wilde his first chance to sing on the screen. The vocalizing is not new to the actor, however. He sang on the Broadway stage in "The White Plume" and "Fashion". . . . Another accomplishment which Wilde reveals for the first time is fencing. He was a member of the U. S. Olympic Fencing Team in 1936. During the filming of the sword scenes, Cornel was injured when Dennis Hoey's blade slipped, lacerating the center finger of Wilde's left hand. Cornel didn't mind the necessary six stitches which had to be taken but fretted because his wedding ring had to be sawed from his finger. He'd worn it for seven years. . . . Evelyn Keyes discovered an allergy for horses while making this picture. Whenever she got near one, she'd sneeze and cough—touching a horse seemed to give her a rash.

THE CORN IS GREEN

Most of us have thought, one time or another, "What's the use of going to school, anyway? I'd be just as well off without so much education." In "The Corn Is Green," a brilliant young student begins to feel that way, and his teacher has quite a battle on her hands. Since Bette Davis plays the dynamic, stubborn teacher, you can be sure she'll win out. But John Dall, as the pupil, makes the question of school or no school an unexpectedly engrossing one.

All this takes place in a small Welsh village. Miss Moffat, the teacher, has come there from London. When she sees boys from ten to seventeen or eighteen, who can't read or write, working in the mines, she feels that something must be done about them. So she starts a school, using her own money, and conducting classes in her own house. She runs into a lot of difficulties, which is partly her own fault. She isn't a very tactful person, and she antagonizes the local Squire (Nigel Bruce).

Miss Moffat would, perhaps, have given up, if it hadn't been for Morgan Evans. Morgan, a boy of eighteen, shows promise of a writing talent amounting to genius, and she devotes two years of concentrated effort to getting him ready for Oxford. Then Morgan goes suddenly berserk.

Discouragement and rebellion and liquor have conspired to lure Morgan into a brief affair with an impudent little servant girl. Bessie (Joan Lorring) has been flaunting about the place with an air of secret satisfaction, lately. She takes the greatest delight in telling Miss Moffat, whom she hates, that she is going to have a baby. But the Squire has decided to pay Morgan's way through Oxford, and he has a brilliant future before him. Which way does his duty lie?

You may or may not agree with the solution, but you'll certainly agree that Bette is tops in this picture, and that both John Dall and Joan Lorring are definite discoveries.—*War.*

P. S.

This show had four-and-a-half years on Broadway. . . . Warner Brothers bought it especially for Bette Davis. . . . With the play came four of the original New York cast: Rhys Williams, Rosalind Ivan, Mildred Dunnock and Gene Ross. . . . Here are a couple of notes about newcomers John Dall and Joan Lorring. Dall and Miss L. are completely unknown to movie audiences. He is six foot, 26 years old, the son of Charles Thompson, noted civil engineer. Pop's work took him to Panama where John joined the cast of his first amateur play called "Yes Means No." . . . Joan got her role through circumstances rivaling a publicity man's dream. Chertok and Rapper were at wits' end for a girl to play Bessie Watty. They cried on the shoulder of Rhys Williams who promised to keep an eye open for a gal. One morning Rhys' car wouldn't start and he hailed a passing motorist. The motorist turned out to be Casey McGregor, small-parts actor at Universal. They talked shop and Rhys told McGregor of their plight. Casey knew just the girl. He knew Joan. She read the part to Chertok and Rapper and was engaged without a test. . . . Joan's father, an English broker, is a prisoner of the Japanese, interned at Hong Kong.

OUT OF THIS WORLD

Eddie Bracken as an ex-Western Union messenger turned radio crooner presents a hilarious spectacle. He embraces the microphone fondly, rolls his eyes heavenward, opens his mouth—and Bing Crosby's voice comes out! You'll love it! Especially the scene where Bing's four sons are listening and one of them says "I've heard that voice before." "Yeah, but I still like the guy with the bow tie!" retorts another.

Herbie Fenton (Eddie Bracken) becomes a crooner by sheer accident. The accident being that beautiful Dorothy Dodge (Veronica Lake) faints when he is singing at an amateur performance. Betty Miller (Diana Lynn) signs him up to sing with her girls' orchestra at fifty dollars a week. Betty needs money to take the band to New York where they have been offered a radio job, so she sells pieces of Herbie's contract around town. The trouble is, she's not so good at arithmetic, and finds she has sold one hundred-and-twenty-five percent of Herbie!

They get the radio job, and Herbie is a sensation! That is partly due to Dorothy Dodge, who has twenty-five percent of him, and who hires "swooners" at three bucks per swoon. Anyway, he is offered huge sums for personal appearances, and Betty, who doesn't dare tell him about her muddled finances, is in the nasty position of losing more money the more Herbie makes.

He is in love with Betty, and she loves him too, but she feels she must straighten things out before she can let him know it. Then Herbie's "owners" get together and find out the situation. The sponsor finds out, too, and Betty is threatened with jail. Of course it all works out, with a musical accompaniment that will really send you. There's a lovely ballad called "June Comes Around Every Year" and a very funny number by Cass Daly, "Sailor With An Eight Hour Pass." Don't miss this picture, girls, because it's pretty special.—*Par.*

P. S.

Hard to beat Paramount when it comes to a high-stepping musical. And it's hard to beat Eddie Bracken when it comes to stepping in them. . . . The story is a typically Bracken story and he comes through it in fine style. . . . As the girl band leader, Diana Lynn insures herself against ever being typed. Every role she's

(Continued on page 26)

Are you in the know?



For a slick permanent, which is a "must"?

- ☐ *A skilled operator*
- ☐ *A cold wave*
- ☐ *A machine wave*

Frizzy flub—or dream girl? That depends largely on the skill of your operator. Let her decide the right type of wave for your hair-texture. Slick grooming requires infinite care. And guard your *daintiness* with care . . . especially at "certain" times.

Now there's a deodorant locked inside each Kotex napkin. The deodorant can't shake out, because it is processed into each pad—not merely dusted on. No extra charge for this new Kotex "extra" that aids your charm, your confidence.



Is this little beach belle—

- ☐ *Playing patty-cake*
- ☐ *Dive balmy*
- ☐ *Collar-bone conscious*

No, she's not "tetched" . . . just collar-bone conscious. And if *you* have hollows around the base of your neck, try: Standing erect, arms out (as shown), elbows stiff. Swing arms backward, forward, touching finger tips. This also banishes shoulder-blade problems. To banish problem-day discomfort — choose Kotex, for Kotex *stays soft while wearing*—far different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. And the special *safety center* of Kotex gives you *plus* protection.



If you're stymied with a show-off, should you—

- ☐ *Try to reform him*
- ☐ *Go smilin' through*
- ☐ *Make with the icicles*

Why attempt to freeze or reform him? Be smart and go smilin' through his clowning. It can be fun—and he'll tell the world you're wonderful! Learning to laugh in a trying situation helps build self-confidence. That goes for trying *days*, too . . . when you laugh off "telltale outline" fears with the patented, *flat tapered ends* of Kotex. So unlike thick, stubby napkins, those flat pressed ends don't show revealing lines. Kotex keeps you confident!

Now—a DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

More women choose KOTEX*

than all other sanitary napkins put together

done has been completely different. This time she goes glamorous. She plays the part with an abandon worthy of her less than twenty years. . . . Veronica Lake does the "other woman" role in the best Theda Bara tradition. Her clothes (designed by Edith Head) gave the Hayes office more headaches than they've had since they tried to get Lana Turner out of sweaters. Even when the clothes were redesigned there was not much they could do about what Miss Lake puts into them.

WITHOUT LOVE

A new Katharine Hepburn-Spencer Tracy picture is definitely an event in the cinema world. "Without Love" will remind you of "Woman Of The Year" and "Keeper Of The Flame," which is nice reminding. There's a luminous quality about Katie these days that makes her more exciting than ever. Spencer, as always, contributes solid acting.

He plays Pat Jamison, a scientist doing experimental work for the government. Pat is looking for a room in Washington. But he's different from most people—*he* finds one! It's in a house belonging to Jamie Rowan (Katharine Hepburn), a young widow who spends most of her time on her farm in Virginia. Pat goes to the house with a drunk who shares his taxi and who is Jamie's cousin. The drunk, Quentin (Keenan Wynn), assures him that Jamie won't mind their using her house. She'll be delighted. As a matter of fact, when Jamie drops in the next day she mistakes Pat for a caretaker the employment agency was to send over. She even hires him—and then fires him five minutes later for impertinence.

When she finds out who he really is and the importance of the work he's doing, she consents to let him stay. That will be her contribution to the war effort. But when she gets back to the farm, she broods over some things he has said to her. She realizes that he has made her feel young and alive and a woman for the first time since her husband's death. Of course she's not interested in love. But then, Pat isn't either. He was in love once, and it didn't work out. So Jamie goes up to Washington with a plan. Why couldn't she and Pat get married—without love? They could work together, she would help him, and they'd be good for each other. All purely platonic!

Pat is dubious, but Jamie is very persuasive and he finally consents. Everything progresses beautifully until a serpent enters the Garden Of Eden. The serpent is handsome and well-dressed, with wavy hair and quite a technique. His name is Paul (Carl Esmond) and his effect on this marriage-in-name-only is devastating.

There are amusing lines and situations in "Without Love." There is also Lucille Ball, Felix Bressart, Patricia Morrison, and an unidentified dog who steals every scene in which he appears.—*MGM*

JULY JULEP

We don't mean to play "hard to get"—we just naturally are! So you better be an early bird on June 12 if you want to catch our big July issue. It'll sparkle with color and bubble with news. Don't miss it!

P. S.

Spencer Tracy tried to sneak away after this one was in the can (Hollywood slanguage for completed) for a short vacation at the Arizona Biltmore. Spent most of his time there poring over scripts. Bets are that Spence was looking for a Broadway show to appear in. . . . During production of the picture, Tracy's birthday rolled around and Lionel Barrymore came onto the set with an original sketch of his late brother, John Barrymore, done by John Sargent in 1923. . . . Peggy Gough, Spence's former secretary, sent him a Nazi Party pin from Germany where she is Red Crossing. . . . Katharine Hepburn had to come from Connecticut for this one. First spot in Los Angeles that Katie heads for is usually Chinatown where she stuffs herself with the delicious fried shrimp and chop suey. This time she caused a mild sensation—was so mobbed she couldn't even have dinner. The Chinese natives in the village remembered her terrific performance in "Dragon Seed." . . . Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz celebrated their wedding anniversary during production. They gave one another a post-war tennis court for their home in the shape of War Bonds.

IT'S IN THE BAG

Fred Allen ambles his wisecracking way through this entertaining yarn as the owner of a flea circus. He is aided and abetted by Jack Benny, Binnie Barnes, William Bendix, Robert Benchley and a flock of other well-known names. The plot concerns itself with his efforts to collect an inheritance left him by a cousin who has been murdered.

Fred (his last name's Floogle instead of Allen in the picture, but let's just call him Fred) doesn't know at first that his cousin was murdered. The police called it suicide. The papers referred to him as

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY



"Now don't move, darling—I want to remember you as you naturally are."

a millionaire and said Fred was his sole heir. On the strength of that, Fred and his wife, Eve (Binnie Barnes), and their daughter, Marian (Gloria Pape), go completely haywire. They move into a tower suite in New York's snootiest hotel. They order a lot of de luxe clothes, and Fred starts betting a thousand bucks instead of two on the fourth race at Belmont. Only Fred's son, Homer (Dickie Tyler), aged twelve, remains calm. Homer is a genius, and money holds little interest for him. Fred's arch enemy, an insect exterminator named Parker (Robert Benchley), lives at the same hotel. His son is in love with Fred's daughter, and now that Fred is the heir to a fortune, Parker withdraws his previous objections.

But, alas! When Fred goes to see his cousin's lawyer, he has a rude awakening from this dream of wealth. The lawyer, Pike (John Carradine), says his cousin's fortune is spent. All Fred gets is a set of Louis Sixteenth chairs. Homer takes the chairs off to sell them to an antique dealer, and while he's gone, Fred gets a message from his dead cousin. It was left at a bank to be delivered after his death, and says that he has been threatened and may be murdered. It also says the evidence and two hundred thousand dollars will be found in one of the six antique chairs. Fred calls the dealer frantically, only to be informed that the chairs have been sold to six different people.

The rest of the picture is devoted to a mirth-provoking search for the two hundred thousand dollars. The highlights are Fred's interview with Jack Benny who has bought one of the chairs, Fred's and Eve's visit to the movies, and a scene where Fred has to carry what he thinks is a corpse for six blocks. If you're looking for fun, "It's in the Bag!"—*U.A.*

P. S.

The script of this picture was practically rewritten during production. Most of the members of this comedy cast are terrific in the ad lib department—especially Benny, Allen, and Bob Benchley—and when the scheduled punch line didn't suit one of them they simply changed it—impromptu! . . . Fans of Bob Benchley (and who isn't?) will get a good laugh from his mouse-trap demonstration. Just the thought of it should bring a giggle. . . . Three screen debuts in this picture: "Sugar Blonde" Gloria Pope, Chevy Chase graduate, plays Fred Allen's daughter; 12-year-old Dickie Tyler, popular with Broadway theatergoers, makes his cinema debut as Allen's precocious son; and "Mrs. Nussbaum" (real name—Minerva Pious) was brought to Hollywood for a role similar to the one she plays on the air. . . . Binnie Barnes returns to the screen after more than a year away. You'll be glad she did when you see her and Fred Allen demand their money back for a movie show. . . . The voice of Mary Livingstone (Mrs. Jack Benny) supplies one of the most comical moments in "It's in the Bag" although Mary does not appear in the picture.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

This picture skips with reckless abandon from one century to another, hitting the high spots from 1492 to 1942. But don't get the idea that it's any cavalcade of history. Any resemblance between it and history is purely coincidental. It's a lot of gay, musical nonsense, whipped to a froth by Fred MacMurray, Joan Leslie and June Haver. Fred seems a bit bewildered through it all, and that's only natural. After all, he starts out as a civilian in 1942 and bounces around through the



It's fun...it's young...it's meant for You!

frolic

...by CHERAMY



There never was a perfume more endearing. Sparkling-fresh . . . tantalizing as a misplaced memory. You'll wear Frolic for fun . . . for the joyous way it lifts your heart and *never* lets it down!

Perfume, 6.50; 3.50; *debutante size*, 1.10.
Toilet Water, 1.75.
Dusting Powder, 1.00. *Talcum Powder*, 50c.
(plus tax)

centuries and the Army, Navy and Marines. You can't do that? Well, watch!

The civilian is a guy named Bill who is 4-F, in love with a girl named Lucilla (June Haver) who goes for uniforms. Then there's another girl named Sally (Joan Leslie) who's in love with Bill. So there we are with the eternal triangle going along normally enough, when Bill finds an antique lamp. He gives it a couple of absent minded rubs, there's a puff of smoke, and a Genie materializes. The Genie is a carefree gent called Ali, who tells Bill to make a wish and he, Ali, will see to its immediate fulfillment. "I wish I were in the U. S. Army!" says Bill loudly. The next minute he's marching along in uniform. But there's a slight difficulty. It seems that a century more or less isn't important to a Genie, and the uniform Bill is wearing belongs to the *Revolutionary* War! In fact, he is with General Washington's Army at Valley Forge.

Bill tries to be helpful. After all, he has a pretty accurate knowledge of what future events will be. This leads him into trouble, though, and he is about to be shot as a spy when Ali hastily appears and whisks him into another century. This time Bill finds himself a sailor—aboard Christopher Columbus' ship en route to America. His next transformation puts him on Manhattan Island, which is still in the possession of the Indians. Bill buys it for twenty-three dollars. Sally appears as an attractive Indian maiden, and he realizes he loves her instead of Lucilla, but it takes another century or so to straighten things out, and put Bill in the Marines.

Nonsense? Sure! But it's the kind of nonsense that gives you a pleasant evening. And it's in Technicolor.—*T.C.F.*

P. S.

This, as you may have guessed by the review, is completely zany. But it's guaranteed to loosen up the tightest war nerve. . . . The story, by Morrie Ryskind, was bought in brief synopsis form for $50,000 —the entire movie cost over two million dollars. The music is by Kurt Weill and the whimsical Gilbertese lyrics were done by Ira Gershwin. . . . No one but Gregory Ratoff could have directed it. . . . This is Fred's first picture under his brand new 20th Century-Fox contract. . . . Joan Leslie was borrowed from Warner Brothers.

THE MAGNIFICENT ROGUE

Joseph Schildkraut has the kind of role actors dream about in this picture. There's a large cast, including Billie Burke, Eugene Pallette, Ona Munson, Robert Livingston and Anne Gillis. But it is Schildkraut, as "the magnificent Rogue," who dominates the plot.

Mr. M. comes unexpectedly into the lives of the Pidgeon family of Park Avenue. It is Christmas time and the Pidgeons have decided to take a "charity case" into their home for the holidays. I regret to say that it is not entirely Christmas spirit which prompts this gesture. Theresa, the Pidgeon's elder daughter, has become engaged to Stephen Bates (Robert Livingston) of Boston. The Bates are known for their charitable work, and Theresa persuades her father (Eugene Pallette) and mother (Billie Burke) that this will make a good impression. Angela (Anne Gillis), Theresa's kid sister, thinks it's pretty silly, but Angela is strictly a brat and thinks everything is silly.

The "charity case" turns out to be Mr. Marchand (Joseph Schildkraut), an exmatinee idol who was crippled years ago in an auto accident. He is a handsome, cynical drunkard, who can be utterly



CAN YOU BARE IT?

Fashion has snipped sleeves to the shoulder, deepened the armholes. To wear these charming new sleeves, arm-pits must be smooth as your cheek, sweet as your breath. NEET Depilatory removes underarm and leg hair, leaves skin satin smooth in a few minutes... Use with NEET Deodorant to halt both perspiration and perspiration-odor. Inexpensive!

neet

at cosmetic counters in stores everywhere



Powers Model SLIPS



Endorsed by John Robert Powers

in fine rayons about $1.79 at better stores

Write for free booklet — "A Word About Modeling" by John Robert Powers

* trade mark

Louis Herman & Co. *creators of* MOVIE STAR SLIPS

Dept. I

159 Madison Ave., N.Y. 16, N.Y.

NECK-LINE ROUND-UP



PREST-O CHANGE-O DICKEY

at all leading chain stores

That choir boy look for the young in heart . . . a washable rayon sharkskin dickey. It works color magic with sweaters, dresses or suits—either Hi- or V-neck. So easily changed it needs no sleight of hand technique. Only 39¢



HOWARDS • FIFTH AVENUE

417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

charming. He proceeds to charm the Pidgeons and practically take over the household. An uncle of Mr. Pidgeon chooses this time to die and leave five million dollars. He leaves it, not to Mr. Pidgeon, but to an actress named Florrie Watson whom he knew when she was a child. Of course, if Florrie can't be located, Mr. Pidgeon will get the dough. And can he use it!

The Pidgeons cook up a plot to find Florrie themselves and keep the news of her inheritance away from her. They find her (Ona Munson) broke but cheerful, but they have counted without Mr. M. There's something uncanny about that man and his effect on people. Before the Pidgeons know what's going on, they find themselves changing into a nice, sweet, old-fashioned-family. Even Angela starts to develop some endearing qualities. The ending is sweet, with the somewhat sticky sweetness of Christmas candy.—*Rep.*

P. S.

Most of this picture was done on one stage set . . . Republic's stage 10. This is the most expensive set Republic has ever produced—cost close to thirty thousand dollars. The Chinese Chippendale furniture was found in antique shops and basement second hand stores in Los Angeles. Every piece is authentic—selected by some of the top men in the furniture business. . . . A crew of 200 men worked night and day for several weeks getting the furniture cleaned and polished and arranged onto the set. . . . Ann Gillis was victim of a ptomaine poisoning attack—was rushed off the set to the hospital. Was back to work two days later with a registered nurse standing close by. . . . Since most of the cast were former stage actors, everyone on the other end of the camera was amazed at how quickly the picture was done. Stage actors very seldom "blow" their lines, and before the picture was done Joseph was known as "One Take Schildkraut." . . . At the close of the picture, Mr. Schildkraut was given a new contract by the studio. It calls for three pictures a year with an interval of three months each fall in case Joseph wants to do a stage play in the East.

PATRICK THE GREAT

Donald O'Connor, who's buzzing around in a private's uniform and looking very well, is at his most exuberant in his last pre-Army picture. Peggy Ryan is teamed with him, as usual, and Donald Cook and Frances Dee complete the rectangle.

Donald O'Connor and Donald Cook play Patrick Donahue, Junior, and Patrick, Senior, respectively. Pat Senior is a big name in the theater. A bit of a ham, sometimes, but still a good actor. Pat, Jr., is crazy about show business, too. He's traveled around with his dad, and now he's working with a group of kids up in the Berkshires to put on a show. Judy (Peggy Ryan) is one of the kids, and Donald brings her to New York on a weekend trip to see the closing night of his dad's play. They meet several producers at a party Pat, Sr., gives, and one of them, Prentiss Johns, becomes interested in the boy.

Mr. Johns comes up to the Berkshires the next week to see Pat and the kids put on their show. He likes it and offers Pat the lead in his new Broadway production. The kid is on top of the world and goes off to find his father. Pat, Sr., is vacationing at a mountain lodge, and when Pat arrives he's away on a fishing trip. Pat meets beautiful Lynn Andrews (Frances Dee) at the lodge. Lynn hears him practicing a torchy love ballad from the new show and thinks he has been disappointed in love. She tries to get his mind off his troubles, with the result that when





Rhonda Fleming, featured in Alfred Hitchcock's "Spellbound," starring Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck.
A Selznick International Picture released through United Artists.

LYNETTE PERFUMES, 741 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

Pat, Sr., gets back, he thinks his son has fallen in love with her. Lynn is in her late twenties, and Pop thinks she would be better suited to *him* than to Pat, so he cuts Jr. out with neatness and dispatch.

Meanwhile Pat discovers that his father had expected to get the leading role in the Johns show, so he calls the producer long distance and refuses the part. Johns hurries up to the lodge and so does Judy —in search of Pat. Things straighten out to the eventual satisfaction of all concerned.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Don made this picture just before going into the service. His scenes were written and staged long before the rest of the picture was ready for shooting. . . . This marks the return of Donald Cook to the screen after an absence of six years. Don, who has been on the New York stage, won the New York Critics' Medal for the best light comedy performance of the 1942 season with his work in "Claudia." . . . Since it was necessary to the filming that menus in the story be of pre-war perfection, Universal, being kindly disposed towards audiences, saves them the pain of seeing the actual dishes. Scenes were cut after ordering and the cast is shown again after they have supposedly finished their dinner.

COLONEL EFFINGHAM'S RAID

William Eythe, whose name causes a pleasant jingle at the box-office nowadays, has the lead in this story of politics in a Georgia city. Bill and Joan Bennett and Charles Coburn make the most of its humor and occasional pathos.

Newspapers have always been a potent factor in American life. That's why the freedom of the press is so important to our way of living. In the town of Fredericksville, Georgia, the papers are pretty much under the domination of the political machine—that is, until Colonel Effingham comes along. The Colonel is retired from the Army, but he's still a fighter. When he arrives in his home town of Fredericksville, he is not pleased at the conditions he finds there, and he decides to do something about them.

The Colonel's cousin, Al (William Eythe), is a reporter on The Leader, one of the two foremost newspapers. Al is an easy-going young man who believes in minding his own business as far as politics are concerned. He covers the local news events with his tongue in his cheek, and spends the rest of his time squabbling amiably with Ella Sue (Joan Bennett), the paper's society reporter. Then the Colonel with Al's unwilling, and to some extent unwitting, aid, becomes a columnist on The Leader. The editor, who has the impression that the Colonel is a slightly loony but harmless old gent, discovers that he has a tiger by the tail. The Colonel's opinions are not only directly opposed to those of the political bosses, but they are expressed with military forcefulness. And people *read* them!

The main point at issue is whether the courthouse, which is a beautiful and historic old building, should be repaired or torn down completely. The Mayor and his cohorts want to tear it down and build another, at considerable expense to the county and profit to themselves. The Colonel objects strenuously, but soon finds that his supporters desert him when enough pressure is brought to bear on them. So Al, reluctantly at first, then determinedly, comes to the rescue.—*TCF.*

P. S.

Lamar Trotti has come to be known as

a special type of producer. He's an author—has worked on some of the most distinguished of the Fox productions, including "Wilson." Consequently, as a producer, he can sense a good movie story immediately. He found "Colonel Effingham's Raid" in a book store, mentally cast the whole story in ten minutes. When Fox bought it for him he cast it exactly that way. . . . Charles Coburn, as Col. Effingham, is cast into the medium in which he was born. He's a native of Savannah, Ga., was steeped in the traditions of the old South and raised on stories of the Civil War. Matter of fact, through all his 50 years on stage and screen he's dreamed of playing a part like this. . . . Joan Bennett celebrated her 14th anniversary in movies during production. She is playing about the same type characters now as she did when she entered the profession. She's perfect as the sweet young Southern gal—hard to believe she's the mother of Diana Fox, 16; Melinda Markey, 10; and Stephanie Wanger, 2 years old.

CHINA SKY

Love and jealousy seem to flourish under bomb-laden Chinese skies as well as in the hot-house atmosphere of New York night clubs. Take one handsome doctor, played by Randolph Scott, add two women in love with him, and you'd have an emotional whirlpool even if it weren't complicated by Jap spies and bombings.

The story is set in a hospital in a remote Chinese village. Dr. Sara Durand (Ruth Warrick) is in charge during the absence of Dr. Thompson (Randolph Scott). Thompson has been in America getting new supplies, but he is expected back almost any moment now. The patients are deliriously excited over his return. They all adore him. Sara is excited, too, although she won't admit it, even to herself.

There is a commotion outside, and a patient cries "It's Thompson-doctor!" It is indeed "Thompson-doctor," complete with a beautiful, shiny new wife! Her name is Louise (Ellen Drew) and she is about as well suited to life in a Chinese village as a chiffon nightgown would be to life in an igloo. Sara covers her own feelings gallantly and tries to be friendly, but Louise takes an instant dislike to her and makes no effort to hide it. Her attitude makes Thompson conscious of Sara in a way he never has been before.

There is an important Jap prisoner in the hospital, who was wounded by the Chinese guerrilla, Chen Ta (Anthony Quinn). He is cared for by a native doctor who is actually half-Jap. Between them they evolve a plot which makes use of Louise's cowardice. She falls for it and the result is almost catastrophic.

Carol Thurston makes a luscious Chinese nurse, and Philip Ahn is good as the half-Jap doctor.—*RKO.*

P. S.

This is another Pearl Buck story—guarantee to the movie-goer that it's based on true life experience and actual locale. . . . Randolph Scott was on the cast roster to play Dr. Grey Thompson when RKO first began filming preparations on the show more than a year ago. This is one of the strongest roles of his career. . . . Ruth Warrick, you remember, is the radio actress who won screen fame by playing the wife of "Citizen Kane." . . . Quinn was the only Occidental actor chosen to play an Oriental role in this picture. His facial contours require practically no make-up to fit him for the part of the war lord who falls in love with the Chinese nurse (Carol Thurston). . . . Like Quinn, Carol requires little doing over to qualify for the role of a Chinese nurse.

Lipstick Quiz for smart women





RIGHT OR WRONG?

Making up in public? Some etiquette books say "Yes," most men say "No." But the smartest women say "Unnecessary." They use long-lasting Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick.



HOW MANY COLORS IN TANGEE?

Four! Tangee Red-Red...very exciting! Tangee Theatrical Red ...it dramatizes your lips! Tangee Medium-Red and Tangee Natural.



IS SHE OLD-FASHIONED?

Yes, her dry lips are out-of-date. Tangee Satin-Finish insures smooth-as-satin lips that are not too dry—not too moist.

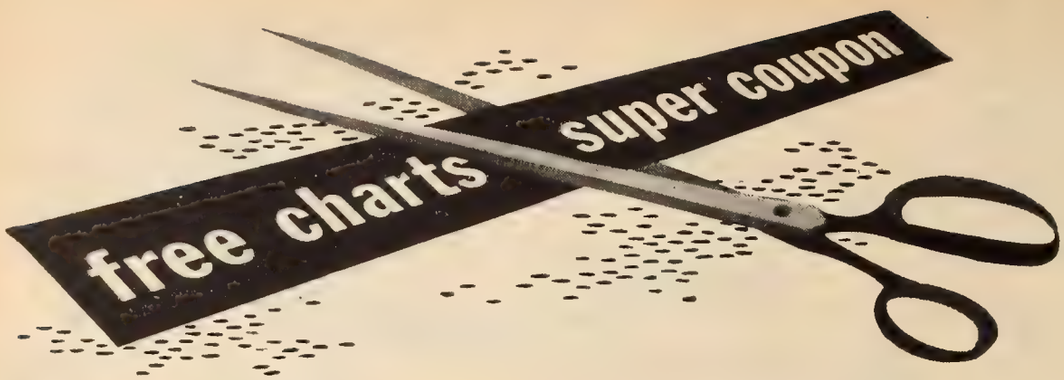


WHO IS SHE?

Constance Luft Huhn, leading authority on beauty...Head of the House of Tangee and creator of Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick.

Use TANGEE

and see how beautiful you can be



CHECK THE BOXES OPPOSITE THE CHARTS YOU'D LIKE ★ NEW CHARTS ARE STARRED



★ **SUPER STAR INFORMATION CHART (10c)** This is NEW! A completely revised chart—telling you everything you've ever wondered about such bright new stars as Lauren Bacall, Tom Drake, Dane Clark, Phyllis Thaxter! We've collected vital statistics—here they are—and hundreds more, everything you want to know about the lives, loves, hobbies and latest pics of your favorites. Tells you where to write to them, too. Send 10c and a LARGE, stamped (3c) self-addressed envelope ..... ☐

MUSIC MAKERS, THEIR LIVES, BANDS AND RECORDS (5c) New and exciting data on bands, bandleaders, vocalists—everyone from James to Sinatra. 20-page booklet, pictures of each music maker, lists of their best records. A solid must for all you hep cats. Send 5c, as well as a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ..... ☐

HOW TO JOIN A FAN CLUB—Have yourself a time! Join one or more of the 60 fan clubs we've listed and get snaps of your favorite star, club journals, chance for pen pals—and other splendid advantages! Read about the new MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Association. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ..... ☐

INFORMATION DESK—Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See box on page 73 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

STAR AUTOGRAPHS—Turn to page 10 to see how you can get autographs of all your favorite stars.



PLEASE BEHAVE!— Helpful, practical chart with tips on how to be poised, well liked. Etiquette for dating, engagements, weddings, letter writing—the works. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ..... ☐

CO-ED PERSONAL ADVICE—Want to know how you can get that cute guy in Algebra class to ask for a date? Or when it's cagey to pull a "hard to get?" Write to our expert, Jean Kinkead, c/o MODERN SCREEN. Tell her all, and she'll personally write you a letter answering all those important, impossible problems of the heart. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

BE A BETTER DANCER!—*by Arthur Murray* Complete, easy-to-follow directions on how to foxtrot, waltz—all the turns and tricks that'll help you follow your partner. Also dance floor etiquette, what to wear and how to be popular with the stag line. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ..... ☐

HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH BOYS—*by Jean Kinkead* How to be date bait, plus a complete follow-through for when you're out with *him*. The straight stuff on getting stood up, drinking, smoking, tactics to get and hold your man! FREE, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ..... ☐



HANDWRITING ANALYSIS (10c) Send in a sample of your handwriting or your G.I.'s in ink (about 25 words), and Shirley Spencer will analyze it for you and tell you how he *really* feels. Send 10c for each analysis and enclose a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope. ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE TO MISS SHIRLEY SPENCER, c/o MODERN SCREEN, but only for Handwriting Analysis. ..... ☐

YOUR INDIVIDUALLY COMPILED HOROSCOPE (10c) Fill in your birthdate: Year....

Month..... Date..... Time.. ..

Name.....

Street .. City.... Zone..... State. ..

Send 10c to 149 Madison Avenue, N.Y. 16, N.Y.
No self-addressed envelope required ☐



★ **SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS FOR TEENS—** All the new tricks 'n' stuff to make you a glamor gal not just on dates, but at work, at play in the rain, on the train. Clothes ideas, mix-match suggestions, do's 'n' don'ts to make you a slick chick. Free! Send a LARGE self-addressed, stamped envelope..... ☐

GLAMOUR FOR THE TEENS—This is 'speciolly for gals from 12 to 18. How to really glamour yourself up. Skin care, make-up, hair-do's for your particular beauty problem. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ..... ☐

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL— For over 18s—a beauty routine, skin and nail care, make-up styled to your needs. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed stamped (3c) envelope..... ☐

HOW TO HAVE LOVELY HAIR—Encyclopedia on hair care. Hair-do's styled for you, setting instructions. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed stamped (3c) envelope..... ☐

HOW TO LOSE WEIGHT— 12-page chart giving you all the safe way to lose weight. 2 easy-to-follow scientific diets. Exercises for reducing every part of the body, plus scoring chart. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ..... ☐

FASHIONS FOR TALL GIRLS—*by Marjorie Bailey* Whether you're lanky-tall or chubby-tall, here are lines and styles to camouflage your height. What's tops for *you* in coats, suits, dresses Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ..... ☐

FASHIONS FOR SHORT GIRLS—*by Marjorie Bailey* Fashion tricks to make *you* the willowy girl of your dreams. What to choose in dresses, coats, suits, hats to make you inches taller. Free send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ..... ☐

FASHIONS FOR STOUT AND THIN GIRLS—*by Marjorie Bailey* How to appear thinner or more curvaceous. Lines and styles that slenderize hips, waist, bust, legs and those to cover up that bony look. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.. .. ☐

ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

BEST POPULAR

All of My Life—Bing Crosby (Decca), Kate Smith (Columbia)

He's Home For a Little While—Les Brown (Columbia), Jerry Wald (Majestic)

I'm Beginning To See the Light—Harry James (Columbia), Duke Ellington (Victor), Cootie Williams (Majestic)

I'm Gonna See My Baby—Jimmie Lunceford (Decca), Phil Moore (Victor)

I Should Care—Tommy Dorsey (Victor), Jimmy Dorsey (Decca)

Laura—Woody Herman (Columbia), Jerry Wald (Majestic)

My Dreams Are Getting Better All the Time—Les Brown (Columbia), Phil Moore (Victor), Louis Prima (Majestic)

My Heart Sings—Hildegarde (Decca), Duke Ellington (Victor), Johnny Johnston (Capitol)

This Heart of Mine—Ginny Simms Columbia), Fred Astaire (Decca)

Yip Yip De Hootie, My Baby Said Yes—Phil Moore (Victor), Charlie Spivak (Victor)

BEST HOT JAZZ

King Cole—Bring Another Drink (Capitol)

Benny Goodman Sextet—After You've Gone (Columbia)

Edmond Hall Swingsters—Big City Blues (Blue Note)

Edmond Hall Quartet—Shanty in Old Shanty Town (Commodore)

Billie Holiday—Lover Man (Decca)

Etta Jones-Barney Bigard—Blow-top Blues (Black & White)

Hot Lips Page—The Lady In Bed (Continental)

Boyd Raeburn—March of The Boyds (Guild)

Artie Shaw's Gramercy Five—Sad Sack (Victor)

Teddy Wilson Quintet—Bugle Call Rag (Musicraft)

BEST ALBUMS

After Dark—Morton Gould (Columbia)

King Cole Trio (Capitol)

Dennis Day Sings (Capitol)

Horowitz - Toscanini - NBC Symphony—Brahms Concerto No. 2 (Victor)

Meet Me In St. Louis—Judy Garland (Decca)

Music of George Gershwin—Andre Kostelanetz (Columbia)

Andres Segovia (Guitar Solos) Decca)

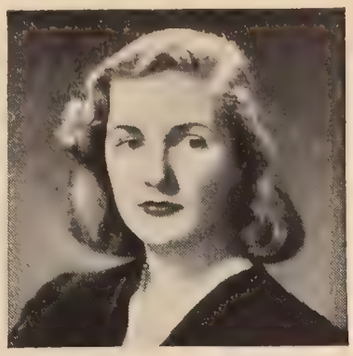
Song of Norway — Kitty Carlisle (Decca)

Song of Norway—Irra Petina (Columbia)

Tenor Sax—Hawkins, Byas, Young, Webster (Savoy)

Continental Records, 265 W. 54th St., N. Y.
Guild Records, 305 E. 63rd St., N.Y.,
Musicraft Corp., 40 W. 46th St., N. Y.
Majestic Records, 7 W. 46th St., N. Y.

New! Pond's Make-up Pat



Lovely CYNTHIA McADOO *says:* "*I didn't know cake make-up could be so natural and 'unstagey'!*"

"—natural . . . unstagey" says Young Society Beauty



"Camouflages" little blemishes, freckles, large pores. Without "coating" your face!

"De-Shines" a shiny face into one that keeps its fresh, velvety, just-made-up look a long, long time.

"Water-colors" your skin smoothly with a gorgeously clear, natural tone.

New double-formula discovery gives Make-up Pat foolproof flattery in Every Shade!

It protects your skin!
Pond's "Make-up Pat" acts as protective "buffer" against outside dirt and weather!

Wear it every day!
"Make-up Pat" is as easy to use as powder! Just smooth it on with a damp sponge or cotton. When dry, blend it out with your fingertips. Doesn't streak—doesn't "clog"!

While dozens of cake make-ups popped onto the market, Pond's tested . . . compared . . . improved . . . and tested again, over and over until—

Pond's made a new discovery about cake make-ups!

They found why light make-up shades often appear thick and chalky on the skin . . . why darker shades take on a flat yellowy look. The secret lies in its *formula!*

Pond's found that *no one formula* worked equally well on all shades!

—the lighter shades of Pond's Make-up Pat are made in a featherweight formula to go on sheer—*never* chalky.

—the darker shades are made in a richer formula—to give rosy glow. *Never* that sallow "jaundice-y" look!

We know of no other cake make-up that gives you this essential shade-and-formula *fit.* That is why we believe you will like Pond's new Make-up Pat better than any make-up you have ever tried. 6 *perfected shades*—on sale now at all better beauty counters. 39¢, plus tax.



Stronger Grip



Won't Slip Out



Try again next time if your store is out of *DeLong Bob Pins* today. We're making more now, but still not enough to meet the demand.

CO-ED

Your guy's comin' home! You wanta perk him with parties, shout to the moon—but don't, for he's hurt and bewildered and needs to forget

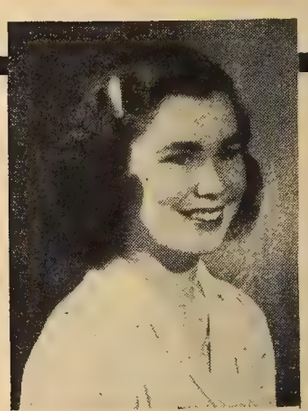
■ Are you one of the lucky, lucky ones with a guy on the way home? A beloved big brother, maybe, or a nearly-new husband, or a very best beau? If you are, this is all yours. If you aren't, won't you read it anyway, 'cause your turn is coming, maybe sooner than you think.

You've got such plans, haven't you? Parties, excitement, the bright lights. You want to be terribly, terribly gay to help blot out the sights and sounds of war. Of course you do, but if you're wise you won't shove hilarity down his throat the minute he gets home. You see, most of the returned kids are quietly grieving. They have lost so many friends. They have suffered, many of them, but more than that, they have seen suffering. They are sad beyond words, beyond tears. Oh, they'll laugh again, never fear. They'll paint the town the brightest shade of red. But not right away. Let them forget a little first.

When your soldier went to war he was a noisy, cocky guy, wasn't he? He won't be like that when he first gets home. He'll keep to himself a lot and seem to shut you out. It's going to hurt, but don't let him know. Be interested in whatever he wants to tell you, but don't pry. Don't follow him around with that worried look you've become such a past-master at. And above all, refrain from queries like, "What's the matter with you?" And "Is it anything I've done?"

The trouble is something like this. He's home in body but his spirit is still flying a B-29 or slogging through Rhineland mud. The adjustment from warrior to man-on-leave is pretty terrific, so be as patient as you can possibly be, and be assured that the silences and the brusqueness aren't directed at you.

He used to be the life of your own little crowd. His jokes used to kill the people, and the gang loved him to death. And do you know that when he comes (*Continued on page 102*)



JEAN KINKEAD

CO-ED LETTERBOX

My fiance has been in the South Pacific for a year and a half. He is due for a leave soon at which time we had planned to be married. Now he seems to be getting cold feet, and he thinks we should wait. He knows a thousand and one reasons why we shouldn't rush things. What do you think is the trouble? J. B., Des Moines, Iowa.

For one thing, he's had a lot of time to think, J.B. He's not the hot-headed kid he was when he left home. He has a deeper sense of responsibility. A solemn outlook on marriage. Probably he's seen a lot of war marriages go to pot. He's seen his buddies up to their ears in debt because their child brides thought their little allotment checks were a lot of money. When you write, don't sulk and don't bully him. Tell him you think he may be very wise and that you will have a lot to talk about when he gets home. When he does get back discuss it all thoroughly and sensibly, and then take him for a walk in the moonlight and let your hearts have something to say about it, too.

(*Continued on page 101*)

Endearing! Your

Skin's Softer, Smoother

with just One Cake of Camay!



Mrs. Robert W. Strong
Columbus, Ohio

"Try Camay . . . as I did . . . my very first cake brought a delicate new freshness to my skin."

Tests by doctors prove—Camay is Really Mild!

It's a dream come true! The softer, smoother look that comes to your skin . . . with just *one cake* of Camay! So change today, from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this *mild* skin care on over 100 complexions . . . yes, on skin *like yours!* And with the very *first* cake of Camay, most complexions fairly glowed! Looked fresher . . . clearer!



. . . it cleanses without irritation!

These tests proved Camay's mildness—proved it can benefit skin. In the doctor's own words—*"Camay is really mild . . . it cleansed without irritation."* Discover for yourself, Camay's helpful care on *your* skin. Look for the softer loveliness that comes with just *one cake* of Camay.



. . . go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

It's quick! Easy! Takes only one minute—night and morning. Simply smooth Camay's mild lather over your face—forehead, nose and chin. Rinse warm. If you've oily skin, follow with a C-O-L-D splash. It's simple as that! But, oh, how exciting to see how *one cake* of Camay can make your complexion look lovelier . . . softer . . . more endearing!

Won't you—make each cake of Camay last as long as possible? Soap is made of essential war materials.


short cuts
to big moments!
come on, get down to bare essentials...
the wonderful bare essentials of the
new Jantzens... like lines that take
the words right out of a man's mouth,
slimming fabrics, singing colors, in-and-
out-of-water glamour... the things that
make Jantzen completely marvelous...
left: Celanese* rayon 7.95... right: wool 8.95
(not enough of them, we're sorry to say) *Reg. U S. Pat. Off.
Jantzen swim suits
tan with JAN... Jantzen's new sun-cream
lotion for a smooth soft skin.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO MODERN SCREEN!



■ I'm glad of a chance to talk to you readers about MODERN SCREEN on its birthday. No speeches. Just the personal angle—

I met Editor Al on a trip back East after my first picture. Since then he's stayed with us in Hollywood, borrowed my T-shirts, been bossed by Sue, sneaked in at night to cover Alana up because he was lonesome for his own kid, Pete. That's how you get to know a guy—through the little things. Getting to know Al, I understood why MODERN SCREEN's the kind of book it is.

He likes people. He cares what happens to them. He knows the important part of living isn't parties and big productions, but digging your garden and laughing over some screwy joke with your wife and chewing the fat with your pals in front of a fire. The little things again. The things that make life warm and good—that stay with you through the years—

That spirit is reflected in the magazine. Here movie stars aren't names, but people. They're neither glorified nor belittled. They're treated as you'd treat your friends and as you'd like to be treated yourself. That's why I think of MODERN SCREEN as a friend. I trust it for its belief in fair play. I respect it for its sense of the dignity of the American home. I like it for its warmth of heart.

Drink a toast with me, will you?—in a coke or a milk shake or whatever concoction you go for at the corner drugstore—make mine a chocolate soda. So here's to MODERN SCREEN. May her shadow never grow less, may her circulation grow more. Happy birthday, good luck and long life to her. Bottoms up!

Alan Ladd



It's a star-studded party with no gates to crash

'cause Sidney Skolsky will take you along.

Happy Birthday from

■ METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER, a studio that is topped by none in Hollywood, also had a party to celebrate the fact that MODERN SCREEN was fifteen years young. And of course Leo the Lion put on a party that was a topper. Leo howled just as he does when every Metro picture begins, and this was the signal for the birthday party to start. It was also the signal for Leo's players who cavort on the screen to gather and have a time for themselves. Leo also invited you and me, so we'll get going.



First we see Louella Parsons feeding Hedy Lamarr. I guess Louella felt Hedy had fed her so many news items that turn-about was only fair play.



Jimmy D. tells John Payne, wifie Glo, E. Williams and Van he's "got a million of 'em."

M. G. M.



Greer Garson and her shaggy French poodle get a big kick out of the special newspaper extra for MODERN SCREEN's birthday party, while Tom Drake, Peter Lawford and Robert Walker peek at the headlines.



Elizabeth Taylor, Van J., Esther W. and Bob W. chortle "Happy Birthday"—bill this vaudeville act and it'd be back again!

MORE PICTURES

M.G.M.

Here's John Payne at Gloria's studio party and she was at his. Glo's guy reports he wasn't afraid of Leo the Lion, but he knows all about the wolves.





Sylvia Wallace, lovely West coast editor of MODERN SCREEN, greets Judy Garland while Robert Walker and Peter Lawford, a couple of wolves who make the bobbysockers howl, look on.

Van goes affectionate with Esther Williams while James Craig looks on. Van's had plenty of practice for he's been in a couple of pictures with Esther. James is still waiting to be her leading man.





What's a party without food, so you and I will stop for refreshments. Everybody's doing it! Here are Robert Walker, Phyllis Thaxter, Peter Lawford and Esther Williams making with the food.



Tom Drake and Jan Clayton, who were a *thing*, are now just friends. Jan went to New York to do the lead in the show "Carousel" and Tom got himself married to Christopher Curtis.



Elizabeth Taylor brought her pet chipmunk, Nibbles, with her to the party, and she's showing me the tricks it can do. With Elizabeth it's love me, love my 'munk.

(Please turn to page 96)



Come along inside with me. We're now in Anne Baxter's house and here is John Payne having a time for himself by feeding June Haver oatmeal so that she'll become a sweater girl without even needing the sweater.

HAPPY

Anne Baxter played hostess and the kids ran wild—Sidney Skolsky's our escort so let's join the gang!



What's a birthday party without a cake! Hostess Anne Baxter is ready to cut it and those sweeties waiting for the sweets are June Haver, Vivian Blaine, MODERN SCREEN'S Sylvia Wallace. The fellas are D. Andrews and Bill Eythe.

BIRTHDAY FROM 20th Century-Fox!



Now we walk in on a playful scene. Anne Baxter is whispering to Vivian Blaine while Bill Eythe cuts the ribbon on Anne's new bonnet. Oh, well, you know how it is when kids get together!

■ MODERN SCREEN, the magazine which is the liaison officer between you and the movie players, is celebrating a birthday. It is fifteen years young. And I mean *young*. During all these years it has been for the new players, it has always given you the news, and whenever a person joined the army of new movie fans, they turned to MODERN SCREEN.

So to celebrate its fifteenth Birthday, what could be more appropriate than a youth party, a kiddie party, which Twentieth Century-Fox, with Anne Baxter as hostess, gave for this magazine and you, its readers. Because Hollywood Is My Beat, I was there—to be your guide, take you to the party and tell you all about it.

MORE PICTURES——→



And if you don't know, here are John Hodiak and Gene Tierney making a mud pie. The raggedy doll is really Gene's for she loves dolls. So does John, who has a doll named Anne Baxter!

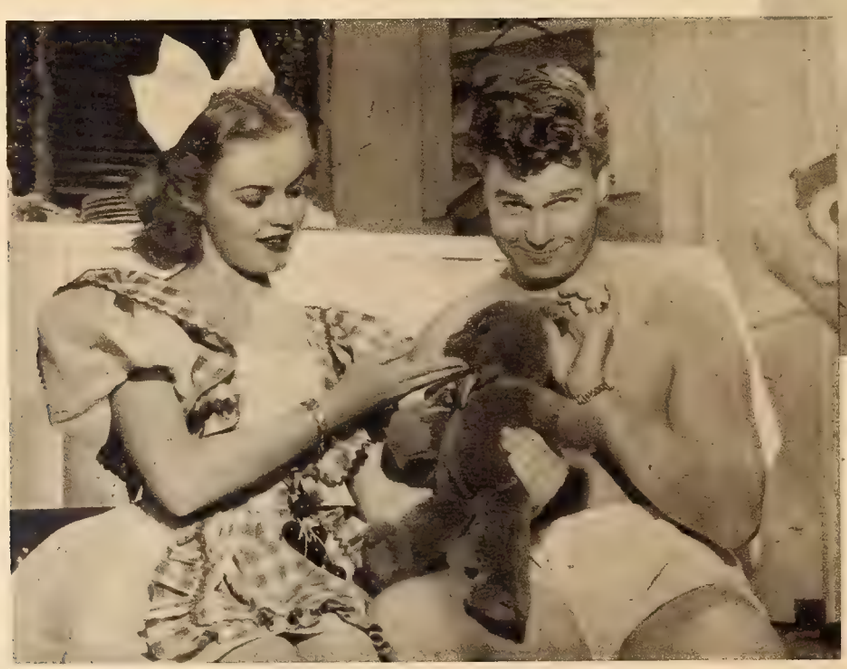


20th Century-Fox!

Dick Haymes is the tough guy of the party. He came in a sweater and a baseball cap, brought his own bat. You can see that I have no chance of winning this contest with Haymes, for if I do, he'll let me have it.



I said to June Haver, "Why don't you get a bicycle?" So she did—a bike with a chauffeur—who is none other than Bill Eythe!



Now little June (my, how she did get around at this party!) is asking cherubic young Richard Crane about his teddy bear. Get a load of Dick Crane while you're at it, because he is wearing the very latest in three cornered pants.



All kids like to play house, so June Haver is having fun with Dana Andrews straightening up the rug they've been cuttin' during this hep party.

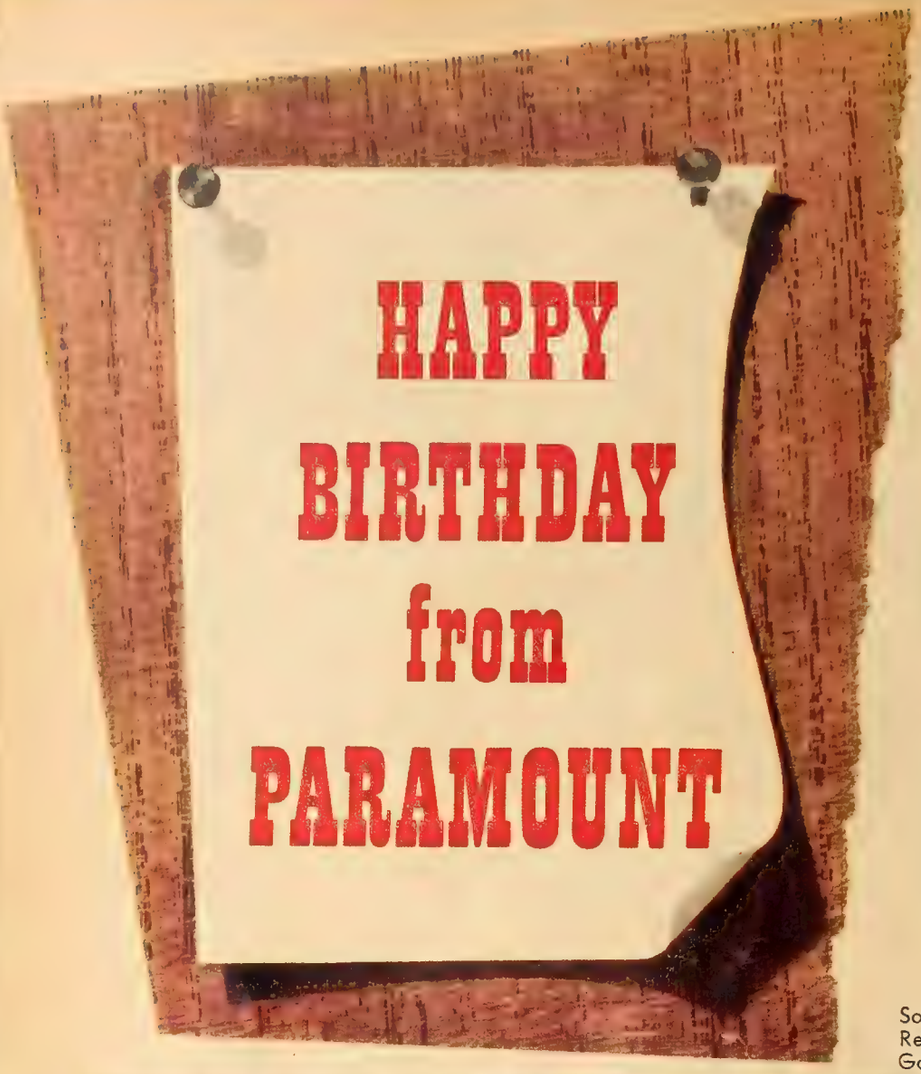


Nothing like a fast game of marbles to keep things rolling, and these champs can shoot 'em! Stanley Prager, Henry Morgan, Eddie Ryan thought Vivian Blaine would be easy to beat, but you should have seen her hit those mibs.

June Haver and Jeanne Crain are eating a piece of birthday cake, and June, who had plenty to eat (there was the oatmeal and a lollypop), is offering Dana Andrews a piece of hers. A good time, you'll admit, was had by all!



(Please turn to page 96)



It was happy birthday with a western wallop: Sonny Tufts was head rancher, Sid Skolsky our guide.

Sonny Tufts and his guitar hay-haying with lovelies Marj Reynolds, Diana Lynn, Barbara Britton, Mona Freeman, Gail Russell and Ella Raines. Sonny strums a neat guitar.





Barbara, Sonny Tufts and Joan Caulfield are very mystified by that old rope trick of Roy Rogers, whose studio, Republic, is now celebrating its 10th birthday.

■MODERN SCREEN couldn't celebrate the fact that it is fifteen years young without a Happy Birthday from Paramount, and a party at which none other than Sonny Tufts was the host. It was a Western party, for there is nothing actors like to do better when they play than dress up. Sonny even had the Les Paul Trio there to play Western music, and in between times he strummed a pretty mean guitar himself. Believe me, when these Paramount kids start playing there's bound to be plenty of excitement. But enough of this chatter, because you have to dust off that dude-ranch cowboy garb of yours and rustle into the stirrups. For you and I are going to the party, and we'd better hurry or those high-handed cowpunchers will have lassoed all of the refreshments, not to mention those pretty gals!



"Unhand that woman, man!" That's what Ella Raines appears to be saying to William Bendix, but Marjorie Reynolds, the Belle of "Yukon" Tufts' place, doesn't appear disturbed, either by "One Gun" Raines or Big Bill. From the looks of things, Ella's out not only to save Marj from the villain's clutches, but to put the snatch on that lucre he's fingering.



When a guy like Sonny Tufts searches for "Half-Pint" Skolsky, he's apt to overlook me. I'll let you in on a secret: That's how I get my items—by being present but unseen.



Eddie Bracken is explaining things in the Wild and Woolly West to Olga San Juan, who can explain a few things herself, famed as she is for that wicked samba that speaks for itself.

A Western shindig wouldn't be complete without Roy Rogers, and here he is watching editor Sylvia Wallace handcuff our host. He's been in this kind of picture before.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY from PARAMOUNT



Pianistic William Demarest is being threatened—y'see, he started singing "Don't Fence Me In", and Roy just can't take it.



How did I get mixed up with this? Glenn Ford is the Hero, Bill Bendix tilts the jug, Gail Russell is rolling her own, and I'm just a-settin'. All I can say is—"They went thataway!"



While you and I watch, Alan Ladd tries to slip a pair of handcuffs on Veronica Lake. We stand there delighted, for it's just like watching them do a scene for one of their movies.



The struggling gal who's trying to pull on her boot is Ella Raines, but I'll bet ten to one you'd never recognize the Westerner with the pipe—it's Turhan Bey! Honest. Didn't think you'd know him without Lana Turner.



"I'm the Law," rasps Sheriff Ladd, whereupon elopers Di Lynn and Bey look guilty and freeze in their tracks. But—surprise!—it's make believe.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY from PARAMOUNT

(Please turn to page 96)



Gail Russell (left) claps while funny man Gil Lamb jigs to Laddie's harmonica jiving. Choral effects are by courtesy of John Coy, Diana Lynn and Jim Brown.



Sonny and Veronica outwit the ciggie shortage with their corn husk peace pipes. Well, so long folks, thanks for coming to our parties, hope you've had fun.

These are the



Best dressed woman, Lilyan Tashman.

Most spiritually confused, Lew Ayres.





able. Greatest lover, of course!



Joan Crawford's most "movie-starrish."



Bing's the most indifferent to success.

Sorry, Ginger's uncooperative!



Louella's seen stars come and go

but these have burned the brightest:

Some sad, some gay—they're the "mostest."

by Louella Parsons

UNFORGETTABLES!



■ I love to reminisce. Also, I dearly love to stick out my neck. If I didn't like both of these journalistic sports almost more than any other form of writing, I would have had an entirely different answer to my friend and yours, Editor Al Delacorte, when he suggested:

"Look, Louella, let your hair down and GIVE for our fifteenth anniversary number. Tell us honestly, who, in your opinion, has been the greatest lover, the most outspoken, the most cooperative, most beloved, wittiest, wackiest, most generous, luckiest, most ambitious, most flamboyant, most rebellious, most patriotic star."

I could have said to him, "Al, my hair is short—so I can't let it down. And besides it might not be good politics for me (since I am still in business) to go about bestowing my own private Oscars and booby-prizes."

But did I say that? No. Being a smart boy as well as a smart editor, he had caught me in my weakest spot—and I think he knew it.

So, instead of playing smart and staying on the safe side, I sat right down to my typewriter to bat out this story on the actors and actresses, the boys and girls, the wise ones and the foolish ones who, in my opinion, have been the outstanding personalities one way or another since MODERN SCREEN has been (*Continued on page 81*)



Bogart? He talks too much.



Swanson, most queenly of them all.

The most tragic actress, Lupe





J. Barrymore had a most outrageous wit.


HEDDA
ELINOR GLYN
alain

they've never been told before, they shouldn't be told now... Hopper's juiciest tidbits on Hwood morals and manners

HOPPERS' SECRET MEMOIRS



■ All right, Professor, a little soft music, please. "Among my Souvenirs?" No—hold it—"Thanks for the Memories," (excuse it, Bob Hope) that's better. Because I wouldn't trade my Hollywood memories for Bing Crosby's contract. I wouldn't sell 'em for Louis B. Mayer's salary.

I've got a million of 'em, like Schnozzle Durante—a million of 'em. Some are funny and some sad. Some are bitter. Some are gay. Some are fantastic and some are outrageous. And some, well—don't ask! But they're all big events in the giddy life I've led, just like birthdays. It's not *my* birthday, of course, but it is MODERN SCREEN's, and birthdays do something to me. They make me expansive and sentimental and reminiscent and maybe a little foolish. They make me want to bake a cake and wrap gifts with ribbons and yell "Happy Birthday!" So, a little soft music, Professor, while Hopper takes down her hair—just a few bobby pins—and, Happy Birthday MODERN SCREEN readers! Cut yourself a piece of Hedda Hopper's Hollywood. It's on the house. If you can stand it, I can. And it's been cooking a long, long time.

So MODERN SCREEN is fifteen years old this month. Well, it was twice that long ago that I first stepped a fairy foot in fabulous Hollywood. Thirty years ago—twenty-nine to be exact, come St. Swithin's Day—I tripped past a glowering gateman at the old D. W. Griffith studio, as bug-eyed as Bette Davis and as green as grass about the movie world. I was a blushing bride, (honest) on the arm of my husband, DeWolf Hopper, a swell actor your mom and pop will remember. I had never been on a Hollywood set before. I was eager and had heard "stories"—I was prepared for anything and, believe me, I got it!

Griffith was shooting his big religious epic, "Intolerance," then. Outside the studio wall traffic hummed busily along Sunset Boulevard. Inside, I stepped back two thousand years. Roman legionnaires brushed past me with jangling armor, shields and spears. Arabs in white burnooses padded by, and ancient Hebrews with bare feet and shepherds' crooks. Chariots rumbled around behind plunging horses. Dancers, fakirs, wise men, thieves, kings, princes, houris, ragged urchins, goats, sheep, mules, dogs, oxen all mixed around in the dry, dusty lot, babbling, shouting, barking, braying. In one corner a cage of lions split the din now and then with mighty roars. I'd never seen anything like it before—the color, the mob, the noise, the confusion. I was dizzy, but right in the center of all the hullabaloo sat David Wark Griffith, the daddy of modern Hollywood, and not so old then, calm, cool and composed, lean, hawk-nosed, his smart eyes taking everything in. He was shooting the crucifixion of Christ.

On a table beside him lay a Bible, his script. It was open at the ageless scene. Right beside him Mary Magdalene read a novel by Elinor Glyn. Pontius Pilate was getting a light from a Good Samaritan. A huge cross reared up into the sky, and crucified on its arms—at least 40 feet up it seemed to me—was the Savior. On each side rangled two thieves on lesser crosses. Cameramen, cast and carpenters looked about; nobody seemed to be doing anything. Everyone gazed anxiously at the sky.

"Fog," said Griffith. "Call off the crucifixion." You couldn't have a crucifixion in this crazy land without California sunshine!

The whole mob relaxed and carts brought around hot

tea and cakes. I was sipping mine when the assistant director came up to Griffith. "How about Jesus?" he asked. "He's been hanging up there over three hours now. Think we'd better let him down for some tea?"

Griffith nodded. "Lower Jesus!" he yelled into his megaphone. They lowered Jesus on a rope. I had tea with Jesus and also my first Hollywood interview. I remember I asked him how he liked his job and he said, "It's a heck of a way to make a living." He said his arms hurt, and he had a lousy sunburn. Pretty soon they hauled him up again on the cross.

When I went home that evening I passed him again, standing on the corner alone in the fog with his beard and make-up kit. He was thumbing a ride up Sunset toward Hollywood. A shiny Packard rolled by without even slowing down. It had a special built trailer cage behind, padded and polished. Inside, the lions, whose roars still rang in my ears, rode home in pampered luxury, while the Lord's Son begged a lift on the highway. In Hollywood, I soon found out that was perfectly proper. You see, the lions were worth a thousand dollars a day and Jesus—well—he got five bucks. He was just an extra!

HEDDA HOPPER'S SECRET MEMOIRS

That was my first sample of Hollywood and today it remains my number one recollection. When I got home that night, my little brain whirling, I said right out loud, "This Hollywood is a crazy town!" That's an opinion I've never had reason to change.

Maybe it's the climate, maybe it's the people—anyway, there's something about Hollywood that makes everything different. There's magic in the air of this glamour-gilded orange grove—there always was, there is today and, I suspect, there always will be. The most preposterous, fantastic things happen to people when they come here. They get rich, they get famous, they get—well—a little screwy. They act like Fatty Arbuckle did when he had an automobile built almost a block long, so big he couldn't park the darned thing and couldn't use it! It makes people like the late, lovable Charley Ray doll up their bathrooms with solid gold plumbing fixtures. It made Cecil B. DeMille, before he got older and wiser, throw Roman feasts with bowls of real jewels sitting around for his fair guests to help themselves! It made Mabel Normand literally good time herself to death, as it made Barbara LaMarr and Renee Adoree do too, and Wally Reid, poor Wally, the big weak, wonderful kid who couldn't stand the pace. It's cracked to pieces marriages made in Heaven, as it cracked Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford's and it's cemented the most preposterous unions, like Clara Bow, the Flatbush Flapper, and cowboy Rex Bell, which have flourished in the best story book style. It's made saints out of sinners and vice versa; turned commoners into kings, made boors of bluebloods, and sophisticates out of hicks. Not magic?—well you dig me a better word!



Take Gary Cooper. Sometimes today when I look at that big lug, tailored like a London bandbox, balancing a cocktail at a swanky Hollywood party, I want to

neigh like a broncho and yell, "Yippeee!" just to see him jump. I never do because I like him too much but I know that's just what he'd do because at heart Gary's the same Western hillbilly he always was. But outside, what a difference a few Hollywood years make!

You want to know the first time I ever saw Gary Cooper? It was, I'm sure, at the most miserable moment of his life, very similar to the agony a colt goes through when he's broken to saddle. I can tell it without making Coop mad, I know, because just the other day at a bond rally he bid $100,000 in war bonds for one of my favorite hats (I sure hated to lose it, but anything for the war effort) and after it was over he grinned sheepishly as only Gary can grin and said, "Say—you remember that old picture we made together?"



"How could I forget it?" I answered. "Want to talk about it?"

He looked like he'd been shot. "Hey," he said, "no, no—gosh no!" And I swear sweat popped out on his face like tapioca.

The picture was "Children of Divorce" and the gal who started Gary on his way to fame and fortune was Clara Bow. Me, I was hanging around as I did in those days strictly for an actor's check and playing—as I always seemed to—a snooty Park Avenue rich-witch. But that's not important. Except that it tossed me right into the first scene which was Gary's Gethsemane and his Open Sesame at the same time. He was pretty fresh off a Montana Ranch then with sheep dip and corral cologne wafting out of every pore and alfalfa sticking out of his hair. He'd come to Hollywood hearing a cowpoke could pick up easy money, and he'd peddled his western paintings from door to door to help out on the rent of his furnished room. He'd got himself a break in a couple of Paramount horse operas looking strong and silent, which was easy. Then came "Children of Divorce," which was not.

I don't know whose idea it was, maybe Frank Lloyd's, the director who's spied star stuff in more than one unknown, maybe Clara's, who was a lot smarter than people gave her credit for. Anyway, after that first scene it looked like somebody made a terrible mistake.

They had him dolled up in a cutaway morning coat, striped trousers and spats. They had his hair slicked down and his big Adam's apple clamped in a high wing collar and still he looked exactly like what he was—a big, beautiful rube. But that wasn't half. The scene was a gathering of smart young merrily-we-go-to-hell Manhattan sophisticates at a cocktail party. Gary was supposed to sip champagne, smoke cigarettes daintily and be debonair and charming. And—this is the pay off—make love to Clara Bow.

I can hear Clara giggling now. She spied the apparition. "Look, Hedda," she said. "Look at the poor boy. He's falling over his own feet!" Gary was, too. You could tell he'd hand over his check willingly just to be out of those fancy duds, just to get the heck out of there and back to Montana (*Continued on page 113*)



Hedy Lamarr Greta Garbo Ingrid Bergman

These are the Loveliest!



■ *(Surprised to see Columnist Ed Sullivan's by-line on my beauty pages this month? Well, let me explain. As a special feature for* MODERN SCREEN'S *wonderful anniversary issue, I asked Van Johnson, Humphrey Bogart, Ray Milland, Joe Cotten and Errol Flynn to make up their own individual lists of the ten most beautiful stars of the past fifteen years in Hollywood. They did—and for a look at their individual scores, turn to page 99. But there were a lot of ties, and I wanted one list of Hollywood's ten loveliest. So I called in Ed Sullivan—to break the ties and just talk about beautiful women, as only he can. What are we waiting for?*—CAROL CARTER)

Being no chump, and with a full awareness that Hollywood scripts insist that movie heroes *must* win, I pick no quarrel with Van Johnson, or Bogart, or Errol Flynn, or Ray Milland or Joe Cotten. However, when these five characters, having been asked to name to an attentive world the Ten Most Beautiful femmes ever to float past their vision, fail even to nod in the beautiful direction of Merle Oberon or Ilona Massey, fail to remember Jean Harlow or Luise Rainer, completely ignore Lena Horne, Irene Dunne and Alice Faye, overlook Ginger Rogers, Wendy Hiller, Arleen Whelan, Gene Tierney and Virginia Fields—well, at that precise point, your correspondent remembers (*Continued on page 98*)



Virginia Bruce

by Ed Sullivan

Our dream-guy jury picks the ten top beauties of fifteen H'wood years. Do you agree?



Marlene Dietrich



Joan Crawford

Dolores Del Rio

Loretta Young



Olivia De Havilland

Danielle Darrieux

A great writer tells the life story of "just a guy" who's learning to laugh again.

CLARK GABLE



At just 7 months, Clark was semi-orphaned with the passing of his young mother. In later years, he and Carole were always "Pappy" and "Ma" to each other and planned on eventually adopting a family.



■ We sat round the fire after a dinner party. Among us was a young and very excited actor. That day he had been cast in a Clark Gable picture. He was a sweet boy, well-mannered, charming. All evening he had tried to hold his excitement down. Now we encouraged him to let it boil over—

"The guy's a legend already," he said. "You hear so many stories. I wonder what he's really like—"

I knew Gable as you know many people who work on the same lot. To smile, to say good morning, to exchange a few words about the weather, a preview, a mutual acquaintance. I had no intimacy with him. We had never sat down together to take the world apart—

Yet, as a writer, I am trained to observe. I had observed Gable, on the screen and off. I had observed the reactions of others to him. To such a man, you cannot be indifferent even if you've never met him, even if you know him only from the films. You may like or refuse to like him, (*Continued on page* 63)



No effort was spared to salvage the marriage, but his need of the soil he now tends on his Encino ranch couldn't jibe with Rhea's social background. They divorced. (With Rhea and her children, Jana, Al.)

by VICKI BAUM



At 15, he'd shot up to his 6' 1", had developed some of his charm, most of his dislike for "Sunday bests." He'd also adopted, then rejected, medicine as a career.



1934 found him an "Oscar" winner for "It Happened One Night" and very much in love with Carole. Now, 11 years later, he dates Dvorak, V. Grey, Kay Williams.

In 1932, "Red Dust" and the late Jean Harlow established him as "the heavy lover with the light touch." He had married (and briefly separated from) the older, social Rhea Langham but knew even then that it couldn't last.





but you cannot say he doesn't matter, he's of no consequence. Whatever feeling he leaves with you is a positive feeling. Mine was very positive . . .

"I could wish nothing better for my boys," I said, "than that they should grow up to be like Clark Gable—"

"You mean movie stars like Clark Gable?" somebody teased.

But I was in earnest. "I mean *men* like Clark Gable. The rest is nothing—"

That was ten years ago. Much has happened to Gable meantime. Great wealth and fame. Great happiness. Great sorrow. In public affection, he has ranked higher over a longer period than any other star. In his personal life, he found love, and lost. He entered the service of his country and served her well. Now, more popular (*Continued on page 64*)



Clark Gable, the "people's choice" to play "G. W. T. W.'s" "Rhett Butler," dazzled even the incorrigible Vivien "Scarlett" Leigh with his dash.



With Carole came peace. She was his wife and his friend and the greatest testimonial to her wisdom is that her death left him saddened but unembittered.



He worked hard to prepare for OCS and regretted neither his annual $250,000 salary nor the $7,500,000 in receipts his enlistment cost M-G-M per year.

CLARK GABLE

CLARK GABLE



Busy with "Strange Adventure" and the renewing of old ties, he vetoed offer to MC Lux Radio Show to concentrate on M-G-M's GI rehabilitation film planned for him, Taylor, Stewart. (Ginny S. at CBS.)



than ever, he returns to the films.

I have followed him through the years, and my feeling about him remains unchanged. It is the man who counts, the rest is nothing. As a farmer, a tool-dresser, a lumberjack, he would still have been Gable. This is no story of a movie star, but the story of an American.

First there was the child in a little Ohio town. A child of Pennsylvania Dutch stock, who inherited their strain of simplicity and strength. When his mother died, the baby was seven months old. His father—like Clark, a man of few words, especially where his emotions are concerned—took the child to the farm of his dead wife's parents. There he stayed till he was four.

They had no close neighbors. The barnyard animals were his playmates, the changing aspects of nature his wonderland. With his father's visits, the tales of his grandfather, his grandmother's tenderness, it was enough. They were none of them the (*Continued on page 103*)

Acting as gunner and combat photographer, he was upped from pvt. to Capt. during his 22 months AAF career and returned with 50,000 feet of film shot in 5 raids—plus Air Medal!



AIRLINE HOSTESS is airman's fiancée! Mary Ann Long helps servicemen and their families feel "at home" in PCA planes. She works in one of the war jobs where women are so badly needed. Ask your local U. S. Employment Service about *your* war job.

Flyer to Wed Mary Ann Long

Popular Tennessee girl, the daughter of the H. C. Longs, engaged to Richard H. Albrecht. She is a graduate of Virginia Intermount College and was May Queen in her senior year. He was at Yale before entering the Air Force



She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!



The day that Mary Ann pinned his wings on her officer-fiancé—he slipped a diamond engagement ring on her slender finger.

She is *another* lovely girl with an engaging soft-smooth *Pond's* complexion.

Mary Ann says of Pond's Cold Cream —"It's perfect, I think! I don't know anything that makes my face look and feel so clean and fresh and soft-to-touch."

This is the way she uses Pond's:

She smooths snow-white Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat. Pats briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with another Pond's coating —swirling her fingertips quickly over her face. These *two* creamings make her skin feel *extra* clean, *extra* soft.

Copy Mary Ann's twice-over way of using Pond's Cold Cream—*every* night, *every* morning, and for in-between clean-ups.

Ask for a luxurious big jar—you'll love the quick way you can dip fingers of both hands in this wide-topped, *big* Pond's jar!

A few of the Pond's Society Beauties.. The Lady Morris, Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, Mrs. James J. Cabot, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, The Countess of Radnor

new! Film-Finish Powder

Finest-ever texture... loveliest-ever shades for that Hollywood "finish"

It's a charmer, a four-alarmer . . . this new Woodbury Powder! Made to give you the breathless appeal screen stars have. 5-stage blending for lovelier shades, smoothest-ever texture. Woodbury Film-Finish won't clog, cake, turn pasty. Never makes your skin look "porey". Just clings like a lovely dream, to help you charm your man! 8 lovelier, star-styled shades.



SUSAN PETERS, lovely young star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, appears in **"KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY".** Woodbury CHAMPAGNE RACHEL is golden drama for a honey-toned medium skin like Susan's.

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP $1. Now with your $1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your shades of matching lipstick and rouge. No change in the box... all Woodbury Powder is the new "Film-Finish". **Also boxes of Woodbury Powder, 25¢ and 10¢, plus tax**



Woodbury Film Finish Powder



1



3



5



7



9



11



12



13



A



2



B



C



4



D



E



6



F



G



8



H



J



10



K



L



M



N



14



O

Modern Screen's Birthday Quiz

by Phil Baker

HI, swell meeting you! Here are 14 portraits of your favorite stars as they appeared last week—and 15 years ago. It's up to you to unscramble 'em so that their 1930 pics (which are marked a, b, c, etc.) match up with their 1945 pictures (designated by numbers.) Page 84 has the answers.





CHEN YU

Cloud silk

MAKE UP

Out of a dream world into yours comes a veil of cloud silk to cover your skin with a new kind of beauty as rare as Chinese silk . . . with no hint to the heaviness of make-up as you have known it. So smooth . . . so perfect . . . Cloud silk dresses your skin in a glowing radiance that belies the presence of blemish. When you wear it . . . no matter whether it be day or night . . . in the sun's brilliance or in the darting beams of firelight . . . others see you through a veil of sheer beauty . . . *and they wonder why!* And Cloud silk (because it's Chen Yu) stays beautiful so long, time stands still. Cloud silk, newest triumph of Chen Yu, is the completely beautifying, thoroughly protective make-up you have hoped for. You'll find it now at your favorite store in a shade that is exactly yours.

CHEN YU, Chicago and New York



Modern

By Jean Kinkead
and Toussia Pines





Super lines in this make-it-yourself housecoat—a MODERN SCREEN pattern, easy-as-pie to make! It changes personality with various materials, so make two—a flowered lovely, and a smoothie of solid black.

No fuss, no satin, no nonsense in this little plaid beauty by that master, Henry Rosenfeld. Washable gingham, spiked with black ruffles to give you the look of a Victorian belle!



We think you're lucky! Just look at the glamor-garb of fifteen years ago, and thank your lucky stars for the clothes of 1945!



Screen's Fashion Guide



Which one gets your vote? We knew it—the sleek, smooth Junior Formals honey on Gloria De Haven! And glamor isn't all it's got, it's washable, practical, inexpensive! Sophisticated black velvet accessories by Arpad.



■ We were chortling through one of the first MODERN SCREENS, and look what we found! These fashions, chums, were the MacStuff in 1930, and the gals modeling them were (and still are) among the best-dressed women in the country. Notice the impractical fabrics, the messy lines, the complete lack of figure flattery. And don't miss the utter disregard for grooming as we now know it. The sporty hat on Joan Crawford, for instance, with the swish afternoon dress. The hit or miss coiffures on Joan and Connie Bennett, and the just-out-from-the dryer look to Norma's. Gosh, we've come a long way, when you think that today's stenographers and riveters and housewives look infinitely more chic, more fashion-wise than yesterday's golden girls. And when you think that they look so darn beautiful on so darn little.

Let's do some contrasting. Take the evening dresses of then and now. The cut of the 1930 number gives smooth Connie Bennett the figure of a Mickey Rooney. In addition, the fabric (beaded white chiffon) couldn't possibly be less practical, involving an expensive trek to the cleaners after each wearing. The accessories—bracelet, watch and choker—(*Continued on page* 72)

TIGER LILY BRUNETTE

— by Bradshaw Crandell



neither match nor complement each other.

Now just look at our 1945 honey at approximately one-fifth the cost. Crisp and slim as a celery stalk, this Junior Formal is It for the senior prom, for a club dance, for a candlelight dinner with Him. Everything about it is new—the not-too-dolman sleeves, the doll waist (straight from Paris, kids) accented with a black velvet bow, the full waltz skirt. The wee surplice top is red and white checked, the skirt is black and white. Whip off the belt and the dress takes to water like a newly launched PT boat 'cause it's a Dan River Starspun cotton. All this for under $18, if you can stand it. We are mad for the matched accessories by Arpad, aren't you? The sophisticated gloves—the hair-bow in black velvet—are irresistible.

As for afternoon dresses. Ornateness was the keynote for 1930 dress-up clothes, as witness the beribboned Peter Pan collar, embroidered bolero and multi-buttoned cuffs on Joan's dress. Lushness of material was likewise the ticket, and satin, lace, velvet and chiffon were In.

The age of elegance is very dead, praise the Lord, and today fashions for gallivanting are light-hearted, casual, beautifully simple. A gander at the sweet Henry Rosenfeld plaid on Gloria deHaven and you'll see what we mean. From the sentimental sweetheart neckline to the brand new flaring skirt, it's young and wide-eyed, but there's a whiff of sophistication in the black ruffle at the neck, sleeves and hem. It's a dress that's up to tea at the Ritz, still isn't too spiffy for the office. It'll do you proud at a sidewalk cafe, on a station platform. It's wearable, washable, lovable, and it comes in cool water-ice colors. Price: About $11. Complete the pretty, pretty picture with black accessories—gloves and headband.

Our precious, indispensable housecoat wasn't born fifteen years ago. You either slipped on something wan and shapeless called a "wrapper," or you poured yourself into a gadget on the order of the negligee Norma Shearer's wearing. On the one hand you were comfortable but repulsive, and on the other you were not too smooth and virtually straitjacketed.

Look at the good, clean lines of our make-it-yourself housecoat; fall in love with the gay print in tubbable cotton, and be *that* grateful that it's '45 instead of '30. A breeze to make is this long-torsoed baby with its scooped out neckline and low-placed fullness, and it changes its personality with your choice of fabric. For star-hung evenings on that second honeymoon, you might have it in something white and bridey. For rustling chow for a hungry brood of a summer morning, we'd choose a splashy print. You could do it in crisp pique, in cool black linen—just name your pet fabric and get to work. You know the WPB has limited the manufacture of housecoats to conserve material, so it's a wise child who sews her own. Look below for how-to-get-it.

* * *

Your letters keep coming and coming, and we keep getting thrilled about them. It's still open house here at our office, so if you've a query, dearie, let's have it. Want to know what stores carry these fashions? What sizes and colors they come in? Anything a-tall? Just ask us, we've got all the answers. Know where to write? Fashion Adviser, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*

To order MODERN SCREEN *pattern 1597, send 16c to* MODERN SCREEN *Pattern Service, P.O. Box 224, Sta. G, N. Y. 19, N. Y. Indicate size, request pattern number 1597, and write your name and address clearly.*

Brunettes take notice: Famous painter shows how to beautify your skin with original* "Flower-fresh" shade of

CASHMERE BOUQUET face powder



Here's the right Cashmere Bouquet shade for *you!*

FOR LIGHT TYPES
Natural, Rachel Nos. 1 and 2

FOR MEDIUM TYPES
Rachel No. 2, Rose Brunette

FOR DARK TYPES
Rose Brunette, Even Tan

YOU with the dark hair, give your skin a pink-pearl accent with Cashmere Bouquet's new "Flower-fresh" Rose Brunette. *This* is what you've been waiting for . . . dreaming about . . . this rosy radiance in a face powder that goes on like sifted star-dust to help veil tiny blemishes. And it clings for hours and hours. Cashmere Bouquet's exotic "Flower-fresh" shades are keyed to all skin types from an angel-faced blonde to a sultry red-head.

INFORMATION DESK

(Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Hi:

Your "info desk" is feeling ancient this month. Think! 15 years have passed since my Mom came home with her first copy of MODERN SCREEN—and gave me a lickin' 'cause I cut out the pics when she wasn't looking. . . . But now that I'm through looking for grey hairs and celebrating with three super-deluxe ice cream sodas, I think I'd better get down to the business at hand. Having practically grown up with MODERN SCREEN, is it any wonder that I've accumulated loads and loads of data on your favorites? And, heck, why should I be selfish with it? But I do have two requests: Be considerate with the amount of questions asked, so the next one can have a chance on a prompt answer; and please, REMEMBER THE SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE, sent to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Fair nuf?

Love, Bev.

Al Barbato: MAY I HAVE THE MUSIC FROM "A SONG TO REMEMBER," AND IS THE MUSIC PLAYED THROUGHOUT? . . . As a rule, background music is just incidental in 99 out of 100 movies and definitely unavailable. But the "S. to R." score was by Chopin and therefore attainable. Here it is:

WALTZ IN D FLAT (MINUTE WALTZ)—played in part by Chopin as a child.

MAZURKA IN B FLAT—during talk between papa Chopin and Prof. Elsner.

FANTASIE IMPROMPTU and ETUDE IN A FLAT—for recital in Wodzinski mansion.

POLONAISE IN A FLAT (in part)—by Liszt and Chopin in Pleyel's office.

B FLAT SCHERZO—in darkened salon of Duchess of Orleans.

ETUDE IN E MAJOR—played for Madame Sand at Nohant.

NOCTURNE IN E FLAT—played by Chopin at Nohant while Sand is writing.

BERCEUSE—played while Elsner visits Nohant, ignored by Chopin.

WALTZ IN C SHARP MINOR—second recital at home of Duchess of Orleans.

ETUDE IN A MINOR, BALLADE IN A FLAT—WALTZ IN A FLAT (opus 42 and 34). THE REVOLUTIONARY ETUDE, THE SCHERZO IN B FLAT MINOR, and POLONAISE IN A FLAT—in musical montage for Chopin's last tour.

NOCTURNE IN A MINOR—background music for finale.

Barbara Drake, Texas: MAY I HAVE THE ADDRESS OF A FAN CLUB FOR DON TAYLOR, WHO WAS "PINKY" IN "WINGED VICTORY?" . . . Don is very enthusiastic about his fan club headed by Adele Schneider, 1280 b, Sheridan Ave., Bronx, N. Y. Dues are 75c and you get loads of privileges, so why not join?

Arlene Landis: MAY I HAVE BIRTHDATE, PLACE, REAL NAME OF GUY MADISON? . . . Guy's real name is Robert Ozell Moseley, and he was born in Bakersville, Cal., Jan. 19, 1922.

James Miller, New Guinea: WHO WAS "PIERRE" IN "FRENCHMAN'S CREEK?" . . . That was 32-year-old dancer Billy Daniels. Write him at Paramount Pictures, Hollywood, Calif.



PROTECT YOUR NATURAL *SWEET SELF* WITH *NEW*

ODO·RO·NO

CREAM DEODORANT

The very act of dressing stimulates perspiration. Even your daintiest frock becomes a menace to your natural Sweet Self... by imprisoning under-arm perspiration odor. Stop this threat *before you dress* with fast-acting ODORONO...the new cream deodorant that goes to work to protect you *faster than you can slip on your slip.*

New ODORONO Cream Deodorant contains science's most effective perspiration stopper... protects up to three days. Will not irritate your skin. Prevents perspiration stains, will not harm fine fabrics. No waiting to dry. Does not turn gritty in the jar.

Change to snowy-white ODORONO Cream Deodorant for instant, full, long-lasting protection.



39¢; also 59¢ & 10¢ (plus Federal Tax)

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD



Best Child Actress of Year: Oscar copper Margaret O'Brien, also winner of Look's plaque. Her next co-star will be W. Beary.

Congrats Al and Henry—the Haymes' stay the Haymes' —Ladd 'n' Bendix make up



Bing Oscared for "Going My Way." Brings 3 sandwiches, 2 thermos of coffee to broadcasts, munches in dressing room, then home for re-fills.



Barry Fitzgerald requested a part in "Stork Club" because Betty Hutton's in it: She makes him feel *so* young! (With Bing and Ingrid.)

NEWS



■ It's anniversary month on MODERN SCREEN and, like all you readers, I want to extend my congratulations to everybody in the official editorial family. No, I haven't been a member of the clan for the full fifteen years—but I have been on hand for the *best* year—and I say that in all modesty.

Last year was MODERN SCREEN'S finest and fattest in all departments from the editorial to the circulation. Unlike that famous little "Topsy" we all know, the book hasn't "just growed," either.

There's a nice spirit of "folksiness" with this gang that is not only reflected in the intimate stories and interviews but even comes along to us scribes when we get our checks every month. It's nice to get a check—any check—but its also very, very nice to get a letter along with it, from Ye Ed, Al Delacorte, saying that he liked the last batch of material and that I am a good girl. We all like a pat on the back—me, particularly.

But the nice part of my association with MODERN SCREEN is that I've met Al and pretty little Sylvia Wallace (the West Coast honey—and *is* she a honey!) and we aren't just the usual editorial and scribe brand of friends.

When Al was out on the Coast recently he developed a nice little habit of dropping by in the morning to have coffee with me. We would talk for an hour or so about what was going on in Hollywood, what was making Van Johnson tick, whether Lana Turner and Turhan Bey were really in love and if Judy Garland wasn't just a little too thin?

Al surprised me, one morning, by saying that he was planning to hitchhike his way back to New York. I couldn't get over it. For a young, successful and prosperous editor to even think of thumbing his way 3000 miles was something I'd never heard of.

"What ever made you think of such a thing?" I asked him.

"It's swell," he enthused. "You really get to know people and talk to them and get their honest reactions to everything from politics to movie stars. My wife and I hitchhiked on our honeymoon and it was a lot of fun. It's also good business to talk to the paying customer of the magazine first hand."

What Al didn't tell me is that these "hitchhiking" jaunts cost him more money than the swankiest train reservations, for he has a quiet habit of footing all the food and hotel and motel bills for whoever happens to give him a "lift."

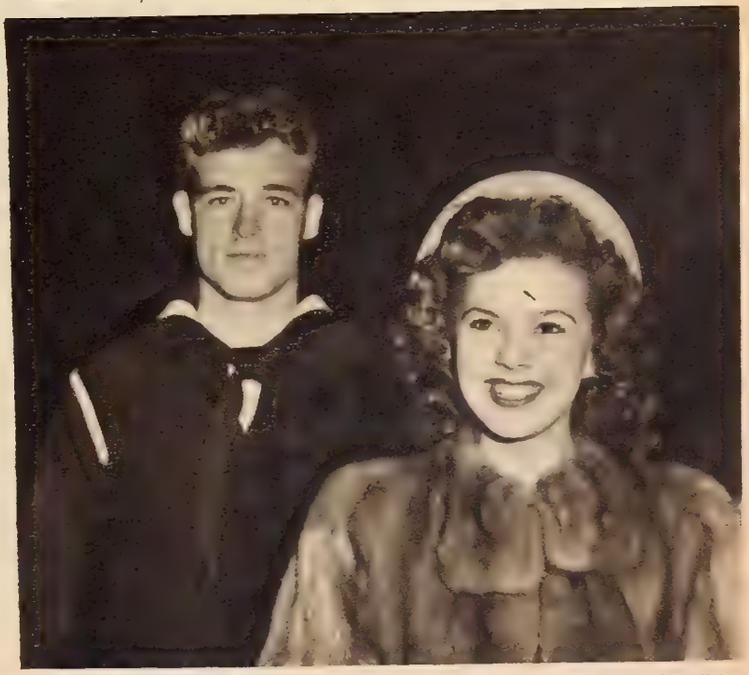
(*Continued on page 76*)



Laddie, whose lobby pics at N. Y. Paramount Theater are almost covered with bobby-sox' lip-sticky kisses, will star with Veronica L. in "The Blue Dahlia." (With Sue to see the Awards dished out.)



Jeanne dreaded roller coaster scenes for "State Fair" but only got her knees skinned; almost had her hair clipped cause it hid that lovely face. Family frowns on marrying P. Brooks—too young! (That's Paul.)



Fluent in French, Shirl's larnin' Spanish for foreign "Kiss and Tell." Pin-up gal of 782nd Artillery, she won't pose "leg-art" pics: "I don't think I'm the uncover type of girl." (With Guy Madison.)

Solitair Dons Basic Black



New!

De Luxe $1 Size

In Plastic With DuPont Sponge

Solitair dons basic black in a compact as slim and smart as your beloved basic black dress. Inside this new, larger compact (with its own applicator sponge) is a full 2¼ ounces of Solitair, that lanolin-rich cake cosmetic you depend on for a velvety skin, a fresh and truly *natural*-looking make-up! Why be without it?



New Deluxe Plastic compact with DuPont sponge and handy carton for both. All for only $1. Solitair also comes in 60 and 25 cent sizes.

Solitair CAKE MAKE-UP WITH LANOLIN

I haven't met Henry Malmgreen, as I have Al and Sylvia, face to face—but that's a little matter I intend to fix up the next time I go to New York. However, I have had some grand letters from him and if he is as nice as he writes, he's a boy I want to meet—and soon!

Getting to know people through the mail is a very nice thing. I've learned that from all you readers who've written to me since I have been doing "Good News" for the magazine, and I deeply value the ideas you give me about your favorite stars and just what you want to hear from Hollywood.

And now while we are still passing out the anniversary bouquets, let me say that Al isn't the only Delacorte in the magazine who gets a special bouquet from me. He has a mighty nice father who has a special place in my esteem. He was the first publisher to buy a series of articles from my pride and joy, Harriet Parsons, when she was just starting out in Hollywood. And look at her now. She's the lady producer of "The Enchanted Cottage."

So I say—good luck and many more happy years to everyone on MODERN SCREEN—and now, how about a little GOOD NEWS from Hollywood?

* * *

Judy Garland isn't a superstitious girl. Her engagement ring from Vincente Minnelli is a huge pink pearl set in gold and black enamel and the matching wedding ring is also black enamel edged in tiny pink seed pearls.

Somebody said that she would be a little bit afraid of wedding rings set in black—but she hadn't seen Judy's two new rings. Take my word for it, they are stunning and very far off the usual pattern of romantic sparklers.

Minnelli, who is very much in love, says he wanted Judy to have something "different." Well, she has!

* * *

Ran into the Robert Youngs the other day and they told me I had certainly created havoc in their household announcing on the air that they were expecting their fourth child.

Seems that Bob and Mrs. Y. had thought the news was a great big secret. Suddenly, their middle daughter, Barbara Queen (and one of the cutest little girls in Hollywood), burst into the living room shouting, "Mother! Daddy! We are going to have another baby at our house!"

"How do you know?" Betty and Bob asked.

"Aunt Louella just said so on the radio," gasped Barbara Queen, "aren't you GLAD to know about the baby?"

Ma and Pa Young admitted that they were really quite pleased—and so glad to get it straight from headquarters!

* * *

Sometimes I feel like spanking Errol Flynn and I get thoroughly out of patience with him. He should have stated in the beginning that he was married to Nora Eddington and stopped all that shillyshallying around with the New York press that landed him in more Dutch—if possible—than usual.

I met Errol at the Charlie Morrisons' party after he returned to Hollywood and, without any fuss or bother, he admitted to me that he and Nora were married—but still said it was nobody's business.

But how he raved about their baby daughter. "She's the cutest little baby I've ever seen," he said just like a proud parent, "with dimples and everything. I've always thought little babies were raw looking—but she was all pink and white and a glamour girl from the moment she was born."

Errol can be so charming—when he wants to. Wonder if the baby will have his trick of turning on the same brand of Irish charm when she grows up?

* * *

Farley Granger, now in the South Pacific, writes June Haver a letter every day. Recently he wrote (and I think it will interest all you girls who are wondering whether to tell THE boy friend, in service, about the innocent dates you are having):

"Please tell me where you go and whom you go with. I'd much rather have you tell me about the fellows you meet and go out with than not to mention them at all. I've always flattered myself that I could tell by the way a girl talks about a man whether she is really interested in him—or whether he's just another date along her social life."

So, girls, I guess you had better "give"—but don't get too enthusiastic unless you mean it!

* * *

Don't say I told you—but Shirley Temple has a definite crush on Van Johnson whom she's never met. As she told one reporter, "I go for him. But definitely!"

* * *

Rambling Opinions:

Jennifer Jones should never wear her hair in an "upswept" hair-do as she did at the Academy Awards. It ain't becoming.

Bob Hope can never kid anybody again with his Bing Crosby ribs. Bob's voice actually shook with emotion when Bing won the Oscar.

I wish Barbara Stanwyck were a little more gracious. I suppose it is shyness and self-consciousness that makes her seem a little

SWIMMIN' IS SLIMMIN'

I'll bet you think the Red Cross is so busy thinking about soldiers, sailors and Marines that there couldn't possibly be any time to worry about just plain you. But golly, they seem to do everything! For example, right now your Red Cross is mighty excited about swimming courses for you weary Nurse's Aides, bandage wrappers, and, well, anyone who's interested in fun that's beautifying. Just snap yourself a few pert questions: Posture perfect? Complexion clear? Figure à la Grable? Uh, huh! Not quite! Then splash right into a lime-fresh pool and swim yourself up a great big "yes" to every one of those queries. Honestly, there's scarcely a beauty problem that can't be solved by plenty of cooling practice of the popular crawl, breast-stroke, or back-stroke. Have you ever seen a swimming champ with slumpy shoulders, protruding tummy, hips-to-be-hidden? No, indeed! So dash right off to that Red Cross Chapter around the corner and get all of the details on swimming courses. Remember, the healthy are the helpful, so here's a perfect way to do your bit.

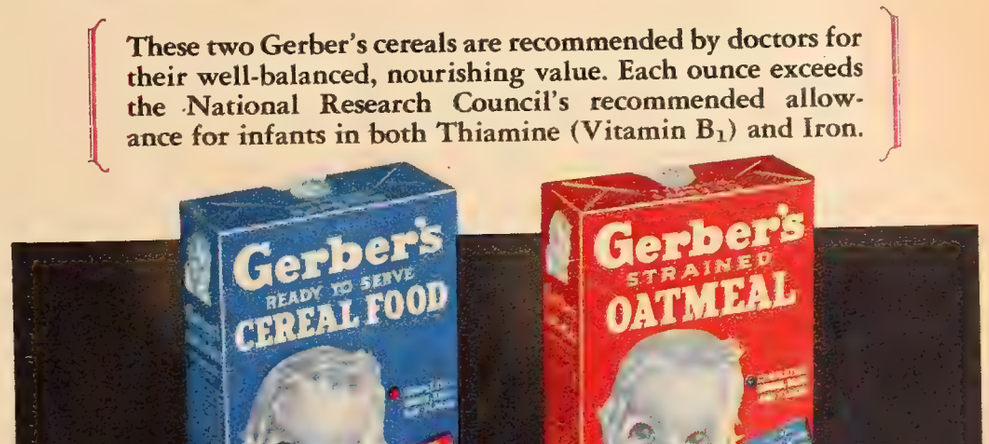


Plenty of iron in these baby cereals... *for a very good reason!*

Baby is born with a supply of iron gathered during the prenatal period. Doctors find that this supply of precious iron in many babies may be low three months, or more, after birth. That is why Gerber nutritionists have added to Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal generous amounts of iron along with Vitamin B_1—so helpful to baby's well-being.

Feed your baby *both* Gerber's cereals, turnabout—for variety helps baby eat better. Remember, too, it is always wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor.

These two Gerber's cereals are recommended by doctors for their well-balanced, nourishing value. Each ounce exceeds the National Research Council's recommended allowance for infants in both Thiamine (Vitamin B_1) and Iron.



© 1945, G. P. C.

Gerber's

FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL.

Baby Foods

Cereals Strained Foods Chopped Foods

Free sample .....

Address: Gerber Products Co., Dept. DE6-5, Fremont, Michigan

My baby is now ..... months old; please send me samples of Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal.

Name.....

Address..... *City and State*.....

More Exciting Kisses...



Q. I wish—I wish . . .

A. For skin that's satin-smooth for kisses?

Q. Yes—and my skin is so dry.

A. Try this new One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream—works wonders smoothing dry skin.

This 1 cream does the work of 4 creams

Serves every beauty-need of your skin so fully—it's like a daily "treatment". Jergens Face Cream—faithfully used—actually helps prevent dry skin troubles. Use this one new cream . . .

1. for Cleansing **2. for Softening**

3. for a Foundation **4. as a Night Cream**

You have a skin scientists' cream in Jergens Face Cream—by the makers of your Jergens Lotion. Already helping so many girls to their hearts' desire—smooth skin. Use this exciting Jergens Face Cream yourself, now. 10¢ to $1.25, plus tax. It's the only cream you need.



JERGENS FACE CREAM

USE LIKE 4 CREAMS—FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

☆ BRING HIM HOME SOONER... BUY MORE BONDS IN SEVENTH WAR LOAN ☆

abrupt and unbending, particularly when she meets people for the first time.

Why will certain Hollywood actors keep on denying stories that they are "engaged" to certain ladies? Don't they know that the lady involved should always make any necessary comments? At least, that is the way it is in my Emily Post book.

June Allyson is one of the most difficult of all players to interview. It is hard for June to talk about anything that is close to her—and the other kind of material doesn't matter to writers.

You would be surprised to know the identity of the top notch actor who, a leading exhibitor of the country recently told me, "is poison at the box office." And would he be surprised—for this gent thinks very well of himself!

Mickey Rooney writes very cute letters from France—but wonder why he is so formal and calls me "Miss Parsons." When he was twelve or thirteen he used to call me "Toots!"

Frank Sinatra isn't the only headliner to take up the juvenile delinquency problem in a big way. Abbott and Costello are also crusading and have incorporated their movement dealing with our boys and girls who need moral help.

* * *

What a good guy that Van Johnson is!

He never left the bedside of his pal, Keenan Wynn, until Ed Wynn (Keenan's father) arrived here by plane from New York. Van is plenty jittery about the two accidents—one which almost cost his life two years ago in an automobile crash, and the recent motorcycle disaster that happened to Keenan.

"I've never been superstitious," he told me, "and I think the best way to get over jittery nerves is to get right back in a car and drive it again. But it seems like a jinx that we should both crack up. If you see anybody driving a car about ten miles an hour and hugging the curb, you'll know it's ME."

* * *

The Dick Haymes separated and then made up before anybody could say "scat." But I never heard a more ridiculous reason for a rift. Dick said, "I guess prosperity and success came between us." Now I ask you!

When a couple have two small children to educate and care for—how can a little prosperity and success come between them? It is wonderful to know that you can care for children properly and secure their future and that's what most of us work for in life.

Well, they are now reconciled—or are at this writing. I hear the inside on the separation is that Mrs. Haymes also wanted a career and Dick didn't approve.

* * *

Whatever caused the tiff between them at one time, I'm glad to say that Alan Ladd and his old crony, Bill Bendix, have made up. I can't believe any of the silly stories I've heard about why they were on the outs for awhile—much less the one that it had its basis in publicity. Alan's the romantic type and naturally would rate more space and attention from the maids and matrons.

Bill, on the other hand, is a lovable mug

getting a huge salary and is tops in his field though he rates less "space" than Alan.

But the main thing is that the boys are friends again and will make another movie together, "The Blue Dahlia."

* * *

The saddest news of the month is the death of John Garfield's little six-and-a-half year old daughter, Katherine. I can hardly write this item without a catch in my throat, and I am not trying to hold it back. I know what plans John and his wife had for the little girl's future—and her musical education.

They had hoped that she would be either a writer or a singer. She had a sweet little voice and showed marked musical talent.

Her nurse had taken the child to spend the weekend with her grandparents when suddenly she developed a mysterious throat ailment and complained that her throat was sore. When the little girl's condition did not improve within a few hours, she was taken home where she died within a few minutes.

No one knows—except those who have lost a child—the heartache and heartbreak that has come to the Garfields.

* * *

Susan Hayward was still "out" after the birth of her twins when they aroused her to tell her that the boys must be fingerprinted.

"Fingerprinted?" gasped Susan, "what have they done? They're so little!"

* * *

Anita Colby, affectionately called "The Face," came back from Tucson before she was entirely well from pneumonia. On the day she returned, Pat Smart, who lives with Anita, gave a cocktail party. La Colby, wearing the frilliest of negligees and propped up in bed, received guests at her bedside. Clark Gable, Errol Flynn and the young Bob Huttons were among those who visited. Anita, I must say, looked as pretty as a picture with the blue frills and matching bows in her hair.

* * *

There was a lot of spirited bidding for the various dolls at the "Diamonds and Dolls" cocktail party. Four thousand dollars was realized for the fund which gives the wounded boys a chance to telephone home.

Claudette Colbert was very cute when she kept bidding against Mervyn Le Roy for the

I SAW IT HAPPEN



A friend of mine who operates a beauty shop on Broadway knew Lauren Bacall when. . . . *It seems that every time the siren of "To Have and Have Not" came into the shop to have her hair done, she would sigh in that deep, mysterious voice of hers, "Oh, Angie, can't you do* something *with my hair?" Lauren's hair, worn in a simple, natural style, just never would stay in place.*

Last week, Angie chuckled to herself when a young girl entered her shop to exclaim, "Oh, won't you please *make my hair like Lauren Bacall's!"*

Elaine Burten
New York, N. Y.



FINE AMERICAN PERFUME

At An American Price...Three fifty the Ounce†

Dulcinea *

FOR TRUE LOVE'S SAKE

LEIGH

A DIVISION OF SHULTON, INC.
NEW YORK AND TORONTO

†PLUS TAX
*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT

which Safely helps

STOP *under-arm* **PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering — harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.



39¢ plus tax

(Also 59¢ size)

At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID

MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE ARRID THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT

Vivien Leigh doll. She kept boosting the price so that Merv paid plenty for the little "Scarlett O'Hara."

Lady Mendl's fan, which once belonged to the Empress of Austria, brought $600. The Gary Coopers bid on this—and lost it.

I must say Paulette Goddard looked very happy at the same event. I met her with husband Burgess Meredith, and John Patrick, author of the "Hasty Heart." Paulette was wearing a sweater trimmed in gold and a diamond necklace that made the other dolls look dim!

* * *

Rosalind Russell is blooming again, pink cheeks n'everything, after her long illness. Roz's illness is directly traceable to worry over the Sister Kenny project—for she is head of the Sister Kenny foundation in Los Angeles. Every time a sick child was brought to her she actually suffered until she got the youngster to Minneapolis. At her own expense she made an Infantile Paralysis "short," acted in it, and cut it. Then out of the blue came a blast at her for not getting to work on the Sister Kenny movie—the most undeserved and unfair criticism ever aimed at an actress. It was RKO that delayed the script—not Roz—and the criticism sent her to the hospital.

* * *

There has been a lot of speculation about Turhan Bey and the Turkish Government. The rumor was hot and heavy that Turhan had received word to report for military service in his homeland. I thought the best way to find out was to ask him—so I did.

He told me, "I can't join the American Army, Louella, because I would lose my Turkish citizenship. And I can't return to Turkey until I am told to do so because of transportation difficulties."

Everybody is now convinced that Turhan and Lana Turner will be married in August if he is still in this country. Of course, the war may be over by the time you read this—and if so, just forget we ever mentioned Turhan and the Turkish government.

MONEY? WE GIVE IT AWAY!

Things just don't happen to us! Here we sit in our MODERN SCREEN office, slaving away on your favorite mag, and then you get all the breaks—always seein' stars. So how about letting us in on it, huh? Don't even take time to put that autograph book under lock and key; don't even steal a second to phone the gang; just make a dash for the nearest pen and dress up your story in its best bib and tucker while your excitement is still crinkly around the edges. Mail your account of that moment with a screen celebrity to: I SAW IT HAPPEN Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. That'll be almost as good as if it happened to us. And you know how glad we'll be? Five dollars glad! That's what we'll send you for a clearly expressed, sincere story we can print for our readers—if it'll make them laugh or make them cry or tell them something really new about a star, it's practically in print already. So get busy, you stargazers, make your hobby pay!

THESE ARE THE UNFORGETTABLES!

(*Continued from page 5*)

so faithfully and happily in business.

The Greatest Lover? Without a moment's hesitation, I say—Clark Gable. Ah, yes, there have been others, romantic heroes such as John Barrymore, Errol Flynn, Jimmy Stewart, Frankie Sinatra, John Gilbert—to mention just a few who at various times have had women at their feet.

But more women have idealized and idolized Gable, both on and off the screen, than any other movie actor since Valentino.

great lover . . .

And I say he is the greatest lover for another reason—he has been constant to the one great love in his own life, Carole Lombard. Women know this and in realizing it, they sense the strength and integrity of Clark's love. It makes them want to try to win him all the more.

But I don't believe he will ever marry again. Since Carole's death there have been times when his name was linked with other women—pretty little Kay Williams and socialite Dolly O'Brien.

Even when his romance with Kay was at its height I think he liked her best for the qualities she has that reminded him of Carole—the camaraderie, the good fellowship, the humor, the same blonde loveliness.

"I knew such great happiness with Carole," he told me once when we were talking confidentially, "that I can't hope to ever find it again. I would be foolish to try—and selfish to expect it." And so it is ironical to say—but very true—that the greatest lover of them all will go through the rest of his days with a heartache that can never be cured. And now let's look at the feminine side of the ledger for a moment. Who has been——

The Most Movie - Starrish - Of - The-Movie Stars? Mae West? Marlene Dietrich? Jean Harlow? Lana Turner? No—I say Joan Crawford gets the prize for being the girl who for the longest time has remained the popular conception of what a Hollywood star should be.

Joan's private life, her marriage and divorces, her movie-starrish home, the drama of the adoption of her two children, her clothes, her interviews, have been as dramatic as any role she has ever played on the screen.

From the moment she came to Hollywood she was *News* with a capital N. I remember, in the early days, when she was winning dancing cups all over town for the Charleston, one of her partners (a charming boy to whom Joan was devoted—but not engaged) died suddenly after a brief siege of pneumonia. Sincerely touched as she was, I remember how Joan startled Hollywood by appearing in widow's weeds and a flowing black veil for days after his funeral.

Long before she became an official star at M-G-M she was garnering more publicity than the brightest lights on the lot. Once, she rented a house in Beverly Hills that boasted just one small window on the entire lower floor. Joan would receive the press for interviews, her face chalky white in the single shaft of light that poured in like a spotlight, sitting like a woman with a secret sorrow! Yes indeed, the best *acts* of all have been put on for a grateful press by Crawford!

The Most Tragic Actress? To my mind—it is poor little Lupe Velez. I thought,

Great-great-granddaughter of a Russian Emperor

Striking Nancy Leeds—daughter of the lovely Princess Xenia. Mother and daughter share direct descent from Russia's imperial family—and an enthusiasm for America's favorite beauty creams—Pond's.

"My *special* love is the 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream," Nancy says. "Partly because it's so *quick*, but mostly because it makes my skin look so much smoother and *clearer!*"



"My favorite beauty trick—the 1-Minute Mask" . . . NANCY LEEDS

How to have a smoother, clearer, "new" complexion

Cover your face from chin to forehead (*everything* but your eyes) with an ermine-white Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Leave the Mask on for one whole minute. Pond's Vanishing Cream has "keratolytic" action—it loosens and dissolves scaly little "chappings"! Goes after imbedded dirt particles, too! *After one minute*, tissue off.

The Mask "re-styles" your complexion! Makes it clearer and lighter! Smoother, too—beautifully "finished" for make-up! Have a Mask 3 or 4 times weekly!

For *extra-quick powder base* . . . Stroke on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—and *leave it on*. Smooth. Long-lasting!



Get the luscious BIG jar!

Something for the Brides!

1 **You can't go wrong** giving a bride Pyrex ware. You could buy her more expensive gifts, but you can't find many that will give her as much day-to-day pleasure, plus real help with her cooking. The dish that sparkles here in her hands is the new Pyrex "Flavor Saver" pie plate. It's lovely and it's extra deep to keep juices and flavor inside the pie and out of the oven. Ten-inch size 45¢.





2 **Extra "pie-appeal"** with Pyrex ware—even for first pies! A Pyrex pie plate, or any other Pyrex dish, is just as much at home on the table as in the oven or in the refrigerator. Each dish is really three in one—for baking, storing, and serving!



3 **Two hearts that beat as one . . .** even over the dishpan! Pyrex ware is so easy to wash. Food and strong flavors never stick to its slick smooth surface. It washes sparkling clean in a jiffy with less soap and hot water!

T.M. REG. PYREX U.S. PAT. OFF.
PYREX BRAND OVEN WARE
for better and faster baking
CORNING GLASS WORKS
Corning, N.Y., U.S.A.

PYREX U.S. PAT. OFF.

PRESSED IN GLASS

LOOK FOR ONE OR THE OTHER OF THESE FAMOUS PYREX TRADE-MARKS. THEY MEAN "A PRODUCT OF CORNING RESEARCH IN GLASS." CORNING GLASS WORKS, CORNING, N. Y.

too, of Marie Dressler. But Marie once said to me, "I have had a glorious life and career. I am sick now with an incurable illness and I am old, but I have had everything—love, affection of people I have not even known, fame, friends. It has been a wonderful span." And then there was little Jean Harlow who died too young.

But neither her fame nor her loves ever brought any real happiness to Lupe. Before she was an actress, she was a warm-hearted woman. She loved men who weren't worthy of her (with the exception of Gary Cooper) too deeply. She expected more than they could give her.

Lupe was a gamin, a flame and a zephyr—but she drew hurts to herself that she could not cope with. Not many people knew how deeply she loved—until she ended her life by her own hand. No, she wasn't broke, she wasn't down on her luck. But she couldn't bear the disgrace of bringing a baby into the world in her status of unwedded mother. Nothing that Hollywood and Broadway had given her, or *could* give her, could compensate Lupe for the one thing she wanted in life and hadn't found—Love.

The Most Outrageous Actor? No one before or since has held a candle to the incomparable Barrymore—John, of course. There was one of the great wits of our day. He didn't need any gag writers, either, to put funny sayings in his mouth. Sometimes his wit was devastating—but it was always to the point.

One of the most famous stories about him concerns his first interview in Hollywood as a movie actor. John, idolized by women, completely spoiled but charming—had come out from Broadway "to let the movie cameras take the sags out from under my eyes" and, after refusing any number of interview requests, had finally consented to see a woman reporter on one of the daily papers (not me!).

He received the lady in bed in his hotel suite and—since it was early in the morning—asked her if she would prepare breakfast for him in the adjoining kitchenette.

"But I don't cook," protested the bewildered scribe.

"You don't cook?" said Barrymore, "how unfeminine! All women should be completely feminine—even reporters. If you can't think of something feminine to do, I'm afraid I can't give you an interview. Come, come—you must do something *cozy!*"

"I can darn a little bit," gasped the unhappy writer.

"Ah, that is fine," said John, leaping out of bed. "Here's a pair of socks with holes in both the toe and heels. You can darn them and I'll give you the story of your life!"

And, honest, that's the truth. While the lady patched his hose, Barrymore gave her an interview that had Hollywood rocking for days!

"baby" and boss . . .

The Actor Who Talks Much Too Much is Humphrey Bogart. Humphrey recently told Inez Robb, crack Hearst reporter, "Of course I love Baby and I'm going to marry her." "Baby" being Lauren Bacall—there was a big gasp from everyone and plenty of uplifted eyebrows. Bogie wasn't even divorced so how could he be engaged to marry his lovely leading lady of "To Have And Have Not?"

I received a letter from him shortly after he gave this startling statement. "I shot off my big mouth again," he wrote. "I wish I hadn't. You're not mad at me, are you?" How could I be mad at him—I only felt sorry for his having put "Baby" in such an awkward position. He had previously made me swear I wouldn't print a word about his mad love for the Bacall

girl until they were free to announce their engagement. But, as I said in the beginning, Bogey is a guy who shoots off his mouth too much—so he gets this Oscar.

The Actor Who Gets In The Most Trouble is—you guessed it—Errol Flynn. And believe me, he asks for it. When the answer is the obvious one to reporters, his replies are ones that no actor should ever utter. He could have stated very simply that he was married to Nora Eddington and that she had a baby and that he had been married to her for eighteen months. But not Flynn. He told the reporters it was none of their business and denied his marriage. This brought forth indignation, meetings of the press, women's clubs and what not. As a matter of fact, I happen to know Flynn is very much in love with Nora and may even bring her back to Hollywood.

We have to go back a spell in order to select *The Most Extravagant and Queenly* of all the stars who have reigned in Hollywood—but Gloria Swanson is the lady. All other contenders are just plain pikers.

I'll never forget how Gloria, after she married the Marquis de la Falaise, came across the country on the train, in a flower-bedecked private car and the old Paramount studio was so impressed with their titled star that they arranged a parade through the streets from the station to the studio. Gloria, arrayed in sables and orchids, rode the distance in an open car—bowing to the excited crowds like visiting royalty.

And she lived like royalty. She seldom appeared anywhere—even on a shopping tour—without an entourage consisting of her secretary, liveried chauffeur and usually her colored hair-dresser, Hattie, who earned $200 weekly just thinking up la Swanson's exotic coiffures.

Early in her career, when Gloria electrified the fans by being one of the first cinema queens to have a baby, she decided to bring the infant over to the studio for her co-workers to see. What they saw was Gloria arriving in sartorial splendor, preceded by the chauffeur carrying Gloria, Jr. on a lace pillow, the baby wearing a magnificent dress so long it hung over the sides almost to the floor! And behind the baby came Hattie—beaming with pride over the way she had scooped up the infant's three or four hairs!

Gloria was often hailed as "The Best Dressed Woman" of the screen—but when we get around to fashion horses of the past fifteen years, I'm giving the Oscar for *The Best Dressed* woman to Lilyan Tashman. The girl who established her career on what she wore and who both spent and made a fortune on the styles she set.

Lilyan, tall, svelte, sophisticated blonde who was married to Edmund Lowe in the hey-day of his fame, always swore to me that much of her famed style fame was largely luck.

accidental glory . . .

She never tired of telling, or laughing over, the way she started the fad of the "Grecian Goddess" hair-do. It happened this way: Lilyan had been selected by one of the leading fashion magazines to create a new hair-dress. The photographer was to be at her home at a certain day and hour, and try as she would, Lilyan could think of nothing startling.

All morning long she sat with her hair-dresser in a beauty parlor, curling and uncurling her blonde hair—and still the great inspiration didn't come. Finally, it grew so late that she couldn't wait any longer and dashed home with her hair still sopping wet and still twisted in tiny, precise curls all over her head (even as you and I look under the dryer).

As she dashed into her house, still

Pens stay trouble-free with new-type ink !



IT'S QUINK WITH SOLV-X When Parker scientists added *solv-x* to every drop of brilliant, free-flowing Parker Quink, they produced an ink that can add years to the life of your pen! Yet it costs no more than ordinary inks.



PROTECTS METAL AND RUBBER Quink with *solv-x* actually prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot. See how it cleans the pen as it writes! No more gum and sediment when *solv-x* protects your fountain pen or steel pens.



FIRST CHOICE IN WAR PLANT Quink with *solv-x* is the only ink that can be safely used in the 30 expensive graph recording machines of a big war plant. In many other big industrial concerns, hotels, hospitals and offices where ink requirements are exacting, Quink is preferred.

SOLV-X IN PARKER QUINK STOPS MOST PEN TROUBLES BEFORE THEY START

Solv-x in Parker Quink protects your pen 4 ways:



1. Ends all gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting—even flow.
2. Cleans your pen as it writes—keeps it out of the repair shop.
3. Dissolves and flushes away the sediment left by ordinary inks.
4. Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot always caused by high-acid inks.

Inks cause 65% of all pen troubles, authorities say. Give your pen the protection of *solv-x* . . . get Quink now. 9 brilliant colors, at good ink dealers. Regular size, 25¢. School size, 15¢. Also in pints and quarts.

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS!

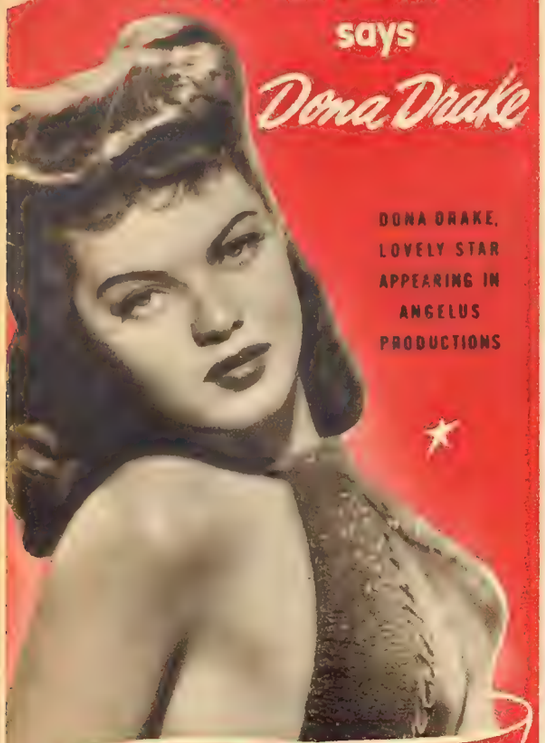




Copr. 1945 by The Parker Pen Company

PARKER Quink THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X!

T'S SIMPLY
Sensational
FOR DRY SKIN"
says
Dona Drake



DONA DRAKE, LOVELY STAR APPEARING IN ANGELUS PRODUCTIONS

"My skin grows soft and velvety the minute I smooth on these two Rich Creams containing OLIVE OIL"

You, too, will say this cream containing olive oil is a wonderful discovery!

See how Lander's Cold Cream with Olive Oil *instantly* relieves dry skin! Smooths away flakiness and dry lines. Gives your skin the satin softness and radiant freshness of dewy roses!

For adorable hands, use Lander's Hand Cream with Olive Oil. It has the real richness you want. Get *both* creams at your 10¢ store.

LANDER'S CREAMS
WITH OLIVE OIL
10¢ AND 25¢ EACH



BUY BONDS AND KEEP THEM!

FOR LOVELIER LIPS . . . Use the new style creation—Dorothy Reed Lipstick. In most popular, most flattering shades. Jumbo size, swivel case, only 25¢. By Dorothy Reed, Cosmetic Stylists, Fifth Avenue, New York.

"pinned up," the fashion photographer gasped and said, "Startling! Simply *startling!* We'll call it 'The Greek Goddess' coiffure, originated by Lilyan Tashman!" And, believe me, it was a sensation—particularly sprayed with gold dust the way Lilyan eventually got on to wearing it. And all because she hadn't had time to take the bobby pins out!

no talkie, no likee . . .

Lilyan was the most cooperative girl in the world and a terrific favorite with the press. I wish I could say the same for Ginger Rogers whom I must nominate, from my own experience alone, of course, as *The Least Cooperative Actress* I have ever known in 20 years of Hollywood. I'm supposed to have it "in" for Ginger—which isn't true. Rather, I think she has it "in" for me because it has been frequently reported to me that she doesn't see why she should ever do anything to help me since "Parsons is so rich!"

I have never been able to see what this has to do with why she will never come to the telephone when I call to check a story with her. Getting a direct answer out of Miss Rogers doesn't make me any richer or any poorer. Among the men, I have always found Jimmy Cagney a little on the non-cooperative side, too, so I'm giving him that Oscar among the males as *The Least Cooperative Actor*—again entirely from my own experience.

Sometimes I feel that actors who have "aversions" to newspaper people because they feel we "invade their privacy" are a little mixed up about their careers. The minute a player exposes himself to fame—he has to take the spotlight along with it. But *The Most Confused and Bewildered Young Actor* I have ever known was Lew Ayres.

Everyone now knows Lew's current story—of the hell he went through when he was a conscientious objector, of how he overcame all that to become a medical aid in the war, and how he has found peace, at last, a deeply religious man who says he will embrace the ministry when the war is over. Certainly Lew was the unhappiest of the rich and famous movie stars.

When he was at the height of his fame he once said, "I don't know what to do with all this," indicating his luxurious hilltop home where he lived after his divorce from Ginger Rogers, "I don't want it." The few people who knew Lew well enough to be invited to his home frequently found they had a moody host on hand.

Often, he would get bored with the gossip and conversation at the dinner table and, without finishing his meal, would go off to the den to read a book on philosophy or to sit at the organ and play strange, haunting music. Hollywood never made Lew happy. I sometimes wonder how it ever attracted him in the first place.

The Star Most Indifferent to Success is Bing Crosby—but in an entirely different way from Lew. Bing knew what he wanted from his career—and he got it. But he has never let it go to his head. He wears exactly what he pleases, says what he pleases, sees the people he likes—and the devil can take the hindermost of those who might not like the way he behaves.

There was a time when I used to think that Bing was very snooty. We used to meet frequently in the old days of Santa Anita, and once, in an elevator on our way up to the Turf Club, I asked him, "Has your horse a good chance in the big race, Bing?"

"He's got four legs," was Mons. Crosby's only answer. He didn't exactly mean to be rude. It was just Bing's way of saying that he didn't know whether his horse could win or not. Since then, and particularly during the past year, Bing and I have become very good friends and I think I understand him better. He just won't put on "side"—and you can take him or leave him. Personally, I take him.

heroes in civvies . . .

One of the Oscars Ye Ed (Delacorte) wanted me to award was which actor has been *The Most Patriotic.* That I can't do. Each and every boy who has gone from Hollywood to the training camps and the fighting fronts deserves to be called a good soldier, sailor or Marine. Some of them have been more outstanding than others—particularly Commander Robert Montgomery, Lieut.-Commander Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Lieut. Tyrone Power and especially, Colonel Jimmy Stewart. But a man's and an actor's love of his country is not to be judged by the rank he achieves. Private Mickey Rooney is doing as much in his way as he can, and he is doing it for the same reasons that motivate our more publicized war heroes.

They are all fighting for the same thing—to get this hellish war over with and come home to the USA. When you speak about patriotism, an actor ceases to be just an actor and becomes that greatest citizen in the world—John American.

While I refuse to name the most patriotic star, the two civilians who deserve all the credit they have received, are Joe E. Brown and Bob Hope. Both of these men, and others, too, have entertained under fire. In a way, if there is any edge, it goes to Joe E., who is a grandfather and who went overseas right after the tragic death of his pilot son, when his own heart was breaking. "I've got to get in it, Louella," he told me, "I can't sit by!" More power to a grand guy who has made our boys love him. Bob is a younger man, but we are not trying to take anything away from him. Both men deserve this special tribute and Oscar.

And now I am going to award a couple of novelty Oscars to *The Girls Who Are The Most In Love With Love*—Lana Turner, on the serious side—and Betty Hutton, on the comedy. Betty really wants to get married and makes no bones that she's out looking for a man. She says point blank, she's just "plain hard luck."

Lana, on the other hand, goes all out for looooove and gets her man. Two or three times it hasn't turned out well, but that doesn't stop Lana, who is now in love—or was when this was written—with Turhan Bey, madly, madly, madly. But with Lana, the hero is subject to change without notice. However, while it lasts, she believes it is the only love that means anything.

If I were a foolish girl I might attempt to bestow an Oscar for *The Best Actress* or *The Best Actor* of the past fifteen years. We all have our favorites among the Bette Davises, Ingrid Bergmans, Claudette Colberts, Irene Dunnes, Greta Garbos and the Spencer Tracys, William Powells, Charles Boyers et al. But, Editor Al, my neck isn't long enough to stick out *that* far!

MODERN SCREEN BIRTHDAY QUIZ

(*Continued from page 66*)

1. k	8. b
2. g	9. e
3. h	10. c
4. j	11. o
5. n	12. a
6. l	13. d
7. m	14. f

new Cutex shade



HONOR BRIGHT

ALERT

YOUNG RED

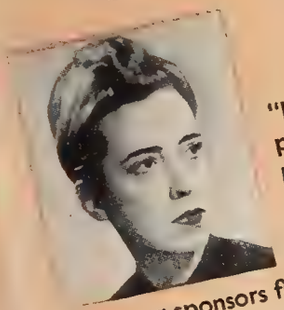
OFF DUTY

BLACK RED

SADDLE BROWN

Schiaparelli interprets new

Honor Bright



"Honor Bright"—blue-red fire for triumphant fingertips! Schiaparelli captures the pulsing excitement of this lovely Cutex shade with a fabulous-skirted, proudly beautiful evening coat. Famous for her dramatic sense of color, France's noted designer sponsors five other sparkling Cutex shades to electrify the fashions in her latest Paris collection!



Try and find a lovelier polish at any price

AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER...

Do You Want LONGER HAIR?



Then... TRY THIS PROVEN EASY SYSTEM ON YOUR HAIR

Helps Prevent Brittle Ends from Breaking Off

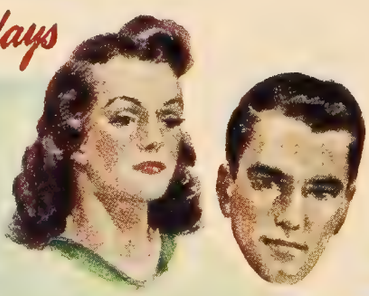
HERE IS THRILLING NEW HOPE if you want your dry, lusterless, unruly, brittle and breaking off hair more lovely . . . *longer*. Yes, hair may get longer—the scalp and hair condition being otherwise normal—if the breaking-off process of dry, brittle ends can be retarded. That's why The Juelene SYSTEM is such a natural way to help your hair gain its normal beauty. You see, this wonderful SYSTEM helps relieve hair dryness that is caused by lack of natural oils. It helps soften harsh, brittle ends, thus giving your hair a chance to get longer once the breaking-off and the splitting ends have been curbed. So if your hair is dry, rough and hard to keep neat, try the easy Juelene SYSTEM for just 7 days. See if Juelene's tendency to soften harsh, difficult-to-manage hair can help your hair to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—in just one short week! Truly you may win compliments from both men and women who admire and envy your hair in its new lovely beauty. Clip the coupon, now!

MAKE THIS EASY 7-DAY TEST!

Marvelous Help FOR DRY, BRITTLE HAIR

TRY JUELENE. Why be ashamed of unlovely, dry hair when it may be so easy to make it beautiful? See how much more beautiful your hair may be in just 7 short days, after the dry hair condition has been relieved. This introductory offer gives you an opportune chance to prove to yourself that you, too, may overcome the handicaps of dryness and have sparkling . . . *longer hair!* Be convinced! Send for your Juelene NOW.

Test JUELENE *for 7 days*



THRILLING RESULTS OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Make the convincing Juelene test for 7 days and see for yourself if your brittle, splitting, breaking-off hair can be softened, made more sparkling and lovely. Then if you aren't absolutely amazed with the glistening sheen . . . if you aren't delighted with the ease in which you can manage your hair, we will refund your money. What could be fairer? So don't wait. Mail the coupon right now. And like thousands of others you may find new beauty, be rightfully proud of your hair. You run no risk because you have absolute guarantee of thrilling results or your money back. Send for it now!

MAIL 7-DAY INTRODUCTORY COUPON NOW!

SEND NO MONEY JUST MAIL THE CONVENIENT INTRODUCTORY COUPON!

Upon arrival of Juelene pay Postman $1.00 plus postage. Or if you prefer, send a remittance with your order—we will pay the postage. Then test Juelene. Notice how much more silky and soft, dry, harsh hair may feel in just seven short days. So take advantage of this INTRODUCTORY, GET-ACQUAINTED-OFFER today—NOW . . . you may know at last the happiness of possessing really lovelier—longer hair.

JUEL COMPANY, Dept. G 603
1930 Irving Park Road, Chicago 13, Ill.

I want easy-to-manage, longer hair. I will try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my mirror doesn't show satisfactory results, I will ask for my money back.

( ) I am enclosing $1.00
( ) Send C.O.D. plus postage

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

☞ Our Customers Participate in Beauty Gifts

JUEL CO., 1930 Irving Park Road, Dept.G 603, Chicago 13, Ill.

where are they now?

BY JIMMY FIDLER



While we know who your pet Hollywood stars are through the MODERN SCREEN POLL, we thought it would be fun to have your favorites pick *their* favorites—of 15 years ago! So here they are, plus a few of my own observations to bring them up to date.

Dana Andrews picks Ronald Colman because—twenty-five years ago the eyebrow wasn't so cocked, the voice so vibrant, the smile so gentle as it is today. But even then Ronnie had himself a whole swoon section—one he's hung onto ever since. So today's mommas go to the movies with today's daughters and still swoon in the same places and still sigh. Metro's "Kismet" was R's latest triumph—came just about the same time as did Juliet, the Colman-Benita Hume 9-month-old scene stealer.

Turhan Bey picks Leslie Howard because—the communique reads, "Missing and reported killed June 1, 1943 en route Lisbon to London in plane attacked by Germans." Somehow, moviegoers and stage lovers of the past 20 years can't accept this notice, because as long as there are audiences alive to remember his "Intermezzo," "The Petrified Forest" and "Of Human Bondage," those lines will be just another horror from the enemy's propaganda files. Leslie Howard still lives—leaving behind as he did a wife and children, a theater tradition, a soldier's legend.

June Allyson picks Charles "Buddy" Rogers because—people thought he was too good looking to ever ditch that "Buddy" tag. To turn from crooning to acting. To interest any but the jitterbug crowd. So in 1929 he was elected a "Money Making Star" by the Motion Picture Almanac, appeared in 21 movies and eventually persuaded America's beloved "Sweetheart," Mary Pickford, to become Mrs. Co-Producer Rogers! Or, to be technical, Mrs. Navy Lieutenant Charles Rogers!

Ingrid Bergman picks Ben Lyon because—like scotch and soda, Sears and Roebuck, Baltimore and Ohio, back in the 30's there was always Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels. By turn they were slick and sophisticated, corny and cute, laughing and loving. Ben was "straight man" for his ever-lovin' spouse and continued in that tradition when the couple went overseas to remain and become Britain's favorite radio team. But came *la guerre*, came Ben back home. He's a full Colonel in the U.S. Army now, serving abroad, serving his country.

Anne Baxter picks Charles Farrell because—with Charley in "Seventh Heaven" the per capita consumption of feminine fingernails went up 70% and the greatest movie love team of all time was born—Farrell and Janet Gaynor. The stone of their popularity could have gone on rolling indefinitely, but Charles grew bored, turned to his favorite sport, tennis, added a little showmanship, and founded the swank "Racquet Club" in Palm Springs. As to present doings, the star of "Seventh Heaven" is very busy knocking those little sons of heaven right out of their niches in the So. Pacific via aircraft carrier—as Lieut. Charles Farrell, USN!

Shirley Temple picks James Dunn because—she appeared in her first picture with the dashing Jimmy and nearly plucked herself bald every time she'd hear cracks about his being a Dublin flash in the pan who wouldn't last. And he didn't. No more than 15 years, anyhow. Sure he hit a few rough spots during that time but whatever it was he had, that gee-you're-wonderful catch in his voice or that grin, along came Betty Smith with her wonderful Brooklyn growing tree and Jimmy was in, up and very definitely not out. P.S. The still adoring Shirley saw "A Tree Grows, etc." an even dozen times—how's that for keeping the faith?

Dick Crane picks Hoot Gibson because—with "Hoot" it's always literally, "home on the range," for that's really the only place he's completely happy, with a saddle under him and space for an ear-bustin' "Yippee!"—no small wonder for a guy born in a town like Tekamah! *Edward* still does a few pix now and then, just for the heck of it, but that's all it amounts to. No guy could manage that miles-upon-miles San Fernando Valley ranch and those vet hospital visits and peace-time woolly rodeos and still act. But "Hoot's" doing O.K. He's doing fine!

Bette Davis picks Paul Lukas because—Paul's the kind of actor who makes hepcats feel like Garbo and matrons feel like Greer. He knows his business backwards

(*Continued on page* 88)

It's those rounded ends that make **FIBS** *so easy to use!*





One glance and you can understand why FIBS must be easy to insert. That smooth, gently-tapered end, so different from any other leading tampon — tells the story.

This important feature is bound to aid easy, comfortable insertion, and your first experience with Fibs *proves* it's so!

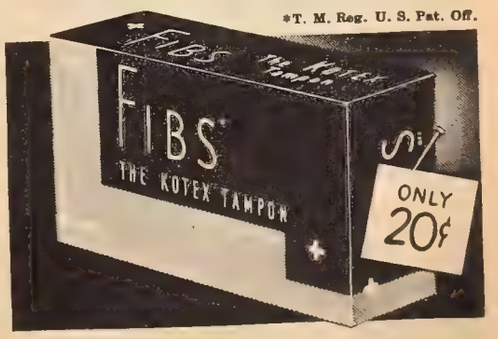
Why FIBS are "quilted"

Fibs are quilted to prevent cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal membranes . . . an exclusive safety feature.

The quilting also contributes to your comfort . . . keeps Fibs from fluffing-up to an uncomfortable size, which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

Next time you buy tampons be sure to ask for FIBS!*

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



HOLLYWOOD STARS YOU KNOW

USE *Overglo*
BY WESTMORE





FROM HOLLYWOOD . . . WESTMORE'S SENSATIONAL NEW LIQUID-CREAM FOUNDATION MAKE-UP

NOT A CAKE . . . NOT A CREAM
DOES NOT CAUSE DRY SKIN



PERC WESTMORE, *Hollywood make-up genius, using Overglo to make up Betty Grable*

FOR the flawless-looking complexion of the stars . . . one drop of Overglo . . . and presto! Quickly, evenly applied with your fingertips, this new liquid-cream foundation of the Westmores camouflages large pores and little lines. Adds youthful smoothness under powder and rouge. Keeps make-up fresh all day. Never gives a masked appearance. Non-drying, definitely! Its emollient lanolin and oil base helps defy dust and weather, too. One bottle lasts for months. Six flattering shades. $1.50 *plus tax.*

NEW . . . ONE-SHADE . . . OVERGLO FACE POWDER

A make-up discovery! *Practically colorless*—permits your foundation-tinted skin to glow through with youthful beauty. A face powder specially created for use with Overglo or any *tinted* cake, cream or liquid foundation. $1 *plus tax.*



PRODUCTS OF THE HOUSE OF WESTMORE

and forwards and can do anything from the dashing, headstrong "Lilliom" that he played back home in Budapest in 1916, to the weary, legend-making Kurt Muller in "Watch On The Rhine." Only thing is, good-natured Mr. L. gets annoyed sometimes. "It's fantastic," he reasons, "how many times I have been 'discovered!' " But that Oscar he won for "Watch" permanently sets him head and shoulders above the crowd—just high enough for the hepcats to smoulder and the matrons to swoon.

Jeanne Crain picks Jackie Cooper because—this was the kid who used to take your heart in his two dirty hands and squeeze until the tears came to your eyes. And then he'd grin. Not a cocky, aren't-I-the-prodigy-though kind of laugh, but a gentle curl of the lip that was far sadder than tears. And no matter what he played —"Donovan's Kid," "Sooky," "The Champ," "Peck's Bad Boy"—he was always the same little feller with the turned around cap and the knickers torn at one knee. He was always Skippy. Well, Skippy grew up. Grew up enough to embrace a very wonderful looking gal, his Mrs., June Horne, and a very wonderful-working organization, the U.S. Navy, as a Seaman 2nd Class!

James Craig picks Gary Cooper because—Coop's laugh-crinkled eyes go steely at the mention of "drawing room cowboy" and his jaw tightens. A cowboy from way back, Gary never could quite figure out what in tarnation he was doing simpering in front of that there measly camera. But time passed and with it the agonies of embarrassment. And Coop hit the Hollywood drawing room jackpot with such a clatter that now he's producer and top actor for International Pictures with barely enough time for squiring around Mrs. C., the ex-Sandra "Rocky" Shaw.

Bob Walker picks Will Rogers because—somehow, I always believed that Will knew more, much more than "just what he read in the papers." He was a smart man as well as a good one and no better proof is needed than in the splendid record his son, former Congressman Will Rogers, Jr., set in his advanced and humanitarian reforms. As a tribute to Will, who, with his dear friend, Wiley Post, was killed in an air crash in the Fall of 1935, his estate grounds have been designated a public park.

Ann Sheridan picks Lew Ayres because—to Lew must go credit for having been not only one of the most talented and intelligent actors around, but also for being one of the very few truly sincere men I have ever known. Lew knew that when he announced his anti-war inclinations at the time of his intended induction, a huge storm would be raised over his undefended head. Well, Lew's in the South Pacific now as a medical aide, yellow from the huge doses of atabrine he's been taking for that tropical fever, almost completely white-haired from the mental and emotional strain. But he's going on doing what he feels is the most good for the most people, firmly resolved to enter the church as soon as peace is ours. A truly sincere man.

John Payne picks Clara Bow because—Clara was to the 20's what Ann Sheridan, Bacall and Grable are to the '45 swoon set. She was one of the few actresses who didn't mind admitting that she was a woman, that she had legs and that legs had functions other than walking! But Clara's given up the movies in favor of the quiet life on that Nevada ranch with hubby Rex Bell, who not only bought the huge place (after they'd been living in a rented one for so long)—but simultaneously en-

tered politics and ran for State Representative!

Tom Drake picks Norma Shearer because—whenever first ladies are mentioned and graciousness and dignity and charm, Norma Shearer is mentioned in the same breath and while the sadness isn't quite all gone from her eyes, she can now talk about her late husband, Irving Thalberg. And why not? She's remarried, to Martin Arrouge, the ski instructor she met at Sun Valley and theirs is a happy, contented life. Martin is a Naval Officer now on active duty and so Norma takes her place with the millions of other war wives, caring for her two children, her home, her heart for the husband who'll be home—"soon."

Bob Hope picks Harold Lloyd because—To most people, Harold Lloyd will always be the funny man with the dark goggle glasses and the smirk. The fella with the custard pie in the face, the foot in the seat of the pants and the audience in the palm of his hand. He's turned the tables, now, or, to be truthful, he's just let down the funny man's face and is letting folks in on a glimpse of the real Lloyd. Said Lloyd being not only a functioning movie executive, head of Harold Lloyd Productions, but a radio director as well, with a bouncing comedy air show all his own.

Betty Hutton picks Edward G. Robinson because—Eddie's the original "between two worlds" guy. You're positive he's a real life "Little Caesar" until you overhear him discussing Picasso, Rembrandt or Dali, then you start muttering, "That was two other fellas." But it's not, not really. Because ever since those early days in Bucharest, E.G.'s had the soul of a scholar and the face of a vaguely confused bulldog —which combination has gone far and long to make Mr. Robinson a.) an authority on art, b.) a leading movie figure, c.) a wealthy man. Good, yes?

Paulette Goddard picks Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. because—Doug is probably one of the few sons of great men who turned out to be great himself, who was able to distinguish between being a "chip off the old block" and just copy-catting his way to fame. There's no question but that he's inherited the famed Fairbanks, Sr. swashbuckle and charm but the intelligence he's demonstrated in both his professional and private life are very evidently all his own. In some die-hard quarters, he's still thought of as "young Doug," but hunt up the reference books and the birthdate comes out 1908—37 being neither too young nor too old for him to be a Lieut. Commander in the U.S. Navy—with medals!

Van Johnson picks Greta Garbo because—while GG will always have a small group of despairing females ready to make snide remarks about "canal boat feet" or "vegetarian bug", to most of the world, she will always stand for something not quite earthy, something fragile and wonderful and super-artistic. Always a believer in quality, rather than quantity she still refuses to do any number of scripts which have been tailor-written for her and is currently browsing about New York reading new stage plays.

June Haver picks Mary Pickford because—Nothing new has been added to Mary Pickford—not that anything new was ever needed! She's still as fresh and winsome as the "Tess of the Storm Country," "Mistress Nell" and "Madame Butterfly" of the early 1900's which your mom and pop so loved. But if Mary was always "America's Sweetheart," she was always one of its leading business women, as well. Beginning with the Mary Pickford Company



Be lovely to love

You'll never worry about staying sweet and dainty if you use FRESH, the cream deodorant that stops perspiration worries completely. It's gentle, stays creamy and smooth...never greasy, never gritty. Doesn't dry out...usable right to the bottom of the jar. 50¢...25¢...10¢.

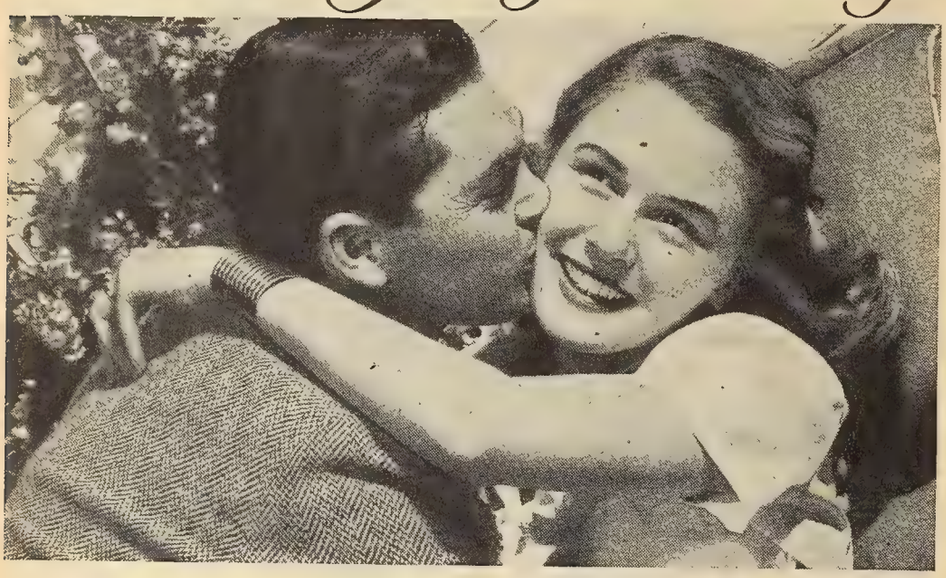


Ellen lives in HEARTBREAK *house*



Tragic scenes like this, now, in their once-happy home. Tearfully, Ellen seeks the reason. Why has her husband become so silent, *strange?* Little does Ellen realize her own "one neglect"—carelessness about feminine hygiene—is to blame. How much heartache she would have spared herself if she had known about Lysol!

Ann lives in *Honeymoon Cottage*



How different the scenes between Ann and *her* husband, still as loving as newlyweds! Ann, like thousands of modern wives, uses Lysol disinfectant *regularly* and *often* for feminine hygiene. Her doctor advised Lysol solution as an effective germ-killer that cleanses *thoroughly* and deodorizes. Yet so gentle for douching. Won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues . . . just follow easy directions. "Lysol works wonderfully!" says Ann. Inexpensive, too. Try it for feminine hygiene.

Check these facts with your Doctor

Douche *thoroughly* with *correct* Lysol solution. Its low "surface tension" means greater spreading power which reaches more deeply and more effectively into folds and crevices to search out germs. **Non-caustic**—Lysol is gentle in proper dilution. **Powerful**—Lysol is an efficient *germicide*. **Economical**—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use. *Deodorizes effectively.* **Lasting**—keeps full strength, even uncorked.

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE USE

Lysol Disinfectant



Copr., 1945, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE Booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter to Dept. A-45. Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y

which she organized in 1916, giving he one-half interest in all her pictures, sh has continued her producing activities un t now, 29 years later, she is the new owner of an independent picture producing company. Which is one of the most painless ways anyone could think of to while away the time until V-day and the return of a warrior husband—in this case, Lieut. Charles Rogers, USN.

Dick Jaeckel picks Jimmy Cagney because—Jimmy Cagney is one song and dance man "gone straight" who's made the big time! Meaning, he's one entertainer who started out as a vaudevillian and ended up by heading the lists of top dramatic actors. There's probably very little about show business which Jimmy doesn't know and he's putting this fund of knowledge into Cagney Productions, the outfit he partners with his brother, Bill. But Jimmy still has a soft spot in his sentimental Irish heart for his old song-and-snappy patter routine—that's what made him such a standout in "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and netted him the 1942 male Oscar.

Lon McCallister picks Janet Gaynor because—the caterpillar has become a butterfly, the femme fatale has emerged—Janet Gaynor is grown up! Fond audiences who remember her in "Seventh Heaven" and "Sunny Side Up" were startled, to say the least, at how woman-of-the-worldish she appeared in "A Star Is Born," but no more so than even her intimate friends and neighbors when they beheld Janet as the living proof of "clothes" making the woman." The transformation occurred, normally enough, at the time of Janet's marriage to Designer Adrian who made her the envy of her sex by producing those originals—and small son Robin.

Betty Grable picks Carole Lombard because—Carole was a very rare phenomenon in Hollywood, an actress who was honest, a woman who was loved by other women—even after she married all womankind's one dream of romance! There were no "inside angles" to Carole's personality, no "hidden traits." She was just a very intense, vivid, love-needing girl, severely critical of herself and her work, meltingly generous to everyone else, a girl who loved living even more than she loved life. Carole gave up that life for her country, being a good sport and an American, and probably thinks it was a fair setup. Not so the rest of us, not so Clark Gable.

Frank Sinatra picks Bing Crosby because—talking about Bing is like discussing oatmeal or Time. It's always wholesome, normal and unnecessary. It's good to know he's there, that he and Dixie and the boys are well and kicking and that no matter what happens, no matter what he does—he'll do it in Technicolor! One of Bingo's greatest dreams has just been realized, he won the Academy Award for 1944, and even though he insists the only reason he wanted the Oscar so badly was to please his aging, fond father, everybody and his brother was in there pitching for one of the swellest guys around. P.S. Watch for "The Great John L." It's the Groaner's first as an independent producer.

Lana Turner picks Maurice Chevalier because—to most people, France has always meant Paris and postcards, ladies in black dresses and bicycles, spring flowers—and Maurice. Well, maybe France has changed a bit since the old days but not so her spring flowers—nor Chevalier. He's still in there pitching, entertaining troops, unbelievably happy now that the French Underground has completely absolved him of any taint of collaborationist activities, that he has the honor of being London's first importation to her Victoria Palace theater.

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

SWEET AND HOT

(*Continued from page 14*)

and that song from *Marion Davies' first talkie, "Marianne," "Just You, Just Me."* . . . Looks like everybody's jumping on the Hollywood bandwagon. Ted Lewis in Warner's "Show of Shows," Abe Lyman in "Holiday" and "Just Imagine." And that band that was such a sensation at the Cotton Club last year, that Duke Ellington, he's going out West for his first feature film, "Check and Double Check," with Amos and Andy. Say, I just read an article in the paper that said "Are Musical Movies On The Way Out?" Well, with "New Moon" and "Just Imagine" and this big new production based on the life of Paul Whiteman, "King of Jazz," in color and all, how can they talk that way? Still, I guess they always will, just for something to talk about. Ten, twenty years from now they'll be saying the same thing.

(*Here's some good ones for the books—Johnny Green's new tune, "Body And Soul," and the latest by George Whiting, "My Ideal." And Jimmy McHugh's still turning out hits—he has one called "On The Sunny Side of The Street." Cute idea.*)

Got to catch up on the new records. They say the phonograph industry is in a bad slump since the crash last Fall, but gosh, there's plenty of good stuff still coming out. Have you heard that new one by Fletcher Henderson, "Chinatown, My Chinatown," and "Somebody Loves Me?" He has some fine young musicians in the band—kids like John Kirby, Benny Carter, Rex Stewart, and, of course, the great Coleman Hawkins—and a guitar player named Clarence Holiday; he has a daughter named Billie, only thirteen, they say she's going to be a great singer some day.

Got to get both those new records of "Rockin' Chair." One's by Mildred Bailey —she's been using it as her radio theme, of course. The other's by the composer himself, Hoagy Carmichael, playing piano and leading his own band. There's Bix Beiderbecke and Bubber Miley on trumpets, Tommy Dorsey on trombone, Benny Goodman on clarinet, Bud Freeman on tenor sax, Joe Venuti on hot fiddle, Eddie Lang on guitar and that fine young drummer from Chicago, Gene Krupa. Some of these fellows have been making a lot of records with Red Nichols, too, as well as playing with him in the pit bands for some of the Broadway shows. Men like Jack Teagarden and Glenn Miller on trombones, Benny Goodman, Jimmy Dorsey and Babe Russin and Adrian Rollini on saxes. Nichols certainly is the big man on records these days. He calls his band the Five Pennies but there are always at least eleven of 'em.

(*Say, I see where Victor's Hot Tune Of The Month is a thing called "Boogie Woogie," recorded by King Oliver. They think of more weird titles, don't they? Better get a copy of that, and while I think of it, let's rehearse "The Stein Song" tomorrow—and "Rio Rita," "Little White Lies" and "Lady Play Your Mandolin."*)

Did you hear the new records by Louis Armstrong? He picked up a band out West, has some good men in it; trombonist by the name of Lawrence Brown and a seventeen-year-old drummer who's sensational, named Lionel Hampton. They have "I'm A Ding Dong Daddy," "Confessin' That I Love You," "If I Could Be With You," (*Continued on page 94*)

Sure "Scotch" Tape would do it better





But right now... "Scotch" Brand Tapes are being used to seal and identify shell cases . . . and that's *just* one of their countless war jobs.



RIPPED shower curtain . . . torn book pages . . . snapshots lying loose in the desk drawer . . . all waiting 'til you can fix 'em with "Scotch" Tape.

But your fighting man's not waiting. He's getting "Scotch" Cellulose Tape . . . and plenty of it for *all* the war-front jobs it does so well.



And listen . . . war industry uses more than a hundred different kinds of tape made under the "Scotch" Brand . . . to speed and simplify production.

So don't expect these "Scotch" Tapes back too soon . . . but when they do get home again, expect them to be better, more convenient, more useful than ever.

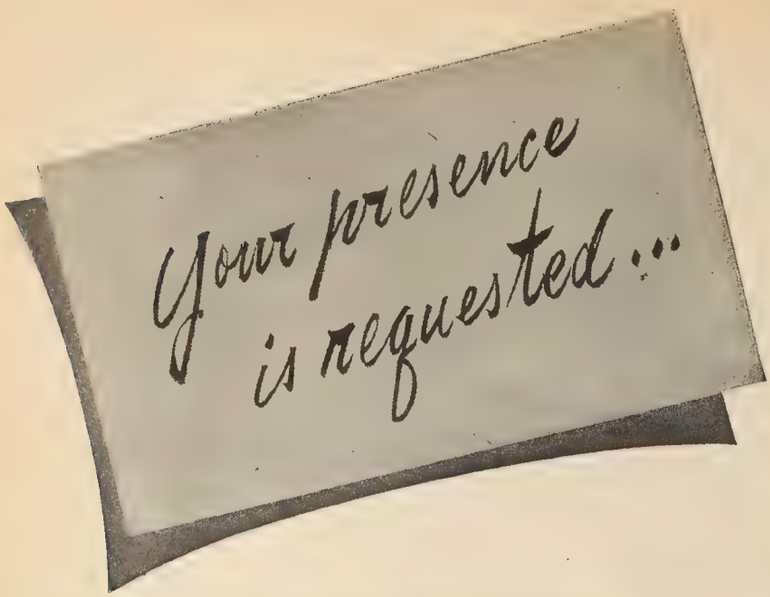
FOR↑ QUALITY... look for the "SCOTCH" trademark.

It identifies the more than 100 varieties of adhesive tapes made in U. S. A. by Minnesota Mining & Mfg. Co., Saint Paul 6, Minnesota.

SCOTCH *Cellulose* TAPE

BRAND

© 1945 M. M. & M. CO.



All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy—so perhaps you'll want to plan a party for good friends working hard to help win the war



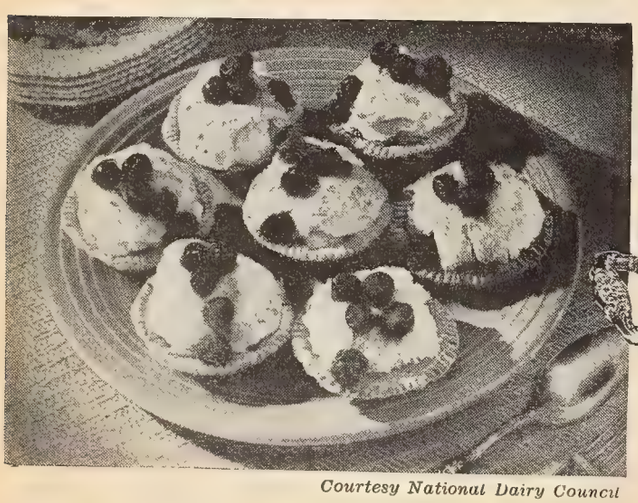
Newlyweds Gloria De Haven and John Payne had a lovely time at M-G-M's party for MODERN SCREEN. Bet Gloria wonders if John expects her to make all these! (They're easy, Gloria!)



■ Everything has a birthday—trees get more and more annual rings, tires less and less tread, oysters make bigger and bigger pearls as the year's irritations mount, boys and girls have more and more birthday candles and MODERN SCREEN just keeps right on getting more and more readers! That is why, out in Hollywood, a lot of charming people—The M-G-M, Twentieth-Fox and Paramount studios—gave MODERN SCREEN birthday parties and fifteen pats on the back cover with one to grow on! And there were refreshments—tasty little nibbles of which everyone ate more than they'd planned to. A really lovely time was had by one and all.

We hope there will be a lot of happy occasions in your life in the near future which deserve a party. V-day and your favorite G.I. home for keeps, a good friend's birthday or engagement, or something else nice. You'll want suggestions for tempting little delicacies, not too hard to make. Some of the tidbits served at the MODERN SCREEN birthday parties would be especially appetizing with cocktails, iced tea or carbonated beverages.

You already know that the *appearance* of food is like a first taste. Remember to get some dainty lace paper doilies, parsley or watercress, extra lemons to be cut into attractive shapes for garnishing. Nasturtium leaves are lovely—when available lay one on each individual sandwich plate. Olives, small cubes of ham or cheese, narrow strips of bologna rolled around a sliver of pickle, shrimp, one-inch squares of pickled herring or cocktail sausages can be placed on gaily colored tooth-



Courtesy National Dairy Council

"The Knave of Hearts he stole those tarts," but the way we hear the story the queen was so flattered she invited him to her next party and made these special cherry ice cream tarts!



It takes real will power to make a choice among these delicious tidbits!

By Nancy Wood

picks and stuck into a grapefruit, bright red apple, egg plant or small, good-looking head of green or red cabbage.

Trim crusts from thinly sliced bread, cut into fancy little shapes and toast before spreading. If bread is too fresh to cut neatly, chill it in the refrigerator.

Some of these MODERN SCREEN hors d'oeuvres should be good bachelor bait:

Remember, very few men can resist deviled eggs, especially if there are chopped olives in the stuffing and they're topped with a gay little strip of pimento.

Now, on to our canapes! Very attractive and as good as they look—toasted strips of bread heaped with cream cheese in which slices of radish have been set. Dust with paprika.

Cream cheese is the smooth, rich basis for another delicacy. Spread toast strips with cream cheese. Place ball of avocado (or chopped cucumber marinated in French dressing) on one end. Decorate other end with slices of black and green olives.

Crisp cracker covered with smoked salmon. Top with finely mashed cottage cheese blended with minced chives.

If bacon hasn't become a collector's item in your community, mix peanut butter and crisp bacon bits. Serve on toasted cracker.

These will look yummy on your appetizer tray: Put hard-cooked eggs through ricer (or coarse sieve), blend with mayonnaise and prepared mustard to taste. Spread on diamond shaped bits of bread and top with anchovy. If you can't get anchovy, use a sprig of crisp watercress.

Increasingly popular is the tray of assorted cheeses, served with toasted crackers or buttered triangles of bread. More or less easily available these days are camembert, Liederkranz, blue cheese and a variety of cream spreads.

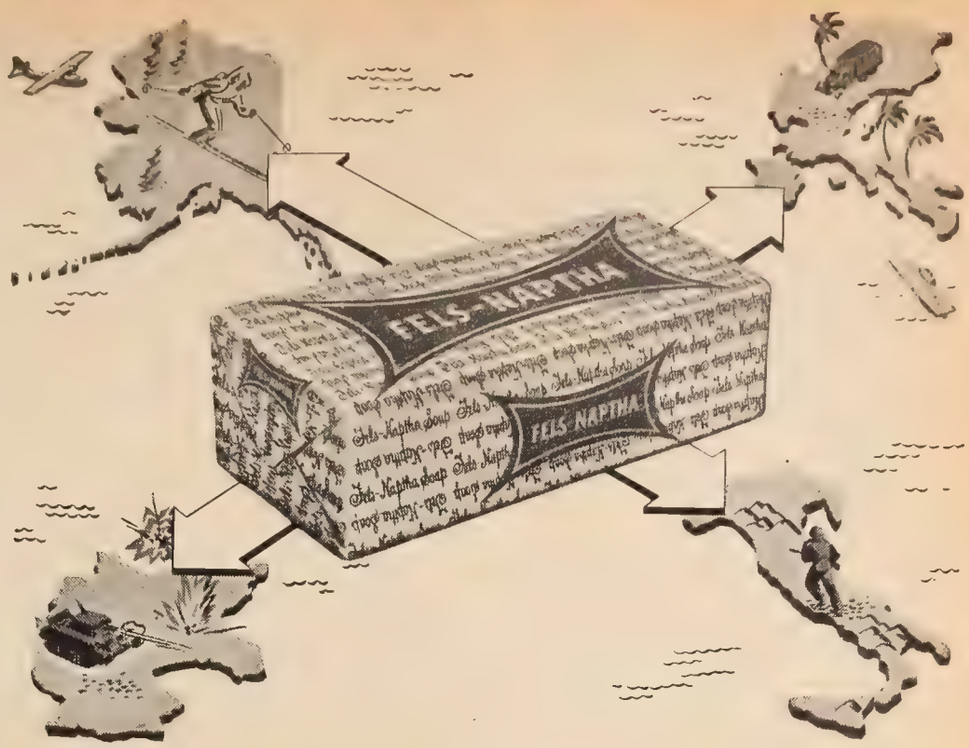
So much for the non-sweet party refreshments. Perhaps your friends have sweet-tooths (could this possibly be the correct plural?) then naturally you'll give them a beverage such as hot or iced coffee or tea or carbonated beverages. With these beverages go ice cream or gelatin desserts, cookies, cake or tarts. Maybe you'd like to start with little sandwiches such as cream or cottage cheese and chopped nuts, olives or jam. Chicken sandwiches are easy to make and everyone likes them.

A delicately pink and perfectly delicious ice cream can be made by adding half maraschino cherry juice and half water to your favorite packaged vanilla ice cream mix. When you've beaten it smooth and light after its first freezing, add ¼ cup chopped cherries and ¼ cup chopped nut meats. Freeze firm for serving. This will serve four or five. Multiply the recipe as many times as needed for your guests, but better plan to use an ice cream freezer in that case.

Hello! Here we are, at the bottom of our column and we haven't had the space to tell you about a very delicate orange and nut cake we love! Nor an easy-to-make fruit milk sherbet! Then there's a chocolate brownie you'd love to serve with ice cold lemonade or fruit juice, several recipes for long, delicious cold summer drinks. And you must have the recipe for fruit chiffon tarts!

Just send us that stamped, self-addressed envelope while you think of it. Address:

THE MODERN HOSTESS, DEPT. B. P.
MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE
149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.



The 'Inside' Story

In wartime, especially, it isn't easy to make the kind of soap people expect to find inside the Fels-Naptha wrapper. It isn't easy to get all the ingredients necessary to make Fels-Naptha pre-eminent among fine laundry soaps.

And that's only half the story. Now, a larger share of our stock of materials and our manufacturing facilities must be used to make good soap for men and women in active service.

Obviously, this will mean some further inconvenience for civilians. In the months ahead, you may have to wait more often for the familiar Fels-Naptha wrapper to appear on your grocer's shelf . . .

but the soap inside the Fels-Naptha wrapper will be Fels-Naptha Soap.

We think the average woman wants to know these plain facts about the supply of Fels-Naptha Soap. We think her loyalty to a good name will survive this time of trial, which is shared—in some way—by all.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

and that talkie song, "I'm In The Market For You." Louis sounds better than ever, and I've been listening to him since he worked here in New York with Fletcher Henderson's band back in '24, six years ago.

I hear Duke Ellington's recording the song from his movie, "Three Little Words," and using Paul Whiteman's Three Rhythm Boys for the vocal—Al Rinker (that's Mildred Bailey's young brother) and Harry Barris (the fellow who just wrote a new song called "I Surrender Dear") and Bing Crosby. They ought to sound good with the Duke—they've sure done a swell job with Whiteman.

(*We're still getting requests for "When It's Springtime In The Rockies"—don't forget that one, Joe. And you know what I keep hearing on the air? "Beyond The Blue Horizon." And "Fine and Dandy." And another Jimmy McHugh one, "Exactly Like You."*)

This Rudy Vallee certainly is sitting on top of the world, huh? Had a night club named for him, made a talkie, got a cast-iron NBC contract, publishing a book about himself, women fainting all over the place before he even gets the megaphone to his lips. That reminds me, we ought to make up an arrangement on "Something To Remember You By." If Vallee does it, it's sure fire.

Bert Lown's doing very nicely at the Biltmore, they say. And I hear young Ozzie Nelson's done a grand job out at the new Glen Island Casino in New Rochelle. Plays saxophone, guitar and violin—talented kid. But the big names are still mostly out on the Coast. Did you see the list of celebrities who've been swarming into the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles to hear Gus Arnheim's orchestra? Clara Bow and Rex Bell, Marian Nixon, Marie Dressler, Sally Eilers, just about everybody who's anybody, I guess.

Say, you know this songwriter Billy Rose, the one who wrote *"I've Got A Feeling I'm Falling"* with Fats Waller and Andy Razaf? They say he's decided to become a producer and opened his own offices. Some fellers don't know when they're well off. He'll lose his shirt. I hear Razaf teamed up with Noble Sissle and Eubie Blake to do the new "Blackbirds" show.

Talking about Sissle, did you hear what a big hit he was in Paris at the Ambassadors? Looks like all you have to do nowadays to make a hit with a band is go to Europe and come back so you can announce "Direct From Sensational European Tour!"

Horace Heidt just came back from over there; now he's playing theatres all over the country and cleaning up. Hal Kemp was big in London and Paris, too. Had that youngster Bunny Berigan in his trumpet section. And they say the Ted Lewis band got $5,000 a week at the Kit Cat in London. Some of his boys made some records with Spike Hughes while they were in England. Spike is the local hot jazz hero and he got Jimmy Dorsey, who was making the trip with Lewis, to sit in on a record session with him.

Funny how almost all the big band-leaders in London are Americans, even if they have all-British bands. Howard Jacobs, for instance, he's the big noise at Claridge's, they say he's getting as much as $500 a week for himself, net. And Roy Fox at Cafe de Paris, Ray Starita, Carroll Gibbons—all from over here, but formed bands over there.

(*Last set coming up, Joe—give 'em "Cheerful Little Earful" and "It Happened In Monterey." And don't forget the "Pagan Love Song," they always go for that!*)

* * *

After that little excursion into the past, here I am back in 1945 with some slightly more up to date gossip. The big talk of the day concerns Benny Goodman's new band. From what I heard at rehearsals and their first broadcasts via Fitch Bandwagon and Spotlight Bands, I'd say Benny has hit his stride very fast. Despite the difficulty of getting men at almost any price nowadays, he's done a fine job, roping in such people as Trummy Young on trombone and Jane Harvey, a promising singer who was a hit last season at Cafe Society Downtown. But the big kick of course is the Quintet (or Sextet, when he adds a guitar for records)—with Red Norvo on vibes, Teddy Wilson on piano and Slam Stewart, who used to be with Slim and Slam, bowing his bass and doing those weird vocal noises. Between them and drummer Morey Feld, it's the solidest small group Benny's had since the memorable 1941 outfit with Cootie Williams and Georgie Auld. Red Norvo tells me that working with Teddy is his idea of paradise, and an inspiration both to himself and Benny.

Glad to note that Benny is continuing his policy of taking an occasional vocal himself, as he did with the band he had in '43. I suspect Benny's wife was the instigator of this, just as several other facets of the Goodman policy, such as his intention of avoiding too much travel away from New York, can be traced to Alice—and she's right, since the headaches involved are too numerous. As you read this BG will probably have followed Duke Ellington into the 400 Club on Fifth Avenue.

Tommy Dorsey's stay at that increasingly popular spot caused plenty of excitement. Brother Jimmy, who didn't speak to TD for so many years, came in beaming on the opening night and sat

3 Main Deodorant Troubles-

WHICH IS YOURS?



"ARMPIT PIMPLES?"

(Due to irritating chemicals)



You don't need to offend your armpits to avoid offending others! A new-type deodorant—Yodora—is made entirely without irritating metallic salts! Actually soothing to normal skins.

CREAM GOES GRAINY?



Now you can end this waste! Yodora never dries and grains. Yodora—because it is made with a cream base—stays smooth as a fine face cream to the last!

TOO STIFF TO SPREAD?



Such creams are outmoded forever by Yodora. Soft, delicate, exquisite—Yodora feels like whipped cream. Amazing—that such a fragrant, lovely cream can give such effective powerful protection.

Frankly, we believe you won't even finish your present supply of deodorant once you try *different* Yodora. So much lovelier! Yet you get *powerful protection.* Yodora never fades or rots clothes—has been awarded Seal of Approval of the Better Fabrics Testing Bureau, Inc. In tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢. McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.



YODORA deodorant cream

in with the band, as did Roy Eldridge. Lana Turner was in several times, though Buddy Rich told me he's engaged to someone else. Tommy made a sensational move in adding Charlie Shavers to his trumpet section. In spite of the big string section, the band swings, thanks to terrific work by men like Buddy and Charlie.

At a couple of after-theater gab sessions, sitting around with Artie Shaw and Ava Gardner, I found him as stimulating a talker as ever. He's on a rampage against people who make fast distinctions between "jazz" and "classical" music.

Said Artie, "There's no such thing as writing a classic. When Beethoven sat down to write his Fifth Symphony he didn't say to himself, 'This will be a classic.' The Fifth Symphony is good because Beethoven was a great musician, and a hundred years from now the really fine music of today will also be classic. Classic applies to any work good enough to be a model of its kind."

This Shaw man makes a lot of sense. Some day I wish he'd write a book. Talking of which reminds me that Barry Ulanov, most literate of all the jazz critics, is working furiously on a full-length book on Duke Ellington which will be published in the fall.

Barry and I spent a wonderful day out at Louis Armstrong's house in Queens. Louis's sister, up on a visit—first time in her life—made us the most fantastic Louisiana gumbo, a gourmet's dream. Louis, still the same wonderful-natured Satchmo whom I first met in 1932 at the Palladium in London, reminisced about his 28 years in the music business. Louis also spoke very forcefully about the need for progress—he just can't understand some of the jazz fans who worship the musicians he played with in the 1920's, in preference to the great young musicians of today. When we asked Louis to name the great hot jazz trumpet men of today, the first name that sprang to his lips was that of Roy Eldridge.

Oh, before I forget—this department, only in its second month, has already seen one of its predictions come true! Pearl Bailey, the great singer about whom I raved last month as a movie bet, just called to tell me she'll shortly be signing a seven-year pact with MGM. Don't forget to watch for her—remember Pearl Bailey!



Dear Boys:

What can I give MODERN SCREEN *for her birthday? She wouldn't care for perfume or hankies—or even a diamond bracelet, if I could afford it. I can't cook, or I'd bake her a birthday cake with fifteen candles. That's what I did for my mother once and, when I wasn't looking, she threw it in the garbage can. So you can imagine—*

So I'll give her the only thing I can. The grin on my face when you ran my first picture—my yips and gurgles over every story about me—the way I laughed and cried when I made the poll. I don't know what she'll do with the silly bundle, but here it is, all wrapped in love and tied up with gratefulness.

Please hand it to her for me, will you, boys? And I hope she'll be as happy on her birthday as she's made me.

June Allyson

Now! FOR THE FIRST TIME

One powder-shade intensely flattering to 4 different types of skin!



"Bridal Pink"

BLENDED BY ENTIRELY NEW COLOR-PRINCIPLE

Makes even a bride look more romantic!

Here's something entirely new and different in a shade of face powder!

Lady Esther's exciting new "Bridal Pink" is not just for one particular type of skin-coloring. Blended by means of a new patented color-principle, it's *intensely flattering to these four basic types:*

IF you're a Blond, "Bridal Pink" will intensify your blondness, make you look *softer, more feminine!*

IF you're a Brunet, with fair skin . . . "Bridal Pink" will intensify the contrast, make you look *more romantic!*

IF you're Brown-Haired, with a medium skin . . . "Bridal Pink" will give an exciting lift to your *entire appearance!*

IF you're Auburn-Haired, with a pale complexion . . . "Bridal Pink" will *wake up* your skin, give it life and warmth!



Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" Now at all Good Cosmetic Counters

Look *different* tomorrow! Look more interesting, more exciting! Apply Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" — the new powder-shade that's so daringly *romantic!* See how it lights up your face with instant new life and warmth.

The medium-size box of Lady Esther Face Powder is sold at the best stores for 55c. There are also handy pocket-book sizes for 10c and 25c. Get your box of Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" *today!*



Lady Esther FACE POWDER

"SOAPING" DULLS HAIR HALO GLORIFIES IT!



Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it . . . leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.

2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap . . . made with a new type patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film!

3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse . . . Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!

4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant!

5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!

6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! Get Halo Shampoo today . . . in 10¢ or larger sizes.



REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY



EYES OVERWORKED? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away you feel it start to cleanse and soothe your eyes. You get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine's 7 scientifically blended ingredients quickly relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Safe, gentle Murine helps thousands—let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES



SOOTHES · REFRESHES



Youthful Glamour IN BRAS by Styleform

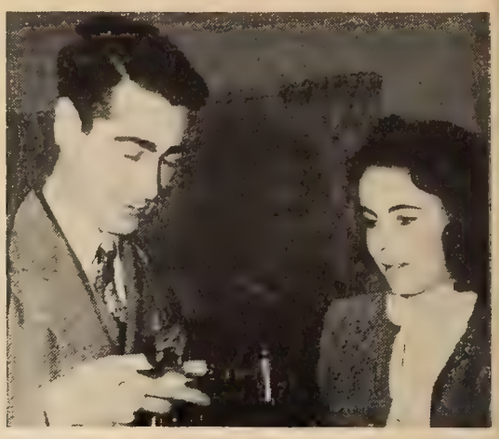
FOR GOOD FORM *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Featured by leading retailers from coast-to-coast at $1.25 and up.
Write for the name of the store in your city

STYLEFORM FOUNDATIONS
76 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

HAPPY BIRTHDAY FROM M.G.M.

(Continued from page 40)



Gus Gale, MS's photographer, shows Elizabeth T. how he takes these wonderful pics, while someone else snaps the lesson.



Lucille Ball, who danced with her Desi Arnaz for the crowd (they're a couple of the best dancers here), gets a compliment from Craig.

THANKS A MILLION!

Thanks Metro, and Paramount and 20th Century-Fox for making those wonderful birthday parties possible. The least we can do in return is to tell our readers what current or soon-to-come pictures all these stars appear in. Here's the list. Check off your favorites:

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

(pages 38, 39, 40, 41)

Greer Garson....."Valley of Decision"
Hedy Lamarr....."Her Highness and the Bellboy"
Jimmy Durante....."Two Girls from Boston" (Forthcoming)
Gloria De Haven.."Between Two Women"
Esther Williams...."Thrill of a Romance"
Van Johnson....."Thrill of a Romance"
Elizabeth Taylor.."Hold High the Torch"
Robert Walker....."Her Highness and the Bellboy"
Tom Drake....."This Man's Navy"
Peter Lawford....."Son of Lassie"
Judy Garland....."The Clock"
James Craig....."Gentle Annie"
Phyllis Thaxter....."Alter-Ego"
Jan Clayton....."This Man's Navy"
Lucille Ball....."Ziegfeld Follies" and "Without Love"

★ *Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps* ★

Twentieth Century-Fox

(pages 42, 43, 44, 45)

William Eythe .....
"A Royal Scandal" and "Colonel Effingham's Raid"
Anne Baxter....."A Royal Scandal"
John Payne....."The Dolly Sisters"
Gene Tierney.....,
"A Bell for Adano" and "Dragonwyck"
Dana Andrews....."State Fair"
Dick Crane....."Captain Eddie"
Jeanne Crain....."State Fair"
June Haver....."The Dolly Sisters"
Vivian Blaine.."Nob Hill" and "State Fair"
Stanley Prager....."A Bell for Adano"
Henry Morgan....."A Bell for Adano"
Charles Russell....."Captain Eddie"
Eddie Ryan....."The Caribbean Mystery"
John Hodiak....."A Bell For Adano"

Paramount

(pages 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51)

Sonny Tufts....."Miss Susie Slagle"
Marjorie Reynolds..."Bring on the Girls"
Diana Lynn....."Out of This World"
Barbara Britton....."The Virginian"
Gail Russell....."Salty O'Rourke"
Joan Caulfield....."Miss Susie Slagle"
William Bendix.....
"Two Years Before the Mast"
William Demarest....."Salty O'Rourke"
Eddie Bracken....."Out of This World"
Olga San Juan....."Out of This World"
Alan Ladd....."Salty O'Rourke"
Veronica Lake....."Out of This World"
Gill Lamb....."Practically Yours"
Jim Brown
"Our Hearts Were Growing Up"
John Coy....."Bring on the Girls"
Glenn Ford.....(Columbia star)
Lana Turner.....(M-G-M star)
"Weekend at the Waldorf"
Turhan Bey.....(Universal star)
"Night In Paradise"



Dear Al and Henry:

There are two things I'd like to say to MODERN SCREEN *on its fifteenth birthday. Congratulations and thanks.*

The first explains itself. The second—well, maybe that's obvious too, but on birthdays you try to put your feelings into words. Right now, Hollywood's a long way off, and I'm casting no backward glances at it. Right now, all that counts is the Army Air Force. But some day the war'll be over, and when that day comes, I hope to go back into films.

MODERN SCREEN'S *been swell to me from the start. But I think you've been extra swell to actors in the service. I'm not talking about guys like Gable and Reagan. They'll* always *be in, no matter how long they're out. But fellows who were just starting out—the Grangers, O'Connors, Jaeckels, McCallisters—you've certainly done your best to keep our memories green—*

For myself, thanks, fellas. Thanks for being interested, thanks for the breaks, thanks for helping me feel there may be a job to come back to. And good luck to you, too.

Lon.



Before



After

"I lost 77 pounds in 6 months!"

—says Mrs. Jane Ende of Rock Island, Ill.

"Most women worry when their weight goes up just a few pounds," says Mrs. Jane Ende. "Can you imagine, then, how I felt—watching those scales go up ... UP ... UP! until I actually weighed 202. I think my greatest jolt came when I went to buy a dress and had to take a size 44. Right then was when I decided to start the DuBarry Success Course."

The first six weeks she lost 30 pounds. She kept right on and went through her course again and again. Today she weighs just 125—is slim, trim, attractive.

"Life is very different now," she declares. "I look and feel as a young woman of 28 should. I can wear smart, stylish, youthful dresses in size 14 instead of matronly 44. I have the pep and vitality to keep up with and enjoy my two children. And I know that following the DuBarry way, I need never be overweight again."

MRS. JANE ENDE'S MEASUREMENTS TELL THE STORY

	Before	*After*	*Total Change*
Weight	202 lbs.	125 lbs.	77 lbs. less
Height	5'3½"	5'4½"	1" more
Bust	42½"	34½"	8" less
Abdomen	44"	32"	12" less
Hip	46"	34½"	11½" less
Thigh	26½"	20"	6½" less

HOW ABOUT YOU? Precious days are slipping away ... days when you might be discovering for yourself how to have a figure you're proud of, gain vital energy for strenuous wartime living.

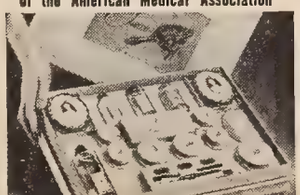
The DuBarry Success Course brings you an analysis of your needs, then shows you how to bring your weight to normal, care for your skin, style your hair becomingly, use make-up for glamour. You follow, in your home, the very same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon in New York.

Why not use the coupon now to find out what this course can do for you?

DuBarry Success Course RICHARD HUDNUT SALON NEW YORK

ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association



With your Course, you receive a Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations.

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
Dept. ST-59, 693 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *Zone No., If any*_____ *State*_____

THESE ARE THE LOVELIEST!

(*Continued from page 58*)

Gracie Fields' hilarious song about the Aspidistra, and apologies for Johnson, Bogart, Flynn, Milland and Cotten as victims of the biggest Astigmatism in the world!

"Astigmatism" commonly is defined in dictionaries as "a structural defect of the eye, such that the rays of light do not converge to a point on the retina." That is Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls' polite way of saying that the five Hollywood heroes are so cross-eyed that they couldn't see Catalina on a clear day. Either these five boys are cross-eyed, or they don't get around. (On second thought, this is hard to believe. Bogart covers more ground, standing still at Burbank, than a World Atlas, and Flynn, according to stories I read in the papers, gets to the darnedest places.) No, I'm afraid they are just cross-eyed, and Van Johnson also suffers from youth, which I would like to be suffering from too!

As it stood when I came in, these five favorites of yours had voted Garbo and Lamarr into a tie for first place. They voted Ingrid Bergman, Marlene Dietrich, Joan Crawford and Dolores Del Rio into a four-cornered tie for second place. And there was a four-cornered tie for third, Olivia de Havilland, Danielle Darrieux, Virginia Bruce and Loretta Young.

With the deciding vote entrusted to me by the editors of this magazine, I hereby pick Hedy Lamarr as more gorgeous than the stunning Garbo; I pick Ingrid Bergman to dissolve the second tie, and I pick Loretta Young as winner of the tie for third. Which gives us Hedy Lamarr, Greta Garbo, Ingrid Bergman, Marlene Dietrich, Joan Crawford, Dolores Del Rio, Loretta Young, Virginia Bruce, Olivia de Havilland and Danielle Darrieux as the Top Ten. (These are the selections of Van Johnson, Bogart, Ray Milland, Flynn and Joe Cotten, not mine. I disown that cross-eyed jury.)

In acting as the expert swordsman to cut the Gordian knot, I concede that I am a dope. Judging beauty contests, of any kind, is hazardous and perilous. The judge can't win! Immediately this magazine is on the street, menacing voices will telephone and tell me off. This is to be expected. From the dawn of time, the subject of beauty has engrossed more men than you can shake a sorority at.

To console those who aren't beautiful, various writers have disparaged its possession. So we have the Polish proverb: "Beauty will not season soup." As though any guy in his right mind would want soup with a Hedy Lamarr at his table! Some author, smart enough to remain Anon., thus went morbid:

"Beauty is but skin deep;
Ugly lies the bone;
Beauty dies and fades away,
But Ugly holds its own."

Truest summation of all, of course, is that beauty is in the eye of the beholder. Each one of us responds to something else, and the something else may be a blonde, brunette or titian-haired. So while I can disagree with Bogart, Flynn, Johnson, Cotten and Milland, just as certainly they can disagree with my equally stubborn and positive preferences because beauty IS in the eye of the beholder!

In "Algiers," Hedy Lamarr was, I think, the most exciting beauty ever to appear on film. Jimmy Howe, who photographed her, can take credit for at least an assist! Jimmy (his formal tag is James Wong Howe) always has claimed that to become a glamour girl, a woman needs only two features—full lips and expressive eyes. He proved it with Hedy Lamarr, because there are two weaknesses in The Lamarr: she has a slightly weak chin, and is a bit on the flat-chested side. So Jimmy had the chin appear stronger by throwing a heavy light on it, thus creating a heavy shadow underneath. He took your attention from her chest by focusing on her eyes and lips. And then little James Wong Howe played his camera ace: He always has maintained that a woman looks most seductive when she is wearing a veil. He created the effect of a veil by shadowing the forehead of Hedy Lamarr and he says that it was this lighting effect which caused audiences to murmur excitedly when she first appeared on the screen.

If you doubt that Howe knows what he is talking about, consider for a moment that Hedy Lamarr, Ingrid Bergman, Loretta Young all have weaknesses and irregularities but EACH has full lips, eloquent eyes. Your reigning beauties all have irregularities of features. Regard Ann Sheridan's irregular nose and round, full face; Bette Davis's pop eyes, Dietrich's broad nose; the broad forehead of Zorina.

Look at yourself in the mirror and you'll find that very few people have



absolutely straight noses. They have a tendency to curve to one side or the other. If your face, then, were lighted by a cameraman, from the SAME side as the direction of the nose's curve, it would accent the curvature. Ann Sheridan's cute nose curves slightly toward the left of her face. So in photographing her, Jimmy would light the left side of her face. Simple, huh?

So if you have a long nose, or a large mouth, or eyes too big, they may turn you into a very exciting creature. The left side of Madeleine Carroll's face, for instance, is much fuller than the right side, but it adds to her appeal. Marlene Dietrich's narrow face, plus a broad nose, gives her that sexy slant. (Yes, I know. She has legs, too). Ann Sheridan, when she was making "Torrid Zone," showed up one day on the set with a pimple near her mouth. Howe covered it with a beauty spot, thus drawing attention to her mouth. A defect became an asset by accentuating the negative and converting it into the positive. Hubba-hubba!

If I seem to be suggesting here that in Hollywood, beauty often owes a great deal to lighting, that is right. In my time, I've interviewed or talked or dined with every girl on the five lists submitted by Milland, Cotten, Bogart, Flynn and Van Johnson with these exceptions—Dolores Costello, Lauren Bacall, Mary Astor and Toumanova—so I can speak with some authority on how they look with and

HOW THEY VOTED

Van Johnson

Norma Shearer
Greta Garbo
Greer Garson
Joan Crawford
Lana Turner
Gloria Swanson
Katharine Hepburn
Marlene Dietrich
Hedy Lamarr
Colleen Moore

Humphrey Bogart

Lauren Bacall
Hedy Lamarr
Ingrid Bergman
Dolores Del Rio
Ina Claire
Greta Garbo
Billie Dove
Vilma Banky
Mary Astor
Danielle Darrieux

Errol Flynn

Tamara Toumanova
Joan Crawford
Olivia DeHavilland
Madeleine Carroll
Linda Darnell
Hedy Lamarr
Dolores Del Rio
Loretta Young
Virginia Bruce
Maureen O'Hara

Joseph Cotten

Ingrid Bergman
Sally Blaine
Virginia Bruce
Dolores Costello
Dolores Del Rio
Marlene Dietrich
Greta Garbo
Hedy Lamarr
Vivien Leigh
Loretta Young

Ray Milland

Fay Wray
Joan Fontaine
Olivia DeHavilland
Marlene Dietrich
Ingrid Bergman
Greta Garbo
Leila Hyams
Carole Lombard
Joan Crawford
Danielle Darrieux

Is your marriage *lacking something*

because you don't know these intimate physical facts?



THERE comes a time in so many women's lives when they wonder, "Is my marriage a mistake?" There's no open rift. Just sort of an exasperating indifference on the husband's part.

Did it ever occur to you this fault may lie with the *wife*—her ignorance of how important *douching* often is to womanly charm, health and happiness—her ignorance of a *proper* germicide to put in the douche?

Important Facts Wives Should Know

No other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is *so powerful* yet *so safe* to delicate tissues as ZONITE—discovery of a world-famous Surgeon and renowned Chemist.

ZONITE helps guard against infection. It's *so powerful* that no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that it will not kill on contact. Of course it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE OF THIS! ZONITE *instantly* kills all *reachable* living germs and keeps them from multiplying.

Positively *Non-Poisonous, Non-Irritating* For Feminine Hygiene

Despite its powerful germicidal action and strength—ZONITE is *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning.* It positively contains no creosote, phenol or mercurial ingredients; no carbolic acid, no bichloride of mercury. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish without risk of injuring delicate tissues.

ZONITE also instantly *destroys* and *removes* odor-causing waste substances and never leaves any lasting odor of its own. So *cleansing*, so *refreshing*. One of the greatest advancements in feminine hygiene ever discovered. All drugstores.

Zonite
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

FREE!

For Frank Intimate Facts of Newer Feminine Hygiene—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. 504-O, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and receive enlightening FREE Booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

without their warpaint. I have seen Garbo repeatedly at close range.

Off the screen, the most gorgeous Hollywood eyefuls, to my way of thinking, are Greer Garson, Merle Oberon, Joan Crawford, Lena Horne, Ilona Massey, Loretta Young, Gene Tierney and Virginia Bruce. Ranking right up with them would be Mary Howard, who played nothing but supporting parts in Hollywood. More arresting than any of them would be chic Connie Bennett, who always gives the impression that she just stepped from a bandbox.

It is an interesting thing to me that Humphrey Bogart, in listing his selections, remembered Billy Dove and Vilma Banky; that Joe Cotten remembered Dolores Costello, and that Van Johnson surprisingly listed Gloria Swanson. Despite the frightful make-up and lighting to which stars of an earlier era in Hollywood were subjected, great beauties distinguished the early Mack Sennett comedies and other films. Olive Thomas, Anita Stewart, Barbara Lamarr and Mary Pickford were standouts. Mabel Normand was unforgettable. Billy Dove, Dolores Costello and Vilma Banky would not have to yield to any of the moderns.

Styles in beauty have, of course, changed, just as styles in acting have improved. I'll never forget Theda Bara, an early heartbreaker, as she appeared in "Cleopatra." In a costume composed largely of beads, Miss Bara was a lush beauty, lush in the sense that she was quite hippy. In those days, women were unattractive if they were not lavishly upholstered. For instance, Lillian Russell today would make ALL sweater girls run to cover with her magnificent frontal displacement, but she was built in proportion.

Just when streamlining came in, I don't know, but I have a hunch that it must have been just about the time that Marlene Dietrich draped her leg carelessly (?) over a chair in "Blue Angel" and sang the song that forever after was to be associated with her husky, sexy voice. Previously, legs had been ignored in polite conversation. True, the movie producers had crept up on the interesting subject by engaging shapely Annette Kellerman to splash for them, and grand opera had sneaked around the taboo by casting shapely girl singers as pages, but Dietrich brought legs to flower, Bud! The silk stocking manufacturers should kneel on their unshapely legs every night and say a prayer of appreciation for Dietrich.

Just how Van Johnson remembered Gloria Swanson and Colleen Moore, I do not know. I thought he was too young to share those memories with us. In fact, Van's selections altogether are disconcerting. I thought he'd pick June Allyson, Gloria De Haven, June Havoc, Shirley Temple, Jacqueline Dalya, Joan Caulfield, Ginny Simms, Jayne Reynolds, Lauren Bacall and other slick chicks of the jive groove, but outside of Lana Turner, he was quite sober in his picks. Apparently Johnson likes them serious.

Of the First Ten, selected by the heroes, it is interesting to note that not one of them is a new star. Hedy Lamarr, Garbo, Ingrid Bergman, Dietrich, Joan Crawford, Dolores Del Rio, Loretta Young, Virginia Bruce, Danielle Darrieux and Olivia de Havilland are not of the current school of young femmes now coming to the screen. Six of them incidentally, are foreign born, and to underscore the idea, three of the six foreign-born actresses, Lamarr, Garbo and Bergman ran 1-2-3. Sweden, placing two out of the first three, proves that it can produce something extra-special in addition to its Gunder Haggs. Most American-looking of the entire First Ten, of course, is Ingrid Bergman.

Discover the thrill of Color-Bright Hair



And what a thrill it is to say goodbye to dull, mousy-looking hair and see your own locks gleam with color and brightness. Why I remember . . .



. . . how drab-looking my own hair was before I heard about Nestle Colorinse from my beauty shop girl. She explained how Colorinse rinses richer, warmer, *natural-looking color* into the hair . . . fills it with sparkling highlights and gives it a beautiful, glamorous sheen. Colorinse is not an ordinary bleach nor a dye—it's easily removed with shampooing—yet it won't rub off.



Men like nothing better than gleaming, color-bright hair, for it makes a girl look so radiant—so much lovelier. See the exciting difference in your own hair when you make it COLOR-BRIGHT with COLORINSE.

NOTE Ask your beautician for an Opalescent Creme Wave by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

Nestle COLORINSE



In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. At beauty counters everywhere.

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

Delicately perfumed Nestle Hairlac keeps all styles of hairdos looking well-groomed throughout the day. Also adds sheen and lustre to your hair. 2½ oz. bottle 25¢.



Nestle HAIRLAC

"MY Don Juan Lipstick STAYS ON!"



Says Anita Ellis
FAMOUS RADIO SINGER ON THE MUTUAL NETWORK

"Color, charm, glamour, that's my Don Juan Lipstick. I find Don Juan not drying or smeary."

4 beauty extras:

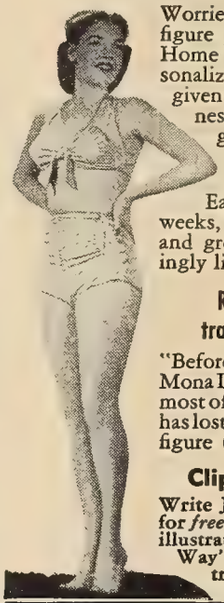
See what they do for your lips

1. **DON JUAN STAYS ON** when you eat, drink, kiss, if used as directed. No greasy, smeary effect.
2. **LIPS STAY LOVELY** without frequent retouching. Try today.
3. **NOT DRYING or SMEARY.** Imparts appealing "glamour" look. Creamy smooth—easily applied.
4. **NEW Style SHADES . . .** Blackberry, dark & daring; Trousseau Pink, for love & romance; Fuchsia, inviting, exciting. Other shades, too.

De luxe size $1. Refills 60c. Junior size 25c. Tax extra. Matching powder, rouge & cake make-up. Trial sizes at 10c stores. In Canada also.

DON JUAN MILLION DOLLAR LIPSTICK

"Powers Girl" Creator Offers YOU, too, new charm, loveliness A "Model" Figure



Worried about your beauty and figure problems? Let the Powers Home Course teach you the personalized beauty secrets that have given figure-perfection and loveliness to thousands of "average" girls . . . made them "Powers Girls", the world's envied women!

Easy, daily "lessons" for 7 weeks, in figure control, make-up and grooming. The cost? Amazingly little!

Real "POWERS GIRL" training—right at home

"Before my Powers Course", says Mona Desmond of Cal., "I was *fat*, most of it on my hips". Now Mona has lost 20 lbs., has a "Powers Girl" figure (left), is a model in N. Y.

Clip the Coupon NOW

Write John Robert Powers today for *free* confidential questionnaire, illustrated booklet "The Powers Way", and details of Powers training.

John Robert Powers Home Course
247 Park Ave., Suite F205, New York 17, N.Y.
Dear Mr. Powers: Yes, I'm really interested. Please send me details of your Home Course.

Name_____ (PLEASE PRINT)
Street_____
City & Zone_____ State_____
Occupation_____ Age_____

CO-ED LETTER BOX

(Continued from page 34)

My family won't allow me to have dates so I have taken to having them behind their backs. Maybe I'm a sissy, but somehow dishonesty goes against the grain with me. What should I do? W. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.

It kills half the fun when your night work must all be under cover, doesn't it? You're very right in wanting things aboveboard. Assuming that you've reached the age of dating, the only thing to do is to place the matter squarely up to the family. Tell them that you're the only girl in your crowd who isn't allowed to go out. Explain to them that they have given you high standards and that you haven't the least interest in going out with undesirable or shady characters. Let them know that you want to bring the boys to your home for parental inspection, and that you're eager to co-operate with them on questions of curfew, number of dates a week, etc. Let them know that you don't approve of girls meeting beaux around the corner, but that that is one solution if they aren't permitted to invite them to their homes. We feel sure that you can reach a satisfactory compromise, if only you keep your temper and appeal to their logic.

I am in my last year in high school and a total flop with the guys. Is it too late to perk up and be a success? Helen, Cranford, N. J.

Nope, not if you really work at it hard. We'd suggest that you look over our Super Coupon on page 32, and send for whatever charts you need. When you've got your face and figure where you want them, you'll find yourself increasing in poise, developing charm. You'll catch yourself smiling at boys you were terrified of before, speaking to them as unselfconsciously as if they were your buddies. Along about that point, launch yourself via a really spiffy party. Maybe a bicycle picnic to a nearby brook. The kids all meet at your house to pick up directions and their share of the lush food. Somebody's got a portable radio. You stick in a batch of funnies, a pack of cards, a softball and bat. The party's terrific and so are you. You're made! It's as easy as that. Start promoting you today.

We live near a Navy base and are forever being asked on blind dates. How do you start talk going on one of these? My mind goes a blank. M. W., South Norwalk, Conn.

The old obvious things are usually best to kindle conversation. Where do you come from? What's it like there? Do you have a big family? What would you be doing if you weren't in the Navy? They're trite but comfortable, and once your tongues are unloosed you'll find endless things to talk about. Just relax and don't jabber. Don't feel impelled to fill every silence. If your mind should go blank, try a good warm smile. That says a whole lot.

If you've just plain fallen out of love with a boy who still loves you, how do you let him down without too much of a thud? He's not overseas or anything. Just a senior at my school. B. K., Grosse Point, Mich.

The big thing to be considered is the lad's pride. When you hand him the big news, do it in such a way as to let him feel it's by mutual consent. "Don't you think we both need a change of scene?" is one angle. Then there's "Every gal in school would be in heaven if you were back in circulation. Don't you think it would be kind of a smart idea to cut ourselves adrift for awhile?" He'll get the picture and love you (in a nice platonic way) for your tact in handling a tricky business.

New! TAKES ONLY 2 TO 3 HOURS!
GENUINE BEAUTY-SALON TYPE

Cold Wave PERMANENT

Complete with same ingredients used by beauty shops on costly cold waves

79¢

Plus 8c Federal Tax



Satisfaction Guaranteed

Now, you can give yourself a perfectly exquisite, cold permanent wave at home, in only 2 to 3 hours. Think of it! . . . only 2 to 3 hours! Just do this: Put your hair up in "CHIC" De Luxe curlers . . . dab each curl with the amazing "CHIC" Quick-Wave solution . . . and almost before you know it, you have a gorgeous, crowning halo of beautiful, soft, natural looking curls and waves.

A "CHIC" De Luxe Cold Wave is safe to use on all types of hair . . . fine, medium, coarse . . . bleached or dyed. Excellent, too, for children's hair. Remember, "CHIC" De Luxe is a genuine, beauty salon-type cold wave with the same ingredients used on costly cold permanent waves.

A "CHIC" De Luxe cold permanent lasts for months and months.

GET "CHIC" DE LUXE AT
ALL DRUG . . DEPARTMENT . . VARIETY . . 5 AND 10c STORES

If you cannot get "CHIC" De Luxe or "CHIC" Regular at your dealer, order direct.

chic Regular PERMANENT WAVE KIT



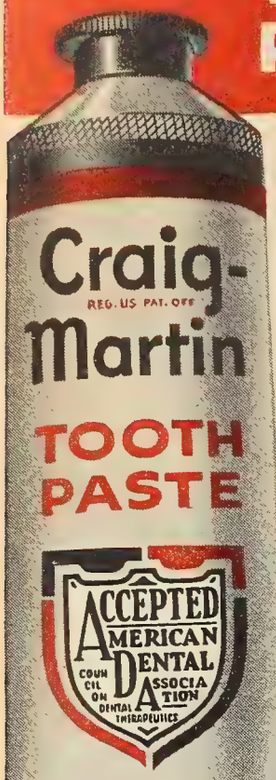
You can also give yourself a perfectly beautiful permanent wave with the "CHIC" Regular Home Kit in 6 to 8 hours. "CHIC" Regular is on sale at stores listed above, which also feature "CHIC" De Luxe Home Kits.

59¢ complete

THE LINHALL CO., Dept. L-134, St. Paul 1, Minn.
Please send me:
( ) "CHIC" De Luxe. Price 79c (Plus 8c Fed. Tax).
( ) "CHIC" Regular. Price 59c (Plus 2c Fed. Tax).
Send C. O. D. (If check or money order is enclosed, all postage charges are prepaid.)

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... Zone ..... State .....

SAVE MONEY!
use Craig-Martin TOOTH PASTE



Cleans Teeth with Efficiency

Polishes Teeth with Safety

....No other dentifrice can honestly claim MORE!

ASK YOUR DENTIST

Millions of tubes used in American homes and millions more by the men and women of our armed forces.

Compounded with MAGNESIUM HYDROXIDE the active ingredient in MILK OF MAGNESIA

COMFORT MF[illegible] CHICAGO.

GIANT 25¢ TUBE SHOWN FULL SIZE Sold at 5¢ and 10¢ Stores

WHY QUALITY COSTS LESS

Thanks to modern science, 5c or 10c buys you a better toilet soap than grandma's 25c to 50c best. Thank science, too, for a safe, refreshing tooth paste compounded with magnesium hydroxide, the active ingredient in Milk of Magnesia, at Craig-Martin's amazingly low prices. See the giant 25c tube pictured above and the bargain 10c tube at leading 5c and 10c stores—equal values in Craig-Martin Tooth Powder. Mail coupon today for FREE brushing chart that shows you how to clean teeth efficiently.

COMFORT MFG. COMPANY
500 S. Throop St., Chicago 7, Ill. (3)

Rush me FREE chart showing efficient tooth-brushing method.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone....State.....

PRINT PLAINLY

CO-ED

(Continued from page 34)

back he probably won't give a hoot about seeing any of them? He won't care beans for anybody but a character named Joe who worked on the plane next to his in England or for a battered-looking chief from his LST. No matter how actively you dislike his new buddies, don't tell him, for right now they are dearer to him almost than you are. When he resumes a normal way of life, he will ease back into your warm, close circle of friends. They'll love him again. Just don't push it before he's ready.

If the lad you're welcoming back is a husband or sweetheart, be prepared for flashes of jealousy that are as new to him as all that fruit salad he wears over his heart. He'll think you were giving Bob the old business. That you danced too long with Bill. It will make you perfectly furious, but bear with him. It's part of his emotional readjustment. He needs such reassurance of your love for him. Give it to him constantly, and leave all coy, hard-to-get tactics alone until he can cope with them.

If your man should come home handicapped, you must be so terribly careful not to show any pity or revulsion. Make him know that you love him every bit as much with one arm as with two, with a scarred face as with his glamour puss. (It has been suggested that squeamish wives try to work in veterans' hospitals among men with the same injury as their husbands. That way they will accustom themselves to the sight of it and be far better able to withstand the shock of seeing their wounded husbands.) Discuss his trouble with him unemotionally. Help him get the necessary medical atttention and vocational guidance. Accept the handicap, whatever it may be, and instead of brooding about it and making him bitter and self-pitying, help him to build a full, useful and happy life for himself. And for all the wounded veterans we're going to see: Don't stare at them. Don't whisper about them. Don't ask them how it happened. Don't say you're sorry. The more casual we are toward them the less odd they will feel and the happier they will be. This is their world; let's help them be at home in it.



Friend Al:

Happy birthday from the Paynes. Remember us? We met at a party given for you, so we owe you a happy birthday.

We send our sincerest good wishes. I've been following the book for a number of years, and I like the way you handle Hollywood and her citizens. It's always been my contention that, under the so-called glamor, Hollywood's no different from other American towns. People, by and large, are the same the world over. That seems to be MODERN SCREEN'S *idea, too. I like the way you feature the human angle. No misleading headlines. No sensationalism. Things go wrong and people blunder out here, as they do in Podunk. You don't blow the blunders up out of all proportion to the truth. You seem more interested in the essentials. You show people living their lives, working, relaxing, caring for their families, doing all they can to guard the good things of this country that everyone's fighting for. Keep it up.*

Yours in appreciation,
John Payne

AFTER YOUR NEXT SHAMPOO

"Make Up" Your Hair



for lustrous highlights, a bright, new color effect!

What you do *after* your shampoo can mean the difference between drab-looking hair and tresses that are truly your crowning glory!

Follow your regular soap-and-water routine with Marchand's *Make-Up* Hair Rinse. Just dissolve the Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. See how quickly it lifts the soap film, how it brings your hair to "life," makes it softer and easier to manage!

With Marchand's *Make-Up* Hair Rinse, you can heighten the natural color of your hair . . . give it a "warmer" or "cooler" tone . . . even blend little gray streaks in with the original shade. No matter what color hair you have, a color chart on the package will tell you which of the 12 beautiful Marchand shades will give you the effect you want.

Marchand's *Make-Up* Hair Rinse is not a bleach — not a permanent dye. Absolutely harmless, it rinses on and washes off as easily as your facial make-up.



Made by the makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

BE A NURSE



LEARN QUICKLY, EASILY AT HOME

Splendid income, new social contacts, and the satisfaction of serving humanity can be yours as a Trained Practical Nurse. Ages 18 to 60. High School not necessary. Training plan welcomed by physicians. Prepare in spare time. Many earn while learning. Nurse's Outfit and placement service included FREE of extra cost. Write now for facts and fascinating FREE sample lesson pages.

WAYNE SCHOOL of PRACTICAL NURSING, Inc.
2301 N. Wayne Ave., Dept. K-10, Chicago 14, Illinois

CLARK GABLE

(Continued from page 64)

kind whose love took the form of endearments. Hugging, kissing, would have embarrassed them. Their feeling expressed itself in other ways.

The little boy stood at the window of the big warm kitchen, watching the snow fall, smelling the tomato ketchup Grandmother cooked over the wood stove. Suddenly he cried out, "The chicken! Granny, the poor chicken!" Across the snow the poor chicken stumbled, battling foolishly, feebly with the gale. Grandmother caught up a heavy shawl, ran out and rescued it, laid it gently in a box near the stove. Clark stroked the wet feathers, smiled up at Grandmother, who was smiling back. Her face was beautiful. The child's heart swelled with love for the goodness of his Granny.

another mom . . .

Then his father married again. It was hard for the boy to leave his grandparents, still harder for them. But to their clear way of thinking, it was right that he should go to his father—as it had been right that they should give him shelter when it was needed.

The new home was at Hopedale, ten miles from Cadiz, where he was born. The new mother was all a mother should be—gentle and kind and one who understood boys. Here there were children to play with and, a little later, school. School was good because it brought games and companionship. But without books, it would have been still better. He was no student.

At eight he fell in love and remained true to his love for five long years. She was small and dainty, with soft brown eyes and hair, and her name was Treela. Instead of fishing on Sunday, he went to Sunday school because Treela was there. The boys called him Sissy, yet he went—even then his own master, bent on living his own way. As they all grew older and had little parties, he and Treela refused to play kissing games. To kiss each other in public was to spoil something, and by no means would they kiss anyone else.

For the rest, he played baseball, tooted a horn in the school band, and spent summers caring for the horses on his grandfather Gable's farm. Meantime, his father, having turned from farming to the oil-fields, turned back to farming again. They moved to Ravenna, sixty miles away. This meant farewell to Treela. The girl cried, the boy tried not to. It was many years before they met again. Treela was married, the mother of two pretty children. But through all the years she remained a fragrant memory to Clark.

He was fifteen and restless, bored with high school, tired of forking hay and feeding hogs. "Let's go to Akron," said his friend, Andy Means.

"I want to go to Akron," Clark told his father.

"To do what?"

"Work. Study medicine, nights."

"You're too young to be turned loose in a big town."

He knew better than to argue with his father. But he also knew that where he would fail, his stepmother might succeed. He took his problem to her, and somehow she gained his father's consent. I have already said that she understood boys. Her parting gift was a razor, which enchanted Clark.

"I know you don't need it yet, son, but you will before long. And if you ever get tired of being away, remember we'll be waiting for you."

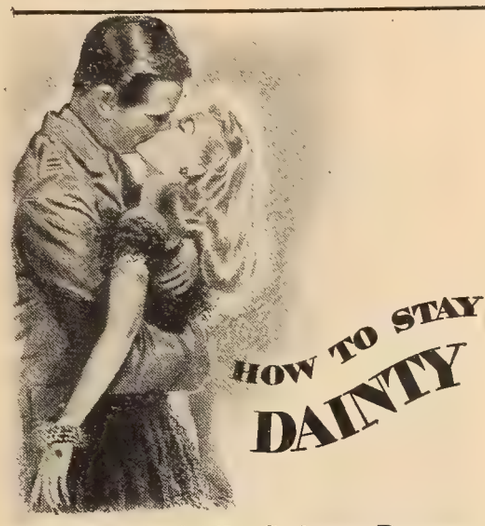
In Akron the boys went to work, mold-



Begin with a bath! Then shower your skin with Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. Like a sweet-scented breeze, it dries up lingering moisture; makes you feel cool, exquisitely fresh, ever so dainty.



Here's a quick trick: Before you dress, smooth some extra Cashmere Bouquet Talc over the parts apt to chafe easily. How your skin will love that silken-smooth sheath of protection.



Ravishing finale! Use Cashmere Bouquet Talc often. It leaves your skin cool, comfortable. And imparts the delicious, flower-like perfume of lovely Cashmere Bouquet, *the fragrance men love.*



Such an inexpensive luxury—— 10¢ and 20¢ sizes

CASHMERE BOUQUET TALC

with the fragrance men love

Something New
IN SANITARY NAPKINS!



Gives you so much *extra* comfort!

When we say new—we mean *really NEW!* SANAPAK is designed to give you the utmost in comfort and sanitary protection. Cotton-faced for extra comfort! Made with three pink "safety layers" for triple protection! Tapered ends to fit without bulging! *All at no extra cost.*

SANAPAK GIVES YOU *Triple Protection!*

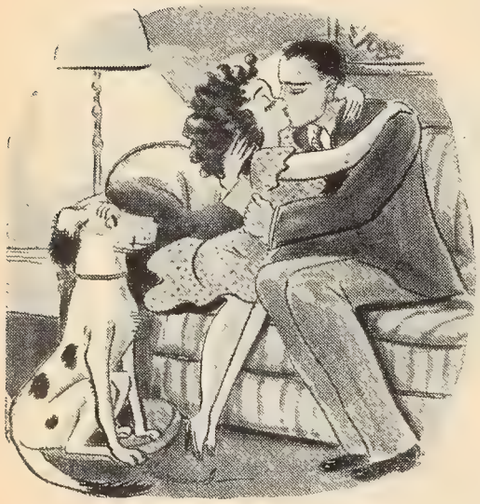
Say SANAPAK and be SAFE!



Pond's "Lips" stay on...



and on...



and on!

But Yes, **Pond's "Lips"** *stay on Longer!*



6 luscious shades

... Try the newest "Lips" shade—BEAU BAIT, round, full crimson-red!

49¢, 10¢, *plus tax*

ing treads for the Firestone Company. Every evening Clark attended pre-medical courses at the University. He was quite in earnest about meaning to be a doctor. "Principally," he explained to Andy, "because if I'm a doctor, I won't have to be a farmer—"

Had medicine been the goal of his dearest hopes, he would have stuck to medicine. It was merely a stopgap, an excuse to escape from the farm. There was nothing he had a burning desire to be. . . .

Till he saw his first play.

Sunday was his one free evening. Down at the Music Hall, the Clark-Lilly Players were giving "Bird of Paradise." Andy and some of the other boys were going. Clark went along. Stepping into the theater changed the course of his life.

He could never explain what happened to him that night. A farm boy, his background and heritage alien to all the stage represented, he left the theater resolved to be an actor. Forgotten the medicine, forgotten the rubber factory. Each night he sat in the gallery, each day he hung round the stage door, and finally plucked up the heart to walk in.

"I want a job," he told the manager. "Any job."

The manager knew how to deal with stage-struck youngsters. "We need a call boy, but we can't pay you anything. You can sleep backstage."

Clark felt this was just. Why should he be paid for admission to paradise? He was a good call boy. His players were all out front on time, even if he had to sew on their buttons for them. In return for these and other small services, they took care that he ate.

Back in Ravenna his father said: "The boy's gone crazy." But at such a distance, there was little he could do about it. Clark was even beginning to do walk-ons when the wire came, calling him home. His stepmother was dying. He arrived barely in time to see her. He had loved her deeply. For the first time, he knew the desolation of a loss that cannot be measured.

The elder Gable had had enough of farming, enough of this place of sorrows. Always he had preferred the oil fields to ploughing. Now there was an oil boom in Oklahoma. He and Clark would go there.

Clark said, "I want to go back to the theater." But there was no longer one who could speak for him, and this time the father had his way. The boy went to the oil fields.

the cross roads . . .

For two years he worked as a tool dresser, earning twelve dollars a day. Earning nothing a day in the theater, he had been happier. One night, in the shack he shared with his father, the end came.

"I'm quitting," said Clark.

His father's opposition broke against rock. He was nineteen now—a man, with a man's will. At length, the other recognized defeat.

"If you want to throw your life away, I guess I can't stop you."

They parted grimly—one to return to the oil fields, the other to start on his unknown road.

Thus came the wandering years.

Kansas City and a third-rate road show. Traveling through the Middle West on ten dollars a week. Stranded in Butte, Montana, and a moment that might have meant surrender. Heartsick, all but penniless, he entered a telegraph office, composed a wire asking his father for train money back to Oklahoma. For a moment he stared at it, then crumpled and tossed it into the wastebasket. Wandered through the streets, made for the depot, hopped a freight train to Portland. Portland, he'd heard, was a good show town.



Her own fault—if she'd check her hat, pillow or hairbrush, she wouldn't be sitting home nights. She'd realize that the scalp perspires, too—and that the hair, particularly oily hair, quickly collects unpleasant odors.

She'd use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo regularly and never *risk* scalp odor again. This gentle shampoo, which contains pure medicinal pine tar, cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly and leaves the hair fresh and fragrant. The delicate pine scent does its work —then disappears.

Don't risk having scalp odor—*and not know it.* Let Packer's care for your hair and scalp. You can get Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo at any drug, department or ten-cent store.

PACKERS *Pine Tar* SHAMPOO



CRO-PAX

for CORNS
CALLOUSES
BUNIONS

AT ALL 10¢ STORES

FOREST CITY PRODUCTS, INC. • CLEVELAND 13, OHIO

First, he must have money. Leaving the freight car at Bend, he worked for three months as a lumberjack. At first his palms bled constantly—to the scorn of his partner, a big silent Swede. "Ay tank you bane verkin' inside too much," said his partner. In three months, it was the only observation he made.

Portland. Selling neckties in a department store. Meeting Earle Larimore, then a fellow salesman. Joining his Little Theater Group and working with them to organize a professional company. Opening in Astoria, a hundred miles north. In the first play, Clark was a Negro cook. In another, a seaman. In a third, a huge baby in a huge crib. Plenty of fun, but no money. The drama held no appeal for fishermen. On milkboats, they worked their way back to Portland. . . .

One of the group was a pretty girl named Franz Doerfler. She and Clark fell in love. He asked her to marry him, but Franz was afraid. What would they live on? He spent a few weeks with her family on their ranch near Portland—a few idyllic weeks, running around in overalls with Franz, forgetting his troubles. The girl's pet name for Clark was Big Calf, because of his ears. Later, Spencer Tracy was to call him The Moose for the same reason.

He worked in the hop fields, he worked on a logging road and—again—in a lumber camp. Again with a Swede. Clark had no luck with Swedes. One day Ole said, "Dis fella too dumb for work wit' me," and walked out.

Money saved again. Back to Portland. Back to the endless hunt for a place in the theater. Knocking at every door till his money gave out. Then a job in the want-ad department of a morning paper. There might come an ad for work round a theater. If so, Clark would see it first.

No such ad came. The indoor life was too much for him. So when the telephone company wanted a lineman, Clark put the ad in his pocket and applied and went to work, never guessing that the telephone line would lead straight to his heart's desire.

What was destined to happen didn't happen for a year.

telephone for a ticket . . .

Miss Josephine Dillon of Los Angeles, dramatic coach, came to Portland to start a Little Theater. A telephone wire in her theater broke down. She called the company. They sent Clark to mend it.

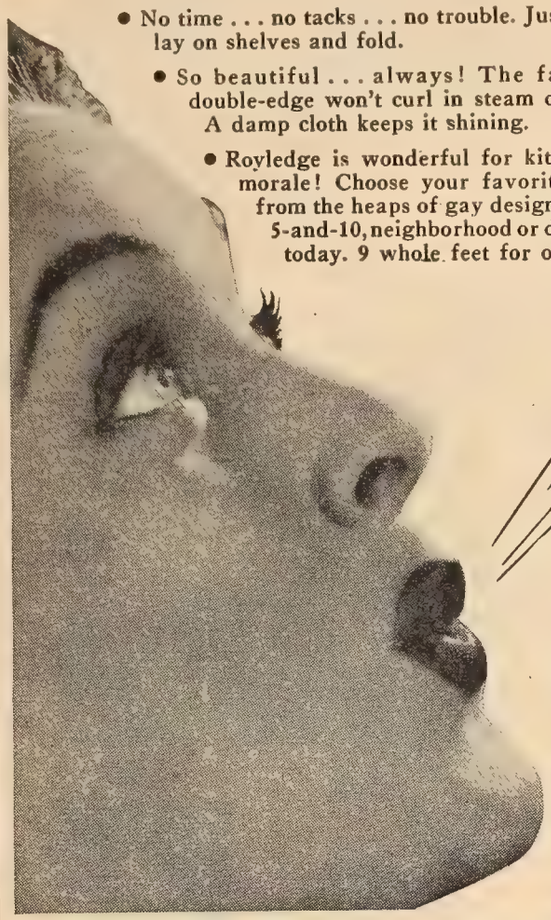
Before he left, Miss Dillon had heard his story and had offered to help. At first, her interest was wholly professional. She saw Clark's possibilities. She taught him stage presence, how to walk and sit and use his hands. She read plays with him. For the first time, his floundering efforts were being directed by someone who understood and she found him an eager, appreciative pupil. Through her influence, he joined the Forest Taylor Stock Company. But by now they were more than teacher and pupil. When Josephine returned to Los Angeles, Portland ceased to hold much charm for Clark. He followed. On December 13, 1924, they were married.

It was the end of lumber camps, but far from the end of struggle. They lived in a bungalow, their rent twenty dollars a month. To begin with, Clark tried the studios. In the tight suit of a grenadier, carrying a sword, he made his first appearance before the cameras in a Lubitsch picture. Mr. Lubitsch did not cry "The great Gable!" Mr. Lubitsch took one look at the grenadier and passed on.

A day's work here and there. Soon Clark felt sure that the movies were not for him. He began to think of New York, where plays were produced. But for New

CHEER UP YOUR KITCHEN AND WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK

- It's easy and it's fun to decorate with Royledge.
- No time . . . no tacks . . . no trouble. Just lay on shelves and fold.
- So beautiful . . . always! The famous double-edge won't curl in steam or heat. A damp cloth keeps it shining.
- Royledge is wonderful for kitchen-time morale! Choose your favorite pattern from the heaps of gay designs, at your 5-and-10, neighborhood or dep't store, today. 9 whole feet for only 6¢!





HEADACHE!

If you are one of the few who never have a headache, be grateful—you don't know how lucky you are. If you are one of the few who have frequent or very severe headaches, see your doctor.

If you, like most of us, have only an occasional headache, try **DR. MILES**

ANTI-PAIN PILLS

They can relieve promptly. Take Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills for **Muscular Pains, Simple Neuralgia, and Functional Monthly Pains.** Get DR. MILES ANTI-PAIN PILLS at your drug store. **Regular package 25c. Economy package $1.00. Caution;** read directions and use only as directed. **Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana**

Weary Feet Perk Up With Ice-Mint Treat

When feet burn, callouses sting and every step is torture, don't just groan and do nothing. Rub on a little Ice-Mint. Frosty white, cream-like, its cooling soothing comfort helps drive the fire and pain right out . . . tired muscles relax in grateful relief. A world of difference in a few minutes. See how medicinal Ice-Mint helps soften up corns and callouses too. Get foot happy today, the Ice-Mint way. At all druggists.

Men need it, too!

QUEST

All-purpose DEODORANT

A most effective powder, for body odors, for foot comfort.

"Like a star on your finger"
says glamorous MARIE McDONALD
...in "GUEST IN THE HOUSE", a
Hunt Stromberg Production, Released
thru United Artists.

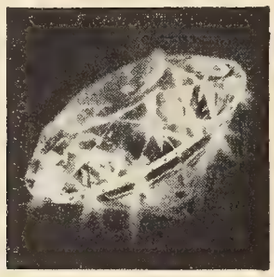


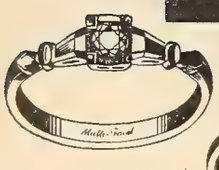
BLAZING WITH MORE BRILLIANCE

*Multi-Facet**

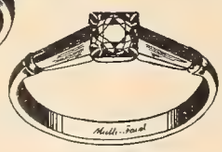
the only diamonds with the patented, faceted girdle

MULTI-FACET* DIAMONDS' intensified light and color produce unsurpassable brilliance. Their fiery sparkle glows to the heart of the selected stones. Multi-Facet's patented girdle helps to prevent chipping, makes for lasting perfection of your diamond's beauty. Choose your "diamond of the stars" at your local jeweler. Priced, tax included, $75 to $7,500.





ORIOLE $87.50★



TROTH $125★

diamond craft of america MS6
551 fifth avenue, new york 17, n. y.
Please send me the romantic booklet: THE STORY OF A DIAMOND. I'm enclosing 10c for postage.
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____

Rings enlarged to show detail.
*Reg. & Pat. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries
Entire Contents Copyrighted

York, again one needs money. Louis MacLoon was about to present Jane Cowl to Los Angeles in "Romeo and Juliet." The call went out for tall men to play the guards of Verona. Being six foot one, Gable was hired. Through the twelve-week run, MacLoon watched him. He was getting ready to produce "What Price Glory?" One of the characters, Sgt. Kiper, was described as lean and hungry-looking. Clark was lean and hungry-looking. The producer offered him the job.

His first speaking part on a professional stage. That was fine enough. Yet finer things were to come. MacLoon proved his good angel. When Sgt. Quirt gave notice, he said, "Like to play it, Clark?" All through Clark's opening performance, he stood in the wings, coaching, encouraging. When the curtain fell, he said: "You'll do, my boy."

Gable stayed with him till the end of the season, appearing in six plays. One was "The Copperhead," with Lionel Barrymore. Like Josephine Dillon, Barrymore found qualities in Gable that promised well. The two became friends—a friendship that was to bear fruit.

Meantime Clark took a job as second lead with a Texas company. Again the leading man left, again the newcomer stepped in. Earning two hundred a week, he saved most of it. Then back to Los Angeles to seek MacLoon's advice—

"What do you think of my going to New York?"

"I don't have to think. Go while you've still got money in your jeans. Or you'll never get there—"

Josephine went with him. They'd been married almost four years, not too successfully. For months they'd been drifting farther and farther apart. This was to be their final try together. It didn't work out. Early in '29, Clark's wife returned to Los Angeles and filed suit for divorce.

To Arthur Hopkins, he presented a let-



Dear Mr. Delacorte:

Once you printed a story about me, called "Sixteen's Er-ker." The reason I mention it is in case you've forgotten that er-ker means okay. Well, I hope fifteen's er-ker for MODERN SCREEN, *and twenty and twenty-five, and as long as you care to have it go on living, which is practically forever, I suppose.*

I really meant to write long ago about the last color layout you did at our house. Mom and I thought it was simply super, and we couldn't get over how wonderful the reproductions turned out. That's one thing I love about your magazine—the beautiful colors. They make me feel cheerful, which is my favorite way to feel. You sort of expect to see the big portraits in color, that's not so unusual. But you turn a black-and-white page, and out pops a home sitting of Deanna Durbin or someone, all red and blue and just laughing with colors. Sometimes, when math gets me down, I take time out for a couple of extra peeks—which is bad for math, but good for morale. Maybe it's good for math too, because you go back feeling sort of refreshed.

Anyway, please go on using lots of that lovely color and oblige

Yours truly,
Shirley Temple

Give Yourself a Charm-Kurl
PERMANENT WAVE
Complete Home Kit only 59¢
PLUS TAX
NOTHING ELSE TO BUY



JUNE LANG
Glamorous Hollywood Movie Star Praises Charm-Kurl.

Safe
FOR EVERY TYPE OF HAIR

Now, thrill to the joy of a cool, machineless permanent wave. Do it yourself at home the Charm-Kurl way. Requires no heat, no electricity, no previous hair waving experience. Leaves hair soft, easy to manage and looking like natural curls and waves. Over 6,500,000 sold. It's a sensation from coast to coast.

IT'S EASY...SAVES MONEY

Anyone can do it. And Charm-Kurl is safe—contains no harmful chemicals. Bleached, dyed or gray hair takes a marvelous wave. It's inexpensive—costs only 59c complete, yet the results are guaranteed to please as well as any $10.00 professional permanent or money back on request. Ideal, too, for children, positively cannot harm their soft, fine hair.

Easy as Putting Your Hair Up in Curlers

Yes, Charm-Kurl is sheer hair magic. If you can comb your hair you can give yourself a luxurious Charm-Kurl Permanent. Each Kit contains Permanent Wave Solution, 50 Curlers, Shampoo, end tissues, wave set, rinse and complete illustrated instructions.

At Your Dealers

Charm-Kurl is for sale at department stores, drug stores and 5c and 10c stores. Get a Kit today, and thrill to your lovely new permanent tomorrow.

Your Photo on 250 Stamps $1.69



Use them on Letters, Books, Greeting Cards

It's new! It's exciting! Your favorite photo or snapshot reproduced on smart, exclusive stamps. Large-sized (1⅛" x 1½") on fine gummed paper—just wet the back and apply. That man of yours in service will get a real thrill seeing your picture in every letter.

Hundreds of Novel Uses

Photo Stamps can be used on greeting cards, announcements, business cards, job applications, etc. Identify your books, records, sheet music, etc.

PHOTOPLATE CO., Dept. 365
161 W. Harrison St., Chicago, 5

Send No Money

You don't risk one cent—simply send photo or snapshot (no negatives). On arrival, pay postman $1.69 plus C.O.D. postage or MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. If cash accompanies order, we pay postage. Original photo returned. Mail your order TODAY!

ter of introduction from MacLoon. He made no effort to impress Mr. Hopkins. With complete candor, he unfolded his odyssey, including the milkboats. The producer cast him as the Young Man in "Machinal." He might have done worse. "Young, vigorous and brutally masculine," said one paper. "Plays the casual, good-humored lover without a hackneyed gesture," said another.

hollywood bound . . .

Play followed play. In none did he create a sensation, but work came without too much difficulty. He liked New York and had ceased to give the movies a thought. Had the offer from MacLoon come at another time, he might have refused it. But in May, the New York season was over. "Will you come out to play Killer Mears in 'The Last Mile?'" MacLoon had wired. A fine part in a fine play. And he owed MacLoon a lot. . . .

He owed MacLoon still more when the curtain fell on opening night. The audience had cheered. The Hollywood which had ignored him now sang his praises. All the studios wanted to test him. But by virtue of their friendship, Lionel Barrymore's claim came first. He took his brother, John, back to Clark's dressing room.

"Young man," said John, "you're going far."

Lionel shook his head. "You're wrong, John. He's already there."

Not quite.

Barrymore took him to Irving Thalberg. "I want to test him as a native for 'Bird of Paradise.'" By an odd coincidence, the first play Clark had ever seen.

Thalberg looked him over—the ears, the shoulders, the toughness. Enthusiasm was lacking, but he said all right.

They took him to make-up. They smeared him dark all over. They curled his hair, dressed him in a G-string, stuck a hibiscus behind his ear. Never had he felt such a fool. Barrymore showed the test to Thalberg. Thalberg, a man of great self-possession, lost his composure. "Not that, not that!" he groaned. "Take it away!" Clark, for one, didn't blame him.

Other tests were made by Warners and Universal. No good. His ears stuck out. He looked lumpy. He was all over knuckles.

Once more he prepared to shake the dust of Hollywood. In New York Al Woods wanted him for a part in "Farewell to Arms." He was packing when an agent called. "Come on out to Pathé. Come running—"

At Pathé they said: "It's a Western. Do you ride?"

"Sure—"

"That's fine. We'll pay you seven-fifty—"

Seven-fifty! Today they were paying extras more. He opened his mouth to protest, but the agent nudged him. Outside, Clark asked, "What's this seven-fifty business?"

"Seven hundred and fifty bucks a week—"

Clark whistled. "For that I ought to know how to ride—"

"You mean you don't?"

"Haven't been on a horse since I was a kid. But I'll learn—"

gangster gable . . .

"The Painted Desert" didn't start for five weeks. When it did, Clark could ride. Also he made an impression as the heavy. An impression so good that M-G-M forgave the hibiscus and signed him as the heavy in "The Easiest Way." But not yet did the women claim him as their own. Not till one woman—Joan Crawford—asked that he be cast as the gangster in



"5 out of 5 Hollywood Stars follow this way to *LIP LOVELINESS*"

says Acquanetta . . . lovely Hollywood star of Monogram Pictures

Enjoy the same enticing lip loveliness as the stars . . . with Martha Lorraine's authentic, pocket-size version of the most popular Hollywood studio make-up brush.

Gives you a perfect lipline every-time. No fuzzy edges, no unsightly smears. Use with your favorite brand and color lipstick or rouge.

Beautiful, streamlined lucite fountain pen case—in stunning mother-of-pearl colors. Features genuine sable niger bristles of downy softness; also tortoise shell ferrule to insure you a permanent, flat-brush stroke.

Featured by
Bonwit Teller, New York
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago
J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit
I. Magnin, Los Angeles; and leading department and drug stores in your city.



Martha Lorraine
SABLE NIGER MAKE-UP BRUSH $1



Before Hollywood's flaw-finding camera lens—lips must be beautiful, romantic, camera-perfect. Reason why *every* Hollywood star prefers a make-up brush—the only sure way to a perfect lipline. Popular ACQUANETTA uses her Martha Lorraine Brush at home as well as at the studio.

If your dealer can't supply you, send $1.00 to: NATONE COMPANY, *Dept. MM-6, 1207 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles 14, Calif.*



BAREBACK-BOLERO . . . sweet double-feature with heavenly white eyelets "winking" round the edges of pockets, bodice, sleeves! Two-dresses-in-one to fit perfectly into any rôle for day time or date time. The enchanting camisole top dress with dirndlish skirt and buttons in back is a "natural" for soaking up the sun . . . Add the brief bolero-top and, flash! you've a clever cover-up style for town. Made of cool, wiltless, linen-like spun rayon, in technicolors: navy, brown, aqua, rose, maize, copen, fuchsia, coral, lime and luggage. Sizes 9 to 17. Bareback Dress, **$4.00** Bolero, **$2.00**

Complete **$6.00** *plus postage*

Send for D-Ann Adorable's Bareback-Bolero today!

ORDER BY MAIL • PROMPT DELIVERY

PREVUE PRODUCTIONS, Dept. M
BOX 71, AURORA, ILLINOIS

Please send me D-Ann Adorable's Bareback Dress, $4.00 . . . Brief Bolero, $2.00 . . . COMPLETE, $6.00 plus postage.

Remittance Enclosed ☐ C.O.D. ☐

Circle Color and Size

Sizes: 9 11 13 15 17

Navy Brown Aqua Rose Maize Copen Fuchsia Coral Lime Luggage

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED

"Dance, Fools, Dance." That was when it began—a small but persistent chorus that swelled into full power with "A Free Soul."

M-G-M was having a hard time, finding this gangster to play opposite Norma Shearer. He must be a combination of villainy and charm, a thoroughly bad man who could yet turn the head of a girl of gentle breeding. It was offered to many well-known actors and turned down. "Too small," they said, "and too unsympathetic—"

As Clarence Brown, the director, lunched in the commissary one noon, a tall young man entered—a young man who carried his broad shoulders easily, whose blue eyes held the look of far spaces, who smiled with a touch of ironic humor—

"Do you know that fellow?" Brown asked his companion.

"His name's Gable. We have him under contract."

"Ask him to come over."

He took Clark to Hunt Stromberg, the producer, who approved his choice. With the actor, Mr. Stromberg was frank. "You're getting it because nobody else'll touch it. But I'll make a prediction. When it's over, you'll be a star—"

The prediction came true. Norma Shearer explained why. "No matter how despicable he was, the sympathy went his way. You couldn't help liking him." The unpleasantness belonged to the character, the tough masculinity was Gable's own. It triumphed over the implications of the role. M-G-M wisely let the women have their way. Gable the heavy became Gable the hero.

There is little point in detailing his triumphal march—from "Susan Lennox" with Garbo through "Dancing Lady" to another landmark—"It Happened One Night," which brought him an Oscar and a reputation for light comedy. From "Mutiny on the Bounty" through "Test Pilot" to "Gone With the Wind"—because movie goers would hear of no other Rhett Butler. All this, with no diminution of popularity. For eight consecutive years among the big box office ten. For five of those years, second only to Will Rogers or Shirley Temple.

In 1940, M-G-M destroyed his unmatured contract, and signed him to a new one. Seven years without options, at a figure that would bring him a fortune, whatever Uncle Sam took. On the studio's part, it was a declaration of faith in his long-term hold on the public. Holding the pen, Clark felt slightly ill at ease—as he always feels on formal occasions. He sought to lighten the moment. "How'm I doin'?" he grinned.

From the farmlands of Ohio, from the oil fields of Oklahoma, from the northern lumber camps to this. Through poverty and failure, through hopes that had crashed and disappointments that had multiplied. Knocked down a hundred times, picking himself up, starting out again. A shabby little theater in Akron had given him the vision. In himself, he had found the strength. He was doing all right.

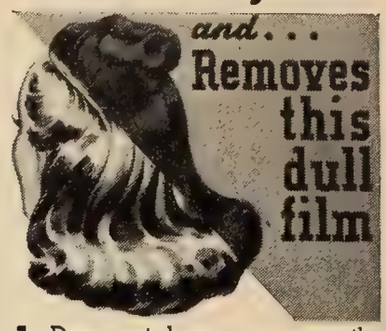
In 1931 he had married Rhea Langham, whom he met while playing in "The Last Mile." Four years later they separated.

Much has been written on the subject of his two broken marriages. Much that has hinted at a lack in Gable. My feeling leads me to other conclusions. . . .

mistaken love . . .

In spite of his early economic self-reliance, in spite of his years of roving, my feeling is that the young Clark understood little of women. Himself uncomplicated, not given to self-searching, neither did he try to analyze feminine

New—**Hair Rinse**
safely
Gives a Tiny Tint



1. Does not harm, permanently tint or bleach the hair.
2. Used after shampooing — your hair is not dry, unruly.
3. Instantly gives the soft, lovely effect obtained from tedious, vigorous brushings . . . plus a tiny tint—**in these 12 shades.**

1. Black	7. Titian Blonde
2. Dark Copper	8. Golden Blonde
3. Sable Brown	9. Topaz Blonde
4. Golden Brown	10. Dark Auburn
5. Nut Brown	11. Light Auburn
6. Silver	12. Lustre Glint

4. The improved Golden Glint contains only safe certified colors and pure Radien, all new, approved ingredients.

Try Golden Glint...Over 50 million packages have been sold...Choose your shade at any cosmetic dealer. Price 10 and 25¢ — or send for a

FREE SAMPLE

Golden Glint Co., Seattle, 14, Wash., Box 3366 B-61

Please send color No._____ as listed above.

Name_____

Address_____

GOLDEN GLINT



For Eye Beauty ... NATURALLY

Prevent that hard—tired—drawn look by wearing OCULENS—the restful sunglasses that banish unsightly "squint-wrinkles" and that help give your eyes the "health-sparkle" that brings admiring comment. *For sports & street wear.*

Eliminate Sun-Squint, Sun-Blur, and Sun-Glare without Masking Clear Vision and True Color Values. Choose the OCULENS Style that will frame your eyes most attractively—at your favorite store

Oculens * Trademark Comptone Company, New York

CLEAN VISION **SUNGLASSES**

psychology. At 23, he married Josephine Dillon—an older woman, opening vistas on a new way of life.

In a way, the situation repeated itself. Rhea Langham too, was older than Clark, mother of two children. She too, showed him a new way of life. Poised, sophisticated, with a Park Avenue background, she moved in a circle of brilliance, gayety and wit. There can be no question but that Clark was dazzled—by her charm, by the difference between her and any other woman he'd met.

Through the frictions of his second marriage, he learned to know himself. The first suspicion of basic differences stunned him. In '32 they separated briefly but were reconciled. Clark fought for this marriage. He tried hard and honestly to fit himself into the rigid pattern of that social existence which was natural to his wife.

But finally, he learned to know the kind of man he was. A man who had to be himself, who could fit into nobody's pattern. To whom money and social standards meant nothing.

This life was not Rhea's life, which was no reflection on either. He didn't expect her to change. Nor could he change himself. So they parted. He took a suite at the Beverly-Wilshire, with none to question his comings and goings. Shortly thereafter, he left on a 25000-mile tour of South America.

In 1933 Clark and Carole Lombard made a picture together—"No Bed of Her Own." People say they didn't get along too well. In 1936 they met at the Mayfair Ball. She was with Cesar Romero. He arrived late. He promised himself to dance one dance and leave. That dance was with Carole Lombard, and he didn't leave. They danced again, and again. The room was crowded. But for these two, it might have been an island where they were alone.

So began their love. Not till three years later were they to marry. For this, there were several reasons. . . .

From the beginning, Carole made no secret of her feeling. She too, had tried marriage and failed. But on her, the failure had left no scar. As surely as if an angel had pointed him out, she knew that Clark was her man. . . .

With him, it was different. Every instinct drew him toward this honest, gay-hearted girl, and yet he was afraid—the burnt child, dreading the flame. How could he know? Twice before he had thought himself in love. Twice the end had been disenchantment. Despite two mistakes, he was no man to step easily in and out of marriage. Resolved on freedom to be himself, he longed for anchorage, too—in the warmth of home, the comradeship of laughter, the blessing of love. Perhaps all this was too much to expect. . . .

Especially from Carole. Carole was a party girl—a restless seeker of excitement, living in a whirl of night clubs and hilarity. The last girl in the world from whom you'd expect peace.

Yet all this was camouflage over a spirit which itself sought peace. She found it in Gable, like a lost child come home. He was her world and the rest dropped away.

And at last Clark realized that the miracle had happened. Knowing himself at last, he knew that he'd reached emotional maturity, that this was the love all men wait for and few achieve. . . .

One obstacle remained. Legally, Rhea Langham was still Mrs. Gable. However, her only reason for not giving Clark a divorce was a simple one—he'd never asked for it. Now he paid $286,000 plus taxes for a release and in March of '39, he was free to marry. . . .

On a March day in '39, a car drove through the streets of Kingman, Arizona. It stopped at the parsonage where Carole



"It was fascinating fun TO LOSE 35 POUNDS and get a new personality"

Says Mrs. Jessie Slaughter, Chula Vista, California:

"I knew I was unattractively overweight — 'hippy' and all the rest, but I never had the will power to reduce. I decided to try your Course because it sounded easy. Now I know . . . it was fascinating fun to lose 35 pounds and get a whole new personality! I certainly can recommend your Course for the magic it performed and as the easy, natural way to reduce. It's worth ten times the little you charge for it!"



What about you?

Are you 10 to 25 pounds or more away from figure beauty? Then let Josephine Lowman's Home Figure-Molding Course solve your problem as it did Mrs. Slaughter's . . . and thousands of other women's. You, too, can know the thrill of having unwelcome pounds and inches disappear . . . of watching new physical beauty and personality develop. This can be yours easily and inexpensively in only 8 weeks. Mail coupon today for free, descriptive booklet. Don't deny yourself the happiness, vitality and loveliness Mrs. Lowman can bring you any longer.

Waist: Loss 7"
Abdomen: Loss 6½"
Hips: Loss 7"

AFTER Taking Josephine Lowman's Course

BEFORE

Josephine Lowman's Figure-Molding Course
715 Locust St., Dept. M-6, Des Moines, Iowa.
Please send me your free booklet "The Figure You Have Always Wanted."

Miss
Mrs.....

Street.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Renée de Fontarce Mc Cormick

This charming Frenchwoman is the author of the best-seller, "Little Coquette" which has been acclaimed by critics for its authentic picture of French society. She is the wife of Leander J. McCormick of Chicago



"Unmistakably Chic"

"A Frenchwoman gives as much thought to her selection of perfume," says Renée McCormick, "as she does to her clothes. Although I had my choice of innumerable French perfumes, I use Djer-Kiss. It is a lovely fragrance—not only feminine, but unmistakably chic!"



Pronounced "DEAR KISS"

DJER-KISS PERFUME

THE WORLD'S MOST ROMANTIC SCENT

By Kerkoff

and Clark stepped out—as well as Otto Winkler, their friend of the M-G-M publicity department.

The parson was out, calling on a sick parishioner. His wife asked them to wait. Side by side on a sofa in the little parlor they sat till the parson arrived. . . .

"Miss Lombard and Mr. Gable are here," said his wife. "They'd like to be married—"

There was no time for a honeymoon, not then. When Clark's picture was finished, they started for New York. But in a Mexican auto camp they were sidetracked. What matter that theaters and gayety waited? Here they tramped around all day in slacks and jeans, here the country was beautiful, nobody bothered them. Day after day they stayed, till the weeks of their holiday were gone, and they drove contentedly home.

It was an idyl that lasted not quite three years.

Out in the valley lay a ranch, for which Clark had hungered. It belonged to Raoul Walsh, the director. Clark was crazy to buy it. "And Walsh," he grinned, "would be crazy to sell it."

But one day a real estate agent called Carole. He told her the Walsh place was for sale. She called M-G-M. Clark was in the midst of a scene. "I'll hang on," she said, "if it takes all night. Because if he hears this from someone else, I'll do murder."

When he came, she said, "You still want the Walsh ranch, Pappy?"

He said, "If this is a gag—"

"It's no gag, it's for sale—"

They bought it that day, trading in another place as part payment.

There, in the house of shingles and whitewashed brick, they found happiness as complete as it's given anyone in this world to know. There Carole made for Clark the home that was not a showplace, where dogs were welcome, where mud on the feet was no tragedy. A home of friendliness, of chintz and maple, sunshine and flowers and open hearths—a home for living. And the fields outdoors, where Clark worked with the hired man. Horses to ride, and chickens that Carole took care of. Carole, darling of the night clubs, learned about tractors and irrigation ditches and alfalfa. She learned to hunt and fish. She refused to make pictures when he wasn't working. Once, asked for his favorite type of girl, he answered, "A girl who likes my type of man. If I come home Friday, and say, let's grab a few clothes and dig out for the week end, my kind of girl will say fine, and mean it."

Clark had found his kind of girl.

December 7, 1941. Bombs crashed on Pearl Harbor.

December 8. America was at war.

In January, the Treasury geared its forces to a huge bond drive. Carole's home town was Indianapolis. Carole's personality was electric, compelling. Her presence at rallies would sell more bonds. They asked her to go to Indianapolis.

So one day she left the beloved home at Encino. Clark drove her to the train. They stopped for her mother, who was going along to see old friends. At the station, Otto Winkler waited—the same Otto who had been their marriage witness. He would handle details of the trip, of the speaking engagement.

There were pictures of Carole in Indianapolis—a slender, fair-haired young woman, wrapped in furs against the cold of outdoors, vital, aflame, conveying the passion of her convictions to her countrymen. Ten days of unflagging labor. Then, with the knowledge of a job well done, with the sale of millions of bonds credited to her efforts, she turned her face toward home.

The story goes that a coin was flipped: Heads, they would take the train—tails,

Flower Fresh



because she wears

You're in good company and you're "good company" when your clothes are protected by RAND *Guaranteed* DRESS SHIELDS. Light, soft, washable—you'll want to put an individually styled Rand shield in every frock, sweater, dress and jacket. Economical!

Rand GUARANTEED DRESS SHIELDS "they last longer"

Get a supply at your notions counter.

RAND RUBBER CO., Brooklyn, N.Y., U.S.A.

SAVE as never before!



Genuine Fine-Cut DIAMONDS

Not chips, but genuine, fine-cut sparkling diamonds poised in superbly styled 14 kt. solid gold settings! At amazingly low prices made possible only by our wholesale diamond connections. Engagement rings, handsome men's rings, men's and women's matching wedding rings. Don't miss this chance to SAVE!

Write today for FREE *illustrated booklet*

BOND DIAMOND CO. Dept. M 7
562 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

WHOLESALE DIAMOND DEALERS SINCE 1887



NOW! Beautiful NAILS AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

So natural they even have *half moons*

NEW! Smart, long tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with Nu-Nails. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Will not harm nor soften natural nails. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c. All 5c and 10c stores.



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

To protect your nails against injury—infection, breaking or discoloration, always wear NU-NAILS! Marvelous protection for defense workers, housewives — women everywhere.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

NU-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS

5251 W. Harrison St., Dept. 15-G, Chicago

CALL TO COLORS!



In service and out, Dr. Ellis' Nail Polish has earned its popularity. No other nail enamel offers such a range of high-fashion colors, such ease of application and such long wear—at such low cost.



Dr. Ellis' BEAUTY AIDS

NAIL POLISH—WAVE SET
BRILLIANTINE — HAIR OIL
Vegetable Oil SHAMPOO

10¢ (Plus Tax)

ABSORBINE Jr.



kills Athlete's Foot micro-organisms on contact!

$1.25 a bottle at all drugstores

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

PRETTY LEGS



BEAUTIFY CONTOURS, EASILY, QUICKLY!

New, lovely proportions for your legs: hips, thighs, calves, ankles, etc.—in this healthful, new, astonishingly easy way. Only a few minutes per day in your own home.

EFFECTIVE, LASTING RESULTS!

Used successfully by hundreds of smart women everywhere.

WRITE FOR FREE LITERATURE TODAY!

Surprise everyone: get started now, without obligation, by mailing coupon immediately to

ADRIENNE
915 SHREVE BLDG., Salon H, SAN FRANCISCO, 8, CAL.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....

the plane. The story goes that Carole was pleased when it turned up heads. The plane would get them in on Friday, and she would have Sunday with Clark who had just begun working in "Somewhere I'll Find You." When he worked, Sundays were doubly precious. . . . .

So came the last day of her life. At the airport he waited with a friend. First, they were told that the plane would be an hour late—then, that it had been grounded at Las Vegas. Clark grew uneasy, but his friend persuaded him to go home, since Carole might be trying to get him there. He himself would call Las Vegas for information. As he stepped into the phone booth, the news came in.

It was Eddie Mannix who had to go out and tell Clark. Not that Carole was dead. He couldn't face the man who loved her and push the dreadful words across his lips. There had been an accident, he said, no details had come through. They would fly to Las Vegas.

Clark spoke no word, asked no questions, moved with unseeing eyes. From the car to the airport, from the airport to the chartered plane. The blue eyes were blank, looking inward on chaos. At Las Vegas they still said they didn't know. The plane had crashed. Searchers had gone out. Some in the plane might be alive.

None were alive. The bodies were brought down. By war regulations, Army personnel first. Women next. Carole and her mother. Clark refused to leave till Otto had been found. The day after Carole and her mother were buried, he sat through the services for Otto, beside Otto's wife. Then he collapsed.

Not for weeks did he mention Carole's name. The first person he spoke it to was his father. . . .

For Clark it had been a major achievement to get his father to Hollywood. Being a normal parent, he was enormously proud of his son. Being himself, he never admitted in words that Clark had done



Dear Editors:

Thought you'd like to know I ran into a pal of yours overseas. Name of MODERN SCREEN. *Passed a table in one of the recreation rooms, and there she perched, big as life and just about as battered. Looked like she'd been cased by every guy in the joint. I leafed through her myself for a squint at the old familiar faces. Some were scissored out—promoted to pin-ups, no doubt—and I'm sure you'll agree that it was a promotion.*

Made some inquiries, and found that you print a special overseas edition. Met a fellow who used to be in your game himself, and he gave me the fine points. "No ads," he said. "That's smart. Because lipsticks we don't need, and perfume we can get along without. Also notice it's full size, so we get full benefit of the glamor art. Hollywood's important here, Bing. It's gotta be, or these books wouldn't get precious space in planes. Sure, they're flown out to bomber bases, and distributed from there—"

Made me feel kind of good, so I'm passing it on. By the time your next birthday rolls around, hope the boys'll be reading your domestic edition.

Yours,

Bing

Why worry in public? USE TAMPAX



NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

What a satisfaction it is—especially in the season of summery attire—to know there is not a belt, a pin or a pad that can bulge or show through on "those days" of the month! For *Tampax* is worn internally and cannot cause even a ridge or wrinkle. Furthermore, it produces no odor . . . So you see Tampax is truly a great modern improvement and a help to social and business poise!

From a scientific standpoint Tampax has a fine history. Invented and perfected by a doctor, its principle is that of "internal absorption." Compared with external pads, Tampax has only about one-seventh their bulk. Yet it is extremely absorbent, because it is made throughout of pure, long-fiber surgical cotton. Tampax comes in individual applicators for easy and dainty insertion.

Tampax is comfortable, convenient and modern. Quick to change. Easy disposal. Sold at drug stores, notion counters. *Three absorbencies:* Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply will slip in your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies { REGULAR SUPER JUNIOR



well to become an actor.

After Carole's death, the older man took to coming over for breakfast. For the rest, he left his son to himself. He too, had known what it was to lose a young wife. A man must find his way through agony alone.

out from the shadows . . .

Little by little, Clark moved from under the shadows back to life. First, he finished the interrupted picture to which his studio was committed. On August 11, 1942, he enlisted as a private in the Army Air Force. Found qualified for OCS, he started the rigorous training at 41 among men who were fifteen and twenty years his junior. In a class of 2600, he finished gunnery school No. 700. By the time he was shipped to England, he'd earned his Captaincy.

As gunner and operational photographer, his job was to take action pictures over enemy territory, and from those pictures to make a training film. His other job was to man a gun and shoot at attacking planes. Next to being under fire, his greatest discomfort was the publicity he couldn't always avoid. What he wanted most was to do a good job. What he wanted almost as much was to be left alone—not to be singled out because once upon a time he'd been a movie actor.

A year later he returned with campaign ribbons, the Air Medal for his combat missions and 50,000 feet of film. A press conference in Washington. A hundred reporters and one uneasy Air Corps Captain. Yes, he'd shot at many German planes. No, he didn't think he'd hit any. Yes, he'd been a little scared. Yes, his own plane had been hit, but nothing out of the ordinary.

Then someone asked for a fifty-word tribute to the men he'd fought with.

He answered quietly. "That's something I couldn't put into words—"

He spent almost a year on his picture. It's called "Combat America." Originally, it was meant for the Armed Forces only. Because of its excellence, the government will give it general release.

Late in '44, Captain Gable was placed on inactive duty. For obvious reasons. Flights at 20,000 feet are hard on the system even of youngsters, and after a year on the ground, he was out of training. Rather than keep him on minor assignments, the AAF felt he could be of greater service in the movies, rated essential to soldier and civilian morale. Clark didn't like it, but the choice wasn't offered him. On one point he had his way. No discharge. He's still a member of the AAF, subject to recall, should he be needed.

Once out of uniform, he went to Oregon on a two-months' fishing trip. Then to Florida and New York. At M-G-M, his first picture was in preparation: "Strange Adventure," in which Clark will play a Marine on furlough. If the schedule holds, he will be at work when you read this.

The movies didn't make Gable. He was fashioned by the land he was born on and the people he came from, by the dragons he vanguished and the dream he followed. Through such adulation as few have known, he has kept the simplicity of his forbears. Through tragedy, he has gained new strength. Through the comradeship and service of battle, he has found meanings in life beyond the personal. Through all the tests by which we are measured, he has been weighed in the balance and found not wanting. The rest doesn't matter.

He would laugh at all this. "Too many words, and they're all too long."

So let us put an end to words. Let this story of an American speak for itself.



STAY

Sweet and Lovely

WITH THE COOL ALLURING FRAGRANCE OF MAVIS

No man will ever forgive lack of daintiness. So keep sweet with Mavis Talcum, after your bath. Mavis leaves skin fragrant, pretty, cool; your whole body dainty. Keep truly lovely, the Mavis way!

•

MEN: You'll like the cool comfort and freshness of Mavis on your skin, too!



The same delightful MAVIS fragrance in Talc Mit, 69¢ and $1.00 Dusting Powder with Puff $1.00

MAVIS *talcum*

FOR BODY BEAUTY

At all cosmetic counters, 59¢, 39¢, 23¢, 10¢

All prices plus tax

V. VIVAUDOU, INC., *Distributors*

America's Finest



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN — REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY

WAGNER

KOMB-KLEANED SWEEPER

Better, Easier "PICK-UP"

E. R. WAGNER MFG. CO., Dept. MM, Milwaukee 9, Wis.

BIG DIAMOND OFFER



$4.95 Large diamond (simulated) in SOLID STERLING set.

$2.95 Seven stone wedding ring of famous LaVere diamond (replicas)

$3.95 Diamond sparkler (simulated) in gorgeous STERLING SILVER MOUNT

$2.95 Exquisite LaVere diamond (replica) in STERLING SILVER engagement set

$5.95 EACH Genuine LaVere DIAMOND in 14 K Gold, or Matching Wedding Ring with Genuine LaVere DIAMONDS in 14-K Gold

BOTH RINGS in velvet-lined gift box for sensational price of $9.95 PAIR

Even if materials were plentiful, the prices of these beautiful rings would be absurdly low. Today, they represent unheard of bargains. So hurry, hurry! Get one of these exquisite rings today. You pay only the amount quoted opposite the ring. U. S. Tax is included. THERE ARE NO EXTRAS. Send money with order and receive ring postpaid. Or send order and pay postman cost of ring plus small C.O.D. Give ring 7 day trial on MONEYBACK GUARANTEE. You must be entirely satisfied. Be sure to send ring size or string marked with size of finger. RUSH ORDER TODAY. Outside U. S. A. cash with order

LA VERE CO., Box 1121, Univ. Pl., Dept. A, Des Moines, Iowa

FAT REMOVED

—OR IT COSTS YOU NOTHING

No Medicine—not taken internally — just a simple . . easy . . healthful method that removes ugly fat or your dollar is refunded.

SPECIAL OFFER

Send $1.00 for special introductory package today.

OLDEN MINERALS

ESTABLISHED 1916

2501 Santa Monica Blvd.

Dept. 317 Santa Monica, Calif.

Sit in Comfort

DON'T continue to fidget and suffer from the torment of simple piles. Relieve itching, burning, and minor soreness, with soothing Resinol.

It gently oils tender parts, as its specially blended medication reduces irritation and promotes comfort.

Pure, mild Resinol Soap is particularly suitable for bathing tender parts.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

HERE'S A SENSIBLE WAY
TO RELIEVE
cramps, headache backache
Of 'CERTAIN DAYS' of the month



Helps Build Up *Resistance* Against Such Distress!

If you suffer this way due to female functional periodic disturbances, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. This famous *liquid* formula DOES MORE than relieve such monthly pain. This great medicine ALSO relieves tired, cranky, nervous, blue feelings of such days—when due to this cause.

Taken regularly — Pinkham's Compound helps build up *resistance* against such symptoms. A VERY SENSIBLE THING TO DO!

HELPS NATURE: There are positively no harmful opiates or habit forming ingredients in Pinkham's. This medicine *helps nature*. It's one of the most effective and best known medicines of its kind. Also a grand stomachic tonic! Follow label directions. INEXPENSIVE!

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND



PHOTO-RING
ANY PHOTO OR PICTURE of Sweetheart, Relative or Friend, reproduced permanently in this beautiful onyx like ring featuring the New Magnified Setting! Will last a lifetime. Indestructible! Waterproof! Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send cash we pay postage. (Photos Returned)
$1 (Expertly painted 25c extra)
PHOTO MOVETTE RING CO., Dept. V-29, Cincinnati, Ohio

Heart Throbs



IN 10K GOLD FOR ABOUT $1
Young girls everywhere are falling in love with these sentimental 10 karat gold hearts by Jordan. Sold at leading stores everywhere.

CHARMS BY Jordan

HEDDA HOPPER'S MEMOIRS

(Continued from page 57)

where he'd come from. But no, into the scene he went, like a lamb to the butcher. Of course it was impossible. Might as well have asked Shirley Temple, ten years ago, to make sophisticated love to Charles Boyer. Gary was all hands, all feet, all blushes, all stammers. And did Clara turn on the heat as only the "It" Girl could! I thought Gary would shrivel down to a strip of crisp bacon. But he sweated it out. The next day, though, there wasn't any leading man. Gary was gone, vamoosed, AWOL. He wasn't home, either. He had run away like a stampeded steer and he was still running when they caught up with him, in a tiny hotel room somewhere in California. And when Gary did come back, he was the same as ever, scared out of his skin, but this time Clara Bow relaxed and tried to make it easy—gosh, the whole company did—and somehow Gary got through his first romantic job and was off to the races.

lanky lover . . .

Because, while as an actor, frankly he smelled like a skunk in a trunk, there was something in the big, gawky, handsome man's man that made women swoon, the same something there is today, only it's been polished up, matured, mellowed. Crazily enough, Hollywood romance did that, too—not the set kind, but the real kind. The cowboy kinks were ironed out of Gary by a dozen willing teachers, but of them all I seem to remember Lupe Velez best. Dear Lupe—what a beauty she was when Doug Fairbanks first brought her up from Mexico to play his leading lady in "The Gaucho," if I remember right. Now she is dead, tragically dead through a romantic mess that somehow still doesn't make sense to me. Because if anybody ever brimmed with life and the love of life it was Guadalupe Velez Villalobos. Gary fell for the charming little Mexican early in his Hollywood career and she kidded him out of his pathetic shyness, made him laugh and lured him out of his back country reserve like no one else could. I can still hear her loosing a torrent of Spanish at the happily bewildered guy. Because when Lupe was in love you could hear her a country mile. When she yelled "Gayree!" it was certainly the noisiest sweet nothing ever voiced, but one of the nicest, too.

Gary would do the darndest things for her. I remember one time he gave her an eagle—a real live one, and naturally she loved it. But also naturally she had an objection.

"W'at good ees wan eagle?" screamed Lupe. "'E must 'ave ees mate. Get 'eem a mate for me, Gayree!"

I'm not going into the education of Gary Cooper here—that's a story in itself and some day, because he's one of my favorite people, I might break down and write it. After he broke up with Lupe he ran away from Hollywood again, this time as far away as he could get. Typically Cooper, he went down to a steamship office and asked bluntly, "What's the longest boat trip you can take?" They told him Italy via the Panama Canal would be fair and that's where he went. In Italy he met Dorothy, Countess Di Frasso, and she put him through the school of fashion and society and the *haut monde* of two worlds. Then he fell in love with Veronica Balfe, the Eastern society girl who's his wife, the "Rocky" Cooper we know today, and they're very happy and very much in love, and, like I say, on the outside you'd never, never know that Gary

You can have *Glamorous Hair* OVERNIGHT!



Try Glover's Famous
3-WAY MEDICINAL TREATMENT

Overnight—you'll *see* and *feel* the difference! One application will convince you! Glover's leaves your hair softer, radiant, sparklingly high-lighted, with *added* loveliness, no matter what style hair-do you like best. Try *all three* Glover's preparations—Glover's Mange Medicine, famous since 1876 — GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo — Glover's Imperial Hair Dress! Try them separately, or in one complete treatment. Ask at any Drug Store, today!

TRIAL SIZE—send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, packed in special carton, with complete instructions for the 3-Way overnight treatment, and useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

Apply with massage for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and excessive FALLING HAIR.


1—Apply Glover's Mange Medicine, with massage, for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp, excessive Falling Hair.


2 — For soft, lustrous hair, use Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo in hard or soft water.


3—Use Glover's Imperial Non-alcoholic and Antiseptic Hair Dress. The delicate scent lingers.

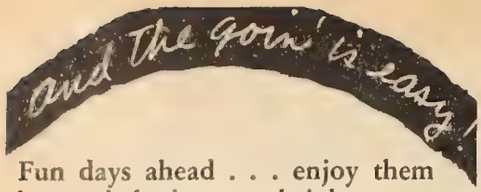


Glover's, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 856, New York 1, N. Y.
Send "Complete Trial Application" package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing Glover's Mange Medicine, Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative FREE booklet. I enclose 25c.

Name.....

Address.....

☐ Sent FREE to members of the Armed Forces on receipt of 10c to cover postage and packing.



Fun days ahead . . . enjoy them in an air-loving, sun-bright rayon crepe PLAYSUIT with skirt to match!

Swell value, easy to launder! Wear it anywhere. PLAYSUIT: Lovely *Old Mexico* print, cheerful background colors of maize, white, and blue. Buttoned front, box pleat ruffles on collar and cuffs, free-action shirred yoke back. Deep pleats back and front on playsuit shorts.

Dirndl Skirt to Match: Patch pockets with shirred ruffles; side buttons for "jiffy" changes.

***Sizes:* 12, 14, 16, 18**

***Background colors:* Maize, White, Blue**



ONLY $8.95 complete

KAROL LEE of Fifth Ave.
475 Fifth Avenue
New York 17, N. Y.

SEND NO MONEY — We send C. O. D.

KAROL LEE of Fifth Avenue
475 Fifth Avenue
New York 17, N. Y.

Please send PLAYSUIT plus DIRNDL SKIRT to match, complete at $8.95 plus postage and C.O.D.

SIZE..... Maize White Blue
(give 1st and 2nd color choice)

PRINT PLAINLY

name .....

address .....

city ..... **zone** .....

state .....

Your Money Back If Not Satisfied!

Cooper, world traveler, famous star, man of the world and solid citizen, was once a gangling wide-eyed cow waddy from Montana. Hollywood and Hollywood women have worked the great transformation.

Ah me—yes, Hollywood changes people and people change Hollywood. But the Great God Glamour was worshipped from the start as it is today. That's one thing, you can bet, that will never change, not as long as G for glamour is also G for gold. Or better yet, G for Goldwyn. Because salesman Sam Goldwyn is one peddler of that marvelous merchandise who's still with us today with his Goldwyn Girls and his super-expensive epics. I remember Sam's greatest production although it was twenty-odd years ago and I'll remember it just as brightly and as awesomely twenty years from now if I'm not a memory myself by then! Sam Goldwyn's greatest production wasn't a picture—it was a wedding.

super-nuptials . . .

We've had some mighty fancy nuptial events in Hollywood. When Jeanette MacDonald and her Prince Charming, Gene Raymond, told it to the preacher a few years ago down on Wilshire Boulevard, I thought they made a slight mistake. With all the people they had for that exhibition they'd have done a lot better in the Rose Bowl. Jeanette was out to out-bride all brides and Gene was willin', too. The result was practically a Hollywood Roman holiday for heartstrings. You could have made a good B picture with half the time and effort, but it wouldn't have been half so good a show. I think the height of something, to my distorted mind, was reached when Jeanette, who was set on a perfect color scheme for her bridesmaids, asked Ginger Rogers, her good friend, to change the color of her hair for the wedding, so she'd match. Well, Ginger had a mess of pumpkin colored tresses at that point which were very necessary to a picture she was



Dear Modern Screen Gang:

I'm not much on a lot of language, and I'm not much on birthdays. Never celebrated my own till Modern Screen *egged me on to it last year. That's maybe why I'm feeling pretty conscious of yours this year. Can't let it go by without wishing you the best.*

I'm the original movie mag fan, Al. As a kid back home, I used to snip out pictures and paste them on the ceiling, so I could look at 'em lying in bed. Dad thought I was nuts. Just the same, he saved 'em and shipped 'em all out to me, and now they're stacked in my closets against the day when I get time to read 'em through again.

What all this leads up to is, I know my fan mags and I'd like to salute yours as one of the liveliest. I'd also like to salute two ladies of the press who contribute plenty to its liveliness. Need I say their names are Hopper and Parsons? They don't need any laurels from me. Neither does your book. Because a combination like that proves that it's (a) smart (b) lucky.

You're the editor, Al. Take a bow on your kid's birthday. And quit blushing.

Van



Mary Lowell

Perfumed
DEODORANT

Gives Protection with Glorious New Freshness



Different from plain deodorants. Resembles a distinguished eau de cologne, yet positively protects up to three days. Skin-safe . . . non-irritating. Harmless to clothing.

Bottle, 50c plus tax at your beauty shop or cosmetic counter

Also
Mary Lowell HAND CREAM
for softer, smoother, lovelier hands and skin. Neither sticky, nor greasy. ***Jar, 55c plus tax***



HOUSE OF LOWELL, Inc., Tipp City, Ohio

STAMMER?

GET THIS FREE BOOK!

This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 43 years. Benj. N. Bogue, Dept. 2272, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.

PENNIES WANTED

WILL PAY $10.00 EACH FOR CERTAIN LINCOLN PENNIES!

Indian heads $50.00; Nickels $500.00; Dimes $1,000.00. All rare coins, bills, stamps wanted! Catalogue 10c. Federal Coin Exchange, 5-MOD, Columbus 5, Ohio

SKINNY WOMEN!



Men Adore a Full Shapely Figure!

GAIN WEIGHT!

Amazing "Glamor-Figur" Formula Helps You Gain Safely! Easily! More Quickly!

Men are always attracted by a glamorous figure with appealing curves . . . and not by a skinny, drab lifeless looking woman! Now at last you too, can try to help yourself put on enough weight for a shapely figure as thousands of women have by using this AMAZING SPECIAL FORMULA. Poor appetite and lack of necessary vitamins probably cause most cases of underweight. This "GLAMOR-FIGUR" FORMULA helps stimulate your appetite to eat the proper amount of food with enjoyment . . . and gives you additional vitamins to help you get the required daily adult amount which contribute to your gaining the normal weight. Remember a shapely full figure helps give you a more BEAUTIFUL BUSTLINE. HELPS YOU LOOK AND FEEL BETTER, fills out sunken cheeks, gives you more poise!

FREE 10 DAY TRIAL

SEND NO MONEY! Don't send a cent. Try this Special "Glamor-Figur" Formula at our expense for 10 days and then see if he will notice and admire your new more shapely figure. Also FREE PERSONAL DIRECTIONS. FREE Doctor's Weight Gaining Plan to be used with "Glamor-Figur" Formula if you order Now! Just deposit with postman on delivery 98c plus postage, or send only $1 and we pay postage. 2 for $1.69. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE if not completely satisfied. Delay is lost romance! WRITE NOW GUARANTEE SALES, 20 Vesey Street, Dept. C-149. N. Y. C.



Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

HOW PAZO OINTMENT WORKS

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts, helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check minor bleeding. 4. Provides quick and easy method of application.

SPECIAL PILE PIPE FOR EASY APPLICATION

Pazo ointment tube has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. Ask your doctor about wonderful Pazo ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles.

PAZO SUPPOSITORIES TOO!

Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories. So Pazo is also made in handy suppositories. Same soothing relief! Get Pazo in the form you prefer, at your druggists today.

A Product of
THE GROVE LABORATORIES INC. • St. Louis, Mo.

REAL PHOTOS of your favorite STARS!

MARIA MONTEZ
M-G-M Star



NOW ONLY 10¢
12 for $1.00

Simply super! Newest poses! Just list your favorites and second choices. Smallest order, 20c.

FREE! Valuable GIFT COUPONS and CATALOG of over 200 photos free with order.

DELUXE PHOTO SERVICE, Dept. M29
Box 953 Church St. Annex, N. Y. 8, N. Y.

Remember Your Loved One!



Wear This Genuine
STERLING SILVER PHOTO RING
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Custom Made Design with Your Photo, Hand-Painted in Oil. Permanently Sealed in Magnified Dome Crystal. WATER-PROOF—WILL NEVER FADE.

SEND NO MONEY! Simply mail a photo or clear snapshot which will be returned in good order. When your Photo Ring arrives, pay the postman $4.49 plus a few cents postage. LIFE-TIME GUARANTEE. Mass production and direct sales to you make this value possible. **$4.49** $7.50 Value All Federal Taxes, Inc.

Send in a Paper Strip with your ring finger measure for correct size.

FISK INDUSTRIES, Dept. D6
Fisk Building, 250 West 57 St., N. Y. C.

making and the answer had to be "No." It was a case of crisis and I've forgotten how Ginger solved it, but for a while our blushing bride was in a tizzy.

Viewing all the Jeanette and Gene super-nuptials, I remember the Hollywood cynics (Now, I don't mean me) got up a pool. They made bets about how long this glorified union would last. I'm afraid I'll have to report that most guesses weren't on the long side. But—and there you are—it's still going strong.

Deanna Durbin didn't have such forever after luck with her marriage, but it's another Hollywood wedding that gives me spots before the eyes. Because Deanna was the Cinderella girl—Little Miss Bride—in person. She had what every girl dreams about at her wedding to Vaughn Paul. She had love, love, love. She had all of young and beautiful Hollywood to watch her march to the altar. Cameras, police, wedding suppers, gorgeous gifts and a trousseau to end all trousseaus. And, unless my eyes deceived me, she wore it all at once.

But I was talking about Sam Goldwyn's wedding wasn't I? Sam's star's wedding, I mean—Vilma Banky. She married Rod LaRoque—remember?

I think Vilma Banky was about as great a natural beauty as we ever had in Hollywood. One of those blond Hungarian women who look like honey whipped with country cream. You wouldn't call Rod any Boris Karloff, either. So when they fell in love and decided to make themselves one it was a natural. Sam not only decided to give it the Goldwyn touch, he took it over, just like Vilma was his daughter.

There were twenty-two—count 'em—22 separate showers for Vilma, to start the ball rolling. Sam made out the lists of showerettes. Not only that, he let each one know exactly what present to bring and how much to spend. Naturally, before that gift marathon expired there were enough presents to stock a store. In fact, the bride collected them all together and wanted to hire all the display windows of Los Angeles' biggest department store to exhibit them to the eager public, but Sam's wife finally talked her out of that.

the gold goldwyn touch . . .

Everything else Sam managed and he managed it with the gold Goldwyn touch, with an eye, of course, to the Hollywood sheep and goats. There were three separate invitations to the wedding festivities. I can see them now, each printed on different color paper, tickets for the three main events, the church wedding, the reception, the supper. Believe me, you had to be good to make all three. But somehow I did. That's why I know how Sam Goldwyn knocked himself out. He must have spent half the cost of an epic picture to marry off Vilma. He tossed dollars around like beans. He bought a copy of Emily Post's Etiquette and whatever Emily said the bride's father must pay for, Sam paid. But when he read that the groom stood the bill for the flowers Sam collared Rod and made him kick in—although that was a drop in the bucket. You see, Sam wanted everything fit and proper according to Emily—and he got it. What a wedding! I can see Tom Mix now, riding up in a special cowboy wedding outfit in a carriage that had belonged to the Kaiser. C. B. DeMille was best man and when the organ pealed out it played that piece, "Oh, King of Kings" and everybody chuckled. "Leave it to DeMille," they said, "to plug his picture." He'd just finished "King of Kings."

But Hollywood was just the same. Glamour was the god and Vanity the theme song. I've never seen such a spread of food that weighted the long re-

MAKE EVERY CLEANSING A FACIAL



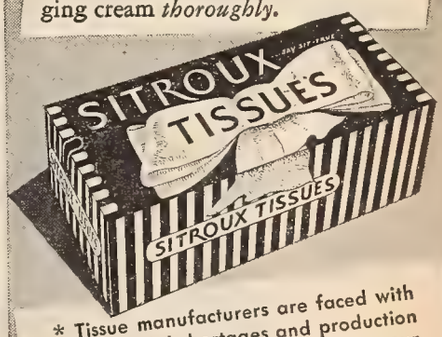
With cream on fingertips, go around the chin, using both hands—then, up and close in under nose. Next, around chin, up over jaw bone and out. Around chin, up under eyes and out. Stay *one inch away* from eyes. *Fingerprint* delicate skin under eyes—out towards temple.



Using horizontal strokes, literally *walk* fingers across forehead. Start at center — alternate fingertips across each side of forehead and back.



Place right hand, palm up, on one Sitroux Tissue. Fold sides of tissue *over* palm. Fold upper part *down,* forming "mitt." (Method saves tissues,* does better job.) *Remove* cream exactly as applied. First, one side of face—then reverse Sitroux for other side. Carefully remove cream around eyes with *clean* portion. Because of its *absorbency,* Sitroux Tissue removes pore-clogging cream *thoroughly.*



* Tissue manufacturers are faced with raw material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are doing our best to make the finest quality tissues under present government restrictions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX TISSUES
SAY SIT-TROUX



"for real COMFORT, try Meds internal protection!"

Now you can enjoy all the freedom and convenience of this modern method PLUS the special Meds features perfected by a woman doctor.

- Meds are made of real COTTON—soft and super-absorbent for extra comfort.
- Meds alone have the "SAFETY-WELL"—designed for your extra protection.
- Meds' easy-to-use APPLICATORS are dainty, efficient, and disposable.

Meds

only 20¢

FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS



- Meds' "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much *more* so much *faster!*
- Meds' fine soft COTTON insorber adapts comfortably to individual needs.

Because of these dainty, carefully designed applicators, Meds insorbers are easy-to-use!

ception tables at the Old Beverly Hills Hotel. Turkeys, pheasants, hams, roasts, suckling pigs, and all that went with them; cakes, ices, fancy French dishes and desserts. There was enough food for an army and there was an army of glamour there to eat it. Only nobody did. There were guards to see that nobody committed that sacrilege. Not a turkey was sliced. It was all for show! So everyone filled up on the bathtub gin (it was Prohibition then) and when the reception was over all of Hollywood had a snootful and half the town wasn't speaking to the other half for weeks!

Speaking of weddings—I see where Gloria Swanson tried it again the other day. That's five times now for Queen Gloria, and I call her that because Swanson will always be "Queen Gloria" to us Hollywood old timers. When I first knew that gorgeous gal she was queen of the Paramount lot and jealous of her throne. She'd passed through her first not so happy homes with Wally Beery and Herb Somborn (who founded all the Hollywood Brown Derbies), and was about to lay Hollywood right on its ear with the third. But first, Gloria had to battle for her throne and ward off a foreign invasion in the person of exotic Pola Negri. The struggle is still known in Hollywood as "The Battle of the Cats"—no offense meant, girls. These were real cats.

scat, cat . . .

You see, Gloria was a great lover of our feline friends and during her early sway tabbies and pussies roamed at will all over the Paramount lot and woe unto anyone who disturbed a hair of their precious hides. Then in swept Pola from Mittel Europa to challenge Queen Gloria right in her own cat infested domain. And if there was one thing on this earth that gave Pola the pip—it was cats! They made her scream, have bad dreams and tantrums and she couldn't work. But the minute Pola's minions scatted a tomcat off the lot, in stepped Gloria to accept the gage of battle. It was love me, love my cats and pretty soon Paramount was divided into warring factions. It almost wrecked the joint. Pola's friends shooed all the cats away and Gloria's loyal subjects dragged them back in. Swanson's shock troops poured milk in a hundred studio saucers every day and Pola's pals dumped it out. Pretty soon production was at a standstill and a few executives had nervous breakdowns. So Gloria went off to New York in a huff, the first to break off the battle, but to this day when you mention cats around Paramount you want to smile, sister—smile.

But what I remember about Queen Gloria most was her triumphant return to Hollywood, with a real, live marquis in tow. That was her third marriage and Swanson was right in her prime and to us Hollywood yokels nobility was something new and different and very, very awe inspiring. Believe me, we were impressed. Talk about fans mobbing Frank Sinatra and Van Johnson—say, all Hollywood acted like a bunch of bobbysockers.

Gloria had met and married the Marquis de la Falaise in Paris where she'd made her first French movie, "Madame Sans Gene." "Hank," as we soon knew him, was a nice guy and I'm sure he was not only confoozed but amoozed at the circus parade Hollywood staged to greet its very first, genuine Almanach de Gotha title snagged by a home town gal.

hail the queen . . .

I can still see the big banner stretched clear across Hollywood Boulevard at Vine Street. "WELCOME HOME QUEEN GLORIA" it screamed, although the dear gal was only a marquise. The crowds were

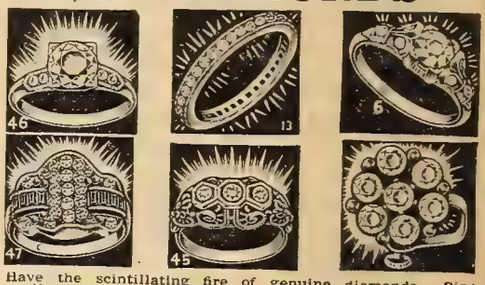




Nation Goes Friendship

No. 1, 2 Friendship Rings, sterling silver, $1.95 each. No. 4, similar to No. 1 with military insignia and service star. $2.95, plus 20% federal tax.

Delhi Replica **DIAMONDS**



Have the scintillating fire of genuine diamonds. Fine quality mountings. Prices—No. 46—$8.75. Smaller center set—$5.75. No. 13—sets all around—$6.75. 7 sets—$2.95. Higher grade—$4.75. No. 45—$4.75. No. 47—$9.75. No. 6—$8.75. No. 7½ Earrings—$6.75. Cluster with smaller sets—$4.75. Plus 20% Federal Tax. In ordering, state second and third choice. WRITE PLAINLY, giving number and size. SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman. MONEY BACK if unsuitable if returned same day as received. Remittance required with orders from outside of the States.

NATIONAL GEM COMPANY
P. O. Box 466, Dept. G.R.X.Z., Chicago 90, Ill.



FRAMED 9½" x 7½"
HAND COLORED PHOTO ENLARGEMENT
A $1.98 VALUE FOR ONLY 69c

Made from any photo, film or snapshot. No extra charges. Include color hair, eyes, etc.

SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman 69c plus small postage charge or send cash with order and we will pay postage.

SIMS PORTRAITS, Dept. M-1
P.O. Box 94, G.P.O. New York 1, N. Y.

LAYMON'S Cosmetics 10¢

Ask for Laymon's Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, Nail Polish. Sold from counter display cards in drug and other stores.

WORLD'S PRODUCTS CO., Spencer, Ind.



It's Really Fun!

LEARN MUSIC WITHOUT A TEACHER THIS EASY WAY

Learning music this amazing home-study way is easy as A-B-C! You learn to play by playing . . . real tunes by note. You can't go wrong. Every step is right before you in print and pictures. No "numbers" or trick music. If you want to learn to play . . . win new popularity . . . have more fun . . . mail the coupon NOW! U. S. School of Music, 1446 Brunswick Bldg., New York 10, N. Y.

SUCCESSFUL 47TH YR.

U. S. School of Music
1446 Brunswick Bldg., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me Free Booklet and Print and Picture Sample.

Name ..... Have you Instrument? .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Save 2c—Stick Coupon on Penny Postcard

"WE GIRLS WHO ARE

All-Out

CAN'T BE PERIODICALLY

All-In!"



Getting a war job is easy; *doing* it is what really counts. And that once-a-month, all-in feeling does not mix with everyday, all-out effort. *So call on Midol.*

Take it at the very first sign of menstrual pain. See how swiftly it relieves functional suffering. Eases cramps, soothes menstrual headache, brightens you when you're "blue"!

Try Midol, and *trust* it. It contains no opiates. Get a package now at any drugstore.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

MIDOL

Used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

STOP **Scratching**

It May Cause Infection



Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, pimples—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Calms itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D. D. D. Prescription.**

YES, YOU CAN HAVE LOVELY

Curves



Don't let your life be spoiled by shame or embarrassment over a flat, undeveloped or sagging form. Help develop a glamorous, alluring contour of high youthful rounded fullness! Tested, proven, easy-to-use methods given in the wonderful, scientifically authentic book, "Approved Methods for Care and Development of the Form." Experience the thrilling joys of having your contour appear shapely, rounded, romantically beautiful. Proven successful by thousands of women. Lifetime results, safely, easily, positively. If not satisfied, return within 10 days and money will be refunded.

SEND NO MONEY!

Benefit by this extraordinary reduction. Formerly more than DOUBLE this price. Now only $1.00. Order now C. O. D. plus postage. Pay postman on arrival. To save Postage send $1.00 with order, and we ship prepaid in plain wrapper.

NOW ONLY **$1.00**

NEVER BEFORE SO GREATLY REDUCED!

SUCCESS STUDIOS • BALTO., MD., BOX 895-D

so thick you couldn't wiggle. And for two blocks down the street from the studio gates there were wooden bleachers with reserved seats for all the Hollywood big shots. There was a brass band, too—honest—blaring out the "Marsellaise" and "My Country 'Tis of Thee" and "Here Comes the Bride." Whistles tooted, horns blew, drums rattled and cameras whirred. But the sweetest touch of all, I thought, were the flower girls. Paramount had gathered up all the female moppets in Hollywood it seemed, dressed them in organdie frocks and stationed them along the last grand line of march. All the flower gardens in Southern California had been stripped of blooms to shower the royal pair. But all available baskets and buckets gave out quickly so most of the little garland tossers had to use what Paramount could find. And until my dying day I'll never forget the sight of Queen Gloria and her noble knight riding in triumph up to Paramount's gates, pelted with roses and posies snatched by dainty little fingers —out of galvanized garbage cans!

Royalty, somehow, always makes me think of Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, Hollywood's Royal Family, but especially good old Doug, as charming a man as ever lived. And, thank goodness, he passed on his charm and love of life and talent to his son Doug, Jr.—excuse me, Lieut. Commander Douglas Fairbanks, USNR. Doug. Jr., was almost spoiled by coming to Hollywood too young and getting exposed to the glamour school, but he snapped out of it and he made a name his Dad would be mighty proud of. And how thrilled Doug would have been if he'd been alive the other day when the King of England decorated his son for gallantry. How Doug loved royalty, and pomp and circumstance and courtly glamour! Mary and Doug were as near as Hollywood ever got to a royal family and as near to a



Dear Al and Henry:

Some day in 1985, Nancy and I'll be sitting by the fire, remembering. And I'll say, "Did that happen before little Frankie was born?" (Gosh, will we still be calling him little Frankie?!) and Nancy'll say, "Well, we don't have to break our heads. Let's look it up in Modern Screen."

So I'll get the files out and put on my specs and, whatever we're looking for, betcha we'll find it. It'll be like going through the old family album, only more so. Words and pictures. Cute gags the kids pulled. An evening at home with Nancy that we'd both forgotten, and that starts us dreaming back. Old friends and bobbysockers—"Bless 'em," says Nancy, and I say, "Amen." It's a priceless record, boys, and something we never could have done for ourselves.

There'll be a picture on the piano of Nancy and the children and me, as we were in 1945. It's not there yet, but I'm hoping it will be. I'd like Gus Gale to make it—there's something Gus catches in a kid's face that we'd like to keep. If that's okay with you, I promise you one thing. The picture'll still be there on Modern Screen's *fifty-fifth birthday. We'll look at it, Nancy and I, and we'll say, as we're saying now, "Thanks for the memories."*

As ever,

Frank

FAMOUS *Bluebird* DIAMOND RINGS

Perfect as Your Love



Your ring, the symbol of your perfect love should be perfect, too! Select a Bluebird Diamond and be sure—they're guaranteed perfect!

WHY BLUEBIRD IS THE WORLD STANDARD FOR FINE DIAMONDS

1. Every Bluebird Diamond is free from cracks, flaws, carbon spots.
2. Cutting and polishing by experts assures maximum brilliance, beauty.
3. Less than 1% of all diamonds mined meet Bluebird's standard of quality and perfection.
4. Permanently registered for your protection.

FREE—Know your diamonds. Send for new informative FREE booklet, "The Book That Lovers Love." It explains all you've wondered about judging a diamond's color, brilliance and perfection. Supply limited. Mail coupon to be sure of getting yours.

Bluebird

REGISTERED

Diamond Rings

THEY'RE PERFECT

MAIL COUPON NOW

BLUEBIRD DIAMOND SYNDICATE, Dept. 4-HH
55 East Washington St., Chicago 2, Ill.

Please rush your FREE booklet, "The Book That Lovers Love."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

perfect movie marriage too, and I always thought that the heart-shaped drive which led up to Pickfair was more than symbolic. I happen to know that they missed reconciliation by just three hours, after Doug had had his European fling and before Mary fell in love with Buddy Rogers—but that's a story I'll save for later.

I was always soft on Doug—he could make you feel like a princess with that flashing smile—and I knew him a long, long time. In fact, it was Doug's first wife, Beth Sully (who's Doug, Jr.'s mother) who found me my first house in Hollywood and dug me up two Japanese servants. But there's one thing I always held against him and Mary and that was the old-fashioned, intolerant way they treated Joan Crawford when young Doug married her, very definitely without royal consent. Oddly enough, it was royalty that first opened the doors of Pickfair to Joan.

When Lord Louis Mountbatten and his Lady, first cousins to the Royal House of Windsor, made their first visit to Hollywood, they stayed at Pickfair and at that time Doug, Jr. and Joan were in the doghouse. Joan was a daughter-in-law of our Hollywood Royal House, but she'd never been inside it. She'd never been invited. The Hey-Hey girl and flaming Charleston champ that Joan was then, the girl-about-town gone Hollywood, the ex-chorine turned movie star, was too much for the dignity of Pickfair to swallow. At that awkward moment came a royal command which Doug and Mary could not refuse. The Mountbattens wished very much to meet their glamorous daughter-in-law, Miss Joan Crawford, whose fame had spread to the British Isles as well as to the rest of the world, despite Doug's and Mary's frowns.

So the invitation, long delayed, arrived and Joan almost swooned with excitement. As usual, she made the visit a production. She had a special gown of white satin whipped up with a long train—she was going to meet royalty, wasn't she? She had a court coiffure and all the jewels she could muster. She drove up to Pickfair in style and tried to look regal and ladylike as she tripped into the room, although she was nervous as a witch. But alas—luck was against Crawford. As she glided up to the Mountbattens to make her curtsey, a servant happened to step on the train, just on the edge—but it was enough. "R-r-r-i-p!" Off it came, down it fell, and you could cut the silence with a knife. Joan gave one dismayed look, gasped, colored, turned—and fled.

I've always felt sorry for Joan Crawford. I know it's tough to feel sorry for anyone who has made as much money as Joan has, or basked in the spotlight of fame for so long. Joan has had almost every worldly thing you can get out of Hollywood. But she has never been satisfied with herself. She has always wanted to be somebody different than Lucille LeSeur. I've seen Joan's various personalities come and go, but the Joan Crawford I liked best—and I don't think I was alone, because that's the Joan who leaped to stardom—was the unvarnished Crawford of "Our Dancing Daughters"—the wild, unpredictable, life-loving, hell-raising Crawford with the flaming spirit and the big, soft, straight-shooting heart.

jivin' joan . . .

That was the Joan who kept a special room in her house for all the cups she won dancing the Charleston at the Coconut Grove and the old Montmartre Cafe. The Joan who had one of the most beautiful paintings of herself, *au naturel* (but for a string of pearls) hung in her room. Both the cups and the portraits are carefully stowed away in the basement now. Joan wasn't so ladylike then, but what

"Problem" HAIR
made lovely again

You can do much more with your hair, your hair can do much more for you . . .



after an Admiracion shampoo. Goodbye hair problem! Dirt, loose dandruff, soap film float away . . . leaving all your hair's natural, shining softness.

ADMIRACIÓN Shampoo





GENUINE
REMEMBRANCE LOCKET GIVEN



Dainty, 2-tone REMEMBRANCE LOCKET with space for pictures of loved ones—GIVEN for promptness with your order for both Rings. Send today.



DIAMOND RINGS Enjoy wearing rich, sparkling genuine Diamond Rings. Engagement ring set with flashing Rose cut diamond solitaire. 10K yellow gold wedding ring is set with 3 genuine chip Diamonds. Send for both Rings today and accept them on 10 days' trial. Money refunded if you wish to return the Rings. BUT YOU ARE TO KEEP THE LOVELY REMEMBRANCE LOCKET AS OUR GET-ACQUAINTED GIFT, in any event.



Matched Bridal Pair
Romance Design wedding and Engagement Rings.

SEND NO MONEY with order, just name and ring size. Either ring only $6.50 or both for $9.95 plus postage and 20% Federal Tax. Pay on arrival, then wear rings 10 days on money-back guarantee.

SEND NO MONEY
EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 17-DH Jefferson, Iowa

MOVIE STARS PHOTOS
12 Glossy, Only $1.00
Absolutely latest, exciting, super-gloss photos of your favorite stars. Individually posed. Order today!



Van Johnson M-G-M Star in "Weekend At The Waldorf"

Free Catalog of over 200 fascinating miniature photos with each order. To avoid delay, indicate 2nd choice.)
GLAMOR-TONE PHOTO SERVICE
1233 Sixth Ave., Dept. E-6, N.Y. 19, N.Y.



PULVEX FLEA POWDER
Kills fleas
25¢ AND 50¢
100% SATISFACTION ..OR MONEY BACK

Free for Asthma

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co., for **a free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co. **491-R Frontier Bldg.**
462 Niagara St. **Buffalo 1, N. Y.**

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED
Size 8 x 10 Inches on DOUBLE-WEIGHT PAPER
Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture.
Original returned with your enlargement.
57¢
3 for $1.25



SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo, negative or snapshot (any size) and receive your enlargement, guaranteed fadeless, on beautiful **double-weight portrait quality paper.** Pay postman 57c plus postage—or send 59c with order and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. **Send your photos today.**
STANDARD ART STUDIOS
100 East Ohio Street Dept. 1335-G Chicago (11), Ill.



What pretty legs—SHE'S NO FUZZ-JENNY*
A hairy fuzz ruins the beauty of arms and legs. Objectionable too is the stubble left by ordinary removal methods. Enhance this season's popular "bare look" by rubbing out those unwanted hairs with the magic FLOWERY HAIR REMOVING STONE. No fuss, no pain, no odor. At your druggist or chain store; or send us name and address and 50c. Shipped by return mail in plain wrapper. Guaranteed.
FLOWERY PRODUCTS
3636 Park Avenue, New York 56, N.Y.
* A victim of unwanted hair.



50¢
Flowery HAIR REMOVING ••• STONE •••

BEAUTIFY YOUR BUSTLINE
(Instantly)



Send No Money

WRITE NOW

7 Day Guarantee Offer

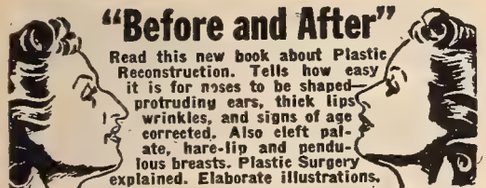
An attractive full Bust Line is a short cut to glamour, poise and more self-assurance. If your Bust Line makes you self-conscious, try the new (special up and out) Peach Cupbra. Use it for a week. If you are not delighted, send everything back and your money will be refunded. Write now. SEND NO MONEY. Send only your name and address and size of your old brassiere. (State whether small, medium or heavy.) When you get your Peach Cupbra with direction booklet, pay postman $1.98 (plus postage). (Plain wrapper.) Read your direction booklet and wear your Peach Cupbra for a week. If you are not absolutely delighted with your new lovelier figure, send it back. It is positively guaranteed to please you. Join the hundreds of women who enjoy a lovelier figure with Peach Cupbra. Please print name and address clearly. Write today to **PARTY PEACH CO., Dept. 86, 72 5th Ave., New York 11, N. Y.**

PICTURE RING $1.



Made from Any Photo or Picture! SEND NO MONEY!

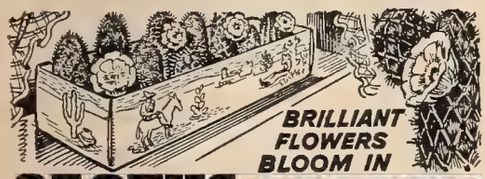
Exquisite Onyx-like Picture Ring—made from any photo. **Send No Money!** Mail photo with paper strip for ring size. Pay postman only $1.00 plus postage. Hand tinted 25c extra. Photo returned with ring. Money back guarantee. Send photo and ring size now. **PORTRAIT RING CO., Dept. J-25. CINCINNATI, O.**



"Before and After"

Read this new book about Plastic Reconstruction. Tells how easy it is for noses to be shaped—protruding ears, thick lips, wrinkles, and signs of age corrected. Also cleft palate, hare-lip and pendulous breasts. Plastic Surgery explained. Elaborate illustrations.

125 pages. Only 25c—mail coin or stamps. Glennville Publishers 60 East 42nd St., Dept. BB, New York 17, N. Y.



BRILLIANT FLOWERS BLOOM IN

CACTUS GARDEN

COMES IN BEAUTIFUL 4-COLOR WATERPROOF PERMANENT BOX

10 PLANTS $1.69

Imagine, complete with striking window garden box, 10 healthy Cactus plants—all different varieties, all bloom—can now be sold direct to you at this amazing low price because of shipping difficulties to stores! Order now . . . save on this opportunity!

FREE Lovely hand-painted Mexican pot for window sill with columnar grower Lace Cactus blooms in purple, pink, red and yellow flowers. Gift to prompt orders! Hurry—send today. SEND NO MONEY—ORDER NOW—PAY LATER. Or mail $1.69 with order, we pay postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Send name and address to **PAN AMERICAN CACTUS CO., Dept. C1405-F, 148 Monroe Ave., N. W., Grand Rapids 2, Mich**

is better for a movie star she had personality and color. She had more beaus than a debutante, too, and she had a heart as big as all outdoors, which she still has.

I remember one night after hey-heying into the wee hours at the Montmartre, as she did about every night then, Joan sped home in the cool dawn with her escort, a young man about town whose name you wouldn't know. The top was down and cooling off too quickly gave the poor chap pneumonia. He died from it and it turned out he hadn't a friend in Hollywood—except Joan. So she arranged for the funeral and tidied up all his affairs, even went around to all her friends, gathered them in for his last rites and had them write letters home and you'd have thought the fellow had been one of Hollywood's most respected citizens.

Joan seemed to be a *femme fatale* that way for a lot of men. She went with Jimmie Hall and he died. Monroe Owsley was another beau who passed on after a Crawford romance. That's just coincidence, of course. A great many others have loved Joan and survived very well, thanks, including Phil Terry and Franchot Tone, the "Gardenia Man" (Joan was going through a gardenia phase in their courtship—remember?) and, of course, Doug, Jr., the "Dodo" whom I wonder if she really has ever forgotten.

Rambling on about Joan Crawford takes me back to the night life we had in the dear, dim days.

hollywood goes snooty . . .

Hollywood first got exclusive at the Little Club in the Ambassador where only the *bon ton* and the elite could cavort and caper on bathtub gin. But I think Hollywood snootiness flowered much later on at the Mayfair dances. Something happened there I'll never forget.

The Mayfair numbered Hollywood's ultra-smart set. A Hollywood copy of the London West Enders, of course, and oh, my dear, so formal. For a time its balls made news all over the world and I doubt if there was ever a more publicized and flash-bulbed Peacock Alley anywhere. But it was never the same after the "White Mayfair." They should have called it The Black Mayfair. But the cause of it all was a scarlet dress.

Bette Davis snatched that incident for one of the best scenes in one of her best pictures, "Jezebel." But Bette wasn't involved in the original. The stars were Carole Lombard and Norma Shearer.

They'd dumped this particular Mayfair right in Carole's lap. She was the gal to plan it, stage it and run it, and whenever Carole took on a job she threw her whole vital being into it. She decided on a white ball—all the ladies to wear white, without a touch of color anywhere. It seemed like a swell idea and everyone promised to rally round. For weeks every Hollywood couturier was wearing his fingers to the bone stitching on white silks and satins. Came the big night and the ball was halfway through and going like a house afire and Carole, although she'd knocked herself out with all the work, was as happy as only Carole could be when she was having fun.

red scare . . .

Then in through the foyer and down the steps of the old Victor Hugo restaurant, (now Adrian's swank's gown shop) where the ball was held, swept Norma Shearer, smiling her pearlies from ear to ear, dead sure that every eye in the house was on no one but her. Because she had on the reddest red evening gown you ever saw. The only spot of fiery color in the whole place!

There was one mass gasp. People were stunned and shocked. I saw Carole turn



Use this
SUPER VALUE BRUSH
by the makers of
Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft Toothbrush



MAKE MONEY COLORING PHOTOS



Fascinating occupation quickly learned at home in spare time. Famous Koehne method brings out natural, life-like colors. Many earn while learning. Send today for free booklet and requirements.
NATIONAL PHOTO COLORING SCHOOL
1315 Michigan Ave., Dept. 236-A, Chicago 5

EASY TO LEARN

Earn $30 a week
AS A TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSE!



Practical nurses are always needed! Learn at home in your spare time as thousands of men and women—18 to 60 years of age—have done through Chicago School of Nursing. Easy-to-understand lessons, endorsed by physicians. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Nurse Cromer, of Iowa, runs her own nursing home. Others earn $2.50 to $5.00 a day in private practice.

YOU CAN EARN WHILE YOU LEARN!

Mrs. B. C., of Texas, earned $474.25 while taking course. Mrs. S. E. P. started on her first case after her 7th lesson; in 14 months she earned $1900! You, too, can earn good money, make new friends. High school not necessary. Equipment included. Easy payments. Trial plan. 46th year. Send coupon now!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 236, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name_____ Age_____
City_____ State_____

"I found a New Personality..



when I found

the SECRET of an ALLURING FIGURE

Not all girls are endowed by nature with a full, fashionable bust. But now you can have a figure with appealing body lines and curves . . . a firm, well-rounded bust. Thanks to Mr. Bonomo's Home Course on Bust Culture, you can now be vivacious, attractive, popular. No more embarrassment! No more self-conscious shyness! At last—regardless of your age—you can be proud of your body. Gain glamour! Achieve poise and self-confidence! Become lovely . . . desirable . . . sought-after, this easy way.

"I WAS SO UNDEVELOPED...LONESOME UNTIL I TOOK THE BONOMO COURSE IN BUST CULTURE!"

See what the Bonomo Home Course on Bust Culture did for Lynn Lambert. Notice her pictures! Mr. Bonomo has unmasked for you the secrets of how to have a gorgeous body contour — secrets used by many famous stars and models. This course tells you everything you need to know about developing a curved, well-developed bosom. The course is profusely illustrated and was prepared by Mr. Joe Bonomo, nationally famous authority on Health, Physical and Beauty Culture.



BEFORE

Here are actual photos of Lynn Lambert of Staten Island, N. Y., showing her *before* and *after* taking the Bonomo Course "It did wonders for me" she writes.

AFTER



JOE BONOMO

World Authority on Beauty Gives You Safe, Easy Instructions!

Mr. Bonomo has guided many Hollywood personalities and cover girls in molding beautiful bodies. And remember! You take this course at home, in the privacy of your own boudoir. It's safe, it's easy and it costs so little! Don't let another day go by without finding out what this wonderful course can do for you. Fill in and mail coupon now. If you are not satisfied, return course in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

Mr. Joe Bonomo, personal
BONOMO CULTURE INSTITUTE
1841 Broadway, Dept. B176
New York 23, N. Y.

Please rush your complete COURSE on BUST CULTURE in unmarked wrapper. On delivery, I will pay postman $1.97 plus usual postage. If not satisfied, I may return it within 10 days and get my purchase price back.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

☐ Check here—we pay postage if you send $1.97. (Canadian orders $2.50, cash in advance)

whiter than the holy-white dress she wore. Then she turned and walked out of the place.

I saw a tall, dark and extremely handsome guy hurry after her. He followed her out the door and he took her home. His name was Clark Gable. That was the night their romance really began.

I've known lots of vain ladies in my time in Hollywood. Norma Shearer is not the only peacock in the pen, of course. It's an occupational affliction and I've got a touch myself. Marlene Dietrich, much as I admire her, was so darned mirror-happy when she first came to Hollywood that it's a wonder she didn't cut herself to pieces every move she made. Marlene had mirrors on the walls, the floor and the ceiling wherever she stayed more than a couple of hours. She just naturally admired the sight of her famous face and figure, and who else didn't? Dolores Del Rio, that unearthly beauty from Mexico, was troubled the same way. Once, I know, Orry-Kelly, who used to dream up creations for Warner Brothers stars, made a white fringed, daringly decollete gown for Dolores. It was a knockout, all right, and revealed much of Dolores' beautiful bronze body topped by her glossy, patent-leather coiffure, liquid eyes and heavenly, sensuous mouth. The effect was much too much for Del Rio. When she saw herself in the mirror she gasped and then impulsively ran up to the glass—and kissed her image!

But Norma, when she was queen of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, could give Del Rio cards and spades. Once, during the Depression when all the other stars at M-G-M were limited by strict studio decree to three takes on all closeups (to save film and money) Norma shot no less than fifteen *reels* on one scene alone, the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet." And my sharp little eyes caught Norma red handed once in a plain case of preening. That was the night they premiered "Marie Antoinette," Norma's most lavish effort and first stab at movie royalty. There was a big post-premiere party scheduled at the Troc and half of Hollywood as well as an army of fans followed Norma from the theater to the supper spot. At the premiere, Shearer was a vision in a cloth-of-gold evening gown. *But* when she sat down at the Trocadero blowout she wore black sequins. I never knew where or when she made the quick change—maybe in the ladies' powder room—but anyway when I saw that, I said, "Baby, now you've seen everything in the vanity department."

Carole Lombard never forgave Norma. But I'd say it was worth it, considering that Gable took her side and soon took over her heart, too. I was always crazy about Carole. I never knew a franker, more honest, more utterly fascinating gal. And I knew Carole a long time. In fact, I was there the day Carole Lombard was born.

star naming . . .

Wait a minute—don't get me wrong. I'm no midwife, or even a nurses' aide and I'm really not that old—honest. What I mean is that I happened to be hanging around the day Jane Peters changed her name to Carole Lombard, the name by which the world will always know that swell person who gave her life for her country just as surely as if she'd gone over the top.

It was up at Harry Lombard's house. Harry was no relation whatever to Carole. But he and his wife were two of the dearest friends a lot of us had in Los Angeles in those days. The Lombards weren't professionals, but they had a lot of friends in the movie colony and somehow everybody met there for cocktails about every day at a hospitable open house

BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR ...AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER



● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c and $1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get BROWNATONE today.



Doctor's Quick Relief for Sore, Perspiring Feet

You'll marvel how swiftly Dr. Scholl's soothing, refreshing Foot Powder helps drive out the discomfort of sweltering, sore, weary feet, lessens excessive perspiration and dispels foot odor . . . how delightfully easy it makes new or tight shoes feel on your feet. Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder also helps to quickly heal cracked skin between toes from perspiration. Aids in guarding against Athlete's Foot by keeping the feet dry. Don't be without this grand foot relief another day. Costs but a trifle. At Drug, Shoe, Department Stores and Toilet Goods Counters. Insist on Dr. Scholl's in the yellow package!



MOVIE STAR PHOTOS

Actual photographs specially posed by your film favorites. INTRODUCTORY OFFER—16 regular high gloss photos only $1 postpaid. Free catalog mailed with each order. ALSO THRILLING PIN-UPS 16 FOR $1.
FINE ARTS FILM CO.
P. O. Box 2084-M San Antonio 6, Tex.

BUY AND KEEP MORE WAR BONDS

With FALSE TEETH



Use **EZO** *Dental Cushions*

Here is a comforting aid for lower plate users. Ezo Dental Cushions relieve sore spots on tender gums; stop lower plate from raising and clicking; prevent seeds from lodging under plate; make plate fit snugger; help you wear and become accustomed to new plates; enable you to eat meat, tomatoes, pears, celery. Is not a powder, is not a paste, will not stick to plate. Send 50c for 10 Ezo Dental Cushions. (No stamps please.) EZO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Box No. 9306, Dept. K-49, Phila. 39, Pa. Advt.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE) Use DERMOIL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST



Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547 Northwestern Station, Dept. 6809, Detroit 4, Mich.

Money Back If Blackheads Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, muddiness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, fairer, smoother looking skin. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug toiletry counters. 30 million jars already used. Ask for Imperial size, or write for a generous Free Sample to Golden Peacock Co., Inc., Paris, Tennessee.



REDUCE with V-TABS!

Anti-Acid . . . .
Anti-Fatigue . . .
Vitamin Tablets

"Lost 17 lbs. in 14 DAYS" . . .

"Lost 17 lbs. in 14 days and feel as good as ever," says Mrs. E. F. "Reduced 15 lbs. and never felt better in my life."—J. V. "Used to wear size 42 . . . now wear a 20."—R. M. "Doing me a world of good. Don't have gas . . . losing weight . . . and more energy."—Mrs. R. S. "Most amazing . . . lost 7 lbs. in 1 week . . . can't thank you enough."—Mrs. L. I. "Lost 14 lbs. and feel so much better . . . don't bloat and have gas."—Mrs. O. K. These are but a few of the many letters in our files. Why don't YOU see what V-Tabs will do for you?

NOT A CATHARTIC

V-Tabs are not a cathartic. They help reduce fat by supplementing your regular diet when taken instead of a heavy lunch, and also tend to take away that abnormal appetite caused by over-acidity or fatigue. If you are overweight, always tired, full of acid and yet like to eat try V-Tabs. As fatigue and acidity disappear, your normal appetite will return and you will no longer crave the quantities of food that cause the excess fat deposits.

QUICK . . . HARMLESS . . . PLEASANT

With intake curtailed, the body feeds on its own surplus fat, and weight goes down . . . quickly! Mail coupon today with $1.98 and save postage or order C.O.D. plus postage. Take the full month's supply according to directions in the booklet. If not satisfied with results . . . if you do not lose weight and feel better . . . we will refund the cost. Act NOW!

V-TAB CO., Dept. D-17, P.O. Box 205, Times Sq. Sta., N.Y.

MONEY BACK AGREEMENT

V-TABS CO., Dept. D-17
P. O. Box 205, Times Square Sta., New York

Send me one month's supply of V-TABS (120 tablets)

☐ I enclose $1.98.
☐ I will pay postman $1.98 plus postage.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

No Canadian Orders. Please print plainly.

that Harry held. You could always find everybody you knew at Harry's. Carole, I mean little Jane Peters, was a pet there. From a good Los Angeles family, Jane had ducked out of her fashionable girls' school a movie star for to be. She burned with ambition, but to me she always looked like she needed to grow up some more. She looked about 14 that day, but her violet eyes (no one ever had violet eyes like Carole) were shining like the star sapphires she later loved so well.

She burst into the room and we almost dropped our gin fizzes. "I've got a contract!" she cried. "Darlings, look at me—I'm a leading lady! Fox has signed me to play opposite Eddie Lowe!" It was her first Hollywood break. Her first crack at being an actress. She bounced around the room like a rubber doll.

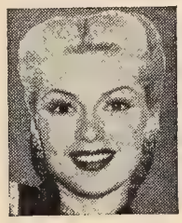
Then Harry Lombard sighed, "You'll never get famous as Jane Peters. It's too plain. Who'll want to see Jane Peters up in lights?"

Carole stopped dead and frowned. "Oh, damn!" she said. "I never thought of that. Of course I won't. I'll simply have to get a new name. What on earth will it be?"

"How about mine?" suggested Harry. "How about Jane Lombard? That's more theatrical." And Harry wasn't theatrical at all.

But the 'Jane' was still wrong and everybody in the big room started chipping in with suggestions. Finally somebody, I've forgotten who, came up with Carole and the new Miss Lombard snatched it like a trout does a fly. "That's it," she cried happily. "Meet Carole Lombard." So we did and afterwards so did a lot of other people.

I hope Clark finds the right girl to make him happy and marries again. That's what Carole would want him to do and I think he knows it. That doesn't mean that he'll ever forget her. The only personal treasure Clark salvaged out of the charred



Dear Modern Screen:

A little bird told me you were having a birthday, so I had to write.

You know, I used to think editors were all sort of middle-aged and serious, and I'll never forget how surprised I was when I first met you and Sylvia and Henry. I suppose you must be serious too, in a way, else you couldn't be running a magazine like Modern Screen. *But Sylvia's so young and pretty, and you two boys are so young and, well—cute-looking, with your grins and your crewcuts. (Which reminds me, is there a rule about crewcuts for* Modern Screen *editors? You don't have to answer.)*

Anyway, you turned out to be just as gay and human as you looked, and I think of you more as friends than editors. That goes for the whole staff. Know what I read first in the magazine? The editorial page. It's like family news—parties and pictures of Pete and all about that nice Jean Kinkead and her husband in the South Pacific. You're all real to me—same as you try to make us real to the readers, and I only hope they react the same way I do. Because knowing you makes me think you're a grand gang.

Many happy returns.

Your friend,

Lana

WHY CHILDREN OFTEN HAVE TROUBLE WITH LAXATIVES



Some Laxatives are Too Strong-

Forcing a child to take a harsh, bad-tasting laxative is such needless, old-fashioned punishment! A medicine that's *too strong* will often leave a child feeling worse than before!



Others are Too Mild-

A laxative that's *too mild* to give proper relief is just as unsatisfactory as none at all. A good laxative should work *thoroughly,* yet be kind and gentle!



But— EX-LAX is the Happy Medium!

Treat the Children to the

"HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

Ex-Lax gives a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is *gentle,* too! It works easily and effectively at the same time. And remember, Ex-Lax *tastes good*—just like fine chocolate! It's America's favorite laxative, as good for grown-ups as it is for children. 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

As a precaution use only as directed

EX-LAX The Original Chocolated Laxative



GENUINE DIAMOND RINGS

Just to get acquainted we will send you smart, new 10K yellow gold engagement ring or wedding ring. Romance design engagement ring set with flashing, Rose cut diamond solitaire in sentimental, sweetheart mounting. Wedding ring is deeply embossed. 10K yellow gold, set with 3 genuine chip Diamonds. Either ring only $5.95 or both for $9.95 plus postage and 20% Federal tax. SEND NO MONEY with order, just name and ring size. Pay on arrival, then wear rings 10 days on money-back guarantee. Rush order now!

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 12-DS, Jefferson, Iowa

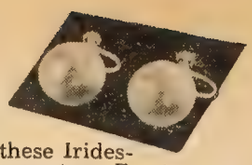
FREE ENLARGEMENT

Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge your favorite print or negative, photo or picture to 8x10 inches — FREE — if you enclose this ad. (Pictures should be clear and sharp; negatives give best results). Information on hand tinting in natural colors sent immediately. Your original returned with your free enlargement. Send today. Limit 1 to a customer.

GEPPERT STUDIOS, Dept. 663, Des Moines 2, Iowa

REPLICA
PEARL EARRINGS GIVEN





To make new friends, these Iridescent Replica Pearls set in screw type Earrings are Given with your order for both the necklace and bracelet. Be first to enjoy wearing them. Send today and accept these Earrings as our gift to you.

Wear NECKLACE And 2-Row Matching BRACELET

Enjoy wearing a gorgeous replica of an expensive pearl necklace and matching, two row bracelet—all without risking a penny. Send for both the necklace and bracelet and accept them on ten days' trial. Money refunded if you return them, **but YOU ARE TO KEEP THE EARRINGS as our get-acquainted gift,** in any event.

10 DAYS TRIAL

SEND NO MONEY *SUPPLY LIMITED*

When your package arrives you pay the postman only $2.95 each for Necklace and Bracelet plus mailing cost and 20% Federal Tax. Write today!

RARE Replica Pearls with that true iridescent luster are now rare. Polished, carefully selected pearls with clasp. 10 Days Trial.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 80-CE *Jefferson, Iowa*



FULL OF FIDGETS, NERVES ARE TENSE, CAN'T SIT STILL A MINUTE

DR. MILES NERVINE

The hurry, worry, noise, confusion and excitement of modern living, put an extra strain on the nervous system. When nervousness makes you Jittery, Cranky, Wakeful, try

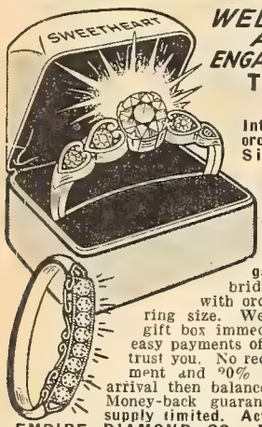
Dr. Miles Nervine

Dr. Miles Nervine is made in liquid or effervescent tablet form, both equally effective. Get it at your drug store. **Caution;** read directions and use only as directed. Effervescent tablets **35c** and **75c,** liquid **25c** and **$1.**

MILES LABORATORIES, INC., Elkhart, Ind.



TAKES A GLASS OF MILES NERVINE, FINDS CALM AND COMFORT IN IT.



WEDDING AND ENGAGEMENT **RING**

TEN DAYS' TRIAL—SEND NO MONEY

Introductory offer: With every order for smart, new, Sterling Silver Solitaire engagement ring we will include without extra charge exquisite wedding ring set with eight imitation diamonds matching in fire and brilliance the beautiful imitation Diamond solitaire engagement ring (the perfect bridal pair). Send no money with order. Just name, address and ring size. We ship both rings in lovely gift box immediately and you make just 2 easy payments of $3 each, total only $6. We trust you. No red tape as you make first payment and 20% Federal tax to postman on arrival then balance any time within 30 days. Money-back guarantee. War conditions make supply limited. Act NOW.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. T-4, Jefferson, Iowa

High School Course at Home **Many Finish in 2 Years**

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H.S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.

American School, Dept. HA-14 Drexel at 58th, Chicago

SOLID TAG-A-LONG PERFUME *BY ALI*

. . . the Perfume that "Charms"

Charm HIS Heart with the subtle allure of this fragrant perfume concentrate! Smooth a little **TAG-A-LONG** behind each ear, on your throat or wrists. SEND YOUR ORDER to

ALI PERFUME CO., P. O. Box 151 Station N. New York, N. Y.

A Handy Compact ONLY **$1.00** (Fed. Tax Incl.)

SEND MONEY ORDER OR C.O.D.—NO CASH OR STAMPS

FREE! ENLARGEMENT OF YOUR FAVORITE PHOTO





JUST TO GET ACQUAINTED! WE WILL MAKE YOU A BEAUTIFUL 5 x 7 ENLARGEMENT OF ANY SNAPSHOT, PHOTO, OR NEGATIVE ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Be sure to include color of hair, eyes and clothing, and get Our Bargain Offer for having your enlargement beautifully hand colored in oil and mounted in a handsome frame. Limit 2 to a customer. Please enclose 10c each for handling and mailing the enlargements. Originals returned. Be sure to include all information. Act Now!

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS • 7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.

MAIL TODAY

LOOK THRU YOUR ALBUM SELECT YOUR FAVORITE SNAPSHOTS

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. 663

7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.

Enclosed find_____snapshot or negative. (specify number, limit 2)

Please make_____free enlargements. (specify number, limit 2)

Handling and Mailing charge of 10c each is enclosed

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zone_____

Fill out description below. Mark back of picture 1 & 2

COLOR - Picture No. 1

Hair_____

Eyes_____

Clothing_____

COLOR - Picture No. 2

Hair_____

Eyes_____

Clothing_____

plane wreck that he found on the side of that mountain where Carole met death was part of a ruby clip she was wearing. He had given it to her a short while before. He had a special box made for that precious fragment and he has carried it ever since. He carried it when he went bombing over Germany and he carries it today. I expect he always will.

school for scandal . . .

It was an ill-starred plane ride that shattered another perfect marriage, and indirectly, that launched one of the swellest actresses into a school for scandal.

Kenneth Hawks was one of the nicest guys I ever knew, besides being one of Hollywood's best directors and the idol of his wife, Mary Astor. But Kenneth went up in a plane one day for some shots and the plane wasn't constructed safely for aerial photography. So they knocked off a door to save a few dollars instead of doing it right and that plane took Kenneth and his crew down to their deaths.

Mary was madly in love with her director husband. She was the sweetest, most faithful wife in town. She'd been around Hollywood since her silent star days when she was only a girl, but such a beautiful girl. And then Kenneth was killed. She went all to pieces. It was Freddie March's wife, Florence, who persuaded her to take up her career again in a Broadway play. Mary was just getting back on her feet when along came Dr. Franklin Thorpe.

I was making "Holiday" with Mary when Dr. Thorpe was courting her. Their relationship seemed to breed nothing but unhappiness for Mary and her reaction was to seek other companionship. George Kauffman came along and the famous "Diary." It dragged her private life through the mud in court but it never hurt Mary's career. She's better now than she ever was, which goes to show whose side Hollywood was on in that business. Just as Hollywood, which has an uncannily keen sense of moral right and wrong after all, always plugged for an actress I'd rather not name (because I like her so much) when she was under the spell of her first husband.

No Hollywood wife ever stuck as loyally to a bad actor husband as this girl stuck to hers. Her trouble was that she believed, almost religiously, that the guy was the greatest actor in the world and that she, from a humble background, was fit only to sit at the great man's feet and admire. Her husband certainly never corrected her on that impression. He's doing all right on Broadway as I write this and the critics hail him as what his wife thought—a great, great actor. But in Hollywood he was not only a flop, he was an unpleasant flop, although his delusions of grandeur never weakened. Next to lousing up every movie he made, his greatest contribution to Hollywood was making his wife so unhappy at home that she lost herself in her picture parts and became twice the star he will ever be, for my money.

He squandered her bankroll time and again on flop plays to glorify himself. Her money was his to spend and he wasn't backward. Once, I remember, she sank $10,000 into one of his shows and the opening night her ever loving husband paid her back by tumbling into the orchestra pit. Once, too, I remember, they went to look at a house to rent and while she was upstairs, looking the place over, he, downstairs, bought it without even a by-your-leave and with *her* bonds.

When they finally got around to divorcing, the jerk was so nasty about their common property that the poor woman had to call the cops.

Of course, why some stars marry the

men they do will always be a mystery to me. For instance, you know the reason Jack Oakie became a movie star. Because he'd been small fry in a Broadway show where Joan Crawford didn't amount to so much, either. "Innocent Eyes," it was called. And when Jack heard about Joan's movie break he came out to Hollywood to marry her! Why did Gloria Swanson ever marry Wally Beery? The idea seems absurd. Why did Jean Harlow wed Paul Bern, or Hal Rosson? But then why did Charlie Chaplin marry Oona, a girl more than twice as young as himself? Why did Bette Davis ever let the only guy she ever loved, Ham Nelson, divorce her?

I don't know why Ruth Chatterton ever picked on George Brent to live with in holy matrimony. But I do know *how* it happened. Ruth came out from the stage, very grand and impressive, a great actress, and she had whatever her little heart desired at Warner Brothers. Came the question of her leading man and Chatterton sat for days and days in a projection room as reels and reels of Hollywood glamour men ran off. Finally along at the tag end a practically unknown Irishman came on. "That's him. That's the one!" cried Chatterton. "What's his name?" So she put him in her picture and her house too, by benefit of clergy. She taught him the technique of studio rebellion and he worked it overtime from then on.

In fact, George Brent has been on more suspensions than a trapeze artist. Once, Warners searched for days the whole United States for their missing star. No results. Then one day George appeared at the studio, out of nowhere. "Where have you been?" they screamed.

George's eyes were wide with innocence. "Here at the studio," he said. They snorted bitterly. But it was true. All the time he'd been living in his own dressing room, right on the lot!

But George Brent wasn't the type of mate for Ruth Chatterton. He's a sulky, unruly, rough Joe, despite his charm. Beneath the veneer that Chatterton tried to gloss him with, he remained George Brent, black Irishman. But Ruth Chatterton was one of Hollywood's first Grand Ladies. At least that was her publicity peg and I'm sure Ruth, for one, believed it.

When I think of Hollywood's Grand Ladies before and since, I have to stifle a few unladylike chuckles. Dear, sweet Irene Dunne, the Kentucky songbird. "I'm going to revolutionize my whole personality," Irene announced once. "I'm going to start chewing gum!" And Grace Moore, tops in temperament, during her brief stay with us yokels. There was a great crisis on "New Moon," I remember, because Grace had to wear Russian boots and she said the thick soles ruined her voice. And all you had to do to toss La Moore into a tizzy was say, "Jellicoe, Tennessee." She didn't like to be reminded of her home town. I suppose she thought she ought to have been born in Graustark.

But I suppose to most people, Hollywood's grandest lady as ever was is the girl who got in on a rain check. I mean Greta Garbo. Garbo was lugged along by her Svengali, Maurice Stiller. The great foreign director wouldn't come to Hollywood and make an epic without his youthful protege. So Hollywood said, "Well—okay," and added an extra $200 a week salary for the dumb dame, charging it off to petty cash. But Stiller's picture was tossed out. A new one was shot with new clothes, new story, new director—but the same gal that nobody wanted at first—Greta. They kept Garbo and fired Stiller and that's how we got our Swede.

About Garbo I'm like Westbrook Pegler is about Harold Ickes. I've never been fooled for a minute, although a lot of our

MOVIE STARS PHOTOS



Full 8 x 10, high gloss, authentic photos of your Hollywood favorites. Latest poses. Complete assortment. 25c each, 5 for $1.00.

LAUREN BACALL Warner Bros. Star In "The Big Sleep"

FREE- Catalog chock full of miniature photos sent free with every 50c order. (To avoid delay state 2nd choice.)

EXCITING PIN-UP PHOTOS—5 for $1.00

ALPHA PHOTO SERVICE

Dept. B-6, 1235 Sixth Ave., New York 19



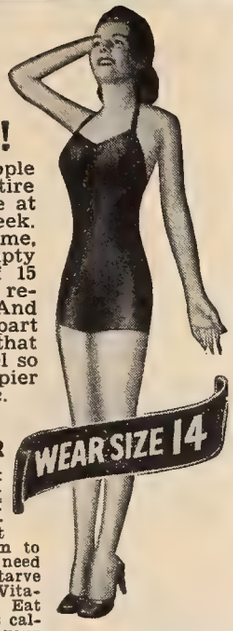
HAIR OFF

I had ugly hair . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried many different products . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless and inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. Let me tell you how.

FREE My FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write **MME. ANNETTE LANZETTE, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 145, Chicago, Illinois**

EXCESS FAT

LOSE 5 LBS. or MORE PER WEEK or MONEY BACK!



Most over-fat people who follow the entire Vita-Slym plan lose at least 5 pounds a week. YOU may do the same, or return the empty box at the end of 15 days and we will refund your money. And the most amazing part of the plan is that people say they feel so much better — peppier and more energetic.

PRIVATE PLAN of N. Y. DOCTOR

A well-known New York physician first prescribed this method of reducing for his exclusive clientele. At last we have persuaded him to release it for YOU. No need to over-exercise or starve yourself. Nor are Vita-Slyms a cathartic. Eat plenty of food, but less calories and supplement your meals with Vita-Slyms. They not only contain Vitamins, A, B_1, B_2, C and D Niacin, Amide, Iron Calcium. Phosphorus and Dextrose to make you feel better, but also help take away that abnormal appetite due to low blood sugar.

4 WEEKS' MENUS FREE!

With every box of 75 Tablets and 30 Capsules, we *give* you a convenient chart of menus for one month . . . a time-saving help in planning your meals. Try the Vita-Slym plan for 15 days—see for yourself how quickly you lose weight and how fine you feel. You risk nothing. If not delighted you return the box and we refund your money. But don't delay . . . Act NOW! Mail coupon TODAY! Order C.O.D., or, if you send cash, we pay postage.

VITA-SLYM CO., Dept. M-7, Box 159, Times Square Sta., New York

MONEY BACK AGREEMENT

Vita-Slym Co., Dept. M-7, Box 159, Times Square Sta., New York.

Send me 15 days' supply of Vita-Slyms (75 Tablets & 30 Capsules). If not delighted with results you will refund my money.

☐ I will pay postman $1.98 plus postage.
☐ I enclose $1.98. Send postage prepaid.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

No Canadian Orders — Please print plainly



NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or Refund of Money if Defective or Not as Advertised Therein



MATCHED BRIDAL PAIR

WEDDING AND ENGAGEMENT *RINGS* SEND NO MONEY



Just to get acquainted we will send you smart, precious, Sterling Silver engagement ring or wedding ring. Romance design engagement ring set with flashing, imitation diamond solitaire in sentimental orange blossom mounting. Wedding ring is deeply embossed rich Sterling Silver in exquisite Honeymoon design. Either ring only $1.50 or both for $2.79 and 20% Federal Tax. **SEND NO MONEY** with order, just name and ring size. Pay on arrival, then wear ring 10 days on money-back guarantee. Rush order now.

$1.50 EACH 2 FOR $2.79

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 673-BN, Jefferson, Iowa

LEARN NURSING AT HOME



High School not necessary. No age limit. Send for FREE "Nursing Facts" and sample lesson pages. Earn while learning. Act now! Post Graduate Hospital School of Nursing 152 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Illinois



Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Soap is a special soap containing the same costly medication as 104 year proved Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Ointment. Whip up the rich cleansing FOAMY MEDICATION with finger tips, washcloth or brush and allow to remain on 3 minutes. Amazingly quick results come to many skins, afflicted with pimples, blackheads, itching of eczema and rashes externally caused that need the scientific hygiene action of Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Soap. For your youth-clear, soft loveliness, give your skin this luxurious 3 minute foamy medication-treatment. At toiletry counters everywhere 25c or from E. T. Browne Drug Company, 127 Water Street, New York 5, New York.



Betty Grable

MOVIE STAR PHOTOS IN COLOR

If beauty thrills you—you will be fascinated by these photos of your favorite MOVIE STARS, in beautiful LIFELIKE COLORS. These gorgeous photos are 8x10 and are ready to frame, put in scrap book or in your movie album.

JOAN CRAWFORD—FRANK SINATRA—LAUREN BACALL—WILLIAM POWELL—VAN JOHNSON—JUNE ALLYSON—GLORIA DEHAVEN—LANA TURNER—SONJA HENIE—LORETTA YOUNG—ALAN LADD—BETTY GRABLE—ROY ROGERS—ALICE FAYE—PAULETTE GODDARD—SMILEY BURNETTE—BOB HOPE—RAY MILLAND—JOHNNY MACK BROWN—GEORGE MONTGOMERY—JANET BLAIR—DON "RED" BARRY—RODDY McDOWALL—BRIAN DONLEVY—THE RANGE BUSTERS—MARY MARTIN—BETTY HUTTON—BILL "HOPALONG" BOYD—FRED MacMURRAY—VERONICA LAKE—BUSTER CRABBE—CLAUDETTE COLBERT—JINX FALKENBURG—BILL ELLIOT.

These photos are printed on heavy coated paper, 8x10, in FULL COLORS, are priced as low as ten cents each, or your choice of any eight listed above for fifty cents—16 for $1.00—entire set of 34 only $2.00. DON'T WAIT. Mail your order NOW.

IRVING KLAW, 212 East 14th St.
Dept. AA6 NEW YORK CITY 3, N. Y.



New **ENLARGEMENT**

Just to get acquainted, we will beautifully enlarge your favorite snapshot, photo, Kodak picture, print or negative to 5x7 inches, if you enclose this ad with a 3c stamp for return mailing. Please include color of hair and eyes and get our new Bargain Offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike colors and sent on approval. Your original returned with your enlargement. Send today.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept 1215, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

3¢ STAMP

WEAR IT FOR "HIM"

NAME or INITIALS ENGRAVED FREE

U.S. NAVY

Write For Free Catalog

Available in Army & Navy only.

STERLING SILVER **FRIENDSHIP PIN**

Send $1.00, plus 20c Fed. Tax, in Coin, Stamps or Money Order

TASH NOVELTY ENGRAVING CO.
1301 SURF AVE., Dept. 250-M.S., BROOKLYN (24), N. Y.

Be an ARTIST

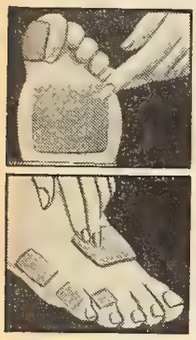


LEARN AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME

Trained artists are capable of earning $30, $50, $75 a week. By our practical method, we teach you COMMERCIAL ART, DESIGNING and CARTOONING, step by step, all in ONE complete course. Write today for FREE BOOK —"Art for Pleasure & Profit" describes training and commercial opportunities in art. No obligation. State age.

STUDIO 806P, WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
1115—15th St., N. W. WASHINGTON 5, D. C.

Doctor's Fast FOOT RELIEF



Comforts Feet and Toes Wherever Shoes Painfully Rub or Pinch. Helps Prevent "Breaking-In" Torture



For quick relief from corns, sore toes, callouses, bunions, chafed heels, tender spots and instep ridges—use Dr. Scholl's Kurotex. This downy-soft, soothing, cushioning, protective, flesh color foot plaster instantly stops tormenting shoe friction; lifts painful pressure. Helps prevent blisters and "breaking-in" discomfort of new or tight shoes.

Cut Dr. Scholl's Kurotex to any shape or size and apply it. Does not come off in the bath. This superior type of moleskin is also splendid for preventing blisters on hands of Golfers, Tennis and Baseball players. Economical! At Drug, Shoe, Department and 10¢ Stores. FREE sample—write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. K, Chicago.



Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX

VAN JOHNSON

New Movie Star Photos

Direct from Hollywood

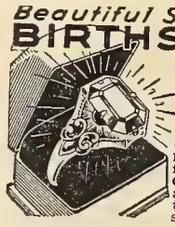
West Coast's biggest dealer in movie photos is FIRST with all the latest Stars and Poses.

REAL PHOTOGRAPHS

List decorated with MOVIE STARS mailed FREE with each photo. Send name of your FAVORITE with fifteen cents to cover handling and mailing.

HOLLYWOOD SCREEN EXCHANGE
Box 1150—Dept. 2
Hollywood 28, Calif., U. S. A.

Beautiful Simulated **BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN AWAY**



Smart new dainty, Sterling Silver Ring set with sparkling simulated **Birthstone** correct for your birth date — **GIVEN** for selling only 5 boxes of 1 order of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each. Send name and address today for order. We trust you. Premium supplies are limited.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-401, Jefferson, Iowa



Sterling Silver

The latest thing for afternoon or evening wear is precious, cheerful, sterling silver heart charm rings, necklaces and bracelets.

TRUE LOVE and FRIENDSHIP RING GIVEN

Included with your order for matching Bracelet and Necklace on 10 days' examination. Send today and accept this valuable ring as our get-acquainted gift. Precious, sterling silver ring is extra wide For Promptness



Wear *True Love and Friendship*

10 DAYS TRIAL BRACELET and NECKLACE

Sentimental, sterling silver hearts are richly embossed and have space for the engraving of initials of loved ones. Ring given with your order for both the necklace and bracelet. Wear on ten days trial. If not satisfied, return the necklace and bracelet within 10 days and your money will be refunded, **BUT YOU ARE TO KEEP THE RING AS OUR GET-ACQUAINTED GIFT**, in any event

SEND NO MONEY Write today. When your package arrives you pay the postman only $2.95 each for necklace and bracelet plus mailing cost and 20% Federal Tax. Supplies limited.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO. Dept. 29-YS Jefferson, Iowa

better stars have swooned away, worshipping her mysterious, spiritual, divine glory. Ho-hum! Marlene Dietrich, much as I admire her, was a rabid fan of Garbo's for years and did everything she could to meet her, and, far as I know, never succeeded. Joan Crawford had pictures of Garbo all over her M-G-M dressing room and almost fell on her face trying to get chummy with Greta. But though her dressing room was right next door, she never made it.

Garbo-Mamoulian, and the chases through the desert. Garbo-George Brent, and more hide-and-seek. Garbo-Stokowski on the isle of Capri. Garbo-Dr. Gaylord Hauser and raw carrots. Garbo-several other people. She's had her share of romances. But in that department Garbo always brings to my mind high strung, wild, neurotic, too good-looking John Gilbert, who busted his heart over Greta and died of the strain, I firmly believe. Jack Gilbert installed a suite of rooms for Garbo up in his Tower Road mansion. It had shiny black marble walls, but when Greta took one look, she said, "Ay don' like." She said they were too smooth and shiny, so Jack spent Lord knows how much money having them all fluted. He was that mad about her, and he came as near as any man to marrying her.

They even went down to the marriage bureau to get a license—but at the last minute Garbo got panicky and ran out of the hall like an awkward, frightened kid. Jack was so shocked that he almost came to his senses. In fact, he did, just long enough to marry lovely Ina Claire on the rebound. Garbo was making a picture on location at Catalina Island when they brought her the news of John Gilbert's marriage. You know what she did? She laughed—the loudest anyone ever heard her laugh until she made "Ninotchka."

I will say that for once Garbo acted like a lady. That was her pay-off to poor, beatendown John Gilbert when she chose him for "Queen Christina." Maybe her conscience caught up with her and maybe it was just a case of thinking the old Gilbert-Garbo team would revive again and lay 'em in the aisles. Anyway, it was Garbo, against M-G-M's better judgment, who insisted that Jack get that part. He was in such a nervous state making it that he couldn't say the simplest lines for days and lost his lunch time and again on the set. Pure nerves.

In fact, the greatest good that came out of "Queen Christina" was another lucky case of a free pass to Hollywood for a great star. Miss Vivien Leigh. Yep, "Scarlett" of "Gone With the Wind."

They'd have you know, of course, that Vivien was the pearl unearthed after worldwide searches for the one, the only, the perfect "Scarlett." Well, Dave Selznick did do a lot of lookin', all right, but why should he look for a Southern Belle in England—ever think of that? Vivien Leigh came to Hollywood as a bonus to lure Laurence Olivier.

You see, M-G-M wanted Olivier to team with the throaty Swede in "Queen Christina." They even had his clothes all made, and Larry had his lines all learned, his make-up tests—everything. Then, in stepped our stubborn friend and said, "No—I want John Gilbert." So they signed John and next time when Hollywood sounded its siren call Olivier yawned, "I say, old boy, have you heard any more funny stories?" He was in love with lovely Leigh and he liked England just fine. To get him across for Heathcliffe or something, I've forgotten which, they had to invite unknown Vivien, too. And what should she run right into but the mammoth, colossal, jumbo Scarlett O'Hara treasure hunt! The slipper fit right away—only it wasn't David Selznick who found

Let Nadinola's 4-way action *help you*
CLEAR UP EXTERNALLY CAUSED **PIMPLES**
GENTLY LOOSEN **BLACKHEADS**
LIGHTEN, BRIGHTEN **DULL, DARK SKIN**



Don't give in to unlovely skin! Try famous Nadinola Cream, used and praised by thousands of lovely women. Nadinola is a *4-way treatment cream* that acts to lighten and brighten dark, dull skin—clear up externally caused pimples—fade freckles—loosen and remove blackheads. Its special medicated ingredients help to clear and freshen your skin—make it creamy-white, satin-smooth. Buy Nadinola Cream today and use only as directed. A single treatment-size jar is positively *guaranteed* to improve your complexion or your money back! Costs only 55¢, trial size 10¢. Also—

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

NADINOLA, Dept. 30, Paris, Tennessee
Send me free and postpaid your new deluxe edition Beauty Booklet, richly printed in full color, with actual photographs and sworn proof of the wonderful results from just *one jar* of Nadinola.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Can't Keep Grandma In Her Chair

**She's as Lively as a Youngster—
Now her Backache is better**

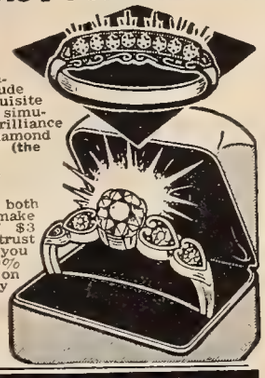
Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

WEDDING AND ENGAGEMENT RING EASY PAYMENTS



Introductory offer:—With every order for smart Sterling Silver Solitaire engagement ring we will include without extra charge, exquisite wedding ring set with eight simulated diamonds matching in brilliance the beautiful imitation Diamond solitaire engagement ring (the perfect bridal pair).

SEND NO MONEY

10 DAYS' TRIAL. We ship both rings in gift box and you make just 2 easy payments of $3 each, total only $6. We trust you. No red tape as you make first payment and 20% Federal Tax to postman on arrival then balance any time within 30 days. Money back guarantee. Supply limited. Send name, address, ring size today.
EMPIRE DIAMOND CO.
Dpt. T-10, Jefferson, Iowa

ASTHMATICS!

If you find it difficult to get relief TRY

Let Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR help reduce the severity of your next asthmatic attack, notice how its aromatic fumes aid distressed breathing. Use it and see how dependable it is—potency rigidly standardized through strict laboratory control—quality always uniform. Ask for ASTHMADOR in powder cigarette or pipe mixture form at your favorite drug store.

Get ASTHMADOR today!

ASTHMADOR

her, as some people think. It was his brother, Myron, an agent. Dave, I'm afraid, laughed heartily at the very idea of a British belle for a "you-all" yum-yum. But a test told the tale and the rest is Hollywood history. My cockeyed hat is off, by the way, to Olivier and Leigh. They proved what great actors they were not only in movies but in Shakespeare.

But—hey, here—I said I was going to let down a few bobby pins, and look—my hair's down to my hips like the Seven Sutherland Sisters. Here are a few choice memories—gay and grim—that stick in my addled brain.

Well, there was the "Society for the Protection of Olivia De Havilland" which shows you how soft-hearted Hollywood males can get. I've forgotten who belonged, practically every man who ever worked at Warner's, through Basil Rathbone, Errol Flynn, Brian Aherne, a dozen others anyway, all soft as mush on sweet, untouched Olivia and sworn to keep the wolves away from her door. Gosh, I remember on "Anthony Adverse," a certain wolfish actor got to ducking into Olivia's dressing room and closing the door. But the "Protection" society fixed that. They took off the roof of Liv's room, so all the grips, juicers and carpenters up on the rafters could look right down and foil the rascal! Then what did snowy white Olivia do but go hey-hey on the crowd and start having one red-hot romance after another!

Then—whoops—what a buzz there was when we had our first visiting Indian Maharajah and a certain studio's stars turned out en masse to wine and dine him, leaving out a pretty little Negro actress who was hurt and unhappy. But on his way out of the studio the Rajah saw her, asked her into his car and away they sped. And the next day what a gorgeous emerald ring she had!

There was Mae West, too, and the ghost husband who popped up to pop Mae out of Hollywood. I always liked Mae and I remember once when a group of visiting Washington Senators and their wives



Dear Al and Henry:

I'm writing this on Vicki's first birthday to congratulate MODERN SCREEN *on being fifteen. My baby's wonderful, thank you. How's yours?*

I know the answer. I've been reading the book long enough to know that it's full of pep and bounce. It's honest too, that's what I like about it. Your writers take the trouble to get things straight. They don't misquote you. They don't put words in your mouth that you never said, or twist things around to mean something you never meant. When the story comes out, it sounds like what you told them.

I wonder if you realize how much we appreciate that. It makes all the difference in the world. Instead of being tense and nervous, you relax and say what you have to say, because nobody's trying to trip you up. I don't mean you've got a monopoly on writers like that. Other magazines have plenty of them, too. But I've never met one on MODERN SCREEN *who's let me down.*

So here's happy birthday to them and all of you from

Vicki, Harry and Betty James

BLONDES



New Home Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter SAFELY

Made specially for blondes, this new shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded hair. Called Blondex, it quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes to do at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights—keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe for children's hair. Blondex is sold at 10c, drug and department stores.



LEARN MILLINERY AT HOME

Design and make exclusive hats under personal direction of one of America's noted designers. Complete materials, blocks, etc., furnished. Every step illustrated. You make exclusive salable hats right from the start. We teach you how to start a profitable business in spare time. Low cost and easy terms. Expert milliners are in demand. Free National Placement Dept. Send for free catalog.
LOUIE MILLER SCHOOL OF MILLINERY
225 N. Wabash Ave., Dept. 186. Chicago 1, Ill.

EYE CATCHING! DARING! SMART!



HOLLYWOOD STARS CHERISH THEIR GLEAMING LOVE ANKLETS

Your name on front—His name on back.

A glistening chain of silver circles a slim ankle . . . a gleaming strand peeps through sheer hose. Worn by famous movie stars, you too can thrill to an exciting personalized anklet that enhances your ankle, dares the eye! Delicately wrought in beautiful sterling silver, here is the modern answer to the pagan slave anklet, a permanent symbol of your love. Order now on this amazing offer!



FREE 2 NAMES ENGRAVED

Your anklet will be exquisitely engraved FREE OF CHARGE with both your name and his! Print names clearly. Rush your order now—while they last!

SEND NO MONEY

Just fill out coupon and mail. On arrival pay postman $1.49 plus postage and tax. Or send $1.79 which includes tax and postage. Money-back guarantee. Rush coupon today.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW...

United States Diamond Co., Dept. 117-HH
225 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Illinois
Please send merchandise as checked below. I will pay postman C.O.D. charges plus postage and tax on arrival with understanding I may return for full refund if not satisfied. (Cash orders sent postpaid.)

Check one
☐ Send Anklet at $1.49 plus postage & tax.
☐ Send 2 chains at $2.79 plus postage & tax.

ORDER 2 CHAINS—WEAR AS LOVELY WRIST AND ANKLE SET

Print only first Names to be Engraved

.....

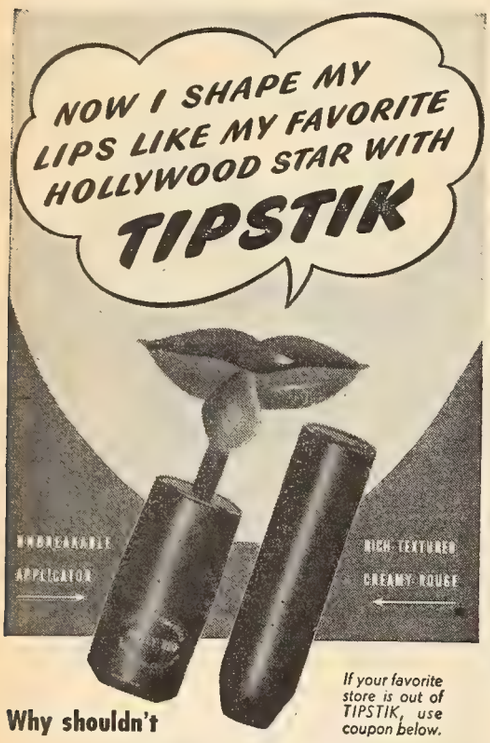
Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....



AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED



If your favorite store is out of TIPSTIK, use coupon below.

Why shouldn't you, too, be your own make-up artist?

IT'S EASY to fashion your lips exactly as you want them . . . with TIPSTIK. The clever, pencil-pointed applicator is just right for precise lip lines, and you'll say goodbye to smears, ragged edges, messy fingers. Lips stay fresh looking for hours, and every last bit of the rouge, in its gleaming black plastic container, can be used up. For new lip beauty, Hollywood style, ask for TIPSTIK.

25c (PLUS TAX) AT DRUG AND 10c STORES

Choose from 5 Glamorous Hollywood Reds

RUMOR RED dark ☐ ROOKIE RED rich-red ☐ RALLY RED light ☐
RIVAL RED medium ☐ RENO RED blue-red ☐

TIPSTIK COSMETICS, Dept. MO-3
3424 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 26, Calif.
Enclosed is 30c (25c plus 5c excise tax). Please send TIPSTIK postpaid in shade checked.

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ STATE_____

came on her set. Paramount was quaking like jelly; they thought the wives would cut sexy Mae cold. But in no time at all she had them under her thumb and exchanging recipes. I'll never forget a visit I made to Mae's fantastic apartment in Hollywood. That luscious nude of herself in the front room, all the white rugs and things and artificial flowers all over the room with the real ones dying to be picked outside in the sun. Mae swished up in a slinky negligee and a cloud of perfume that almost knocked me over. Then in from the next apartment wafted a strong odor of—onion soup! That somehow spelled Mae to me—sexy and high falutin' for the act—but plain as a pot of soup underneath.

I can get sad when I think of ravishing Jean Harlow, the fatal beauty who had a horrid time out of her fame and finally died because she couldn't say "No" to the army of parasites who lived her life for her. And poor Bill Powell, whom she loved so much before she died and who put a gardenia in her hand when she lay cold and quiet.

I can get blue about a lot of memories—Charlie Chaplin's kiddie sex cutups through the years to stain the name of a great artist—Errol Flynn's indiscretions, too, because he's such a charming blarney peddler under it all— Poor Lupe Velez's way out, which wasn't like her and still a puzzle to me—and the strange death of Thelma Todd.

But there are chuckles and grins to balance. I think of Ann Sothern's excited Hollywood debut, when, as Harriet Lake, M-G-M called her into the recording studio and she thought she was making a big test for a part. Only to step in a movie house a little later, see a Pete Smith canine short and hear her voice dubbed in as "Mrs. Dog!" Ha! I can still see the consternation on Jean Arthur's face when the governor of Arizona introduced her at a big banquet as "Miss Gene Autry!"

Well, it was always that way in this off-the-beam, custard-pie town. As for getting bigger and better—well—the late Tom Mix still holds the record for the biggest salary check ever cashed in this town and he had the greatest army of fans. Good old Tom—he was Hollywood right in the flesh—with all its poses but its basic virtues, too. I loved the hard-bitten, battle-scarred gent—and he was one—and I remember when Tom brought his last wife to the massive Beverly Hills mansion his riches had bought. She was an ex-circus acrobat and nobody knew Tom was married again until they saw this gal in pink tights out tumbling on the front lawn.

Somebody called him on the phone. "Who is that lady doing cartwheels on your lawn, Tom?" they asked.

"That ain't no lady," barked Tom, "that's my wife!" Just like the old vaudeville wheeze.

I don't know who owns Tom Mix's big mansion now. But not long ago a very dignified event was held there—a tea honoring Madame Secretary Frances Perkins of President Roosevelt's cabinet, and some other visiting Washington big shots. About all that remains of Tom's glory in the great house, I noticed, is the bell-cord that hangs in the parlor. I remember when Tom wove that bell cord out of his beloved horse, Tony's, tail.

I had to snigger—and I'll bet Tom had a snigger with me, somewhere up in the Last Round Up—to think that the cord that rang for Madame Perkins' tea was—old Tony's tail!

Sic transit gloria mundi—as the Latin scholars say, which liberally translated, means: "Anything can happen in this crazy world!" Only, in Hollywood you can double that in spades!

FREE OFFER!

Of course, we think all the stories in this, our Birthday issue are terrific—but just to show you we love you, and 'cause we'd like to know, we're still making our usual offer—500 FREE Dell mags for 500 speed demons who will answer, and whip off to us—the Questionnaire below. Be sure yours is in the mail by not later than May 20th—to be sure that you'll be one of the lucky ones to get an exciting Dell Mag FREE!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our June Birthday issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Happy Birthday from M.G.M...... ☐
Happy Birthday from 20th-Century Fox ..... ☐
Happy Birthday from Paramount.. ☐
Hedda Hopper's Secret Memoirs... ☐
These are the Unforgettables!..... ☐
These are the Loveliest!..... ☐
Clark Gable's Life Story..... ☐
Louella Parson's Good News..... ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference.....

.....

.....

My name is.....

My address is.....**City**.....**Zone**.....**State**.....

I am.....**years old.**

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

New Color Cake

Tints Hair Luxuriously

As it Shampoos!





AUBURN

BLACK





BLONDE

You Now Can Get Tintz at Most Drug and Cosmetic Counters —or Mail Convenient Coupon Today!



If not at your Dealer's, Mail Coupon Today

Tintz Color Shampoo

Leaves your hair its softest...

MOST LUSTROUS, EASIEST TO MANAGE

Dull, drab-colored hair will never help you kindle that special gleam of interest in *his* eyes. That's why smart girls everywhere are changing to this remarkable discovery, Tintz Color Shampoo Cake, that washes out dirt, loosened dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a smooth, colorful tint that glows with life and lustre!

Gleaming Hair Without an After-Rinse!

Each tiny, separate strand of hair seems to leap to radiant life with just an added hint of natural-looking color. Tintz Color Shampoo works gradually—each refreshing shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer and easier to manage. Will not hurt permanents . . . and *never leaves the dull soap film* that most soap shampoos deposit on hair to steal its natural lustre and beauty. Today, now . . . get richer lathering Tintz that gives fresh, glowing color to your hair so easily, safely! Seven lovely shades . . . one for every type. Only 60c each or 2 for $1.20, tax included.

7 day trial coupon

TINTZ COMPANY, Dept. 3-B, 205 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.
Also Dept. 3-B, 22 College St., Toronto, Canada*

Send TINTZ COLOR SHAMPOO CAKE in shade checked below. On arrival, I will deposit 60c plus postage with postman, on guarantee if I'm not entirely satisfied I may return empty wrapper in 7 days and you will refund my money.

☐ 1 CAKE 60c Tax Included ☐ 2 CAKES $1.20 Tax Included
(If money with order, TINTZ pays postage)

NAME..... (Print Plainly)
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

Check shade:
☐ Blonde
☐ Auburn
☐ Henna
☐ Light Brown
☐ Medium Brown
☐ Dark Brown
☐ Black

* Price in Canada 50c or 2 for $1.00 Tax Paid.



Mary's complexion made her sad—



But I knew what to do!

Now she has that Ivory Look

And he loves her . . .



wouldn't you?

. . . Here's how you can be lovelier too . . .

Ever notice what lovely, kissable skin an Ivory baby has? More doctors advise Ivory Soap for babies . . . and for YOU . . . than all other brands put together!

Remember that—and you can get that Ivory Look—a softer, smoother, lovelier complexion!

Stop careless skin care, and change to regular, gentle cleansings with a pure, mild cake of Ivory. It contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin.

More doctors advise Ivory

than all other brands put together



99 44/100% pure—it floats

Why it's important to conserve soap: Ivory contains vital war materials. So don't waste even a sliver!


LIBRARY OF CONGRESS THE

THE BOUND TO PLEASE
Heckman Bindery INC.
MAR 68
N. MANCHESTER, INDIANA

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 005 869 356 A